This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 08173833 2

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION.

EDITED BY

PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

VOL. I.

London:
H. HURST, 27, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

1846.

LONDON:
H. A. BURSTALL, 2, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

PREFACE.

UNDER its old form of a weekly publication, "THE MIRROR" acquired a degree of favour which has increased rather than diminished, during its, as yet, short career as a Monthly. Two facts have induced us to believe, that we may safely consider that public approbation has followed our alteration of character; and that, as a Monthly, our ability to amuse and instruct has not diminished.

The first fact, which strongly and eloquently supports our views, is, that our sale has extended widely. Indeed, it may be gathered from the quantity we give for a small amount of money, that we depend solely on a very wide circulation for success—that wide circulation is ours already, and is being added to every day.

The second is to be found in the universal opinion of the press. All the daily, weekly, and country papers, which have received our periodical for review, have at once placed it beside any of those which are running the same honourable career of competition.

Promises are only valuable when performance has tested their genuineness; but we may venture to state, that being about, *without diminution of quantity, or increase of price,* to add numerous illustrations, we hope that we may be allowed to feel that we are offering a tangible and positive return for the support we have received.

Several writers, whose reputation as contributors to magazine and other literature is already established, will afford us their valuable assistance, and we therefore approach the New Year, full of heart and hope.

Wishing our readers a merry Christmas, and many of them, and that for many a year they may, *veluti in speculum,* see society reflected in our pages, we take our leave, and brace ourselves at once for the task, a pleasant one truly, which we impose upon ourselves for the new year.

Dec. 1, 1846.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1.] JULY—AUGUST. [Vol. 2, 1846.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter I.

IN WHICH OUR HERO APPEARS UNDER VERY EXTRAORDINARY AUSPICES.

During one of those really gorgeous and superb days which the traveller meets with at times in the Gulf of Mexico, a small but well-rigged schooner lay becalmed upon its ever-vexed waters, which spread on all sides without sign of land to break the monotony of the scene. It was towards the latter end of the summer of 1835, or in what is so expressively called the fall of the year—a period at which calms are of rare occurrence, and, in general, preceding bad weather. The sky was for the time, however, of that intense blue which is peculiar to the tropics, and was unshadowed by a single cloud, the sun shining with all its dazzling brightness upon the smooth but slightly heaving billows, that appeared to bask in a flood of heat, which, spreading from aloft a few degrees only from perpendicular, scorched the vessel's deck, and rendered walking upon it somewhat unpleasant, even with shoes, as the pitched seams became liquid beneath the burning glow, which warped the very planks. It was, we have said, calm; indeed, not a breath of air was stirring, and but for the long swell, remnant of wind past or sign of wind to come, one would have thought that upon that spot the cold northern, or hot and suffocating south-easter, had never blown.

The huge mainsail and foresail of the schooner, as well as the lighter gaff topsails, were squared to meet the slightest breeze, but at present in vain, the craft rising and falling with the motion of the sea, and turning round towards every point of the compass. The captain, a passenger, and the crew, composed of four men, all stood aft, smoking their short pipes—we except the passenger—conversing and speculating on the probable result of all this delay, or watching in silence the lazy wreaths of vapour which rose and fell from their long puffs, or were borne away by the factitious breeze caused by the motion of the sails. They were seated some on the trunk, some on the deck, leaning listlessly over the low black bulwarks, with countenances plainly betokening an anxiety for action, and great disrelish for their present position.

"Rather discouraging, Monsieur Grignon," exclaimed the passenger, "three weeks out from New Orleans, a dead calm, very little provender, and at least an hundred miles from Matagorda."

"Develeesh provok—ing," replied the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders, "put tish tam culf is nevere vid hout de sacre calme. Mais! vat ish dat on de vatere? Von *tortue-de-mer* as I am lif."

Instantly bustle and activity was the order of the day, the boat was lowered from astern and brought alongside, and the captain and crew jumped in, despite the remonstrances of the passenger, who warned them that the wind was about to rise.

"Bah! bah! Monsieur Blake, dere is no vind can come so quick I not see him," exclaimed the laughing and light-hearted Gaul, as he sat himself in the stern-sheets of his boat, "but you keep a look hout hall the vhile."

"Never fear, Monsieur Grignon," answered the passenger; "I see mischief brewing in the south-east, and shall be on the alert."

Four vigorous arms soon bore the dinghy to a distance in chase of the turtle, which about half a mile off lay asleep on the face of the water—the captain and his men pursuing their object with all the vi-

vacity and thoughtlessness of French sailors, who on sea and land, in all parts of the world, keep up the character of their country.

The young man who remained on the schooner's deck rose with a dissatisfied air, scanned the horizon in every direction, lit an elegant German pipe, and then seizing the tiller stood ready for any emergency which might happen, well satisfied that his energies would shortly be called into action, though he in reality expected nothing save a stiff breeze, which made him attempt no alteration in the craft's canvas, a complicated undertaking indeed for one man.

Edward Blake, such was his name, was habited in the jacket, cap, and well-fitting pantaloons of a midshipman in the English navy, a costume which peculiarly became his stature and form. He was about the middle height, rather more slight than corpulent, though so nicely did he balance between the two as to be sometimes called stout; with a profusion of dark curls, a straight nose, a peculiarly well-shaped mouth, while an incipient *moustache* of great promise garnishing his upper lip completed the outline of his personal appearance. His mental qualities it is our province in these pages to develope.

Edward Blake had entered on board an English man-of-war at the usual age. The son of a respectable private gentleman of moderate fortune, he possessed no friends powerful enough to ensure his promotion, a fact which had not come home to him with full force until a few years of naval experience had rendered him more thoughtful than before; the idea having once struck him, however, his temperament being quick and hasty, he became convinced that advancement was hopeless in his native country. The conclusion was somewhat illogical, since men do certainly rise to the highest rank in our service by merit alone, and why not Edward Blake, who, strange to say, believed himself beyond hope of redemption the last of his race. The above notion having once entered his head, nothing could eradicate it. While under the influence of these feelings, he received a communication from a friend who had emigrated to America a short time before, and who informed him that an immediate outbreak was contemplated between Texas and Mexico, a navy was in active preparation, and finally that if he felt disposed to register himself on the books of the young republic, a commission would be given him, with good pay, and the prospect of rapid promotion. No more was wanted to inflame the hopes and desires of an ardent and sanguine mind like that of Blake, and at the age of nineteen he quitted his native land on a very brief notice, sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans, where finding the Dame Blanche, Captain Grignon, about to start for Matagorda, he had taken passage, furnished with credentials and letters of introduction from friends in the United States to several of the leading men who had brought about the Texan declaration of independence, letters and credentials equally invaluable with the usual run of such documents.

Meeting with contrary winds, and numerous calms ensuing, they had been already three weeks out, and were at the moment we speak of in lat. 27deg. 50m. N., long. 95 deg. 30m. W., and consequently about a hundred miles from their destination. The calm to which we alluded in the opening paragraph had already been of considerable duration, the wind having died away on the previous evening, and it being now about midday. Nothing can be conceived more vexatious and annoying than a calm at sea, excepting it be a storm of such a serious nature as to place life in jeopardy; otherwise I would always prefer half a gale of wind to no wind at all. No matter how excellent your fare, how agreeable your company, how complete and entertaining your library, one always is anxious to get to the end of a sea voyage; while, therefore, you go ahead, everything is delightful—the society of your fellow passengers is all that could be wished; such pleasant aspirations for the future are dwelt upon, such reminiscences, sad, tender, and merry, of the past. But let a calm ensue, and at once one is irritable, snappish, and out of sorts. Your dinner is detestable, your cigar cheerless, your best friend fussy, even the young widow who sits opposite at table rises ten seasons in the scale of years, and is no longer interesting. Sir Walter is serious, Sir Edward a bore, and even the inimitable Rabelais himself would hardly make you laugh. The deck is your sole resource, and there on such occasions will be found officers, passengers, and crew, watching the appearance of the heavens in every direction. A cloud no bigger than a man's head rises, and it is instantly decided that wind is coming from thence, but no, it is a false alarm, and the whole mass of the ship's inhabitants return to their pristine sullenness. Presently, however, the breeze rises, the sails fill, the bow parts the yielding waves, man's love of locomotion is satisfied, the destined port is felt to be nearer every minute, and all is once more cheerful and smiling.

Whether Edward Blake felt all this I know not, but he sat quietly on the companion, his hand resting on the tiller, now watching the motions of his associates, and now the various signs of a coming breeze,

which showed themselves in the heavens and upon the waters. At a considerable distance, the long billows appeared slightly agitated, a bank rose, the smooth shining and silvery appearance of the slumbering ocean was darkened—it was a south-east wind moving rapidly over the face of the deep. In a few minutes a slight air fanned the cheek of the young sailor, the lazy sails swelled, and the craft was gently in motion before the breeze. Blake now naturally turned his eyes in search of the crew. At the distance of about three quarters of a mile ahead, they were seen pulling smartly for the schooner; and Blake, therefore, using every caution, steered the vessel towards them, the breeze increasing every instant, until it became a matter of certainty that a storm was about to follow the treacherous calm. The wind, indeed, already blew in powerful gusts, dense clouds began to pass over the face of the heavens, and it was not without great anxiety that Blake neared his comrades, who appeared ready to seize a rope which towed astern, resting meanwhile on their oars in the course of the craft. Five minutes elapsed, and it blew a strong gale of wind, the schooner labouring heavily, every rag being set, and Blake being obliged to remain at the helm, as to have left it and let go the halyards would have been to have given the Dame Blanche to the mercy of the wind and waves. Rising and sinking, and rising and sinking again on the furious and boiling billows, the schooner under her heavy press of canvas may have been said to have flown rather than to have sailed; and presently a blast more heavy and impetuous than any preceding one, sent her bows under, the masts bending and quivering like a whip handle, and the vessel appearing to plunge into a deep and awful chasm to rise no more; as, however, Blake felt the blast diminish in force, and could see through the dense volume of spray which played around him, he gazed abroad, and found himself alone on the face of the deep, not a sign, not a vestige remained of the boat or one of his companions.

To be alone, is, of all things, the most overwhelming to man. Society in joy and sorrow is his desire, and joy is increased, sadness decreased, by communion with his fellows. But to be left thus rudely, the one solitary object on which the fury of the elements was to wreck itself, one man in a huge unwieldly machine on the wide sea, to combat with death, was inconceivably awful. Nothing, therefore, can be imagined or described more dreadful than the state of mind in which Blake was now thrown; five human beings having perished under his eyes, and no other prospect remaining for himself. The mad wind roared above, the waves, increasing each instant in force and hollowness, boiled beneath, and the schooner, which never, under such a press of sail and in such a breeze, had walked the waters, rose, and fell, and pitched and laid over, in the most extraordinary and unprecedented manner. The labour at the helm was immense: it was port and starboard, hard up and hard down at each moment, in the earnest endeavour to keep right before the wind; then a huge and combing wave, as the vessel came up unwittingly in the wind, swept across the deck, and casting our hero from the helm, nearly pitched him overboard. The schooner, meanwhile, left to its own guidance, broached to, lay down almost on its beam ends, and the topmasts and topsails parted from the lower mast. In an instant however Edward Blake had regained his feet and seized the tiller, when, by a desperate exertion of strength, he once more brought the craft before the wind, somewhat eased by the loss of the canvas just mentioned. Still, as the topsails had not been entirely carried away, and yet hung by the sheets and halyards, their loud and discordant flapping was to be heard even above the roar of the tempest, and expecting they would demolish the lower masts, Blake determined to cut them from their fastenings. Watching carefully for an instant for a slight diminution in the force of the wind, our hero left the helm, just as the sails were shaking on the larboard side, jammed the tiller hard aport, left the helm, and let go the topsail sheets and halyards, and away went topmasts, topsails, sheets, and halyards, blocks, and hooks and eyes, overboard. Quick as lightning he regained the helm, put it slightly a-starboard, and then, half kneeling on the deck, slippery with the salt spray, gazed around on the terrible scene which presented itself.

In an indescribably short space of time the sky had been covered by one dense mass of black clouds, which completely hid the sun, and presented the appearance of coming night; an atmosphere of damp fog encircled the schooner, the sea foaming, roaring, swelling, heaving, and sinking, exhibited a tremendous fury; the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging as if a thousand demons had been let loose, while the vessel itself, now plunging into the hissing waves, now rising aloft, astonished him by its vitality amid the almost chaotic state of the elements, which appeared about to resolve themselves into their original state of being. Willingly would Blake have eased the Dame Blanche, by lowering the mainsail, but the momentary lull which enabled him to let loose the topsail halyards was passed, and did not occur again. A choking heat too was just now experienced, the very air appear-

ed full of poison, and the wind at times seemed ready to hurl him from the deck, while the blast taking effect upon his body, rendered his skin hot, feverish, and uncomfortable.

Suddenly an object caught his eye, which, for a short time, divided his attention, though he did not cease to watch the helm with the greatest care and assiduity. A barque, her royal yards sent down, her top-gallant sails furled, her courses up, her spencer, gaff-topsails, jib, and flying jib snugly stowed, was seen standing towards him, close on a wind, under treble-reefed top-sails, storm stay-sail and spanker, which moderate allowance of sail was even too much for the occasion, as when Blake first noticed her she was lying with her starboard covering board evidently under water, the larboard side rearing its huge black surface aloft, and almost showing, as it rose and fell, her whole copper, down to the very keel. She neared him rapidly, evidently striving to get as much to windward as possible in order to speak the schooner, and as he saw her English colours run up to the gaff, his eyes were almost suffused with tears as he gazed, perhaps for the last time, on that banner which was associated with so many dear recollections. Every man, and she was crowded with passengers, was clinging to the rigging and watching the singular spectacle afforded them; the captain, meanwhile, stood erect on the companion, holding with one hand to the cabin, which was built above deck, and with the other grasping his speaking-trumpet.

"What craft is that?" roared he, making himself heard above the howling of the tempest, as Blake shot under his stern.

"La Dame Blanche, of New Orleans. All hands drowned!" shrieked Edward Blake, but his voice was borne uselessly on the blast, it never reached its destination.

In another instant the barque was before the wind, her spanker and staysail in, standing after the smaller craft. The intention of the captain was, evidently, to make an effort to save Blake, but to the daring and undaunted young midshipman it appeared that to get alongside the ship was a useless risk, though with the addition of his square mainsail his comrade on the ocean was keeping up with him.

"Can I help you?" bellowed the jolly-looking English sailor in command, having once more resort to his speaking trumpet.

Blake rose, holding fast the tiller, giving his vessel now and then a dig into some hollow wave to lessen the rapidity of his own motion, and waving his cap in the air, pointed, with a shake of the head, to the boiling waves between them, and then resumed his former position. A loud and prolonged cheer burst from the crew of the British barque, marking their admiration of his courage, and Blake's heart swelled with strange emotions as he remarked that even the female passengers had ventured on deck to gaze upon the gallant and apparently doomed young sailor, who wore the dress of an English officer, which, more than all, puzzled and interested the old ex-quarter-master who commanded the barque. The friendly vessel had only kept up with Blake by his manœuvring, and he no longer attempting to remain beside his larger companion, and she hauling up her main course, and drawing aft her starboard sheets, they parted, and our hero was once more alone on the face of the deep.

Hour after hour passed by, when, presently, by the sudden increase of the gloom, our hero considered that night must be coming on. Presently deep darkness covered the face of the waters, and alone in this raging wilderness of waves the schooner pursued its way, cutting through the liquid hollow masses which reared themselves to oppose his progress. The howling of the wind appeared more terrible, the clamour of the waves more furious, when, suddenly, a bright flash of lightning poured its brilliant and meteoric light upon the waters, showing the outline of every rope, and the whole features of a wild and terrible scene—a scene which is rarely gazed upon by mortal eyes; when once gazed upon, however, never to be forgotten! A storm at sea, when life and hope, death and despair, are ideas of vague and indeterminate signification—when we are conscious that our efforts are vain, when we know that we are helpless, that all rests with One whose whisper stills the fiercest war of the mightiest tempest. A storm at sea, when a faithless and senseless plank of oak is all between us and eternity, is not to be erased from the mind by any subsequent events. We speak from experience. For Blake there was but one point of attraction, and that was a low jagged black line ahead, which, as flash succeeded flash, became at each instant of time more distinct.

"And now," said he fervently, as he grasped the obedient tiller still more energetically than ever, "I have overcome the raging tempest thus much, but by far the greatest danger is at hand; He alone, who has till now saved me, can bear me harmless through it," and casting a somewhat stern look on high, he gradually allowed his features to relax into calmness and placidity. The young sailor sent up an inward prayer. What a time, what a place! Could it be unheard? "So soon!" muttered he, as dashing amid a species of whirlpool of breakers, a huge crested wave swept the deck, sufficiently betokening his proximity to land; "so soon, now for it then."

A tremendous peal of thunder, preceded by a brilliant flash, lit up the heavens, the sea, and the low outline of the coast which our hero appeared rapidly to near. With a quick and keen eye, he had caught sight of one spot more low and flat than the rest, for this he determined to make. When darkness once more overspread the scene, a fire showed itself on the land, a species of safety beacon to the weary traveller. It was faint and indistinct, now it vanished entirely, and then it rose more vivid than ever. Presently the air was illumined by an extraordinary blaze, a column of fire shot up towards the sky, burnt brightly for a few minutes, showing plainly the outline of various forest trees, and then it fell, leaving only the smaller light which had at first attracted Blake's attention. He grew nearer and nearer, until at length, when apparently not more than a couple of hundred yards from the fire, which was now to his left, a violent concussion took place, the schooner grated harshly, and then struck with tremendous force, hurling him from his position to the deck. His head striking against the trunk as he fell, he became insensible to all around.

Chapter II.

BLAKE MEETS WITH A CELEBRATED CHARACTER.

About an hour previous to the accident with which our first chapter concluded, a very different scene presented itself at no great distance from the spot at which the gallant schooner had happened to arrive, guided by the mad wind, which, having done its worst upon the waters, swept by to scourge the prairie and the forest, to drive man closely within doors, and the wild beasts to their most sheltered haunts. An extensive grove of trees, somewhat scattered over the surface of the ground, stretched to within a few yards of the water's edge; to the right, about a mile of, was the Sabine river; to the left, the wide and apparently interminable prairie, now screened by the huge and sombre canopy of night. In the centre of the grove was a small hollow, surrounded on all sides by trees, but itself untenanted by any. It was about three yards long and three or four broad, and not more than six feet deep in the lowest portion; at the northern end was an opening, whence ran whatever moisture at times poured into it, and to this spot there was a slope from all parts of the hollow. Across it, from the eastern side, leaned a stunted and aged tree, almost touching a solitary and majestic pine which stood directly opposite to it, while dark masses of similar growth rose plentifully in the background. The pine here particularised, had been made to serve the purpose of a back to a blazing pile of wood which spread a lurid glare upon the surrounding grove. Opposite the fire was a man, sheltering himself from the blast behind the stunted tree above-mentioned, which had been made the central point of a species of rude tent, in the open entrance of which the individual in question sat, quietly and contentedly gazing upon a ramrod which was thrust in the ground before the fire, and on which were spitted various long slices of venison, cut from a freshly killed deer, that hung to the topmast branch of the gnarled tree above his head. Within reach of his right hand was a long, old, American rifle, which had apparently seen better days. Its owner had certainly been younger than he now was, for though there was fire in his eye, and much strength yet visible in his long and sinewy limbs, he had evidently approached a term of years at which few refrain from seeking refuge from toil and labour, if not in the grave, at least in ease and retirement. The continent of America has, however, wrought wonderful changes in the constitution of those men who, in its wilds, lead a simple but laborious life. The traveller in the Texan wilderness would have been taken for a remarkably hale man of eighty; he was, in reality, fourteen years over four score. His garb was half military, half venatorial, buckskin forming by far the most prominent material of his various articles of clothing; if we except a red flannel shirt, which he wore next his dark red skin, his whole dress was of deer's hide. A pistol butt protruded from the left side of his waistband, a silver hilted dagger, or bowie knife, peeped out of the right. His powder horn, shot bag, and lead pouch, were hanging inside the tent, jealously covered by a blanket to shield the former from the night air—a matter concerning which all true Texans are wondrous particular, and justly so, when their existence, their food, their lives indeed, so often depend on the efficiency of their accoutrements.

Close to the old man's feet was a little heap of hot ashes, which the hunter kept constantly renewing, until at length he ceased, as if satisfied with the result of his labours. He then spoke for the first time.

"Cap'n Harry," said he, turning towards the interior of the little tent, and shaking a form which had up to the present time been shaded by his own erect person—"Cap'n Harry, I conclude you've had snooze enough for any moderate man; open your peepers and chaw. Supper waits, and I reckon if I were one eyed enough to jerk it into me, without callin' on you to foller my example, you'd call me the meanest

thing on 'arth, an old 'coon dog barking at the wrong tree."

"Oh, I know you're death onto a deer, Colonel Crocket, but I sagacitate as how it 'ud take two like you to walk into the whull of that buck."

"I'm the yaller flower of the forest, and no mistake," replied the famous hunter of Tennessee, "but it 'ud go beyont the power of my intarnals to swaller that brute. But git up, cap'n, git up, a volunteer out west should be as smart as a streak o' lightning, whin a fight, a gal, or a supper, is in question. When I was out we' Gen'rl Jackson in old times at Pensacola, Talladago, and Jallisabatchee, I know it wur a caution if I said no to ere a one."

"Ah, colonel," continued the individual addressed as captain, rising from his position in the tent, and seating himself alongside his companion, "we all calculate what you were sixty year ago; he must be eternally deaf who ar'nt heard tell of the bay filly. That was like a man who war'nt afraid of the galls."

"That I guess was 'nt so smart as might ha' been, seeing that wur whin I was arter my first wife, Cap'n Harry," said the old man, laughing, though not without a certain saddened expression; "but thin have you got the right end of that story? I conclude not. So just scrape thim sweet potatoes out of the hole, hand here the ramrod, and while you're digging your teeth into the deer meat, maybe I'll tell you the rights of that anecdote."

"Right as a trivet," replied the person addressed as Captain Harry, obeying the requests of his companion, after taking out a huge chaw of tobacco from his left cheek, and carefully laying it aside to be again replaced as soon as the meal was over; "here's the praties, here's the meat, and now, venerable steamboat, go ahead."

"Go ahead I will, friend Harry, in a brace of shakes, but as to saying it 'ull be like a steamboat, I ca'nt promise, since thims an invention I knows little of, and likes less. But do you see, whin I was quite a boy, I reckon not more than three-and-twenty, I fell over head and yars in love. This were quite nat'ral like. Well you know, Cap'n Harry, I reckon, that it wur at a frolic, the girl wur pretty," continued the veteran, sadly, "very pretty, and I concluded to have her and she me. So we agreed I should ride over to her mother and ask her consent. I wur a mighty long time thinking of it, but one day I plucked up smart, mounted one of my master's horses, and rode over to where I heard she wur on a visit to a friend's house. Well, whin I kim in sight of the log, I began to feel mighty cool about the heels and hot about the head and shoulders, but it war'nt to be thought I was a going to go back, so I rides up to the yard, where wur standing a power of boys and gals, and says I, to mask my love scrape, 'Has any one seen a stray bay filly of my master's?' Well, they all roared, for it seems they all knowed I wur coming, and one told me I should hear inside. My heart in my mouth I went in, and there wur my gall. So I asked her plump if she wur going back to her mother's, 'cause if she wur I would take her up behind me. She said, yes, directly, and after a drink of milk and a bite of cake we started, I a straddle and she behind me. As I went out of the yard, feeling a little bearish about the knuckles, a fellow calls out, 'Have you found your bay filly now?' I wish I may be shot if I know how I felt, all I know is, I felt all overish."*

The captain laughed as he handed a fine large brown potato to his aged associate, which the latter accepted, and his bowie knife being brought into use, huge lumps of deer were speedily disappearing, proving incontestibly that age had diminished few, if any, of his faculties.

"This fox-hole," exclaimed the captain, "was smartly hit upon, colonel, for I reckon we'd be pretty extensively cold, with all the fires in creation, if we war'nt burrowed here below."

"It takes me to pick a camp, friend," replied Crockett, quietly; "I conclude I ar'nt lived all these years for nothing; and whin I find a cold south-easter blowing, which is mighty apt to end in a norther, it's a caution if I don't find some hole to lay my head in. But I tell you what man, that ere tree's too near the fire, and I'll be on my oath, as a christian man, it falls before another half hour."

"It will make a fine log for the night, colonel," replied the other, carelessly; "it must fall the other way, so no danger, old sagacity."

"Danger!" replied the great bear hunter, somewhat contemptuously, "I ar'nt lived all these years to come to Texas to be smashed by a falling tree, cap'n; but it 'ull spile our fire, if you do'nt take mighty good care; and it 'ull be pretty tall work to make it up again."

The individual in question rose, and taking up a long pole from a heap of wood which lay to his right in the hollow, proceeded to draw the fire a little away from its contact with the trunk of the pine, which, red hot and almost blazing, appeared about to verify the prediction of the old hunter, who, after all his exploits, real and fabled, doings extraordinary, &c., in

* The exigencies of our narrative requiring this one introduction of the famous Colonel Crockett, we are compelled to make use of certain anecdotes, perhaps too well known, for which we apologise. Our motto is, "Speak the truth, and shame," &c.

the United States, had left his own wilds, where the bear, deer, and elk, were alone to be hunted, to seek a land where the progress of revolution promised to bring all who entered its confines in battle with the forces of the Mexican federation, as well as with the hosts of Indians who infested the frontier and interior settlements.

"It's many a fire, cap'n, that old tree has stood," observed the colonel, "but this here's doomed to be its last, I reckon. See the very heart of it is open; there, I told you it's in a blaze."

As he spoke, a stream of fire flew from the trunk to the very summit of the tree, and the captain stood back a few paces, gazing anxiously at the progress of the flames, which had so suddenly enveloped the pine in their embrace.

Captain Harry Coulter, as Crockett, in the true spirit of American politeness, called him, but as he was oftener denominated Mr. Henry Coulter, and oftener still plain Harry, was a man some six-and-twenty years of age, under the middle size, of stout athletic make, but with a thin haggard face, sunken red eyes, and bitter sneering lip, a complexion naturally fair, but on which climate, dissipation, and, latterly, exposure, had done their work. A brace of pistols and a huge bowie knife were seen beneath an ample blue cloak, which covered habiliments much less elegant than his outward garb might have led an eye witness to expect. His trade, profession, mode of life, and character, are summed up in a word—he was a New Orleans gambler; one of that numerous class of individuals whose baggage consists of a shirt, a pack of cards, and a bowie knife. For some reason which he did not choose to explain he had taken it into his head to visit Texas, and had fallen in accidentally with the celebrated Colonel David Crockett, who had himself travelled from New York, chiefly on foot, though sometimes a wagoner would induce him, by dint of great persuasion, to take a lift.

"Going—going," said the gambler; "it's a tall tree that, and casts a glare that might lead an Indian war party further than would be pleasant."

"If there were any Ingine varmint in these parts," replied the other, without pausing in his meal, "I reckon you would'nt find David Crockett out lying even sich a night as this, with a fire by his side enough to roast an ox; he'd burrow in a hollow tree man, and never mind the cold. But see, Cap'n Harry, that old pine is raaly going."

Of a truth, the sturdy old tree had seen its last days. The fire had eaten half through its expansive trunk, had then mounted aloft, caught the dry boughs, and was blazing in the keen blast like some huge beacon in time of war. Every now and then the flame heightened afresh, and sent forth myriads of sparks amid the darkness around. Presently a loud crash was heard, the tree bent slowly, and then fell heavily to the ground; the flames being extinguished by the violence of the concussion.

"Bravely," cried Crockett, laughing, "that was smartly done, cap'n; that ere log, if pulled up in its proper place, will make a rare good back to our fire for the night, and will burn a first-rate time."

"It's broken in two, by G—; snapped like a bow of pine wood," responded Coulter, "and here's boughs enough to last a week. Bear a hand here, colonel, and we'll settle the matter in less time than one 'ud take to drink a quart of whiskey."

"And that's two 'coon skins," said the colonel, rising and assisting his companion to place the log in the desired position, after which he once more seated himself before the fire, and surveyed the handiwork of his friend and companion with evident satisfaction.

"Talking of 'coon skins," observed the captain, "I've heard you did wonders with them in electioneering?"

"Sartinly. It stands to reason," replied Crockett, "when I went on thim expeditions, I always went fixed for the purpose. I put on a suit of deer skin, with two mighty big pockets. In one I puts a bottle of Manogahela, in t'other a fifty cent plug of rale Virginny, none of your Oronooko stuff, and started right away, slick as leather. Whin I comes across a friend I hauls out my switchel flip and gives him a taste; he'd be mighty apt you know afore he'd swizzle, to throw away his old soldier, and whin I seed a man do that, why I out with my plug and gives him a chaw, and did'nt mind if he cut off a piece and put it in his shot pouch, so, do ye see, I never left a man worse off than I found him. If he got a drink and lost his tobacco, he would'nt have made much, but I gave him tobacco and liquor both, and was mighty apt, do ye see, to get his vote. Whin my bottle was out I walks into a store, gits a quart fresh and a plug, claps down my four 'coonskins, and I was all right agin."

"But how, in the name of Martin Van Buren, Gen'rl Jackson, and all the presidents of our blessed republic, did you find 'coon skins enough, colonel?"

The hunter smiled sarcastically.

"Do you see old Bet there?" pointing to his long rifle, "she rarely missed, and then my boys at home would go their death to hunt during an election, and when alone I always carried hare skins to pay for half pints."

"Right," replied the gambler; "but

were you never a care, hard up in a clinch, and no knife to cut the seasonings?"

"Once I reckon I was, cap'n. I fell upon a grog-shop where there wur a woundy lot of boys. Well, do you see, I *was* a case, flat, without a dollar—had but one 'coon skin about me. But never mind, I slapped it down like a man on the counter, and ordered a pint. The man measured the liquor and threw the skin into a loft. Well, the logs above were mighty open, and I felt woundily vexed at being hard up; so, do you see, I hooked my screw onto my ramrod, poked it up when the man turned his back, twisted down the 'coon skin and pocketed it. When the liquor was out I slapped down the 'coon skin upon the counter and called for another pint. I wish I may be shot if in this rale smart way we did'nt drink all the evening."

"What's that?" cried the captain, starting to his feet, as a loud and heavy crash was heard on their right, at the same time seizing a rifle which lay beneath the tent, and rushing out of the hollow in the direction of the sound.

The colonel followed slowly, and when about half way his companion shouted to him to return and bring a torch. Crockett wheeled round, and once more approaching the fire, selected from the heap of wood at its side a pine knot, which soon ignited in the flames, and then was borne aloft, serving excellently well the purpose of a torch. With this in one hand and old Bet in the other, the great bear hunter hastened forward in the direction to which his friend's voice carried him. Captain Harry Coulter, on leaving the cover, had observed a dark mass at two hundred yards distant. Close to the grove above alluded to was a narrow gut, leading into one of the lagoons, which communicated with the Sabine lake. On the edge of this bay lay a large two-masted schooner, with her mainmast and foresail set, her bow embedded in the bank, her larboard gunwale under water, her starboard side high above. The gambler advanced to the water's edge, wrapping his cloak closely about him, and concealing his rifle beneath, for when out of the shelter of the trees he found the wind furious and cutting in the extreme. Two minutes brought him close upon the devoted craft, over which the mad waves broke furiously. By the dim light which prevailed he saw something lying, as it were, in a heap upon the deck, which he judged rightly to be a human being; laying his rifle a short distance from the beach he clambered upon the planks, and raising up young Blake supported him in a sitting posture until Crockett stood over them both, and threw the glare of his torch on the pallid but gory features of the young sailor. Both the hunter and his companion looked on for a few minutes, curiously and in silence.

"A smart youth, as sure as ever I slayed a 'possum or a bear," remarked Crockett. "But how came he here? I wish I may be shot if I can tell."

"Nor I; one thing's sure—he's a Britisher. This here jacket is that of a midshipman in the English navy;" remarked Coulter, examining the article of dress with attention.

"Well, I conclude you're right, since you say so, cap'n, but I can't say myself, seeing that sarvice is a trifle beyant me. The youth's but stunned and will soon revive, I reckon. But it's a huckleberry above my persimmon to cipher out how he got here alone."

"Look in the cabin," said the New Orleans black-leg hastily, as if a sudden thought had struck him; and fastening the look of a basalisk on the breast of Edward Blake. Crockett assented, and turning round moved towards the place pointed out, with some anxiety, as if expecting that the interior would explain the secret of the vessel's presence on that barren strand. Quick as thought Coulter leaned the young man against the inclined plane formed by the deck, drew forth his bowie knife, seized upon something which encircled the youth's waist next his skin, cut it in twain, and, thrusting it into his own breast, replaced the poniard in its usual position.

"Not so much as a rat to be nosed out hereabouts," exclaimed David, returning from his fruitless search. "This youngster is flower of the forest here. Does he revive?"

"He breathes audibly," replied Coulter, a little confusedly; "suppose you take hold of his legs, and we'll carry him to the camp. The fire 'ull warm his blood and pull him up smart."

"Nay, cap'n; I'll carry thy rifle, the torch, and my own Bet, a load I take it for one of my years. I reckon you'll carry the lad yourself."

"Humph!" replied Coulter, contemptuously, "I conclude he ai'nt an elephant, nor an ox, neither. Lead the way, I follow."

Crockett shouldered the two rifles, raised the torch, the blaze of which scarcely gave any light, so great was the fury with which it was blown about by the furious wind, and stepping on shore led the way towards the shelter of the welcome hollow. Coulter, tottering under his burden, followed, and a few minutes brought them once more back to their camp.

"I'll be catawampourly chawed up by a Florida alligator," observed the gambler, depositing his burden upon the ground, "but though he ai'nt so very big, he's heavy as lead."

"Why, you see a dead man and a stunned man is much of a muchness, awk'ard to carry, and still awk'arder to bring too; howsomever, we'll do our best, tho' he be a Britisher, and we raal true born Yankees."

Without noticing Coulter's sarcastic smile, Crockett proceeded to fulfil his humane intentions. Placing Blake in as easy a position as possible, the old hunter took down a gourd from the inside of the tent, and having first washed the bleeding temple of the young man with water, bound it up with some rags carried for patching rifle balls, and then poured down his throat a small quantity of brandy. Our young friend, who had been severely stunned and slightly wounded, opened his eyes feebly, stared at the fire, at his companions; consciousness gradually returning, he sat up and gazed for some minutes in silence on the scene around him. Mutual explanations ensued, and ere half an hour had elapsed, the excellent constitution of the young English sailor gained the ascendancy, and he sat before the fire eagerly devouring venison and sweet potatoes. Exhaustion from want of food had, more than anything else, retarded his recovery.

"By the way," observed he, suddenly, "there is in a small locker of the cabin a liquor case, in which are sundry bottles of excellent Irish whiskey, which, being my private property, I freely offer you, my kind and hospitable friends."

"Irish whiskey!" replied Coulter, with a bright flash of the eye, and, as a nicely critical ear might have it, the smallest trifle of a true Hibernian accent. "Irish whiskey is first rate, and by your good leave, Mr. Blake, I will conclude to light the pine torch, and make a v'ge to the schooner."

"Darn my grandmother, but it's a smart youth," said Crockett, approvingly.

"Thanks, my good sir," continued Blake, addressing Coulter, "and perhaps while you are about it, you will just put your hand into the lower locker and fist the bread bag?"

"Consarn your young skin," again cried Crockett, "but you're rale juicy. Bread's a rarity in these parts, and I reckon I could scarify another pound of deer's meat if I had a biscuit or so to crackle with it."

Coulter hurried to execute a right welcome commission, and soon returned with three or four bottles of whiskey, a bag of bread, two or three lemons, and a canister of lump sugar, not forgetting three tin mugs.

"Cap'n Harry arn't lived in New Orleans not to larn something," said Crockett, chuckling, "he knows a hare skin from a 'coon skin, and whiskey punch from the raw extract."

"I reckon so, Colonel Crockett. Your late friend, Cap'n Grignon, Mr. Blake, knew what living was, I can see."

"Colonel Crockett!" exclaimed Blake, not noticing the levity of Coulter's remark in his surprise, "you don't mean to say I am in company with that famous hunter and politician, whose name is as well known in England as the king's?"

"As to that I can't say, Master Edward," replied the gratified hunter; "but Colonel David Crockett I am, and that's the short and long of it."

Edward Blake did not reply, but gazed silently and with undisguised interest upon the man who, above all American celebrities, he had been desirous of knowing, that is to say historical celebrities, since, while the English language endures, Cooper's fictitious Hawkeye must ever remain the most deeply imprinted continental portrait ever presented to the imagination. Coulter meanwhile was engaged in the manufacturing of punch, in which occupation he showed himself no mean adept, and proved himself quite ingenious in the way in which he overcame the obstacles presented to him. Taking down his own gourd from the inside of the tent, and emptying its contents into a tin can, he placed this over some hot embers which he raked from the fire and drew around the substitute for a kettle. Having done this, and filled Crockett's gourd from the spring that had induced them to camp near this spot, and which was close at hand, he poured about a pint of the generous liquid into the natural punch-bowl, squeezed a lemon upon it, melted the sugar and infused it likewise, then taking the water, now boiling, and adding it to the Hibernian spirit, a supply of hot punch was ready for imbibing.

"Rale spicy," cried Coulter, with an American oath, with which he continually interlarded his discourse, but which elegant universal expletive we spare our readers, since none can say swearing is now an English gentleman's accomplishment. "Rale spicy. I'm bound to be drunk to-night."

Blake looked up startled at the blasphemous expressions of the reckless gambler; he was yet to learn that cursing and swearing, of a nature too horrible to be described, are the necessary accompaniments of the discourse of a "southerner," of whom it has been said, "a more humane, generous, and highminded class of men does not exist!" Crockett, however, laid a veto upon drinking as yet.

"Jist take a squint at thim horses, and shift their larietts to new ground. I'll lay they've chawed up all the grass within reach. Business afore pleasure, and as you conclude to be drunk, it's a caution if I arn' ditto, when the horses 'ud be a case."

Chapter III.

EDWARD BLAKE BEGINS TO SMELL POWDER.

At the expiration of a twelvemonth after the occurrences of the events narrated in our previous chapters, which must be considered introductory, night fell upon the skirts of a long strip of forest, as two travellers cantered up and halted upon its extreme edge. The one, in dress and appearance, was clearly a white man; the other was no less certainly an Indian. Both were clothed with extreme plainness. The aboriginal wore a red hunting shirt and leggings of mountain goat-skin, with buck mocassins, while a rifle and small axe were his only arms. The tinge of his countenance, and his peculiar features, alone gave token of his being a native of the wilds, which his accoutrements in no wise demonstrated to be the case.

The garb of the white man was similar, while his naturally fair skin, tanned by constant exposure, was not much lighter than that of his companion. In the stout bearded hunter, of marked features and sturdy frame, few would have recognised the stripling who, under the name of Edward Blake, has already been introduced to our readers. Disappointed in his expectations of a commission—the navy not being as yet formed—he had started to pass the time on a long journey into the interior, during the course of which we take up our narrative.

Both seemed truly weary from the effects of their day's journey across the wilderness, and drew rein with every appearance of extreme satisfaction, such as is seldom more warmly experienced than when, after hard riding for some ten hours, one prepares to stretch the weary limbs, and, in the very changing action of walking, to find repose.

Behind them was a vast prairie—a very ocean of high grass—one of those picturesque and deep-clad rolling meadows of Upper Texas, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and over which they had travelled since the morning. Before them lay a narrow opening in the belt of trees, a slight gap or break leading to some forest path or woodland glade. At no great distance, on their right, and somewhat in their rear, an island of timber contributed to the scenic effect of the whole.

"Well, red skin," exclaimed our hero, "I really cannot advance any further, I am dead beat, thoroughly worn out, and must rest."

"Good!" replied the Indian; "here camp."

"I am glad of it," continued Blake; "and if you would only converse a little more, friend Chinchea, we might pass another very tolerable evening in the woods. Tobacco is plenty, venison in abundance, and I have no doubt you will find water. Three things which, however incongruous to other minds, to one who has seen the elephant of very serious moment."

The Indian did not reply, which, seeing that he scarcely comprehended what was said, was less to be wondered at, but leading the way, and entering within the arches of the forest, they soon found themselves in the centre of a green glade, surrounded on all sides by the dense mass of wood. Not more than a dozen yards across, with tall trees, pea vines and thick undergrowth compassing it about, with a huge half-burnt log as a foundation for a fire, with a very mountain of dry wood piled up in one corner (it being a favourite hunting camp of the Waccos), it wanted but the presence of a rippling stream to render it the very beau ideal of a forest encampment.

"Good camp," said the Indian, with that sententious gravity for which his race are famed, leaping from his steed at the same time, an act in which he was speedily imitated by Blake; "white man light fire—Indian stake mustangs."

"Agreed," replied the young man, speedily disburdening his wearied animal of all trappings save his lariette; and drawing forth a flint, steel, and a supply of spunk, a species of fungus which admirably serves the purpose of tinder (so provident is nature for those whose necessities call for aid), proceeded to light a fire.

It is in the wilderness, in those vast and desolate regions which seem the abiding place of divinity, that at every step one sees the mercy and goodness of Providence. Each hour, some one of its goodly provisions are discovered, for the health, comfort, and subsistence of man. In towns, in congregated multitudes, we see and feel more the effect of human art and human contrivances—we fall back upon the vast body of those who surround us; but in the wilds, where man is not, and where we have leisure to contemplate the deeds of Providence, one is apt to feel how much is due to a superintending power, and how little to our own unaided intelligence.

Blake in another moment was alone in the dark solitude of that gloomy little forest cove, on the very verge of the wild Indian country, with nought to depend on for liberty or life save the sagacity and honour of his Indian guide. Such, however, is the constant position of those who venture into the interior wilds of Texas, and other parts of America; the very doubts, dangers, and difficulty, constituting a great portion of the pleasure of such journies.

Disappointed in his hopes of obtaining an immediate berth in the Texan navy,

Blake, ever venturous and fond of excitement, had started on an expedition to visit the tribe of aborigines to which his companion belonged. A year's residence in the young republic had familiarised him, as it will all, with every hardship, and with difficulty experience had ensued. To use the expressive language of the backwoods, he had seen the elephant, and no longer felt any emotion of surprise at occurrences however remarkable—a happy state of mind, which many may envy him. Indeed, though *nil admirari* be good philosophy, to be surprised at nothing is even more practically useful. Blake was now a tolerable backwoodsman; the more that, sanguine and enthusiastic, he entered into every feature of his new life with a spirit and animation that betokened the zest with which he enjoyed it.

Anyone who had seen him in his rude leatherstocking garb, lifting the logs from their pile, bearing them to the spot selected for a camp, and placing them with artistic skill so as to form sides to the camp fire, and thus by confining the heat to make it more intense, would have scarcely supposed him fit, as he really was, both in manners and accomplishments, to adorn a drawing-room, or any other fashionable locality. Those men, however, who can accommodate themselves to every circumstance, are ever the most valuable members of the community.

The ready acuteness, the aptitude to catch the tone and manners of the position one is placed in, with the power to cast it off again, with also a willingness to bear with much that is rough, and not to find fault with trifles, are essential requisites for your true travellers. Of these Blake was one.

From the huge trunk of an aged sycamore near at hand, whose boughs spread in leafy grandeur far and wide, he speedily drew a handful of dry Spanish moss, which, with dead grass and leaves, formed the foundation of his fire. Twigs, thin boughs, small bits of stray sticks which cumbered the turf all around, served for the second layer, over which logs were heaped. A spark waved backwards and forwards in the air, within a handful of the first-mentioned article, soon produced a cheerful and welcome blaze. This placed below the pile, and gently fanned, speedily kindled the whole mass.

Blake was too intent upon his occupation, so necessary to the comfort of an open air encampment, to notice the return of Chinchea, who glided to his side with a number of slight poles cut from the neighbouring forest, and which he stuck in the ground all round the fire, hanging thereon, so as to screen the blaze from without, their blankets, sheepskin saddle-cloths, and every other spare article of furniture usually serving the purpose of a bed. Above, drawing the tops of the supple boughs together, a narrow aperture allowed the smoke to escape.

"But, Indian," said Blake, somewhat indignantly, as soon as he discovered the intentions of his companion, "pray what am I to cover myself with this cold night? you are making pretty free with the clothes."

"Bad place," replied Chinchea; "Comanche got sharp eyes—so Blackfeet—white man make big fire—red man hide it."

"I never knew you fail in a reason yet, Chinchea, no matter how absurd your acts," said Blake; "and as our scalps seem to be in danger, I can have no possible objection to your proceedings."

The Wacco Indian did not reply; but drawing forth several slices of venison, the whole stock of provisions they now owned, proceeded to broil them over the smoaky fire. Blake, seated on part of the log against which the fire rested, looked on admiringly. His journey had been long, and without rest or refreshment the whole of that day, which made him regard the Indian's proceedings with a complacency which would have surprised our young Englishman at no very distant period of past time. As, therefore, the viands were turned and turned, emitting savoury odour, he congratulated himself on the acquisition of an appetite which made him so little nice, and left so little desire for more luxurious food.

While, however, his eyes were thus pleasingly occupied, his active mind dwelt upon the singular features of his position.

The warm blazing fire, that crackled and rose in curling flames, emitting volumes of white smoke, cast all without into dismal shadow, save the sky, which, cloudless and spangled with myriads of stars, was a glad sight to look upon. There was no wind; all was still, silent, breathless. The very trees, usually rustling and sighing in the breeze, were motionless, their tall tops silvered by the reflexion of the fire. The distant gobbling of the wild turkey, as it flew to roost, the hooting, screeching owl, the croaking of the sand-hill crane, were the only sounds which broke the monotony of the dead night-air.

Suddenly a cry so unearthly and horrible as to make Blake start with horror to his feet, came full upon their ears. It was a long howl, a screeching, horrid sound, that made the blood curdle in the veins as it yelled and yelled in the distance.

"What infernal whoop is that? is the forest alive with devils?" cried Blake.

"White wolf," said Chinchea, calmly, turning the unbroiled side of his venison

to the fire, and examining it with an appearance of much gusto.

The restless neighing of the affrighted horses prevented the immediate reply of Edward Blake, who stood still, bewildered by the sudden nature of the surprise which he had suffered. Nothing can be conceived more wildly lugubrious, more unearthly, or more horrible, than the howl of the prairie wolf at eventide. It booms across the plains, first in a low how! how! how! and gradually rising, becomes at length fearfully horrible.

"You are right, friend Chinchea," said the young man, after a pause; "but they do howl most frightfully. If the Comanche war-whoop be more horrible than that, I am in no hurry to hear it."

Chinchea replied not, though a grim smile played round his mouth; and handing the meat to Blake to finish, took up a large pumpkin gourd, and left the circle drawn by the blankets around the fire.

During his absence, Blake, speculating on the relative horrors of an Indian war-whoop and the howling of prairie wolves—very similar in nature to the jackal—finished the cooking of their meal, having during his wanderings become a perfect wild Soyer.

Chinchea returned in less time than Blake had expected, but he brought no water; and as he glided noiselessly and cautiously within the shelter which they had erected, laid his finger in a warning manner upon his lips. Blake instantly knew that something was in the forest of more than common interest, to disturb thus the calm serenity of the Indian.

"Come," said Chinchea, pointing to his arms; "bad man in forest, close by."

With these words he beckoned Blake to follow him, and silently led the way to the wood pile, whence he, and in imitation of him our hero, took an armful of heavy logs and bushes, which they hastened to heap upon the fire, in such a manner as for the time completely to deaden its brightness. Over this they cast leaves and earth, which done, loading themselves with every article of their baggage, not forgetting the venison, they crept with noiseless footsteps towards the horses. Not a word passed; the white man knew too well the exigencies of the case to waste time in idle questions.

Breathless with excitement, his blood tingling with delight at the novelty of danger, Blake followed the movement of the Indian with his eyes, rapidly imitating him in his every act; Chinchea, as soon as they had laden their horses, again dived within the forest, passing the fire, and entering on what, to the young man's surprise, presented all the features of a beaten bridle-path. Neither mounted; but, with their hands grasping their rifles, led their horses by the extremity of the lariette. The growth of the boughs overhead at once explained to Blake the reason of Chinchea's not having attempted mounting.

"Look!" said the Indian, in a breathless whisper, as, after ascending the side of a somewhat steep acclivity, they suddenly halted. As he spoke these words, Chinchea caught the young Englishman's arm in his grasp, and holding it with great firmness, pointed through the trees. Blake followed the direction of his hand with his eye, and at once understood the reason of their change of camp.

A small fire in the depth of a hollow revealed a party of no less than thirty men, some Indians, some whites, sleeping or watching. In every variety of costume, scarcely any two Indians were of the same tribe. While some were rolled in blankets, others less fortunate lay on the bare ground uncovered; a few stood leaning against the trunks of trees, while one who, by his costume, somewhat more military than that of any of the others, appeared the chief, was supporting himself with his arms crossed on the muzzle of his rifle. The lucid glare of the fire in that dark and gloomy dell, fell upon the bronzed countenances of the men with singular effect. It was a scene worthy of Salvator Rosa, which the wild costume of the prairie robbers, the piles of arms, and their variety, in no slight degree tended to heighten.

Their position was well chosen. In the very bottom of a hollow, surrounded by tall trees, their small fire was but little likely to be observed.

The presence of white men, the variety of tribes visible in the Indians, were indications which left no doubt of their identity; it was, therefore, with little surprise that Blake heard from Chinchea that they were a dreaded gang, commanded by a white man, who roamed about Texas, pillaging, and enacting scenes more bloody, ruthless, and horrible, than any of which the Indians were ever guilty. Indeed, bloody and ruthless as the red skins, writhing under consciousness of oppression and wrong, have become, they are infinitely surpassed in cruelty by the desperate gangs of whites who, under the name of "Regulators," haunted the borders of Texas.

"Blackhawk," said Chinchea, gravely pointing to the figure we have mentioned as leaning on the muzzle of his gun.

Blake made no reply, save by a slight nod; he was busily engaged in scanning the features of this very man. They were familiar to him, or, at all events, lived in his remembrance; that he had seen him before he felt certain, but at so distant a period it seemed to have been, as to leave the impression of its having occurred previous to

his departure from England. Events, however, had crowded upon him so thick and fast during the last twelve months of his life, as to leave but a feeble recollection of his earlier existence.

"Hist!" whispered Chinchea, drawing the attention of Blake to other matters.

At the moment that the Wacco spoke, the blaze of the fire they had left burst forth at the termination of a low and dark vista of the forest, discovering itself, however, not to them alone. It was no faint mass of flames—they rose manfully and merrily, the more from having been previously pent up.

"A camp!" cried one, who stood on the outskirts of the party overlooked by Edward and his Indian guide.

"I see," exclaimed the chief, raising his head calmly, and then gloomily relapsing as soon as he had spoken, into his thoughtful mood; "slip through the trees, and bring word who and what they are."

"It is time to be moving," whispered Blake, his blood leaping and coursing through his veins with the utmost rapidity, turning towards the place where the Indian had stood, but which was now occupied by his horse only. In the close observation of the movements of the knot below, Edward had not noticed his departure.

Blake, however, was surprised, but not alarmed or distrustful of his guide; and satisfied that his absence was connected with some matter necessary to their safety, turned his eyes again upon those who had caused so serious a change in their movements.

For some brief space of time, no alteration was manifest in the disposition of the extraordinary gang—their camp remained in its pristine quiet—those who slept were still recumbent, those who had been standing were yet in the same position. Suddenly a rush, a sound like the heavy but disorderly charge of cavalry, was heard, and every man started to his feet. The tramp was at that moment plainly upon the eastern side of their camp.

"The horses are loose!" cried the chief, with a fearful imprecation.

"Indians!" exclaimed another.

"A stampede!" put in a third.

A rush then took place towards the coral which contained the horses, some few remaining on the outskirts of the camp, taking good care, however, to keep at some distance from the fire, which might have too conspicuously betrayed them to the mark of the enemy, whom they supposed had surprised their secret place, and whom they knew, if in force, could be no other than the bold, daring, and warlike Comanches, that picturesque tribe of warriors who wander, like the Arabs of the desert, in search of plunder and spoil.

In a few minutes after carrying out this daring manœuvre, Chinchea returned, and taking the halter of his steed in hand, fell into a cautious trot, in which he was imitated by Blake, who had the good sense in all similar contingencies to be guided by one whom he knew to be more experienced than himself. In about ten minutes they once more emerged upon the prairie.

"Well, Chinchea," said Edward Blake, mounting his wearied steed, "you have, it is plain, stampeded these rascals' nags, and how much further do you intend going?"

The moon had risen now for some time, its pure effulgence illumining the whole landscape which lay before them. A prairie stretched out for some distance, and then again the forest was plainly visible. To this the Indian pointed.

"Camp in wood," said he, "Blackhawk no follow—too busy find horses."

"The sooner the better," exclaimed Blake, "for that disappointment about the venison was a serious thing to a hungry man. Proceed—I follow."

The night was now lovely in the extreme. They were advancing over an interior prairie of some extent, entirely surrounded by the forest, and covered by a low grass, the result of a burn, which materially assisted the rapidity of their movements. Here and there certain bushes, in knots and clumps, rose in their way, and hence as they rode up, startled deer flew from their lairs, and hastened to find another shelter for the night. The air was cool and chilly, a slight wind having risen which blew keenly in their faces. Edward Blake listened with intense anxiety for the sound of pursuit, and watched with scarcely less eagerness for the shortening of the distance, which was to be the termination of their journey.

At length the skirts of the much sought wood were reached, and pushing away through the bushes and trees for some two hundred yards, another open space presented itself, and before the two men, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, rose the clear outline of a hill stretching to the right and to the left as far as the eye could reach, rising gradually in height both on its right and left wings. A small spur appeared to advance towards them, jutting out like some buttress from a huge wall, and reaching in its gradual slope to the very spot occupied by the travellers. Jagged, with here a gap, there a pointed summit, with groves of trees dotting its sides, and afar off the sound of water rushing and falling, this line of hill was a novelty in Texan scenic features.

Edward Blake felt surprised, and his astonishment was in no degree lessened when, advancing up this acclivity, the Indian guided him towards the very summit of the

height. He followed, however, in silence, until at length Chinchea halted on the verge of a deep chasm, of, however, very moderate width, not perhaps more than eight or nine feet; of its depth it was impossible to judge by the deceitful glimmer of the moon.

The wind swept by cold and chilling at that height above the plain, growling and moaning as it flew to bury itself in the deep gloom of the forest; and Edward was about to ask an explanation of his guide's choosing this inclement spot for a camp, when the voice of the Indian made itself heard, in a series of cries, or rather howls, of a most peculiar and startling description.

"Why, Chinchea——"

The young man's speech was cut short by an event which added not a little to his astonishment. Chinchea's cries at first brought no answer, but after a few moments were successful.

"Who calls at this hour?" exclaimed a voice on the other side of the chasm, in good and plain English, spoken with a purity which surprised the young sailor.

"Chinchea," replied the Indian, "and Blackhawk in the woods."

"Heaven defend you then," replied the voice; "I will lower the bridge, and then pass you quickly."

A creaking noise like the turning of a wheel followed, and a huge black mass that had before all the appearance of a portion of the face of the rock, came slowly down, and in a few moments offered a passage to the fugitives.

Edward Blake, between astonishment and weariness, was totally unable to speak; and following Chinchea across the drawbridge which had so unexpectedly presented itself, and passing, in imitation of his guide, two figures whom he met, quite silently, was in a few minutes dazzled and confounded before a huge blazing fire.

The log-house into which they had entered was of tolerably large dimensions, and composed apparently of one room.

To the right of the door was the fireplace, a deep hollow, piled up with heavy hissing logs of wood, which emitted a heat most welcome to the wearied Englishman, creating a grateful glow in most pleasant contrast to the cold he had so recently experienced, while the fragrant odour of the wood was most agreeable to the senses. In front, occupying a large portion of one side of the room, was what in familiar parlance would be called a dresser, garnished with a goodly array of pewter dishes and plates, horn mugs, gourd bowls, common crockery ware coffee cups, surmounted by a row of saucepans. To the left swung a grass hammock, beneath which was a rude bedstead—that is, a layer of shingle nailed over certain solid supporters, and covered by various articles of bedding. Near this were several barrels, which were not for one instant to be mistaken for anything but flour, while sacks of Indian corn were no less clearly apparent to the eye. Near the fire-place hung several sides of bacon, while a kind of cupboard near at hand appeared—at all events to the senses of a hungry man—to be no less abundantly furnished.

Chinchea had led away the horses, and ushered Edward Blake alone into this welcome shelter.

"Hush!" said the Indian, gliding in next moment loaded with the bedding, "master house—good man—but no talk of great country over water—bad done him there he never forgive."

Chinchea then slipped away, without giving time for any questions, leaving our young adventurer still more puzzled than ever.

"My position is certainly a very odd one," thought he; but the buoyant nature of youth came next moment to his rescue; "I have, however, a warm fire, a roof over my head, a supper in prospect; let chance provide the rest."

Two individuals at this moment entered the room, whom we must pause to describe, though Blake did not discover all the minute features we have recorded until the morrow.

The one of middle height, stout, and of singularly muscular frame, at once attracted our hero's attention. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, in the full enjoyment of the muscular vigour which was incident to his time of life. His face was thin and long, not even the intervention of a moustache serving to break the very glaring character of this defect. His eyes were small, grey, and suspicious in their glances; his nose slightly aquiline, his mouth wearing, on almost all occasions, a bitter and saturnine expression; while the chin, somewhat full and round, gave a look of sensuality to a countenance which, in its main characteristics, was intellectual. His forehead was the most remarkable feature about him, being so high as fairly to occupy much more than a third of the whole length of his face. This gave him an imposing and majestic air, despite the rudeness of his garments. His hair was thin and grey, a circumstance which Edward Blake noted with much curiosity.

A green hunting frock of coarse materials, a common cotton handkerchief round the throat, pantaloons of deer-skin, with mocassins, and a wampam belt, were his attire. A brace of huge pistols, a short cutlass, and a heavy double-barrelled rifle, were his visible arms.

Behind this remarkable figure, and reach-

ing no higher than his waist, stood a man of some fifty years of age, whose appearance was startling in the extreme. Without any deformity of shape, his extreme littleness was in itself a defect. But four feet ten in height, with sandy whiskers and moustaches, as well as hair, with little hands and feet like those of a woman, his costume was exactly similar to that of his companion; his rifle, however, being of slight and elegant workmanship, and single-barrelled. The expression of his countenance was far from agreeable, his eye appearing to penetrate your inmost thoughts.

"You have been in danger in the woods, stranger," said the master of the house, somewhat gruffly, laying by his arms, and advancing towards our hero, who was seated by the fire.

"There you go, Philip," said the little man, in a shrill voice; "always the same. You never saw this man in your life before—I beg the stranger's pardon—but caution is the first requisite in life—and you lay by your arms, while he's studded like an Italian with pistols, knives, and guns."

Edward rose, his eyes glancing fiercely at the dwarf, while at the same time he disburdened himself of his defensive weapons, which from habit he had retained.

"Jones, you are mad," said the man addressed as Philip, turning round with a glance no less fierce than that of our young Englishman; "you seem to take every man for a cut-throat."

"I do, until I know the contrary," said Jones, calmly.

"Sir, you are welcome," said Philip, turning contemptuously from the dwarf; "I trust you will excuse the eccentricities of my friend Mr. Jones."

"Yes, sir, his friend," repeated the dwarf, somewhat testily; "and the first duty of friendship is caution for those we feel an affection for."

"Sir," replied our hero, with a smile, "I am a stranger, in peril of my life; and, as the Scripture hath it, you have taken me in; I know too well the gratitude due to your hospitality, to feel for one moment hurt at the jokes of your companion. In fact, I am rather partial to humour and eccentricity, and am persuaded I and Mr. Jones will ere long be very good friends."

"I never joke," said the dwarf, laying aside his arms as soon as he saw that Blake had left himself without a weapon, "never." There was an ugly grimness about his tone which very strongly supported his statement.

"I rather differ from you there, Mr. Jones, and must say I think you excessively facetious. The idea now of taking me for an Italian bandit was rather comic—I, a true-born Englishman."

"There! there!" muttered Jones, with a look of strange meaning, intended for Mr. Philip; "you hear what he says—a true-born Englishman. Well, I never! who would have thought any of the real islanders would have ventured up here?"

"I was but following a very worthy example," said Edward Blake, with a smile.

"How?" said Philip, speaking somewhat sternly.

"There! there!" muttered the dwarf.

"Why," continued Blake, carelessly, "where two of my countrymen were so snugly located, a third should scarcely have any fear to venture."

"Humph!" said Philip, interrupting the dwarf somewhat fiercely; "how learned you we were Englishmen?"

"The fact is—excuse my ignorance," replied Edward, bowing, "I never heard of you at all until about twenty minutes since. From Chinchea, however, I gathered that you were countrymen."

"Our renown is not very extensive," remarked him called Philip, quietly; "few white men penetrate so far as the Eagle's Nest, save trappers and hunters, whom we always welcome. But come, here is Chinchea, and I suppose supper will be no unwelcome break in the conversation."

Edward Blake owned that he was somewhat famished, and the dwarf proceeded to lay the meal, glancing suspiciously all the while at the young man—never in fact taking his eye off him for one moment, and seeking to penetrate every article of dress which could conceal a weapon.

Coffee, sweetened with molasses, without milk, hot bread from a portable oven before the fire, a stew composed of various game, with mush, formed the staple commodities of a meal which proved most welcome to the travellers, who knew too well the value of such luxuries in the backwoods, not to feel grateful for the hospitality of him who provided them.

This concluded, Blake entered fully into every detail in connexion with Blackhawk, the position he occupied, and the number and nature of his forces; while Chinchea also added to the stock of information, addressing the master of the house in his own Wacco dialect, which the other appeared to speak fluently.

"His design is certainly upon this place," said Philip, after he had heard both stories, "there being no other location within fifty miles. However, he shall meet a warm reception; we are two dead shots—Chinchea is another; while you, sir," addressing Edward, "will, I suppose, lend the aid of your arms?"

"With pleasure," replied the young man, who now began to believe himself in reality in the thick of an adventure. "I do not boast much of my shooting acquire-

ments, but a year's experience in Texas will always go for something."

"It is everything, sir—a country like this opens a man's eyes to their full width. More is to be learned in this land in a month, than elsewhere in a year."

"You are right," said Edward; "I for one have learned more in that time than during my whole previous life."

"You may chance before sundown to-morrow to gather further experience," replied the other; "a skrimmage like this we have before us, is no trifle in a man's existence."

"You have been in many?" inquired Edward, curiously.

"I have," continued the master of the house, quickly, "in many."

"Well," observed Blake, "I must say I am naturally pugnacious, but still I shall always feel qualms ere I shed a man's blood."

"Blood!" said Philip, with a stern and even savage look, while Jones muttered, "There! there!"—"who spoke of shedding blood? It is here life for life—theirs or ours. One would think you were about to slay—to kill—to destroy a fellow-creature in cold blood."

Philip spoke with some difficulty—he seemed indignant at the way in which Blake had stated the question.

"It is life for life, certainly," replied Edward, "but though it be so, still I would, while calmly thinking on the subject, ever feel a repugnance even to taking life—"

"Tush, man," said Philip, stooping and fastening his mocassin, "let us drop the subject; we shall have enough to achieve to-morrow, without dwelling on the horrors of it to-night. I shall summon you before dawn, and would therefore advise your taking rest. Yonder hammock will, with the aid of your blankets, be very comfortable."

"Many thanks," replied Blake, "but do I deprive you of—"

"By no means," said the other. "I and Jones never sleep in this house. We live here and give accommodation to strangers at times. On the morrow, however, you will find this but a small part of our residence."

With these words the two men took their arms and went out, Jones still showing his extreme caution, leaving Edward Blake and the Indian alone.

The latter was already fast asleep before the fire, and Edward, though little inclined for slumber, climbed into the hammock, wrapping his blankets round him, and with the universal accompaniment of every Texan traveller in his mouth—a pipe of real Virginia—passed in review the events of one of the most remarkable days of his existence.

This rencontre with Blackhawk, his flight and escape, his arrival in the mysterious Eagle's Nest, the strange character of its inmates, were all matters which crowded at once upon his brain. The manner of the two men most of all puzzled him. He could comprehend neither. It was clear they were anxious not to be too extensively known, above all to Englishmen. Their object it was not so easy to define. Doubts, even fears, crossed the mind of our young hero—but the reflection that he had nothing with him to lose, calmed all suspicion with regard to himself. Still surmises of the most varied and strange nature entered his head, to be chased away and followed by others only new, strange, and even absurd.

In the midst of all he fell asleep, and his heated imagination once set to work, with the face of Blackhawk (so familiar to him) and those of Philip and Jones, he dreamed a dream. The dream was—but it being a record of a passed event, which the reader must not learn at present, we are compelled to omit it. Suffice it to remark, that though it gave no body and shape to his surmises, it served to add very much to his doubts.

(To be continued.)

LINES TO A LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DARNETON."

How shall we part?
As friends do, expecting to meet on the morrow,
Say adieu without feeling and part without sorrow;
As blythly and gaily they part, as when
The morrow returning, they meet again;
Though the heart is as cold as an icicle, yet
As they never remember they cannot forget.

Distant and cold shall we say farewell?
But in faltering accents that tell too well
Though still is the surface as falling snow,
The full tide of anguish flows darkly below.
That mountain, how silent! how peaceful its brow!
You saw not the lava that desolates now.

Shall we fly from the sorrow and danger, and then
Just sorrow in the hope that we meet again;
I would rather contend with my deadliest foe
Than, shunning to meet thee, relinquish thee so;
Oh! we may part with anguish, or even with tears,
But these will not reproach me thro' endless years.

Shall we part without word, or sigh, or tear,
(One speaking glance, oh, then, how dear)
One lingering kiss the only token
Of ties so sweet thus rudely broken:
There's a language of love in the tell-tale eyes,
Confessing far more than words or sighs,
And if this be allowed to us still, why then
'Twould be hard to forbid ourselves speaking again.

With words not many, but, oh! how true,
Sadly and trustfully say we adieu!
And e'en when departing return we again,
How faint our resolves, all our firmness how vain!
Yet one ray of sunshine will gleam o'er us then,
For hope still will whisper, we meet again!

Walter Savage Landor.*

Thousands are acquainted with the name of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, who never perhaps, read a page of his works, which have hitherto been scattered in expensive volumes, inaccessible for that reason to the majority. The present edition is at once handsome and cheap. It has likewise been most carefully got up, the proofs having been read, we believe, twice, or oftener, by the author himself.

And what are these works? They are so many and so various that it would be difficult, and within our limits impossible to characterise them all. No English writer has gone over so large a field as Mr. Landor, though excursiveness in his case is by no means connected with superficialness. With all the allurements of fortune and a high position, able to command the greatest admiration in society by his wit and personal accomplishments, he has chosen during a great part of his life to live like a literary anchorite, in order that he might amuse and instruct his species, and pass down with honour to posterity. He never was one of those authors who discharge a pop gun, and then rush out into the world to listen to its echoes; but, having studied with manly assiduity and mastered as far as possible, by observation and meditation, the science of human nature, he has written calmly and deliberately, and put faith in the offspring of his own genius, to bring him in due time the celebrity he sought. And now in the fullness of his age, he is enjoying it. The ablest men in the country have long done him justice, and the public will now probably follow their example. Few authors have written so much in whose works there is so little to be objected to. He has no doubt his faults, and has produced several short passages and used several expressions which we are far from approving; but these like spots on a broad and fair surface are lost at a little distance, and scarcely if at all change the aspect of the whole.

It is not necessary while recommending an author to the public to be able to subscribe to all his opinions, otherwise, there are very few authors indeed whom we could recommend. It is enough that the general tendency of his works is good, and that he appears conscientiously to labour to propagate sound views and promote the cause of humanity. He may sometimes take the wrong steps, or strike beside the mark; but if we think his intention was to hit it, we should give him credit for his motives, and hold as we go along an amicable controversy with him on what we consider his errors. To Mr. Landor this forbearance is especially due, because he is a man most liberal of praise, who never suffers differences of opinion to betray him into the condemnation of a writer. Nor does he, like many distinguished men, reserve his praises for the dead, but scatters them with a lavish hand among his contemporaries. He has a good word for most men. Johnson said of Milton falsely that he knew of no man who had written so much and praised so little. We are sorry the extent of Mr. Landor's works will not allow us to indulge in an antithesis and say that we know of no man who had written so little and praised so much. But this we, at all events, may affirm that we know of very few writers, and among contemporaries none, perhaps, whose style so abounds in eulogy. This bespeaks a kindly and generous nature, such as we believe Mr. Landor to possess.

There are few questions connected with our present condition as a people which are not touched upon with more or less felicity in these volumes, some being discussed at length, while others equally important perhaps are necessarily dismissed with a slight examination. The author is often exceedingly happy on mere literary topics. Does any one admire French poetry? Let him if he do look into the Dialogue between M. Delille and Walter Landor, and see with what skill and boldness it is tossed about, and ultimately dissipated into thin air. Boileau was never before treated as he deserves. The French classisists are mad about him, and when the fit is on them, have the silliness to compare him with Horace, though upon the same principle we suppose that a parallel might be drawn between Alexander the Great and Alexander the coppersmith. But Mr. Landor seizes upon Boileau, and shakes him altogether out of his pretensions, after which he stands shivering before us a misshapen, attenuated mortal, grinning and swelling with effort and vanity.

Nor does Voltaire fare much better. Every body knows that he was an idol in his day, though about the worst and least reputeable ever set up by the stupidity of mankind. He had only two qualifications for the post he held—audacious impudence and a sparkling style; and by the help of these he managed to dazzle his contemporaries, beginning with kings and courtiers, and going up to even authors themselves. Mr. Landor strips the peacock's feathers from the jay, and then turning him round and round before the audience, shows what a pitiful animal he is. We mean of course in comparison with what he was thought by his contemporaries. Regarded without reference to that, he is an able writer, though he never was, or would be

* "The Works of Walter Savage Landor." In 2 vols. Moxon, London.

at the pains to understand any subject thoroughly before he treated of it. He constituted the very beau ideal of a popular writer, of a man who seizes upon ideas wherever he can find them, puts them together neatly and smartly, and passes them off for his own. The mischief was, that he would be a philosopher; that he would teach before he had learned; that he would criticise before he knew the language in which the authors he was treating of wrote; that he would write about politics without having made himself master of a single principle; that he would dabble in law, physic, legislation, geometry, and metaphysics, while he had scarcely acquired the elements of any of them. This was the misfortune of Voltaire, which has exposed him to the attacks of Mr. Landor, and to the inevitable neglect of posterity.

In two separate works Mr. Landor has discussed the merits of the great Italian writers, and of Shakespeare. In the "Pentameron," we mean, and the "Examination in Charlecote Hall." Were we required to point out the most complete and perfect of his writings, it is to the latter, perhaps, we should direct the finger. But is it a grave or comic production? It is neither. Like Shakespeare's own works, it is sportive at times and serious at times, though the former chiefly. Mr. Landor loves to laugh, and make his readers laugh with him. Nevertheless, perhaps, because not comically inclined ourselves, we prefer him, upon the whole, when he lays altogether aside his cap and bells, and indulges in a burst of serious eloquence. We then, in our opinion, feel the full force of his genius.

Still the mixture there can be no doubt of the grave and gay is preferable to a continued indulgence in either; for we are soon wearied by monotony, whereas by the skilful interchanging of laughter with sobriety, our attention is kept awake.

Others, we believe, have observed that, in the "Examination of William Shakespeare," several curious characters are sketched with a masterly hand. First, of course, is Shakespeare himself, who, by a sort of daring prolepsis, is urged in the capacity of a deer stealer, while defending himself for his life, to draw, as it were, upon his future greatness, and to open up glimpses into that world of thought, and wit, and passionate beauty, which he had not yet created. We now look back through the greater sphere upon the lesser. But in the examination, his contemporaries are made to look forward through the lesser to the greater, a considerably more difficult process.

In the Shakespeare, however, of Charlecote, we discover the Shakespeare of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Macbeth;" the man who could toy leisurely with a jest or a pun till he made his own and other people's sides ache; or soar into the metaphysics of character, and range along the summit of ethical philosophy. All who love the great dramatic poet should read this work, which, brief and sportive as it is, contains innumerable germs of reflection. Nowhere is Mr. Landor so successful in his wit, so felicitous in his eloquence. He touches upon many great topics and embellishes them all. The characters contrast admirably with each other, and the glimpses of external nature which we obtain ever and anon between them, refreshes like the sight of green lanes and forest glades beheld through long double lines of quaint brick houses.

But though this be one of the most purely English, as it is, perhaps, the best and most successful of Mr. Landor's performances, the reader must not infer from what we have said that he will not elsewhere in the volumes meet with a high order of excellence. All we mean is, that the examination may be regarded as the most complete and polished of these collected works, which all belong obviously to the same hand, though some are more skilfully and ably moulded than others. Our extracts will exhibit specimens of the author's style and sentiments.

The following, in which Petrarca (Ser Francesco) plays the prominent part, is delightful.

SUNDAY IN ITALY.

"It being now the Lord's day, Messer Francesco thought it meet that he should rise early in the morning, and bestir himself to hear mass in the parish church at Certaldo. Whereupon he went on tiptoe, if so weighty a man could indeed go in such a fashion, and lifted softly the latch of Ser Giovanni's chamber door that he might salute him ere he departed, and occasion no wonder at the step he was about to take. He found Ser Giovanni fast asleep, with the missal wide open across his nose, and a genial smile on his joyous mouth. Sir Francesco leaned over the couch, closed his hands together, and looking with even more than his usual benignity, said, in a low voice, 'God bless thee, gentle soul! the mother of purity and innocence protect thee!' He then went into the kitchen, where he found the girl Asunta, and mentioned his resolution. She informed him that the horse had eaten his two beans,* and was as strong as a lion, and as ready as a lover. Ser Francesco patted her on the cheek, and called her 'semplicetta!' She was overjoyed at this honour from so great a man, the bosom friend of her good master, whom she had always thought the greatest man in the world, not excepting Monsingnore, until he told her he was only a dog confronted with Ser Francesco. She tripped alertly across the paved court into the stable, and took down the saddle and bridle from the further end of the rack. But Ser Francesco, with his natural politeness, would not allow her to equip his palfrey. 'This is not the work for maidens,' said he; 'return to the house, good girl!' She lingered a moment, then went away, but, mistrusting the dexterity of Ser Francesco, she stopped and turned back again, and peeped through the half closed door, and heard sundry sobs and wheezes about

* Literally, 'due fave,' the expression on such occasions to signify a small quantity.

the girth. Ser Francesco's wind ill seconded his intentions, and, although he had thrown the saddle valiantly and stoutly in its station, yet the girths brought him into extremity. She entered again, and, dissembling the reason, asked him whether he would not take a small beaker of the sweet white wine before he set out, and offered to girdle the horse while his reverence bitted and bridled him. Before any answer could be returned, she had begun. And now, having satisfactorily executed her undertaking, she felt irrepressible delight and glee at being able to do what Ser Francesco had failed in. He was scarcely more successful with his allotment of the labour, found unlooked for intricacies and complications in the machinery, wondered that human wit could not simplify it, and declared that the animal had never exhibited such a restiveness before. In fact, he never had experienced the same grooming. At this conjuncture a green cap made its appearance, bound with straw coloured ribbons and surmounted with two bushy sprigs of hawthorn, of which the globular buds were swelling, and some bursting, but fewer yet open. It was young Simplizio Nardi, who sometimes came on the Sunday morning to sweep the courtyard for Asunta. 'Oh! this time you are come just when you were wanted,' said the girl. 'Bridle directly Ser Francesco's horse, and then go away about your business.' The youth blushed, and kissed Ser Francesco's hand, begging his permission. It was soon done. He then held the stirrup, and Ser Francesco, with scarcely three efforts, was seated and erect on the saddle. The horse, however, had somewhat more inclination for the stable than for the expedition, and as Asunta was handing to the rider his long ebony staff, bearing an ivory Caduceus, the quadruped turned suddenly round. Simplizio called him 'bestiaccia!' and then, softening it, 'poco garbato!' and proposed to Ser Francesco that he should leave the 'bastone' behind, and take the crab switch he presented to him, giving at the same time a sample of its efficacy, which covered the long grizzle hair of the worthy quadruped with a profusion of pink blossoms like embroidery. The offer was declined, but Asunta told Simplizio to carry it himself, and to walk by the side of Ser Canondico quite up to the church porch, having seen what a sad dangerous beast his reverence had under him. With perfect good will, partly in the pride of obedience to Asunta, and partly to enjoy the renown of accompanying a canon of holy church, Simplizio did as she enjoined. And now the sound of village bells in many hamlets, and convents, and churches, out of sight, was indistinctly heard and lost again; and at last the five of Certaldo seemed to drown the faintness of them all. The freshness of the morning was enough of itself to excite the spirits of youth, a portion of which never fails to descend on years that are far removed from it, if the mind has partaken in innocent mirth while it was its season and its duty to enjoy it. Parties of young and old passed the canonico and his attendant with mute respect, bowing and bareheaded; for that ebony staff threw its spell over the tongue which the frank and hearty salutation of the bearer was inadequate to break. Simplizio once or twice attempted to call back an intimate of the same age with himself, but the utmost he could obtain was a 'riveritissimo!' and a genuflexion to the rider. It is reported that a heart burning rose up from it in the breast of a cousin, some days afterwards, so distinctly apparent in the long drawn appellation of Gnor* Simplizio. Ser Francesco moved gradually forward, his steed picking his way across the lane, and looking fixedly on the stones with all the sobriety of a mineralogist. He himself was well satisfied with the pace, and told Simplizio to be sparing of the switch, unless in case of a hornet or gadfly. Simplizio smiled toward the hedge, at the condescension of so great a theologian and astrologer in joking with him about the gadfly and hornet in the beginning of April. 'Ah!' thought he, 'there are men in the world who can make wit out of anything.' As they approached the wall of the town, the whole country was pervaded by a stirring and diversified air of gladness. Laughter and songs, and flute and voils inviting voices, and complying responses, mingled with merry bells along the woodland paths and yellow meadows. It was really the Lord's day, for He made his creatures happy in it, and their hearts were thankful. Even the cruel had ceased from cruelty, and the rich man alone exacted from the animal his daily labour. Ser Francesco made this remark, and told his youthful guide that he never before had been where he could not walk to church on a Sunday; and that nothing should persuade him to urge the speed of his beast on the seventh day beyond his natural and willing foot pace. He reached the gate of Certaldo more than half an hour before the time of service, and he found laurels suspended over them, and being suspended; and many pleasant and beautiful faces were protruded between the ranks of gentry and clergy who awaited him. Little did he expect such an attendance; but Fra Briagio, of San Vivaldo, who himself had offered no obsequiousness or respect, had scattered the secret of his visit throughout the whole country. A young poet, the most celebrated in the town, approached the canonico with a long scroll of verses, which fell below, beginning, 'How shall we welcome our illustrious guest?' To which Ser Francesco immediately replied, 'Take your favourite maiden, lead the dance with her, and bid all your friends follow. You have a good half hour for it.' Universal applauses succeeded; the music struck up, couples were instantly formed. The gentry on this occasion led out the 'Sittadinanza,' as they usually do in the 'villegeatura;' rarely in the carnival, and never at other times. The elder of the priests stood round in their sacred vestments, and looked with cordiality and approbation on the youths, whose hands and arms could indeed do much, and did it, but whose active eyes could rarely move upward the modester of their partners. While the elder of the clergy were thus gathering the fruits of their liberal cares and paternal exhortations, some of the younger looked on with a tenderer sentiment, not unmingled with regret. Suddenly the bells ceased, the figure of the dance was broken, all hastened into church; and many hands that joined on the green met together at the font, and touched the brow reciprocally with its lustral water, in soul devotion."

* Contraction of Signor, customary in Tuscany.

The following three are from the "Examination of Shakespeare":—

I.

"'Where dost thou lodge, young man?' "At the public,' said I, 'where my father customarily lodgeth. There too is a Mitre of the old fashion swinging on a sign post in the middle of the street.' 'Respectable tavern enough!' quoth the reverend doctor, 'and worthy men do turn in there, even quality—Master Davenant, Master Powel, Master Whorwood, aged and grave men. But taverns are Satan's chapels, and are always well attended on the Lord's day, to twit him. Hast thou no friend in such a city as Oxford?' 'Only the landlady of the Mitre,' said I. 'A comely woman,' quoth he, 'but too young for business by half. Stay thou with me to day, and fare frugally but safely. What may thy name be, and where is thy abode?' 'William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, at your service, sir.' 'And welcome,' said he, 'thy father ere now hath bought our college wool. A truly good man we ever found him; and I doubt not he hath educated his son to follow him in his paths. There is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition. These require nurture and culture. But what nurture will turn flint stones into garden mould? or what culture rear cabbages in the quarries of Hedington Hill? To be well born is the greatest of all God's primary blessings, young man, and there are many well born among the poor and needy. Thou art not of the indigent and destitute, who have great temptations; thou art not of the wealthy and affluent, who have greater still. God hath placed thee, William Shakespeare, in that pleasant island, on one side whereof are the syrens, on the other the harpies, but inhabiting the coasts on the wider conti-

nent, and unable to make their talons felt or their voices heard by thee. Unite with me in prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings thus vouchsafed. We must not close the heart when the finger of God would touch it. Enough, if thou sayest only—'My soul, praise thou the Lord!'"

II.

"In the earlier ages of mankind, your Greek and Latin authors inform you there went forth sundry worthies, men of might, to deliver, not wandering damsels, albeit for these likewise they had stowage, but low conditioned men who fell under the displeasure of the higher, and groaned in thraldom and captivity. And these mighty ones were believed to have done such services to poor humanity that their memory grew greater than they, as shadows do their substances at dayfall. And the sons and grandsons of the delivered did laud and magnify those glorious names; and some in gratitude, and some in tribulation, did ascend the hills, which appeared unto them as altars bestrown with flowers and herbage for heaven's acceptance. And many did go far into the quiet groves, under lofty trees, looking for whatever was mightiest and most protecting. And in such places they did cry aloud unto the mighty, who had left them, 'Return! return! help us! help us! be blessed! for ever blessed!' Vain men! but had they stayed there, not evil, but of gratitude, purest gratitude, rose idolatry. For the devil sees the fairest, and soils it. In these our days, methinks whatever other sins we may fall into, such idolatry is the least dangerous. For neither on the one hand is there much disposition to gratitude, nor on the other much zeal to deliver the innocent and oppressed. Even this deliverance, although a merit, and a high one, is not the highest. Forgiveness is beyond it. Forgive, ye shall not be forgiven. This ye may do every day; for if ye find not offences, ye feign them, and surely ye may remove your own work, if ye may remove another's. To rescue requires more thought and wariness; learn then the easier lesson first. Afterward, when ye rescue any from another's violence, or from his own (which oftentimes is more dangerous as the enemies are within not only the portals of his house, but of his heart), bind up his wounds before ye send him on his way. Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master whose household he hath left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer; it is better to bid him live than bid him die. The one word our teacher and preserver said, and the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! bring him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye! in this posture of your's he shall recognise again his beloved son upon earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace."

III.

"'Many,' said he, 'Shakespeare, are ingenuous, many are devout, some timidly, some strenuously, but nearly all flinch, and rear, and kick, at the slightest touch, or least inquisitive suspicion of an unsound part in their doctrine. And yet, my brethren, we ought rather to flinch and feel sore at our own searching touch, our own serious inquisition into ourselves. Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breats with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instil into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit, whether our zeal for the truth be never overheated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly and sternly pertinacious at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate; no christian can malign; nevertheless, do we not often hate and malign those unhappy men who are insensible to God's mercies. And I fear this unchristian spirit swells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claim upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs. There is one more question at which ye will tremble when ye ask it in the recesses of your souls: I do tremble at it, yet must utter it. Whether we do not more warmly and erectly stand up for God's word because it comes from our mouths, than because it came from his? Learned and ingenious men may, indeed, find a solution and excuse for all these propositions, but the wise unto salvation will cry, 'Forgive me, oh, my God, if called by thee to walk in thy way, I have not swept the dust from thy sanctuary!'"

The Man in Green.

BY D. M. M.

The following adventure is taken from the "Memoirs of a Musician." The details are so simple and touching that we have preserved them for the pleasure of those, old and young, who love music—a passion at once fascinating and innocent.

I was but a boy (it is a German musician who is speaking), a boy of sixteen, and I thought myself a master in my art. I was so young; and because I could already succeed in drawing bewitching tones from my violin, I fancied there was nothing more to be done. Happy presumption of youth! My violin was my very life, and I abandoned myself so entirely to this musical ardour, that I—poor simple novice as I was—thought each day that I had almost attained perfection.

However I was not alone in my music madness. Many young men in our little German town abandoned themselves to the same frenzy, for so indeed it was. We soon arranged a quartuor—that first dream of a novice in music. All the street came twice a week to my father's to listen to our quartuor. We gave our neighbours as much harmony as they could bear in one evening, sometimes more. They listened, praised, wondered—and we were satisfied.

One evening in autumn, the sky was calm, the air pure, and even our violins seemed to have the benefit of the peaceful time, when suddenly a strange-looking man entered the concert-room. His doublet was of old worn-out violet velvet of an antique cut, his blue woollen stockings were of a diamond pattern, his shoes were clasped with a silver buckle. The strangeness of this costume was increased by an outer coat of bright green, set off by large shining steel buttons. He wore an im-

mense black cravat, and above the cravat was a head, melancholy in its expression, and adorned with thick curly hair. There was no smile on his face, but his eyes were wonderfully brilliant. He entered my father's house unannounced, then, seeing in the corner of the room a vacant seat next to my pretty cousin Annie, he sat down there, and attentively listened to the quartuor.

But the presence of the stranger threw an indescribable trepidation over us all. Scarcely was he seated than our four violins got out of tune. In vain did my father come to our assistance, and he was an able musician; nothing was done. Then the stranger rose, came towards me, and said, in a severe tone, "Young man, your ardour carries you too far; your bow does not suit you. The violin is an instrument that a man should not touch carelessly, for fear of burning his fingers."

The Green Man picked up my bow, which I had let fall, took my violin from my hands, and began to play. Then I felt more humiliated than ever. What fire, what genius, what heavenly notes, what melodious complaints did the stranger draw from my violin! One would have said that an invisible spirit, hidden in the sonorous wood, had been suddenly awakened. When the stranger laid down his instrument, all listened still. My father was the first who took his hand, and respectfully welcomed him. The Green Man, however, shrunk back into his former shyness, and blushed deeply at the homage he received. The crowd departed, and we were left alone, my father, the stranger, and I.

We knew that in our town, this same month of September, there was to be a meeting of celebrated German masters, who formed a sort of musical congress; we naturally supposed that the Man in Green was one of them, just arrived for the assembly, and my father hastened to offer him the hospitality of his house. The stranger accepted it cordially. He was soon established as our guest, seated at our table and hearth, as if he had been my father's own brother. Simple, and good, and learned he was, God knows! His grand and inexhaustible subject of conversation was the making of instruments and the best combinations to employ so as to arrive at incredible and novel results; once on this subject, he never grew weary.

Such was the life that we had for fifteen days, surrounding our worthy guest with the attentive cares which he merited, listening to his lessons, and internally blessing him, particularly when he said, "My young friends, love music; it is the bread of the soul; music shows us immortality on earth." Such was his mysterious language. But if any stranger happened to visit us, our guest immediately took refuge in the garden. He loved solitude, or else to be alone with us. One day, however, there came to the house, a friend of my father's named Kurz, a rich timber merchant of the neighbourhood. Truth to tell, this master Kurz was not to my taste. He was rich, generous, knew nothing, but to sell dear and to buy cheap; in short, he was a man like most others. To me, the son of a musician, and loving none but musicians, he seemed less than nothing. At sight of the timber-merchant, the Green Man hastily departed; but Kurz had already seen and recognised him. Following the stranger with his eyes, he said to my father, "What sort of a man have you got in your house? You have a queer guest, upon my word! Faith, I would have laid a wager that he was at the bottom of the river, instead of in your house."

"You know him, then," cried my father, with ill-disguised curiosity.

"Know him," said M. Kurz. "To be sure I do. He lived a long time in our village: his name is Beze; he was a carpenter, but was a strange, fantastic man, who never thought of things of this world. The organ of our little church having long since lost its tone, it was resolved to have a new one. Immediately Beze, the carpenter, offered his services. He offered to build the organ, alone, at his own expense, only demanding the materials. His manner was quite free from doubt, and besides his offer was so acceptable that it was agreed to. He set to work, arranged, altered, gave himself soul and body to his occupation, passed days and nights careless of eating and drinking. At last the organ was finished, placed in the church, and never did anything look more beautiful; people came from all parts to admire it. I and others from the village went to see it. Beze explained to us the mechanism of his instrument, entering into the minutest details. Immediately the old organist of the parish came forward, anxious to show us his talent in using this noble and beautiful instrument. Alas! the organ was insensible to all his melody; it produced no sound. Then all sorts of reproach and ridicule were lavished on the unlucky workman. With one voice his organ was declared detestable. There was a great tumult in the church. However, Beze was not intimidated; he departed, casting on us an ironical look, as if he had made an unknown *chef-d'œuvre*. This, my dear friend, is the illustrious guest that you have received in your house."

I know not what M. Kurz said afterwards; I could no longer bear to hear my friend thus spoken of. I went to join him in the garden. He was in his usual place, lying on the grass, at the foot of the great apple tree, his face turned towards the

setting sun. When he perceived me, he made a sign for me to come near.

"See," said he, in a voice full of emotion; "see how the sun is setting there in its splendour; but the least cloud can obscure its brightness. Such is the history of a man of genius; the opposition of the ignorant dims it for a season, but the momentary cloud is soon chased away."

I was deeply moved by these sad words; I wished to re-assure my friend.

"Oh," said he, "I fear nothing; my soul is not troubled by the contempt of the vulgar. I know well that improvement is not an easy thing, and that patient waiting is needful in this world. Our father's example has been useless to us; all perfection is certain to be repulsed at first by mankind. But, after God, time does everything. This beautiful organ that I have built, this great work of my hands, possesses a soul, but a man is wanting who can awake his sleeping soul. It is like the horse of Alexander, which none but Alexander could mount." He was silent. When night was come, he said, "Come, my son, let us go and play on the violin."

By degrees our town became thronged. The time of the musical meeting had arrived, and the masters came from all parts. Throughout the town there was a rivalry as to who should show the warmest hospitality to these great men. Music is the pride, the happiness, of our beloved Germany!—Each musician as he arrived was received like a king; his entry was a triumph; we hung on his steps, to see him and applaud him. By turns we saw arrive all these renowned masters; Grawn, that inexhaustible genius, who drew all his inspiration from his heart; Fursch and Hass, his two faithful companions; the great Féléman; the young Gasmann, whose future glory all Germany prophesied. At last there came a letter from Gluck himself, who was unavoidably absent at this grand festival, and expressed to his pupils how much he regretted his absence. His letter terminated with the sincerest wishes for the progress of music in Germany.

These great geniuses* were the simplest and best of men. Their conferences took place in public, in the largest hall of the best inn of the town, where every one might see and hear them at their will. I, timid as I was, never failed to be present. I glided between the tables, hid myself in a corner, and there, for entire hours, I listened to this wonderful discourse, and contemplated these noble countenances. From time to time they offered one another glasses of wine to make their hearts merry.

* We need scarcely say that we do not coincide with the high-sounding phrases of our author. Music is very well in its way, and very fit for Germans to make the business of existence. We should be sorry to see any such feeling in this country.—Ed.

One evening when they were all met together, and I was at my post as usual, the conversation turned on the Man in Green. Each repeated what he had heard of the mysterious musician who hid himself from every one. "By heaven," said Grawn, "it shall never be said that we did not make acquaintance with a man of genius. Let us send for him to talk and drink with us, and partake our conversation and pleasures."

Then I humbly advanced in the centre of the room. "My masters," said I, timidly, "the man of whom you speak is, in truth, a great musician, a hidden genius, but it is useless to invite him—he will not come."

All amazed, they repeated, "What! not come?" And they pressed me with a thousand questions. I told them the history of the village organ; how no one could play upon it, and how this was a subject of reproach and a great source of chagrin to my poor friend. When the masters had heard this, they were all ardour.

"My friends," said Grawn, "to-morrow is Sunday; early in the morning we will go and see this dumb organ. By king David, it will be strange if an instrument resists so many masters united!"

Hans and Fursch applauded these words. Féléman added, that it would be a good plan to bring to his organ the mysterious workman.

Young Gasmann cried, with a sigh, "Ah, my dear friends, there is a man in the world who would draw music from stones. But where art thou, our divine master, Emanuel Bach?"

They all agreed on a rendezvous next morning beside the organ.

Next day, the most brilliant sun-rise imaginable shone upon the little church, where was the organ built by the carpenter. Two men on foot entered by a small door. One was in the prime of life; his clear, broad forehead was full of intellect, and his large blue eyes shown with a soft and calm light. His companion was a lively young man of a fresh open countenance.

"Master," said he to the elder traveller, "why do you thus stop on the way? The meeting of the musicians will be over ere you arrive."

"My son," answered the other, "a secret voice urges me to enter this church. Hast thou not heard yesterday what a traveller told us of a mysterious organ which no one hitherto can touch? The traveller called it the work of a madman. Heaven sends me hither to know if it is not that of a genius. Let us enter then, my son; go and pray below, whilst I accompany thy morning orisons on this organ."

They entered: the master sat down before the organ, the entrance to which was

locked by his pupil. The church soon filled with worshippers; and soon the musicians, faithful to the rendezvous, entered the church, and knelt down to pray, and the priest was at the altar. Suddenly a sound as if from heaven, rung through the little church; the most melodious and divine music breathed from the organ, hitherto mute. The worshippers remained stupified as if they had heard an angel; the musicians looked up to see which among themselves was at the organ, but were terrified at finding all kneeling in their places; the priest himself was seized with a secret fear. However, the organ was touched by an inspired genius; became by turns grave, sublime, melancholy, passionate, plaintive. Sometimes breathing like a flute, at other times like thunder, praising God, striking terror over men. All listened, admired, and remained wonder-stricken.

In this crowd only one man raised his head; it was the Man in Green! He stood near the altar, leaning against a pillar, looking at his organ—his animated work—as if he were looking to heaven. At last, his dream was made manifest to men! At last, his revelation was complete! He praised not—he shed no tears—he could scarcely listen; he almost believed himself mocked by a vision. He was the happiest of the happy multitude; who, softened, impassioned, turned their eyes upon him with pride and joy. He could bear no longer. He left the church with rapid though noiseless steps, and the service continued.

When the grand mass was concluded, the masters pressed round the organ door to know what angel-like hand had touched it. The door opened; they all cried out—"Emanuel Bach! Emanuel Bach!"

It was Emanuel Bach himself. "Good day, my friends," said he; "I am arrived, you see; but where is the man of genius who has made this organ? Where is he that I may embrace him, or rather that I may throw myself at his feet?"

Emanuel received answer that the man was no where to be seen. The musicians invited Bach to return with them to the inn, and all departed together.

Evening came; Emanuel Bach and Grawn were walking up and down my father's garden. They sought my friend the Green Man. At last they found him under his favourite tree, but in what a state; his head leaning against the trunk of the tree; his eyes still open, seemed vaguely watching the last rays of the sun; his hands were spread on his knees, and a slight beating at his heart announced that he still lived. I leaped towards him; Emanuel Bach did the same, Grawn held the head of my poor friend; we called him; he opened his eyes, stretched out his fingers as if about to play on the organ, and then, perceiving strangers, "Ah," said he, "You here, Emanuel Bach—you! oh my God! This morning, forgive me for not receiving you with proper respect. I can no more—I am sinking under my happiness—I am shattered by the sound of my beautiful organ—I am dying."

The two musicians came beside the poor carpenter.

"Yes," said he, "I can now die. Grawn at my left, Emanuel Bach at my right." Then turning to me, he stretched out his hand, "Adieu, my son! and you, my masters, bless me!"

The last ray of the sun carried away the soul of my friend to heaven with it. The gray twilight fell on his pale and noble face. Peacefully and happily had departed the last sigh of the Man in Green—the carpenter—musician.

ODE.

BY W. B. A.

When rambling forth in morning clear,
The lark's blithe carol charms mine ear,
As rising from the sod
He soars with dewy, buoyant wing,
High at the gate of heaven to sing
His praises unto God.

* * in thy old forest shades
And winding paths thro' sunlit glades
I wandered in when young,
Full oft my memory can trace,
'Midst care, thy ever verdant face,
Where I so blithely sung.

Thy village church whose Sabbath bell
With cadence soft its deep tones swell,
Borne by the breeze along;
Where rippling brooks, where lowing herds,
Where choir with praise the tuneful birds
In one unceasing song.

'Twas in this stream, a wanton boy,
When life to me seem'd endless joy,
With soul devoid of care,
I stood with angle on its side,
My heart with rapture bounding wide,
As some frail tenant of its tide
Unwary took the snare.

Still there the same old sturdy tree,
Beneath whose leafy canopy
At noontide stretched I lay
Musing, wondering if the man
Knows the same feelings boyhood can,
The hours pass'd swift away.

The sun with faint expressing ray
Darkens the gleam of closing day
In yonder western sphere:
The mavis woos her mate to rest,
Homeward he slowly hies to nest,
And I alone am here.

The silence overawes, Thy pow'r
Is seen, great Being best at hour
When nature, hushd and still,
Enthroned with the robe of night
Reveals the wondrous orbs to sight,
Submissive to thy will.

Earth may decay, time cease to roll,
And thunder trembling pole to pole
While all immortal Thou
Shalt see the last weak throb of life
Depart, and end all human strife,
And reign as even now.

Piquillo Alliaga;

OR, THE

MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SCRIBE.]

Book I.—Chapter I.

THE FUEROS.

It was market-day in Pampeluna, and the attention of the crowd which was proceeding towards the place was drawn to a placard attached to the entrance of the Gefatura, or house of the corregidor. The people at once putting down their baskets of vegetables and fruits, or the barrels of oil and butter which they bore upon their shoulders, contemplated this document so long that they seemed to be spelling it over three or four times, had there been any reason to suspect these Navarrese of the power of reading. One staring individual will attract a crowd, so will one gaping crowd be rapidly reinforced by other flocks of curious idlers. And such was the case with the assemblage in the market-place. The flux was so great, that in a little time the multitude occupied every corner of the square, and even reaching up to the windows of Gongarello, the barber, who was shaving a customer, and whose operations were so much impeded by the sudden eclipse, that he was obliged to suspend them until daylight should again show itself.

Aben-Abou, known in the quarter as Gongarello, was a little brown man, of cheerful spirit, as garrulous as barbers in general, and not less intelligent and industrious than his nation in general. He was of Moorish origin, and his activity contrasted singularly with the apathy of his grave neighbours, pure Spanish blood, christians, and descendants of Pelagus. He drove a thriving trade, to the great jealousy of his competitors, who regularly denounced him to the Inquisition once a month, either for sedition, impiety, or sorcery.

Gongarello, leaving his customer half shaven, made his way through the throng in the vicinity of his house, and without waiting to be asked, began reading aloud the red and black placard as follows:—

"Faithful burgesses of Pampeluna! our well-beloved lord and master Philip III, king of Spain and the Indies, intending on the occasion of ascending the throne, to visit the Basque provinces and his good towns of Saragossa and Pampeluna, he will make his entry into this town by torch-light. All corregidors, alguazils, and familiars of the holy office are therefore ordered to make proper arrangements in their respective divisions of the town for the proper reception of the royal *cortège*.

(Signed) "The Governor,
"Count de Lemos."

Lower down—"The carriage of his majesty, and that of his excellency the Count de Lerma, and the officers of the court, preceded by the regiment of the Infanta, and followed by the regiment of guards, will enter by the gate of Charles V, and will follow Taconnera-street, as far as the viceroy's palace, where his majesty will alight. On the line of procession all windows must be illuminated, or ornamented with flowers, or the arms of Spain and of the Count de Lerma, the prime minister. It is unnecessary to invoke the enthusiasm of the faithful and loyal population of Pampeluna; it will readily give expression to its devoted attachment to our well-beloved sovereign. Those who may disobey this order will be reported at the Office of the Holy Inquisition by me,—Josue Calzedo de los Talbos (Corregidor)."

Scarcely had Gongarello finished his reading, than the corregidor appeared for a moment on the balcony of his house, and raising his hat, adorned with a large black feather, shouted "Long live Philip III! long live Count de Lerma, his glorious minister!" The multitude echoed—a few opposition murmurs, however, proceeding from a group beneath the balcony. A burly man, whose black moustaches spoke the soldier of the old Spanish infantry, but who was no other than Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, began to cough with an air of authority, indicative of a shade of discontent.

"Let us," said he, "by all means receive our new king, the court, and above all the Count de Lerma, whose suite, they say, is greater than that of his majesty. The count don't mind expense; his people like good attendance, and will come and regale themselves at the Golden Sun."

"Aye, and they will give orders for splendid gala dresses," added Truxillo, the rich tailor, who had just come and mingled in the crowd.

"But," continued Gines Peres, "of what use are those two regiments they speak of—the guards and the regiments of the Infanta?"

"Of the Infanta?" said Truxillo, turning pale.

"Just so," said the barber, "the very corps that was here last year, and by the same token, one of the brigadiers lodged at your house, Master Truxillo. I remember him; Fidalgo d'Estremos was his name, and I often met him with your wife under his arm."

"All that he may have told you," said the tailor, evidently annoyed, "is untrue."

"He never told me anything," replied Gongarello, quietly.

"It's nevertheless very true what they say," resumed the landlord, raising his voice. "A thousand annoyances result from the march of troops through a great town, to say nothing of our having to support all who are billetted upon us."

"You must admit, however," said the barber, "you must admit that our king must have soldiers for his protection."

"No, he should not!" cried an individual with broad shoulders, thick red beard, and a savage eye. "No," said he, leaping on to a post by way of rostrum, and addressing the populace from his elevation. "No! it's against the law and our rights."

"He is right," exclaimed the landlord. Silence spread throughout the multitude, to the stoppage of twenty or thirty little conversations that were going on in different groups. Attention was directed to the new orator.

"When the late king, Philip II, under pretence of pursuing Antonio Perez, destroyed by force of arms the Fueros of Arragon, his only regret was that he had not done the same by those of Navarre. What he dared not to do, however, his son and successor would now attempt—but you will not suffer it, if you are Navarrese."

"We are, all."

"What say your fueros? That the town shall be governed and protected by its own inhabitants, and that no armed stranger shall enter within its walls. That's the text."

"True," said the landlord, who had never read it.

"So it is," repeated the tailor.

"But," suggested Gongarello, the barber, "the king's soldiers are not strangers."

"They are Castilians," scornfully replied the orator; "and what is there in common between the kingdom of Castile and that of Navarre? We are not like the rest of Spain;—we have never been conquered:—we gave in our adhesion, conditionally that Navarre should preserve the old fueros which she then possessed."

"That's true," cried the hearers.

"And stronger and more skilful than the Arragonese, our neighbours, we will say, 'The king shall enter this town with no other guard than the citizens of Pampeluna;' if *not—not—!*"

"Long live Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro!" shouted a number of men, who appeared to know him, and who now mingled with the crowd, augmenting the confusion and tumult.

The noise in the street drew the corregidor, Josué Calzado, a second time to the balcony, less alarmed at the disturbance than pleased that an apparent revolt gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and eloquence, for, to say the truth, the honourable corregidor was very fond of hearing himself speak. In the Basque provinces, where he was born, he had been chosen a member of the Cortes, and had so large a faculty for talking, that he was materially instrumental in prolonging the session. Established at present at Pampeluna, devoted to the king and the minister, he patiently awaited a superior appointment, of which the Count de Lerma had held out expectations, but which the minister had too much sagacity to bestow upon a fidelity already assured, reserving his favours for doubtful partisans who were yet to be won over. But if the Cortes orator loved to hear himself, he was cruelly disappointed in the present instance, for he had scarcely brought his lungs into play with the exordium—"Faithful Navarrese!" than he was stunned with shouts of "Down with the corregidor!"

"Long live the king and his glorious minister!" continued he, trying an appeal that he thought irresistible.

"Down with Count Lerma—down with the minister!"

"Just what I was going to say, dear fellow citizens. Listen to me—my sentiment is, 'God save our glorious monarch!'"

"Down with the king if he assails our liberties!"

"Exactly so, dear friends, if you will only here me. Our liberty for ever!"

But again the tumultuous assembly interrupted him; every one apostrophised or reproached him, and the people, excited by Gines and Truxillo, had already torn down the proclamation, and trampled it under foot. But the war, once begun, did not terminate there. The corregidor, placed in the balcony, occupied a strong position, which rendered him invulnerable to the enemy's army; but unhappily the proximity of the vegetable market furnished the assailants with materials of warfare more injurious and effective than mere words, and they begun vigorously to shower a large collection upon the head of the loyal officer. He looked about for the means of honourable retreat, when it was suddenly closed against him. Captain Juan Baptista, who had all the agility and look of a sailor, climbed to the balcony by means of the pillars which supported it, and getting behind the corregidor at the very moment when that functionary had determined to quit the field of battle, seized and lifted him over the balcony, with the view of throwing him into the street. The mob, who did not expect this *coup de théâtre*, suddenly ceased their noise. The corregidor took advantage of the silence to call out—"Hear me, I beg! I am on your side! Inhabitants of Pampeluna, I think with you! The fueros for ever!"

"Long live the corregidor!" cried the people, with one voice.

"Yes, yes—he will die for our fueros," added the captain; and under the pretext of exhibiting him to the multitude, he raised the corregidor, and squeezed him so hard, that Josué Calzado threw up his arms in the attitude of a man taking a solemn vow.

The people cried with admiration, "Long live our worthy magistrate!"

"He will lead us himself to the governor," continued the captain. "He will speak for us. He proposes it himself."

Hearing these words, the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The corregidor, carried into the street by the captain, was received with redoubled shouts by the delirious multitude. Before he could open his mouth, he was surrounded, seized by a thousand arms, and carried off in triumph. A crown of oak leaves was placed upon his brow, which still bore marks of dirt from the vegetable matter with which he had been previously saluted; and the popular cortege, led by Gines Pires, of the Golden Sun, and Master Truxillo, the tailor, proceeded to march towards the governor's palace, across the promenade of Taconnera, already decorated with flowers, and foliage, and flags, bearing the arms of Spain, in honour of the entry of Philip III.

As for Captain Juan Baptista, he had disappeared; and the barber, Gongarello, prudently returned to his shop, saying, in a low voice, to such of his countrymen as interrogated him about the event. "Whether the king or the people carry the day is all the same to us Moors: forcibly baptised as we have been, we shall gain nothing by the victory, and may, perhaps, have to pay all the expenses of the war—so, take my advice, be quiet, and don't interfere."

And Aben Abou, called Gongarello, resumed his razor, and commenced shaving two customers, a Jew and a Christian, who had been waiting in his shop.

While these events were passing in the centre of the town, a poor boy about ten or twelve years of age was wandering through the street of Saint Pacomo, a little narrow winding alley. His pale and attenuated form bore traces of fever, and his ragged clothes announced his extreme misery. A kind and gentle expression pervaded his features, and a ray of intelligence occasionally shot from a dim but jet black eye. He was walking or rather dragging himself along, faint from hunger. He had passed through two or three streets, which, to his great astonishment, he had found deserted; for the whole population, on the first intimation of the tumult in the market-place, had betaken itself thither—some to share in the disturbance, others merely to look on.

The poor child saw a member of the Castilian council coming rapidly towards him; he did not dare to solicit charity, but he held out his hand.

The counsellor looked not at him, and passed on.

A few minutes afterwards an hidalgo appeared, walking slowly, enveloped in his cloak. The poor child timidly took off his hat and saluted him; the hidalgo stopped, and returned his salute.

The poor beggar, incapable any longer of bearing up, fell against a door, and heard a woman's voice calling upon her child to come to its meal. "Pablo," said she, "your soup awaits you." He knocked at the door, fancying for the moment that he had been invited, but his knock was useless, the mother was too much engaged with her own offspring to attend to him. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I have no mother to call me to a repast." He rose and wandered on to the banks of the Arga, hoping nothing more from man, for his eyes were raised to heaven for relief. At that moment the sun, bursting from behind a cloud, cast its refulgence against a wall. The boy went to bask in the rays of the great luminary, and while his cold stiff limbs felt the influence of their genial warmth, an expression of melancholy joy escaped from his discoloured lips. He smiled to the sun—the only friend that had deigned to smile on him. Then, as his eyes withdrew from the glare which he began to feel insupportable, he cast them on the ground, and seeing near a *borne* several pieces of melon rind, he crawled towards them, grasped them with an avidity urged by intense hunger, and was about to eat, when he saw a boy about his own age, as ragged as himself, singing as he advanced.

"You are happy to be merry," said he.

"Carrajo! I sing because I am hungry and have nothing to eat."

Immediately, without saying another word, and prompted by the generosity of his nature, he offered his new companion the slices of melon he had just picked up.

The gipsy looked at him with astonishment and gratitude.

"What," said he, "you have no other dinner than that?

"No, happy enough to have found even so much. Share with me."

And the two friends began their frugal repast by the *borne*.

The dining hall was vast and spacious. It was a street, at that moment solitary; and unlike the other streets in Pampeluna, it was clean—thanks to a fountain, the waters of which flowed near them, and offered them a fresh and limpid drink.

Thus they wanted for nothing. Opposite was a splendid mansion, over the door of

which were inscribed these words,—"Truxillo, master tailor." Their backs rested against the walls of a splendid hotel, and that hotel was the Golden Sun.

At table an acquaintanceship is soon struck up, so the gipsy said at once to his amphytrion, "What's your name?"

"Piquillo," answered the boy, "so I was called by the monks where I was brought up. And you?"

"Pedralvi. Your parents?"

"I have none."

"Nor I. Did you know your father?"

"Never."

"Just my case. And your mother?"

"Mother," said Piquillo, endeavouring to recollect, "my mother must have been a great lady. Noblemen used to visit her, who wore rich doublets and feathers. She had a beautiful room covered with tapestry; and, I remember, there was a looking glass all gilded, with a drawer beneath filled with sugar plums, with which I used to regale myself. That's all I can remember of the care and tenderness of my mother. And I awoke one morning at the door of a great building called a convent. They kept me there—I don't know how long—and then sent me away, saying, 'Seek your livelihood, you idle fellow.' I was hungry—I begged—and then I was taken ill and every body avoided me; I had a fever."

Pedralvi held out his hand to him, which Piquillo grasped gratefully.

"At last," continued he, "I am reduced to utter want; that is my history."

"As for me," said Pedralvi, "I remember my mother—I see her still, a tall strong woman, who bore me on her back. One day we were coming from Grenada, down a mountain called the Alpujarras. I do not know how it was, but some men in black suddenly seized on me, in spite of my mother's cries and mine. They threw cold water on my head, muttering some barbarous words which I didn't understand, my mother cried out, 'He is not a christian, he never shall be one, nor will I;' and she tried, by wiping my forehead, to efface what she regarded as a stain, a taint—and they killed her!"

"Killed her?" cried Piquillo, frightened.

"Yes, and called her a heretic."

"Heretic?" repeated the child, "what is that?"

"I don't know; but her blood flowed—I saw it—she showed it to me, saying, 'Pedralvi, my son, remember.' Then she became very pale, her lips stiffened, and she ceased to speak. What followed I cannot remember. I only know that I met some gipsies in a wood, who took me with them. One day they were attacked by more men in black, called alguazils. Each mother fled, bearing away her child. I, who had no mother, remained on the high road. From that time to this I have walked right before me, singing and begging. That's my history."

The two orphans—the two friends—renewed the mutual grasp, and the words, "My brother!" escaped their lips. And in truth there was, in their dark complexions, the cast of their features, and their black and expressive eyes, a family likeness, or strong evidence that they belonged to the same race or tribe.

"And now," said Piquillo, looking at the last slice of melon rind, "our dinner is over."

"Over!" cried the gipsy, "and I am hungry."

"So am I!"

"More so than I was before," said Pedralvi, "and no hope of a second course."

"Perhaps," said a soft voice from above; and saying this, Juanita, a pretty Moorish servant girl, at the hotel, who had just opened the window over their heads, threw them down a large slice of bread, and the residue of the breakfast which two students from Saragossa, come on purpose to see the royal entry, had just finished.

Never did royal banquet, or ministerial dinner, witness guests more jolly, more delighted. Stimulated by the reinforcement of good things, their appetite, which had but slumbered, awoke young and splendid; all their misfortunes were forgotten, and neither of them would at this moment have changed places with the king of Spain. But the gratitude of the stomach did not exclude gratitude from the heart; and ever and anon, the lads stopped eating to look and express, by a smile, or a tender glance, their thanks towards the little servant, who was leaning out of the window enjoying her own good work, and their appetites. This pleasing picture, which Pantoja de la Cruz, the first painter to Philip III, would not have thought unworthy of his pencil, was suddenly disturbed by a cry from Juanita, which Piquillo echoed by a second, on finding himself violently pulled by the ear. It was Gines Peres de Hila, the landlord of the Golden Sun, whom Juanita had first seen from her height, but not in time to warn the youthful epicures, whose attention was too much engrossed to attend to anything.

"Ah! ha! this is the way I'm robbed," cried mine host, in a terrible voice, casting towards Juanita a threatening look, the effect of which was entirely lost, for the girl had closed the window. The furious innkeeper, holding Piquillo's ear with one hand, tried with the other to pick up the remains of the feast; but the little gipsy, nimbler than he, scrambled for the remaining provisions, thrust them into a wallet

which was not usually so well filled—whispering in the ear of his companion, "To night, behind the church of Saint Pacomo," and disappearing like lightning.

Piquillo would gladly have followed him, but one of his ears was a hostage in the hands of the *favouche* landlord; and besides, an instinctive sentiment of generosity and justice suggested that it would more become him to remain and defend his benefactress. "Beat me, if you like," said he, resolutely, to his adversary, for the meal had restored his energy and strength—"beat me if you like, but do not scold the girl."

"Juanita," cried the innkeeper, "is a little mischevious *friponne*, whom I shall send back to her uncle, Gongarello, the barber—I had agreed to take her for nothing, but I see that, even at that price, she will be dear! The whole of the Moorish race are not worth the rope we hang them with, or the wood we buy to burn them."

"Forgive her," rejoined the orphan, "and I will, in all things, obey and serve you——"

"Done," said the landlord, who had suddenly become possessed of an idea, so rare a thing with him, that it disposed him to clemency. "Done; I will forgive you and Juanita too, and will even give you a real."

"A real!" said Piquillo, astonished, and opening his eyes wide, "is it gold?"

"Very nearly; it is twenty maravedis."

"Twenty maravedis!" Piquillo had never possessed such a sum.

"What must I do to earn it?"

"Walk up and down the streets of Pampeluna until night, crying, "The fueros for ever!"

"Nothing else? Well, that's not difficult; and I shall have a real?"

"I will pay you here this evening."

"You swear it by Our Lady del Pilar?"

"I swear it," replied the hotel-keeper; opening his fingers, and letting go his captive.

Piquillo no sooner found his ears at liberty, than he ran in the streets merrily, and disappeared, crying, "Our fueros for ever!"

Chapter II.

The Triumph.

In an old and well-furnished mansion in Pampeluna, the principal windows of which overlooked the Taconnera, sat, in a gothic arm-chair, lost in deep reverie, an old soldier formerly in the service of Philip II. His cap, sword, and a parchment sealed with three seals were on the table. Before him stood a fine young officer, whom every mother coveted for a son-in-law, and every pretty girl for a lover. The joyousness of youth sparkled in his eyes—his manners bore the stamp of Spanish gallantry, and his proud Castilian blood mantled on his brow. A smile of impatience played on his hairless lip, whilst he carelessly played with the scabbard of his sword. Perceiving that the old man maintained silence, he, at length, timidly hazarded the following sentence: "Am I then to accompany you to Ireland?"

"No," rejoined the old man.

"Why not?"

"You have not yet drawn a blade, Fernando. I would have you begin with a victory, and, in this instance, we shall be vanquished."

"What! when you are the commander, Juan d'Aguilar? When the king supplies you with six thousand of the flower of his army for the campaign in Ireland? When he desires to glorify the first year of his reign with a glorious enterprise?"

"I will go, I will go; but we shall certainly fail! Mad, impolitic, useless enterprise! Instead of boldly attacking Elizabeth and the English, suppressing crime and sedition, and subduing the refractory Irish! No such worthy deeds are to be achieved. Our counsels unheeded—we old soldiers who have served under John of Austria, and know what war is! Ah! Spain was a glorious country in those far off days."

"And so is she nôw," exclaimed the youth, in proud exultation; "she has *not* degenerated!"

"Aye," replied the old man, gazing at the boy with evident pride; "yes, she has stout hearts and sturdy limbs to fight her battles yet; but, nevertheless, her decline has begun, and nothing can now arrest it."

"A new reign might revive her splendour."

"A new reign!" muttered the old soldier. Heaving a deep sigh, he continued, musingly, "I was at the death-bed of Philip II. He knew what men were made of. He, who won victories without a smile of triumph, and saw a whole fleet perish without a murmur; that prince did I see absolutely shed a tear—yes, shed a tear when he contemplated the future monarchy of Spain. 'Heaven,' said he to me, 'who has granted me vast domains, has left me no heir to maintain them.'"

"What does that signify," continued the youth, "if there be an able minister of state at the helm?—it is said that the Count de Lerma is a man of genius."

By the impatient gesture of his uncle, the young man perceived that he had ventured too far.

"The Count de Lerma an able statesman. Where, I should like to know, did Gomez de Sandoval y Royas, and, forsooth

Count de Lerma, learn—where should *he* have learned the science of government? Was it in the course of the adventures of his youth—in the tricks he played his creditors, and the skill with which he payed them without loosening his purse-strings?"

"But, my dear uncle, that is no despicable act; and if it were used towards the state's creditors, what a service it would be to the public exchequer!"

Don Juan, however, heeded him not, and pursued his own train of thought.

"Where did he learn politics? In the antechamber of the Infanta, where the late king placed him, under the charge of the Marchioness of Vaglis, in order to supplant the heir to the throne? In this alone consists the secret of his lauded merits. From the very day of the king's death, our influence was at an end, and the Count de Lerma became, not only prime minister, but absolute sovereign of Spain! Yes," he continued, "the new monarch, not content with heaping these dignities on his favourite, issues his first royal ordinance (a proclamation unexampled in the history of monarchies) proclaiming that the Count de Lerma's signature should be equally regarded with his own. He, a king! a descendant of Philip II and Charles V; and in the short space of a twelvemonth, this new made minister—a Sandoval, signs himself 'YEO EL REY!'"

"Calm yourself, uncle."

"A king of Spain, descended from royal parentage, abdicating the crown! It is a stigma on the country's nobility!"

"Nevertheless," interrupted the young man, pointing to the parchment on the table, "you perceive he appoints you commander of the Irish expedition?

"Yes, yes; he would sooner have me in Ireland than in Pampeluna. Pampeluna is too close to Madrid and the court. He desires that I should never visit such scenes, and banishes me to a distant land."

"Do you intend declining this offer?"

"What! refuse when there is danger? No, no; I will go to the slaughter, but you must not accompany me; there is peril to meet but no glory in that quarter. Martin Padilla, who commands the fleet, is my mortal foe; Oocampo, who is appointed my lieutenant, is also my enemy."

"Then I should be by your side."

"And who will protect my memory? who will support the honour of my house? who will protect my daughter, Carmen, whom I shall leave an orphan? In her helpless childhood she will have no protectress but her aunt, my sister, the Countess d'Altamira, in whom I place no confidence. You know, Fernando, my projects, with respect to her and yourself; pledge me your word that you will not betray them."

"I pledge myself, uncle," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand, which the old soldier eagerly grasped with grateful warmth.

"And in the course of time," continued he, brushing away a tear that trickled down his cheek, "in the course of time, you will enter the councils of the state (for you have a right to that distinction, being a grandee of Spain—the Baron d'Albayda, first baron of Valencia); remember then that which I have uttered to-day. Defend our weak monarch against the wiles of his parasites—against his own rash acts; but yet hold him in high respect; for the king, whatever he is or does, is our legitimate ruler—our father. Many enemies threaten to overwhelm our country—many are striving to hasten her ruin."

Whilst he was thus speaking, a loud uproar of the populace was heard in the streets.

"What is that?" said the old man.

"Nothing, uncle; it is simply the beginning of the rejoicings in honour of the entry into Pampeluna of the king and his minister."

The uproar increased, and presently cries of "Justice, justice!—to the scaffold with Lerma!" were distinctly heard, mingled with menaces.

"Already," observed the old man coldly. All he dreaded, however, was that the shouts of the crowd would disturb the slumbers of his darling Carmen.

Fernando was on the point of quitting the apartment in which the above colloquy was held, to ascertain the origin of all this noise, when a man entered, whose rich garments were soiled and in disorder. His disdainful look was tinctured with fear and rage, and he strove to smile to disguise these emotions just as some folks sing to conceal their fright.

"The Count de Lemos!" exclaimed d'Aguilar.

"The governor of Pampeluna!" said the youth, respectfully.

The Count de Lemos was brother-in-law to the Count de Lerma, who had appointed him viceroy of Navarre, and governor of Pampeluna. D'Aguilar had much reason to feel surprised at his visit; for being no friend to the minister, he was not on over good terms with his family. Lemos and d'Aguilar rarely met each other.

"Yes!—it is me," said the count, trying to force a blustering laugh; "they met my carriage in the street, and they assailed it with stones. Up to the very door of your hotel have they followed me."

"Of whom do you speak, sir count," inquired d'Aguilar, calmly.

"You are ignorant, then, of what is passing in the streets?"

"Perfectly so."

"Nothing can possibly be more absurd —a madness — a delirium! From Josué Calzado, the corregidor, whom I took to be a sensible, discreet man, downwards, they have all lost their senses. Borne triumphantly on the shoulders of the rabble, the corregidor came riotously at their head, to my hotel, making a fearful disturbance. The countess will assuredly suffer sorely from fear, for they commenced operations by smashing the windows."

"But what did they want?" exclaimed d'Aquilar, impatiently.

"What did they want? Why they actually want to prevent the king from entering Pampeluna—yes, the king who is even now at the very gates of the city."

"Close the gates against the king of Spain?" said d'Aguilar, indignantly. "I trust, sir count, that you have adopted rigorous measures to prevent such an indignity."

"Certainly; at the very outset of the tumult I despatched a messenger, disguised, to my brother-in-law, the minister; the matter concerns him most, and he will know how to act under the emergency."

"But what have *you* done?"

"Me!—what would you have had *me* do?"

"Is there not a fortress in Pampeluna erected by Philip II?"

"It is unfinished; and there is not within its walls a single cannon, or one soldier!"

"In a frontier town!" exclaimed d'Aguilar, looking pointedly at Fernando. "What said I to you but now? Here is an instance of foresight on the part of those to whom the care of our country is confided—no garrison—no soldiers!"

"Why, that is just the very cause of the tumult. They will have it that the citizens alone should welcome their king, and not suffer him to be heralded by a military guard."

"And you yielded to them?"

"Not at all! Perceiving that it was idle to parley with them, I caused my horses to be harnessed to a coach without armorial bearings, and left my hotel by a back door. I was in hopes I should have been able to join the Count de Lerma, and the two regiments by which he is escorted; and *then* I should like to know what would have been the consequences!"

"You—the governor of the town," said d'Aguilar, with marked surprise, "and meditated leaving it in the hour of danger!"

"To return; but I could not effect that object; they recognised and pursued me, and here have I taken refuge; and, my dear d'Aguilar, I ask you a thousand pardons for coming thus unceremoniously and unattended."

At this crisis the disturbance without redoubled, and a servant entered the room in dismay, exclaiming that the infuriated mob angrily insisted on the delivery of the governor into their hands. The Count de Lemos turned pale, young Fernando approached to protect him; and Don Juan d'Aguilar, without vacating his arm chair, said, with a smile lurking on his lips—"Tell them I am too highly honoured by the visit of the governor to desire its being shortened. He shall remain here as long as he pleases; and then," added he, with the pride of a Castilian, "as for the rabble who are now at my gate, tell them they had better be off quietly."

Such was the respect in which Don Juan d'Aguilar was held, and the readiness with which he was wont to be obeyed, that the servant, without reflecting for a moment that he would run the risk of being torn to pieces by the mob, went to execute his orders; but that it was impossible, for the other inhabitants of the hotel, alarmed at the increase of the crowd, had barricaded the principal entrance, and although Don Juan D'Aguilar was universally beloved and honoured, these defensive preparations had irritated the multitude, who already evinced hostile intentions.

The unlucky corregidor, leader against his will, of a riot which he could not quiet, and of a force that terrified him out of his wits, vainly attempted to address them. In the midst of the uproar they heard not a word of his ejaculations, and conceiving from the movement of his lips, that he was encouraging them to the charge, they set up a shout of "Hurrah for the corregidor!—on to the assault!—long live the corregidor!"

Hearing this uproar, Fernando rushed to the room, the casements of which looked upon the street, and d'Aguilar rose to follow him, limping with the gout.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the count.

"Arrest the corregidor and two or three of the principal mutineers," said d'Aguilar, "and the rest will disperse. Halloo," he exclaimed to his nephew, who was, undismayed, leaning out of the casement, and quietly watching the furious crowd that surrounded the gate of the hotel, "what think you of it?"

"I think," replied the youth, calmly, "we must secure some of them instantly, or there will be much mischief ere long."

Just then a shout of "Death to the governor," rung the air.

The Count de Lemos endeavoured, in vain, to conceal his terror, and despite the scornful smile that played on his lip, the perspiration poured down his face. The old soldier, looking him steadfastly in the face, said, "Fear nothing, there is time yet to repel the danger."

"How?"

"The time expended in burning the house over our heads will enable the Count de Lerma, with his regiments—acquainted as he is with your position—to hasten to your rescue."

"You think so?" said Lemos.

"It cannot be otherwise. Close the gates of the city to the king! After suffering such an affront, there will be nothing left which we must not yield to these rebels. It is in the beginning of a reign that firmness is indispensable."

"But supposing the rebellion continues?"

"What of that?"

"What is to become of us in the meantime?"

"We will bear the brunt of the assault here, in this house, against the whole population of Pampeluna, if necessary: shall we not, my nephew?"

"Certainly, uncle. This will be my first campaign, and I glory in the idea that it will be under your guidance."

A fresh uproar, louder and still more threatening than the preceding, now burst from the impatient crowd. Mingled with shouts of rage, the sound of pickaxes applied to the principal portal was distictly heard. At the bare thought of repelling an attacking foe, the old Don became excited beyond measure. As the war-horse that neighs and proudly tosses his head at the sound of the trumpet, he advanced with a firm step to the immediate scene of the struggle, forgetting his gout, and regaining all the ardour of his youth.

"Now then," he said, addressing those around him, "arm yourselves as rapidly as possible, and with whatever falls in your way, and begin by demolishing that casement!"

"What do you meditate?" cried the Count de Lemos.

"Why, simply to cast upon the heads of the rioters the whole of the first floor of the hotel."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the youth, commencing operations lustily.

"Now, then, I will show you," said the excited soldier; "I will show you how to defend a fortress besieged by the enemy."

"What!" said the Count de Lemos, astounded at this display of generous feeling; "is it possible that you and yours expose your lives to secure the safety of one whose family is notedly hostile to your own?"

"That is just the very reason for exertion," replied the old man; "I never yet deserted one in adversity seeking an asylum beneath my roof—it is a sacred duty;" and then he added, "take care, count; do not place yourself so close to that casement, the post of danger; but yonder artillery of stones shall soon be silenced. Hark you, my friends," and pondering awhile on what Charles XII had achieved under somewhat similar circumstances at Bender, the old general not only contemplated repelling the assault, but also attacking the enemy, aided by his nephew and servants. He hastily explained his tactics to his allies, and ordered the windows to be thrown open to reconnoitre the position and force of the foe; but to his great surprise a sudden calm succeeded the tumult, and all that could be seen in the now nearly deserted street were the remnants of the rebel band proceeding apparently to the gate through which the king purposed entering the town. The Count de Lemos was lost in conjecture, and d'Aguilar was puzzled to think what panic could have wrought this sudden change, what stratagem of the enemy was at the bottom of so singular a proceeding, or what marvellous event had robbed him of his laurels before the battle commenced.

Presently a horseman was seen galloping down the streets at a tremendous pace. He held in one hand a flag of truce and a letter bearing the state seal. He pulled up in front of the hotel, and demanded admittance in the king's name.

At this reverend sound, Don Juan immediately ordered the gate of his citadel to be opened, and the horseman, dismounting, entered. He was a brigader in the regiment of the Infanta, Fidalgo d'Estremos by name.

"They tell me," said he, "that the governor of Pampeluna is to be found here."

"I am he," said the Count de Lemos, advancing.

"A letter from the king."

He snatched it eagerly from him, and breaking the seal, hurried through its contents. Meanwhile Don Juan inquired of the brigader where he had left the regiment to which he belonged.

"At the gates of the city," said the brigadier.

"Did you accompany the king?"

"I did; as well as the Count de Lerma."

"And you do not, I hope, dream of shrinking from the assault of this band of townsmen?"

By way of answer, the brigadier placed his hand on the scabbard of his sword.

"That's right," exclaimed d'Aguilar. "With brave fellows like yourself, I should like to see the force or the ramparts that could hold out against us. How now," he continued, addressing the Count de Lemos; "has your brother-in-law, the minister, made proper arrangements for the attack on Pampeluna?

"No," replied the count, with some hesitation; "that is not necessary."

"Oh! I perceive," said d'Aguilar, "the enemy have already abandoned their project; I thought it would not last long."

"Yes," stammered the count, "all is tranquil now, I believe."

"Have they given any hostages?" asked d'Aguilar."

"Not one."

"Well, that matters little, so long as they ask for pardon. Of course they have expiated their resistance to the king?"

"No," replied Lemos, in an embarrassed manner.

"What is it, then?" asked Don Juan, impatiently. "What is the intelligence that has reached your excellency?"

In reply to these interrogations, the count handed to the old soldier the epistle, which was couched in the following terms:—

"The king having learned, with deep concern, that his approach has occasioned some slight disturbance in the city; and having deliberated with his council and ministers what course to pursue under the circumstances, has expressed his determination to employ no other escort, on his solemn entry into Pampeluna, but that formed by its citizens. His majesty, moreover, has decided that during his stay in their city, they alone shall have the honour of guarding the royal person."

This document bore the following signature:—"For the king—the Count de Lerma, prime minister."

It was manifest that this originated with the favourite. It was doubtful whether the king had been consulted on the occasion at all, and, indeed, the chronicles of that time assert that he never saw the document till the next day. Pale and trembling with indignation, Don Juan d'Aguilar twice read this remarkable production. Without uttering a syllable he returned it into the hands of the governor, who, anxious to carry its object into execution, hastily left the hospitable dwelling where he had found refuge and protection.

The old man, left alone with his nephew, gazed on him for a while musingly, and then exclaimed: "Said I not right? Had I not occasion to tremble for Spain and her king?"

Dreading a further betrayal of his overpowering feelings, he rushed to his daughter Carmen's apartment. The child, alarmed at his hasty approach, extended her arms towards him.

"I have been waiting for you, father!" she exclaimed, "and could not sleep till you came to kiss me.

D'Aguilar clasped his darling to his heart, and imprinting an earnest kiss on her forehead, forgot for the time all about the revolt, the fueros, and even the Count de Lerma. When the child fell calmly to sleep he stole out of the room, and proceeded to the palace to await the king's arrival.

Chapter III.

INCONVENIENCES OF PATRIOTISM.

The news of these events spread in a moment through every part of the town. The citizens of Pampeluna who themselves had not taken a part in the affray, now filled the streets, walking about with an air of triumph and satisfaction. Every body was delighted; the coffee-houses and public places were crammed with visitors. The hotel of the Golden Sun could scarcely meet the demands of its numerous customers who arrived, the stomachs fasting; it was dinner hour—nothing increases the appetite so much as a victory. Peres Gines de Hila, who was no longer the same man, had exchanged his large beaver, his threatening tone, and seditious airs, for a white cap, an engaging smile, and affable words. The conspirators had made way for the landlord; he was of every body's opinion; repulsed no one; he crammed twenty or thirty guests in a hall which held but ten; he had even, in favour of circumstances, passed generously over the punishment of Juanita, whose services he now required. Already was he calculating the tax to be levied upon such a crowd of consumers; he had even established himself at the bar, to survey, with a master's eye, the supposed receipts, and to prevent the occurrence of any fraud, when the brave corregidor, Josué Calzado de las Talbas, appeared in the vestibule; he was followed by a dozen citizens, who, wearing baldric and halbert, had assumed a martial air, and were endeavouring to walk with military precision, always so difficult for a civic guard to assume.

"Honour to the conquerors!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Honour to you," answered the corregidor, "who first raised your voice in defence of our rights! Yes, signor caballeros," continued he, addressing the guests, "without him our liberties slept; no body thought of them; the king would have entered quietly into Pampeluna, escorted by the two regiments of Castilian cavalry, and general acclamations, if the worthy host had not reminded us, that to us alone belonged the right of escorting our monarch." All the guests rose, and drank to the health of Gines Peres de Hila, who took off his cotton cap, and bowed down to the very counter. "Also we, your fellow-citizens, owe you a reward, and we have unanimously elected you sergeant of halberdiers; we come to call you to your post."

"I!" said the landlord, turning pale.

"You, yourself; and there is no time to lose."

"But just at this moment my presence is necessary here in my house."

"It is more necessary in our ranks."

"But the interest of my business."

"But those of Pampeluna—a patriot like you."

"Certainly. But if any one could replace me."

"What! give up to another the honour of assuming your rights—rights which you have so eloquently spoken for?"

"I! no!" cried the host, cursing his eloquence and the fueros both. "I mean to say that I ask nothing better; that I shall be proud to command my fellow citizens, and to march at their head; but I was not prepared for so great an honour, and I shall want some days to think of my equipment."

"We have brought it. Here it is."

They now presented to the astonished host a large baldric, covered with gold, and a large halbert, ornamented with silver, In vain the new sergeant endeavoured to stammer forth some futile excuse.

"Let us go! let us go!" exclaimed the halberdiers.

"Go, master, go! I will take charge of everything," exclaimed the head waiter, Coello, an Asturian, whose morality was anything but doubtful.

Now, this waiter was what the unhappy host feared the most.

"I will return in an instant," he said.

"No," replied the corregidor; "your duty is to patrol this quarter; and now that tranquillity is established, to oppose yourself to everything which may trouble it; to put a stop to any insurrectionary cries whatever."

"Very well," said the host.

"You are to go with your company, and place yourself on the line of Taconnera, to present halberts to his majesty in passing."

"I!" said Gines.

"You will mount guard all night."

"I!" continued Gines.

"It is one of our privileges."

"Let us go."

Gines Peres, cursing his eloquence and the fueros also, put on a scarf, seized the proffered halbert, and issued forth to watch over the safety of the houses of Pampeluna, while he left his own to certain plunder.

In the mean time, faithful to the instructions which he had received, and anxious, like an honest lad, to earn the promised reward, Piquillo was parading the streets, crying out with all his might, "Our fueros for ever!" No one said no, as at that time it was not known what turn affairs might take; but two or three boys who were wandering in the streets as amateurs, ready to follow the first drum or noise of any kind, joined him in his exclamations, and the procession increasing at every corner, the young general was soon at the head of a juvenile army, when, on turning into a new street, they fell in with another brigade of about the same numbers and age, but of a different opinion, their cry being "Down with the fueros!" War appeared inevitable between the two parties so opposed, when, to the surprise of the belligerents, the two generals advanced to embrace each other.

"Is it you, Piquillo!"

"You, Pedralvi! What do you here?"

"I shout."

"And I also," answered Pedralvi, "I am paid three reals by the followers of the Count de Lemos to cry 'Down with the fueros!'"

"And I am to have only one real," said Piquillo.

"The other party is the best," exclaimed the troop; and all to a boy went over to Pedralvi. And the two coalesced armies, now making only one, continued its march to the reiterated shout of "Down with the fueros!"

But suddenly they came upon a body of real halberdiers, with a real sergeant, and real halberts. It was, the reader will readily surmise, Gines Peres, who advanced with intrepidity towards them, without being alarmed at the numerical superiority of the enemy.

"Down with your arms!" called out the sergeant; "down with your arms; "an order the less dishonourable, as the opposing force was not in possession of weapons of any kind; but what caused them some disquiet was, that the halberdiers presented arms, to avoid the effects of which manœuvre, the two generals, thinking that they could best beat the real soldiers in racing, cried, "Escape who can!" and took to their heels with all possible despatch. Unfortunately, in their haste, they turned into a blind alley—a street without a thoroughfare, in which they were soon captured by the civic guard. Peres' victory was complete, and he was moderate in his success, Piquillo and Pedralvi being detained as prisoners and hostages for the remainder. The intention of the sergeant had been to place the two chiefs of the insurrection himself in safe custody; but the day was drawing in, and drums and trumpets sounded. Peres being obliged, therefore, to proceed to his position, on the line of the escort, deputed two halberdiers to convey the prisoners to a cellar under the Golden Sun, which he specially pointed out, till he had time to see them to a place of security. As for our two

heroes, conquered, but not discouraged, they walked along in silence, exchanging now and then looks which said: "What are we to do? what will become of us? how are we to save ourselves?" And Piquillo, to do him justice, thought not of himself at this juncture; he dreamed but of the means of saving his companion. But though he wanted neither sagacity, nor wit, nor boldness, the attempt was almost useless; their captors had not seized them by their clothes, which, seeing the dilapidated state of their vestments, would have afforded little hold. Piquillo, however, proffiting by a moment when his guard was looking another way, suddenly stooped, picked up a handful of dirt, and threw it into the eyes of the halberdier who walked by the side of Pedralvi, crying out, "Away, save yourself!" Nor did the latter wait to hear it a second time. This generous act procured a severe beating for poor weak Piquillo, after which he was conducted, without a chance of escape, into the cellar of the Golden Sun, the key of which was twice turned upon him.

The royal procession had, in the interval, entered the city of Pampeluna by the sound of bells, the shouts of the multitude, the light of torches, and the illuminations of the windows. Philip III answered the acclamations of the people by gracious salutations, but with an absent expression of countenance, as if he was a prey to some inward care, yet he had none. Philip was of short stature; well made; his face round and pleasing; he had the lips of his family. He had been taught to show a certain dignity of manner. He was at that time in his twenty-second year, but his physical powers had so slowly developed themselves that he knew neither the vivacity of youth, nor its hopes, nor its passions.

On descending from his carriage he leant upon the arm of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who awaited at the palace his sovereign's arrival. Don Juan having heard the king express his satisfaction to the Count de Lemos, wished to hazard a few respectful observations upon the actual condition of Pampeluna, but Philip listened to him with visible embarrassment, in which there was not so much displeasure manifested as fear at being obliged to maintain a serious conversation. He looked anxiously around, and perceiving the Count de Lerma, made signs to him to approach and take part in the conversation.

The king of all Spain and of India had gone to sleep. The minister alone was awake, studying the various reports which had been presented to him of the events of the day. First, the corregidor, Josué Calzado, was spoken of as the idol of the people—a person who had raised and appeased the tumult by his own will in a few moments.

"This is a man who must be won over," said the minister to himself; "there is a vacancy at Toledo;" and he made a note in his memorandum-book.

All the reports agreed in tracing the revolt to the barber Aben-Abou, otherwise Gongarello, the Moor, who had first read aloud the proclamation, and accompanied the reading with seditious observations.

"Ah!" said the minister, with a look of proud satisfaction, "I have always said so. It is this Moorish population that foments disorder in the kingdom. They are our natural enemies, who possess our finest provinces, and so long as they shall not be driven out of them, there will be neither repose nor prosperity for Spain. That which no statesman has yet dared to attempt, I will; I, Don Sandoval y Rossas;" and he stooped, smiled proudly, and added, in a low voice, "I, king of Spain!" And he wrote in his memorandum-book, "To make the Moors of Navarre pay the expense of the insurrection — to have the barber Aben Abou, called Gongarello, watched by the Inquisition, and, on the first possible occasion, expelled from Navarre. He has accomplices—the rapidity of the insurrection proves it." Then, in another report, he read that, during the ferment, an audacious attack had been made upon the house of the treasurer, Victoriano Caramba, and a man whose person resembled very much that of a certain suspicious Captain John Baptista Balseiro, had been seen issuing out of the garden, accompanied by another person, and carrying together the treasurer's strong box. "Lucky," said the minister, on reading this report, "that the evening before I had a hundred thousand ducats from the treasury for the expenses of my castle at Lerma. I have saved that money to the state." And thus applauding his political and financial abilities, the minister retired to rest.

All this time the worthy citizens of Pampeluna were walking to and fro before the doors of the palace, ashamed to own how much they would have preferred their beds. Master Truxillo appeared to bear the weight of his honours with the greatest impatience.

"What do you complain of?" said a well-known voice; "my honours were forced upon me, as well as you, and I submit without a murmur."

"Yes; but, Master Gongarello, you have not, like me, a wife, who awaits you at home; and consider the dangers that threaten my house."

"Oh! do not make yourself uneasy on that point—you have friends who will take care of it for you; the brigadier Fidalgo d'Estremos has gone to his old quarters."

Truxillo uttered a shriek of horror, and wished to rush out of the palace, but the gates were closed, and all his companions cried to him that one must not abandon his post when the fueros and his country's honour were in question. "Alas!" thought Truxillo, and he heaved a deep sigh.

Chapter IV.

THE CAPTAIN.

Master Truxillo was not the only one who passed a bad night. Piquillo had for many hours been shut up in the underground sleeping room, provided for him at the Golden Sun hotel. The landlord detained at the palace in the exercise of his civic duties, greatly to his regret, had been unable to return to his house; and Coello, his major-domo, manager in his absence, felt bound to drink to the health of his patron on his new appointment. For this purpose he had invited all the servants of the hotel to partake of the remains of the day's provisions, to which he thought them fairly entitled. After having provided dinner for everybody, one has a right to think of oneself; but nobody bestowed a thought on poor Piquillo, who had been frequently pacing round and round the cell in which he was confined as prisoner of the state. There was no outlet from his dungeon, but through a door, which was both bolted and padlocked; no light, but what was admitted through a narrow vent-hole, secured by an iron bar; in short, the place was devoid of all furniture, if we excepted two old butts, once filled with tolerable Benicarlo wine, which had been sold by the landlord for pure Alcantara. After fruitless endeavours to break open the door, and having, in vain, cried out for assistance, Piquillo sat himself down—and must we confess it—his courage forsook him. Our hero began to cry; but what hero is without his weak moments; and then it must not be forgotten our hero had not supped, and his morning breakfast had long since passed from his recollection, thanks to the exercise he had taken, and the fatigue produced by the military manœuvres of the day. He wept then—and, moreover, though not naturally timid, he could not repress the feeling of alarm which overcame him on finding himself in total darkness. All at once he heard loud cries, and thought his last hour was approaching; it was occasioned by the good cheer of the major-domo and servants of the hotel, who were intoxicated with the wine of their patron. Seated around a large table in the finest room in the hotel, they made Juanita, with whom we are already acquainted, wait upon them; this young girl, only twelve years old, lovely, obliging, and devoid of all pride, was ordered about, and scolded by everybody, and was at this time the assistant of the servants.

"Bring from the kitchen," called out the major-domo, in an imperious tone, "the two whole partridges brought down from No. 9; the guests there must have been lovers, for they did not eat."

A triton among the minnows he appeared to his flatterers, and this sally of the major-domo was received with great applause. This was the noise which so frightened Piquillo, who sprang up, and listened attentively.

A sudden ray of moonlight came through the aperture overlooking the court-yard, and lighted up his cell; this, however, was momentarily intercepted by the body of some unknown person, who softly approached the aperture, remained but an instant, and then rapidly running away, let fall a roasted partridge at Piquillo's feet. Immediately afterwards the soft voice of a young girl was heard from the dining-room.

"I vow there was but one, major-domo."

"It is very astonishing," said Coello; "I put two on the table, unless these gentlemen ——"

And he gave a searching glance around the table; but none of the waiters or attendants of the Golden Sun could reasonably be suspected of an act of such selfishness and indelicacy. Piquillo thus was indebted, for his supper, as he had been for his breakfast, to the attentions of Juanita, by whom he was quartered upon the enemy and at their expense; he would willingly, however, have dispensed with his lodging, and he set his wits to work to find out a means of escape. The aperture of the vent-hole was itself very narrow, and the bar of iron rendered it twice as small; but Piquillo was so thin that he thought he could, without much difficulty, although he had supped, contrive to pass through this narrow opening. The great difficulty was to reach it, but a good dinner and the love of liberty doubles one's energy; and the prisoner managed, by unheard of efforts, to pile the two empty butts one upon the other. He then attempted his ascent to scale the breach, which he did not accomplish without having hurt and disfigured himself a good deal. Having got his head between the bar and the wall, he soon introduced the rest of his body, and thus got into the court-yard. Piquillo, a beggar, and a vagrant, had no ideas of religion or morality, and only heard the name of the deity in the daily oaths which were uttered; and in spite of himself, he knew not why, an instinct, a motive of gratitude, made him fall on his knees, though his lips uttered not

a word—though his heartfelt gratitude showed no visible signs by which it could be recognised, yet there was in his heart a sincere and fervent prayer which reached to heaven. The prisoner, having left his cell, but not the hotel (and the court-yard being surrounded by high walls, whose summit he had scarcely any hope of attaining, and still less of being enabled to descend into the street on the other side) Piquillo, disconsolate and discouraged, had no idea how to extricate himself from his difficulties, and began to give way to dispair, and to think that he had but changed one prison for another, where nobody would come to his assistance. His heart had made him think of providence; his generosity had provided a friend, and he who, in the morning, had nothing, found in one day, two treasures, two consolations—religion and friendship. Suddenly appeared a shadow at the top of the wall; then a beam of moonlight displayed to him a brown head, which cautiously appeared, looking down into the court-yard. How lucky! it was Pedralvi. Piquillo would have cried out, but a motion from his friend warned him to be silent, and a moment after the Bohemian was on the parapet of the wall, attempting to draw up with him a small, long, and light ladder, which had served to enable him to mount the wall. Being with difficulty drawn up, it was placed on the other side, and let down into the court. Piquillo having placed it properly, got to the top of the wall where Pedralvi awaited him; here, then, were these two friends, face to face, striding across the wall. They embraced, and began to question each other.

"Is it you, Pedralvi, who have come to help me?"

"Yes, forsooth; you gave me your assistance once, and I do the same for you."

"And suppose I had not luckily been in the court-yard!"

"I would have sought you elsewhere."

"But I was in the cellar."

"I should have descended into it. I knew you were a prisoner in the inn; that was enough for me; and no matter how, I should have effected your escape."

"And suppose you had been taken prisoner, or beaten?"

"That was my affair; I remained since dark outside in the street."

"What were you doing?"

"Prowling about on the look out."

"For what?"

"For the means of effecting your escape, which this ladder soon afforded."

"Where did you find it?"

"Opposite, at Truxillo's the tailor."

"Did you go there to get it?"

"No; it was let down from a window, and immediately after I saw descend, wrapped up in a cloak——"

"A thief?"

"If so, a very juvenile one; and a soft voice cautioned him to be careful; but I then cried aloud—Saint Hermanded! the window was speedily closed, and the young man leaped to the ground, and ran away. I, then, in a moment, seized hold of the ladder, and here I am."

"Now, let us descend, for though we are well enough here, we can chat more comfortably when we have descended to the other side of the wall."

By their joint efforts, the two friends easily managed to raise the ladder, which was still resting against the wall of the court-yard of the Golden Sun, and they let it down into the street, and Pedralvi, insisting on ceding to Piquillo the honour of being the first to descend, the latter took the lead.

At this moment the moon was obscured by a dark cloud, which passed over it, and the inn, the walls, and the street were left in total darkness, and Pedralvi, no longer able to see his friend, said to him, in a subdued tone, "Descend cautiously, for the walls are at least twenty feet high. Have you descended safely? Speak."

"Yes; here I am."

But the moment Pedralvi was about to follow, a strong arm upset the ladder, and a loud voice called out, "How comes it, my funny little fellow, that we thus catch you on our own track?"

Thus spoke Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, it will be recollected, had, in the morning meeting, held in the public square, pronounced so energetically in favour of the fueros.

"Sir knight," cried Piquillo, "you are mistaken; I am no thief!"

"How do I know that?"

"I swear to you I follow no such vile occupation."

Piquillo now felt his arm fixed as in a vice by the captain's grasp, and he roared out with pain, "Let me alone—let me alone, if you belong to the corps of Saint Hermandad, or the halberdiers of the town."

"To neither; but as you come from this house you can give us some intelligence we want."

"I have none to give."

"No matter; follow us."

"I can't; let me go. I have a friend waiting for me."

"Where?"

"At the top of the wall."

Pedralvi thereupon called out, "Yes, sir knight, do not injure him, and replace the ladder to enable me to get down, or I shall call out for assistance."

One of the captain's followers laid hold of the handle of a pistol, which was in his

girdle; but Juan Baptista arrested his purpose, by exclaiming, "Think what you are about; to create such a disturbance, and at this hour of the night, and to what end; one of these two night birds will be sufficient for me to capture, and him I will bring away with me."

"Help here," cried Piquillo.

"Help," chorussed Pedralvi, whose elevated situation made him more easily heard.

"Help," repeated the major-domo.

The servants and waiters of the Golden Sun, who, having passed the night in carousing, either appeared at the windows or in the court-yard, hearing the noise; the captain and his attendants ran away, carrying their captive with them. Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, in his lifetime, had borne many other names, was as undistinguished by his deeds as he was obscure by origin. Some said he was a Moor; others a Neapolitan; he cared as little for his family as they did for him; it mattered not to him to what country he belonged, he had no preference for any one in particular, having travelled into almost every quarter of the globe, and for reasons best known to himself, never found any country in which he was suffered long to remain. For a considerable period he had confined his exploits to Spain, and it was not without reason that he, who had seen and observed so much, considered Spain of all European governments the most desirable and safest for people of his profession to live in; they were not much troubled by the police. Disorder was everywhere rife, and the authorities never interfered; and Juan Baptista, after leading a riotous and erratic life, had at last fixed upon this country, which, to speak the truth, was almost his own, for in reality the captain was of Portuguese descent. He was yet only a few years old when Portugal was united to Spain, in the reign of the late king Philip II, by the grace of God, the constitution of the kingdom, and an army of 30,000 men, commanded by the Duke d'Alba. Don Henry, of the noble Portuguese family of Villaflor, secretly bribed by Philip II, had powerfully contributed to this conquest, and as a reward for these anti-national services, had created him Count Santarem. Whilst he was hunting over the mountains of Dorso, the finest of the Alentejo, his party had to seek shelter from a storm in a little inn, the only one at hand. Geronima, the wife of a smuggler, then absent, did the honours of the house; she was young, coquettish, not over handsome, and even red haired; but when taking shelter from the rain, one is not difficult to please. The Portuguese nobleman filled up his leisure hours by paying gallant attentions to the lady; in less than a year from this time he was at a country seat, on the banks of the Tagus, when he was told that a woman, from the hill country of Alentejo, wanted to speak to him, and he then saw the smuggler's wife carrying a fat, bouncing little boy, who was crying and biting his mother. This was the captain, whose biography we trace, named Juan Baptista by his mother, that saint's day being the day of his birth.

It was in his hands that poor Piquillo had fallen. The captain had a deal of forethought; he had often thought that an intelligent lad, whose youth anticipated mistrust, might render great service to the troop which he had the honour to command, and Piquillo was just what he wanted. Piquillo's greatest regret was for his companion. What would become of poor Pedralvi, who had exposed himself on his account? But he was obliged soon to think of himself. Juan Baptista and his friends left town before daybreak. Horses were awaiting for them without the walls, as also two loaded mules, besides one that carried nothing, which the captain eyed with a grim expression.

"That rascally treasurer of Pampeluna certainly forestalled us," remarked the captain.

"Why, captain," observed a man of short stature, but strong and well-knit frame (it was Martin de Barallo, generally called Caralo, the confidant and friend of the captain), you know that the Count de Lerma never leaves anything in the public chests."

"True; he is a great financial minister; luckily, we shall have to do with him yet upon other grounds; but come, let us be off, and mount the urchin upon the spare mule. He is not what ought to have been there; but no matter, we must teach him to be useful."

The cavalcade started at a trot, continued its way all night, traversed, in the middle of the day, a beautiful river, the name of which Piquillo only learnt afterwards—it was the Ebro; and some hours afterwards they began to ascend the mountains and penetrate into the forests.

When Piquillo arrived at the *posado de buen Scorro*, "the inn of Good Rest," he could not imagine what sort of customers frequented such a spot. He thought of the hotel of the Golden Sun, where it rained roasted partridges, as something magical in comparison, and he almost wished himself back again in the cellar. The memory of Juanita, so kind and so pretty, and of his friend Pedralvi, so devoted and so gay, rendered the terrible society in which he was now thrown still more repulsive; not that anything was wanting—the captain's table was well served, the wine was good, and there was abundance of *aqua ardiente*,

but what he heard and saw confused his ideas, and troubled his young and inexperienced mind. The bacchanalian orgies finished most frequently in quarrels. "You cannot agree, my children," the captain would say, in a paternal tone, "fight it out, and let it be over." Knives were drawn, blood flowed, and Piquillo retired into a corner, trembling and crying. To a poor child who had never seen nor heard of anything of the kind, this horrible tavern was like the antechamber of hell.

And yet Piquillo was forbidden to quit it: that was the captain's order, and woe to him who dared to disobey! Piquillo feared the captain far too much even to think of quitting the *posado*, but one day the weather was so fine, the sun shining so brightly, no one but himself at the hostelry; he could not resist the temptation of a walk in order to breathe a little fresh air. He had been out only a few minutes when he felt himself already refreshed, a feeling of gladness crept to his heart, and a smile played upon his lips, when suddenly his cheeks became pale and icy. He was even obliged to seek support from a tree! for he had, on turning round a corner in the wood, found himself face to face with the captain.

Chapter V.

THE HOTEL OF GOOD REST.

The captain and his lieutenant, Caralo, smoked away, spoke of the present posture of their affairs, and an intended expedition which had been projected. Juan Baptista gave Piquillo a fierce and significant glance, like the one he had bestowed on the wretched Bohemian, and, without uttering a single word, made a motion to his lieutenant, in whose gripe the trembling culprit soon found himself. In this manner he was led to the dining-room, in which many of his comrades had just entered: in an instant Piquillo was stripped naked, laid upon his stomach, and Caralo, taking down a leather strap which hung up against the wall, began to lash the sufferer with a hearty goodwill, which proved the satisfaction he experienced in executing the orders of the captain. The rest of the banditti began to discuss their morning repast without paying the slightest attention to the painful groans and cries of poor Piquillo. As to the captain, who had just made his appearance, he sat down, and began with the utmost gravity to count the number of lashes that were being administered.

"Ten—twelve—fifteen—not so quick, Caralo! Sixteen—seventeen. Ah! look, what has he there—that brand at the top of the right arm?"

"Nothing, captain," said Caralo, continuing his flogging; "pay no attention to it. Those are Arabic letters, superstitious or diabolic signs, which Moorish mothers mark their offspring with at their birth."

"That is a proof that this wretch is not even a christian—eighteen—nineteen—that he is a pagan, a reprobate."

"That it would be a sin to show any mercy to," continued Caralo, giving a still harder blow. "There are a whole lot of similar vagabonds who have not been baptised."

"Yes, but there are others who have been christened five or six times, which makes up for it—I, for instance," exclaimed the captain, with self-complacency. "Ah! bravo, Caralo, that was a capital stroke; so good that it had torn away a large lump of flesh, and Piquillo, covered with blood, cried out once more, and then fainted away.

"Enough, enough," said Juan Baptista, "while we were chatting I had forgotten this boy; I had forgotten that he was not strong enough to bear so many blows. You yourself could bear them, I have no doubt."

"What, me, captain!" exclaimed Caralo, indignantly.

"Now, silence; and you there, and you there, come and help the lad; have a little compassion. Apply some vinegar to restore him—that's right. See, he recovers his senses," said he, on hearing the lad's renewed cries, for the compassionate lieutenant had just poured vinegar in copious streams over his fresh wounds. "Enough; take him away, and you, Piquillo, if you should ever again happen to disobey me, you will not be let off so easily. Look what Paco the Bohemian got from me."

From that day Piquillo had neither the inclination nor the courage to quit the inn. Whenever he went out he was either accompanied by the captain or by his direction, with orders which he implicitly obeyed; fear, and the habit of prompt obedience, in which he was brought up by the captain, had so completely extinguished his energies and blunted his natural capacities. He was sent out to a farm-house or to a gentleman's seat in the character of a wandering beggar-boy, imploring assistance from the hospitality of the inmates; when on his return he was closely questioned as to all he saw, the localities, the number of the inmates, masters, and servants.

Piquillo related everything; this was all that was required. His happiest days were those on which he performed these journeys, for he had spent them away from his den. Oftentimes he wished to say to those whom he visited, "Engage me in your service, I pray you," but would they have consented? and then the vengeance of the captain would have been now to have sought him out, and recalled vividly to his recol-

lection the fright he had experienced when one day, influenced by the kind reception he had met with, he was about to implore the protection of the proprietor of the house, when he saw at the window which looked into the park a figure which chilled him with fright—it was Juan Baptista, on horseback, superbly dressed, who came to treat for the purchase of the fine estate, which the proprietor wished to dispose of. Being thus persuaded that this man was his evil genius, who seemed to his imagination to appear everywhere and to know everything, Piquillo silently gave himself up to a tyrannical dominion against which he had neither the fortitude nor the means to struggle. There was something, in fact, so puzzling in the conduct of his chief and his followers, that all his efforts to unravel the mystery were fruitless. In the first place, the inn, in an isolated position, and at some distance from the road, was never shut at night; then on the royal road, which the Count de Lerma was at great expense to maintain, was a dilapidated place, a sort of precipice, which was never repaired, but was only covered over with leaves, and whenever a post-chaise broke down on this detestable road, there always appeared on the skirts of the wood a wood-cutter and his son, who pointed out to the travellers an excellent inn in the neighbourhood, where they would get the best accommodation. The son even volunteered to serve as a guide; this son was Piquillo, who, much to his dislike, found the friends of the captain act alternately the part of father to him. None were conducted to the welcome asylum but those manifestly well to do in the world. For such no luxury was spared—not even the Jamaica rum, on which the captain prided himself. After partaking of a magnificent entertainment, they were conducted to a splendid apartment, which Piquillo was not suffered to enter, but the splendour of which he once saw through the half closed door. It contained two beds, with rich canopies over them, and gorgeous furniture to match. It was the only room in the inn that could boast of such magnificence.

One circumstance connected with these chance travellers struck Piquillo as strange. They were all early risers; indeed, he had never seen them leave the inn, and occasionally so careless were they, that they left behind them their conveyances and their horses in the stable, to be sent for, doubtless, on some future occasion.

Upwards of two years passed away in this dismal slavery, which exercised over the mind of Piquillo a startling—an almost unaccountable influence.

When we first enter a pestilential prison-house, after breathing the pure air of heaven, our first impression is, that the change must needs be utterly intolerable for even so brief a period. Yet are we apt to linger in such localities till habit renders them a "second nature." Habitual contact with vice produces the like effect. Our early disgust melts away, and we catch, at length, the fatal infection in its most formidable form. The loveliest flower will decay by contamination, and perish on its stem.

Piquillo, surrounded by bad example, and a spectator daily of the most criminal course of life, began to picture to himself that all the world was equally debased, and that Juanita and Pedralvi were simply exceptions to the general rule, the parallels of which he should never more behold. Young as he was, he was getting indifferent to all around him. He could barely discern good from evil; but at intervals the cheering hopes of bygone days, the glimpse of the past, would gush to his heart: the tree was not altogether blasted, but its richest verdure had begun to fade.

Baneful instincts were springing up in his bosom—intense hatred among the rest. Ill-treatment, neglect, blows, engendered in his heart passions to which it was not prone. They crept in insensibly, and gained ground with rapidity, especially when the lieutenant got intoxicated (which was often), and then the poor little fellow became the special object of his anger.

One day, drinking over his dice, he ordered Piquillo to bring him his pipe. Piquillo, on the point of presenting it to him with his usual readiness, received, by way of thanks, a box on the ears. Forgetting himself for the moment, he dashed the pipe to pieces on the floor, and stamped on it. The lieutenant was particularly fond of his pipe.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes! bravo!" reiterated the lieutenant, sarcastically. "Look you," added he, addressing the boy, "count the fragments of that pipe (it was shattered to atoms). You shall have, mind you, as many lashes from yon instrument."

He went to the wall where it hung, and at the same instant Piquillo rushed to the table and seized a knife. The rest of the bandits immediately rose from the table in utter astonishment.

"Don't approach me," said Piquillo, his voice gaining strength by his rage; "I appeal to the captain—to you all. I have been struck a blow I merited not, and I have heard you, sir, say before now, that a blow demands blood; and if you advance one step, I'll draw some of yours, depend upon it."

"Bravo!" cried the captain, rubbing his hands with delight.

The lieutenant forthwith commenced imitating the manœuvres employed at a

bull-fight, when the object of the "torridor" is to urge the excited animal to the conflict. He waved a red handkerchief he held in his left hand, and with the right he brandished the "cat" over his head. The spectators shouted outright at this novel idea of the lieutenant's who, encouraged by the "bravos" of his companions, struck the boy with the thong.

Piquillo rushed at him, and plunged the knife a little below his breast.

The lieutenant fell to the ground, shrieking with rage. The bandits ran to the assistance of their comrade, and then seizing Piquillo and throwing him down, drew their daggers to despatch him.

"Hold!" exclaimed the captain. "By all the saints of Spain the combat was a fair one, and the blow right vigorously planted."

"Too vigorously," added the lieutenant, with a groan.

"Bravo, Piquillo, bravo!" continued the captain, without paying any attention to his fallen lieutenant; "and as for you, my friends, hark ye, harm not a hair of that youngster's head at your peril; now that the young tiger has tasted blood, I tell you he is one of us. Come hither, Piquillo, and you, sirs, take the man away and staunch his wound."

"Be it so," rejoined the lieutenant; "but I tell you candidly at once, he shall taste the blade of my dagger ere long."

"That is a private affair of your own," rejoined the captain; and whilst they were bearing the lieutenant away, "See here," said he, addressing Piquillo, in a friendly and patronising tone, as though he were instructing a promising pupil; "you struck too low—that blow should have been a thought higher!"

From that day, Juan Baptista completely altered his treatment of Piquillo. He had despaired of making anything of him, but the event above recorded entirely changed the aspect of things, and the captain now entertained hopes of turning his young apprentice to some useful account. Selfish motives alone prompted the captain to act thus, for there was no honourable feeling in the breast of Juan Baptista Balseiro, who, indeed, was the only being in the world for whom that bold bandit entertained the remotest genuine affection.

Piquillo, despite his extreme youth, became conscious of the crimes and vices of his vile companions, and sought to shun them. The tares had not quite choked the grain; and the sound principles which nature had planted in his heart, sprung up despite the corruption around it. Meanwhile, having become a favourite of the captain's, he was treated with more confidence, and although *all* "the secrets of the prison-house" were not revealed to him, he was suffered to mingle with his comrades more socially. Sometimes, on the arrival of travellers, he was permitted to prepare the mysterious chamber for their reception. This apartment had always excited great curiosity in his mind, especially after seeing, as he imagined on one occasion, some of the splendid furniture with which the room was supplied, stained with blood. One of the duties he had to perform, was to rise betimes, and keep watch from the garret of the inn for passers. It often struck him during these vigils as somewhat inexplicable that he never saw the guests that came overnight leave in the morning, especially if they chanced to possess valuable property. One incident was further remarkable. The landlord of the inn invariably attended his guests at supper, and when that meal was ended, and the travellers had retired to their room, the captain sat up drinking, and after the lapse of an hour or two, instead of going to-bed, he always went down into the cellar, without, however, bringing up any wine.

Piquillo had often watched the captain at the head of the stairs leading to the cellar. He had seen him open the door with a key hanging by his side, and leave the bunch when he descended; but there his discoveries ended. At length, wearied out with impatience and curiosity, he resolved on following the captain on one of his visits to the mystic cellar. He was on the point of doing this one day, but his heart failing him at the sound, seemingly, of some disturbance down below, he hurried back to the garret in terrible trepidation. He never again ventured to repeat the experiment, and the great secret promised to remain a secret as far as he was concerned, for the captain determined on leaving the inn shortly, as its reputation (a ticklish one at all times) began to spread throughout the country rather unpleasantly.

Whilst, with his comrades, he planned fresh campaigns, the lieutenant lay confined to his room. Although convalescent he preferred remaining there, simply requesting his companions to supply him with abundance of wine, and promising, like a discreet invalid, to partake of it sparingly. The juice of the grape sparkled bright and profuse enough in his glass; but with all its genial qualities he that quaffed it looked gloomy and pensive, as though he meditated carrying into effect some long pent up act of vengeance.

In another apartment, the rest of the bandits were carousing merrily over their wine and a savoury *olla podrida*, the delicious aroma of which reached Piquillo temptingly enough, who, as was his duty, stood in attendance upon the band. Thus were they rioting over their banquet, when

a loud knocking was heard at the gate of the *posada*.

"Can these be travellers?" inquiringly exclaimed the captain; "I heard no wheels."

"Can it be the alguazils?" rejoined his comrades, painfully bearing in mind the awkward fame of the inn.

"By the saints above," replied the captain, "it behoves us to reconnoitre before we open the gate. Go you, Carnego, cautiously, whilst Piquillo pours me out a bumper."

Carnego immediately obeyed the order, and returning shortly, brought with him a little man, with a round, good-natured face, holding in one hand a humble portmanteau, and conducting with the other a smart-looking little damsel, of about fourteen years of age, who bashfully hung back at the sight of so large an assemblage of men.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "I am a poor traveller who has met with an accident, and entreat shelter at your hands for myself and my niece here. Why don't you pay your respects to the company, Juanita?" added he, addressing his niece.

Juanita curtsied modestly, and Piquillo shrunk behind the captain's chair, to avoid recognition. He was overwhelmed by her sudden apparition. His remembrance of her was too deeply engraven on his heart to be readily effaced. Notwithstanding the change that a lapse of two years had wrought on so young a girl as Juanita, he recognised her instantly. His first impulse was to rush to her side, and load her with inquiries; but an undefinable dread of danger, coupled with a modesty he could not dispel, checked him, and he remained, as we have said, partly hid behind the captain's chair, and keeping his eyes fixed on the fair Juanita—for, mark you, the pretty little lass was worth the looking at with all the ardour of youth. As for her, poor thing, she recognised no one, and timidly clung to the side of her uncle.

"Seat yourself, sir," said the captain, "and you, too, senorita, by the side of yonder gentlemen, who, like yourselves, have done me the honour to patronise my inn, and meditate sleeping here. May I take the liberty of asking," he added, "who it is I have the honour of entertaining."

"Sir," said the little man, "perchance you have not heard of my fame. Among the knights of the soap and razor, I hold a high reputation, and am, gentlemen, Aben-Abou Gongarello, the illustrious barber of Pampeluna."

The captain and his comrades bowed respectfully at this grandiloquent announcement, and Gongarello, proud of the effect he imagined he had produced, poured out a cup of wine, and continued his harangue.

"Look you, gentlemen, about two years ago there was a disturbance in Pampeluna in favour of the fueros. Gines Peres, the innkeeper, one of the most active supporters of these privileges, enlisted in the cause as a sergeant of halberdiers. They have nearly worked him off his legs already, what with patrolling round the city and keeping guard at the palace day and night. Truxillo, the tailor, is just in the same predicament; but it was all their own fault, for it was at their own desire. As for myself, who only wished to lead a quiet life, and not to interfere with these confounded brawls; on me, gentlemen, would you credit it, has the whole onus of the revolt fallen! The Cortes—composed, be it said, entirely of Spaniards—have imposed a new tax, and have, forsooth, in their wisdom, decreed that on the Moors alone shall this tax be imposed—on the ground, logically, that they are, *par excellence*, the most industrious and skilful of the citizens. Merit, gentlemen, costs a man a heavy price in these times!"

"On that score, sir," replied the captain, bowing to the barber, "the impost should certainly fall heavily on you."

"Ay, that may be the case; nevertheless, it is ruination to a man. I have been, gentlemen, for a long time, the butt of all manner of persecution. The Inquisition left me no rest whatever. In the midst of business, often I have been hurried off to answer all sorts of foul accusations of conspiracy, heresy, and heaven knows what. At length, exhausted by these acts of injustice, I determined on quitting Pampeluna. I have a relation at Madrid, perfumer to the court, Andrea Cazoleta by name. Having removed my niece from her service at the Golden Sun to accompany me, I am now on my way to Madrid to establish myself in business there with my relation. In order to accomplish this I have disposed of my valuable property in Pampeluna, and have brought with me the proceeds there in my portmanteau, amounting to two hundred ducats."

Piquillo, startled at the dangerous turn the conversation had taken, glided suddenly, bottle in hand, behind the barber, and, nudging him with it, said, "Rash man, be silent!"

"But, my friend, there is no occasion for you to dig that bottle of yours into my side," rejoined Gongarello, addressing himself to Piquillo. And then, resuming his bouncing order of conversation, he added, "Yes, gentlemen, they are there, two hundred ducats and all in gold."

Chapter VI.

THE BANDITS' INN.

"And so," said the captain, who with his comrades had paid earnest attention to the gossiping story of the barber's; "and so, sir, you mean to establish yourself at Madrid with the capital mentioned. Permit me to drink a bumper to your success. Your health, sir, and that of your niece."

"My niece," replied the barber, "don't drink wine, but that matters little, for I can drink for two. Fill your glasses to the brim, gentlemen," continued the little man, gaily; "here's to your health, landlord, and to yours also, gentlemen." The barber then tossed off his tumbler, and smacking his lips, exclaimed, "This is nectar indeed! I, who prided myself on knowing the qualities of every wine, must confess that I am puzzled in this instance. Is it from the vineyards of Spain?"

"No," replied the captain, "you are out in your sorcery this time, that wine is the vintage of France."

"Indeed!" stammered the barber, with evident vexation at the want of judgment he had betrayed. "Well, that is strange, I who seldom err in the opinions I express."

"Is it so, really?" chimed in the captain and his comrades.

"I assure you," continued the barber, elated with the wine, and speaking like an oracle, "I assure you, there is scarcely a single thing that I have foretold, which has not come to pass in the end. I predicted that evil would befal my neighbour Truxillo, when he got married to a pretty woman—and I was right, sure enough! One morning I predicted that the corregidor Calzado would receive some personal injury, and in the evening they brought him home with a broken arm."

"That's very true, uncle," timidly interrupted the little Juanita, "but you omit to mention that you saw him in the morning pass your door mounted on a vicious mule."

"What matters that?" rejoined the barber; "are there not multitudes of vicious mules in the world? Isn't the mule that we ourselves drove, a vicious mule? and yet my arm is not broken! And again, look you," continued the little man, merrily filling his glass; but here the captain interrupted him, by exclaiming—

"By St. James I will put your skill to the test! Tell me my fortune!"

"With pleasure," responded the barber; "give me your hand."

"Here you have it."

After examining it very attentively, the prophet of Pampeluna exclaimed—"Confound it! that French wine of yours has certainly obscured my organs of vision. Either I am wrong in my science, else do I read on that hand of yours something so preposterously strange and contradictory, that I barely like revealing what I read."

"Never mind, let's have it, whatever it is," said the captain.

"It won't frighten you?" asked the barber.

"Nothing on earth can frighten me," replied the bandit.

"Well, then," continued the barber, in a hesitating tone, "one line on your hand clearly proclaims that you will be burnt to death, and again another unequivocally shows that you will be hanged! However, as one line manifestly contradicts the other, you needn't be alarmed for the result. It is obvious that you can't die two deaths, and, therefore, my prediction is at fault." And here the barber laughed outright at his own wit. But the barber was the only one who laughed, the captain's comrades knowing full well that one portion of the prophecy was extremely likely to be fulfilled. The captain was the only one unmoved by this hap-hazard augury of the barber's, and filling a fresh glass, asked him if, in his prophetic wisdom, he could not foretell his own destiny.

"As for that," said the philosophic barber, "the contemplation of the future has never disturbed my slumbers. I can tell you now, gentlemen, without the aid of sorcery, what will befal me to-night and to-morrow!"

Piquillo trembled, and the captain turned pale, but, collecting himself almost immediately, solicited Gongarello to proceed with his prediction.

"Where," said he, "is it that you read your own destiny for to-night and the morrow?"

"By Jupiter!" answered the philosopher, "I read it, sir landlord, in that physiognomy of yours. I perceive there that, in highly exemplary company, I have made an excellent dinner, and have swallowed choice wine pretty profusely. In these 'great facts,' however, there is nothing particularly uncomfortable; but I look to the sequel, sir—yes, it is the sequel that makes me feel monstrous uneasy."

The captain's hot blood got chilled by this remark.

"Yes," continued the barber, "it is the expression of your face that disturbs my equanimity. I can read there as plain as a pikestaff, that you are a merry and yet a calculating man. You reckon on making me pay heavily for my whistle to-night for this splendid entertainment. But look you, Mr. Landlord, I tell you candidly beforehand, I am not to be hocussed." And here again the barber laughed at his own sagacity, whilst the captain, for the first time in his life, turned pale, and the

cold sweat absolutely trickled down his brow. "Ah, sir," added the barber, "that face of yours betrays care and fatigue. Doubtless we have kept you up too late to-night, and we should be all the better for a little repose. Let us go to bed."

"Well, to be candid with you, sir," said the captain, "I am quite of your opinion;" and then, turning to poor Piquillo, who stood behind him in agonised suspense, he added—"Piquillo, go and prepare for this gentleman and his niece the damask chamber, and hasten back to conduct them thither."

Piquillo took the captain's dark lantern, and went on his errand. But scarcely had he left the room before he stopped in utter despair, hesitating what course to pursue in this sad emergency. At the risk of his life he determined, if possible, to save Juanita from the fate that awaited her. But how was he to accomplish it? To what source could he fly for succour? The young girl and her uncle, unconscious of their imminent danger, had no other defender, no other guardian but a boy! Alone, too, against a host of bandits, and with only a few fleeting moments to arrange his thoughts and plans. Gathering up his energies he ascended the steps leading to the fatal room. It was on the first flight, and the door faced a long and narrow passage. In arranging the chamber for the reception of the guests, he sought, but unsuccessfully, for some clue to the danger with which he felt convinced it was fraught. In his agitation he upset the light, which, without getting extinguished, rolled on the floor. On stooping to pick it up, and blundering about, partly in the dark, he thought he felt a sort of groove in the planks surrounding the bed. He applied the lantern to it, and there sure enough he beheld a kind of trap-door encircling each of the beds in the room. Nor was the groove skilfully dove-tailed, for a current of air came cutting through the orifice. Here, thought he, lies somehow the hidden secret. He felt assured that if Juanita and her uncle once entered that fatal chamber, they would never leave it alive. And that which added not a little to his misery, was the reflection that he was the chosen guide to lead them to this horrible destruction.

"Never, never," he mentally exclaimed, as the terrible idea crossed his fevered brain. He rushed from the room, frantic with these reflections, and passed into the narrow passage with despair. But what was his dismay, when by the glimmering light of the lantern he discovered at the farther end of the passage, the lieutenant Caralo, who, coming from the upper story of the inn, with a poniard in his hand, closed the door of the passage, thus cutting off all hope of retreat. The lieutenant had seen him enter the passage, and poor Piquillo had no weapon whatever to defend himself withal, not even the handy knife which had proved so serviceable to him on a former occasion. He felt his hair stand on end, and, in the full bitterness of his anguish, he bore in mind that his own death would inevitably involve the destruction of Juanita, his early benefactress. Moreover, he knew right well that he had no quarter to expect at the hands of his savage adversary; nor, indeed, did it ever occur to him to beseech his pity. Instinctively, however, he closed the lantern, and instantly all was in utter darkness. Caralo advanced towards him, and Piquillo, shrinking close against the wall, calculated by the noise occasioned by his footsteps, the proximity of his opponent. He fancied he almost felt the cold blade of the dagger. The lieutenant all but touched him, and Piquillo trembled at the very sound of his voice.

"That little rascal Piquillo," he muttered, "was here, I am certain. But he wasn't alone, I think. There were two. Yes, certainly, there were two. I, who thought I should have only one to despatch—but never mind, the more the merrier."

The bold lieutenant, be it said, *en passant*, was in that amiable condition in which folks see double. He could scarcely speak, and lurched like a ship, knocking himself against the sides of the passage. It was evident that the convalescent had quite forgotten his homily, touching the virtues of moderation in wine. At length stumbling against Piquillo, he seized him by the shoulder, and his affrighted victim gave himself up for lost. At this ticklish crisis he heard the dagger drop, which the lieutenant had held loosely in his hand. Piquillo picked it up, but not with the intention of using it murderously. After a brief pause, the lieutenant hallooed out, in a maudlin voice—"Halloo, there! is Piquillo down below?"

"He is," replied Piquillo, in a feigned tone.

"Well, then, hark you, comrade, be so good as to send him up to me in my room."

"Yes," answered Piquillo; "but you are *not* in your room."

"Egad," added Caralo, pottering about in the dark, "I believe you are right. In that case, my friend, just show me the way to it, like a good chap; for hang me if these walls here don't seem to me to be perpetually turning round and round, with my room into the bargain."

"See, here is your room," said Piquillo, shoving the lieutenant into the door hard by, which led to the fatal chamber. Caralo, stumbling in the dark, rolled up against

the bed and threw himself on it, mumbling, "Confound the thing—it is very strange. My bed used to be on the other side of the room, but hang me if everything don't seem to have turned topsy-turvy to-day."

Piquillo listened attentively till the lieutenant fell asleep. Now, thought he, this is my only chance of serving them. Having locked the lieutenant in, he went boldly back to the dining-hall, where the captain awaited his return impatiently.

"Well, sir?" said the captain, inquiringly.

"Sir," rejoined Piquillo, "the room is prepared for the guests, and I am ready to conduct them to it."

"That's all right," exclaimed the barber; "we are quite at your service."

And forthwith he took possession of his chest, and Piquillo, pale and immovable, betrayed the anxiety he felt. The captain perceived his consternation and approached him. Piquillo thought his last hope had vanished; but instead of the brutal manner in which he was usually accosted, the captain addressed him mildly, and in an under tone.

"Oh, oh! you see through it, at last, then? That is right; but on the next occasion it would be as well for you to pluck up more courage. However, for the first attempt it is not so bad after all."

"We are ready to go, my young friend," said the barber. "Good night, gentlemen. We will settle the account to-morrow, landlord."

"To-morrow," replied the captain, gravely, "all accounts will be settled. Your room is ready—good night. For my own part I must sit up yet awhile to attend upon these gentlemen over their wine." He shook hands with his guests, and then said to Piquillo, "Show them their room, and go to bed—I will attend to the rest."

Piquillo guided them up to the steps, but was ascending so fast that the barber called out to him not to be in a hurry.

"What's the matter?" cried the captain, opening the door of the dining-room.

On hearing his voice, Piquillo paused and answered, explaining the cause of the barber's exclamation.

"Is that all?" rejoined the captain, once more closing the door.

Piquillo breathed once more on hearing the door shut, but on reaching the room in which he had deposited the drunken lieutenant, he could not help pausing to take breath.

"Is this the room?" said the barber.

"Oh, no!" replied Piquillo, endeavouring to hide his emotions, and ascending the second flight of steps.

The barber and his niece were somewhat startled by the strange conduct of their guide. At length they reached the garret where Piquillo slept. He begged them to enter, and after shutting the door, he checked the barber, who was about to address him.

"Silence!" said he; "silence, or you are a lost man!"

On hearing this, the barber's gaiety instantly forsook him.

"Lost! lost!" he cried; nor could he utter a word beyond these distracting monosyllables.

"Juanita," exclaimed Piquillo, "do you not recollect me?"

"No," replied the girl, gazing attentively at him.

"Have you forgotten the two poor little beggars you saved from hunger about two years back?"

"What! Pedralvi's friend?" inquired the girl, blushing deeply.

"Yes. Pedralvi—my friend—my old companion. What has become of him?"

"Since the period at which you speak, he remained with us at the Golden Sun, and wept bitterly when I left, predicting—alas! too truly—that harm would befall us."

"No; never as long as I am by your side. Listen to me."

And forthwith he made them acquainted with the kind of inn they were inhabiting—what was the captain's calling, and their chances of escape.

"They are by this time all gone to bed," said he, "and will sleep for an hour or so. The captain will then, in all likelihood, descend into the cellar. Then will be the time for us, also, to quit this horrible dwelling. How we are to accomplish this, I must confess I don't exactly perceive at present, but be quiet here while I keep watch."

He then left the barber and his niece, more dead than alive, and descending a few steps, lay in a recumbent position, eagerly listening to ascertain the movements below. Some considerable time elapsed before he heard the bandits betake themselves severally to the rooms. He then descended to the ground-floor, and listened again. Presently he heard a door inside the dining hall opened. Entering the room stealthily, he saw the captain going down into the cave, and leaving the door of it wide open. Piquillo double-barred it, locking the captain in. Having secured the bunch of keys that hung to the door, he hurried back to the garret where he had left his friends.

"Now," said he, "we have not a moment to lose—follow me. Doubtless among these keys we shall find one that will open the gate that leads into the wood. Failing that, it is all over with us."

"Saving," said Juanita, "to commit ourselves to Heaven."

As for the barber, he was speechless.

"What shall we do," cried the young girl, "about our cart and mule?"

"You must think no more of such things," rejoined Piquillo. "It will be as much as we can do to save ourselves. We shall have to wander about the wood all night; and, perhaps, in the morning, we may find some refuge and protection."

"Ah! you are our protector," exclaimed Juanita, throwing her arms round Piquillo's neck.

"This is not the time," added he, "for thanksgiving. As yet, I have done nothing for you; pray hasten, and follow me."

"Oh, yes," replied Juanita, "let us hurry away. Our time is short, indeed; and you, uncle, lie there, heedless of our impending fate."

Gongarello would willingly have acted promptly on this timely summons, but that was out of his power. He hung down his head and closed his eyes. Urged by fear, he would gladly have aroused himself; but his legs refused their office, and heavy sleep overcame him. At length, after struggling for a while against its influence, and exhausted with the effort, he fell flat upon the bundles of straw, and was instantly—to the horror and surprise of his companions—fast asleep! All their efforts were in vain to awake him from this strange slumber. He blubbered forth a few incomprehensible words—that was all.

"Ah!" said Piquillo, "it is that wine that has done it—that wine of French vintage, as it was called! In order to run no risk, to render their victim powerless, they have, no doubt, drugged it."

"I see—I see it now," exclaimed the frightened Juanita; "what will become of us?"

"Even if we tried," said Piquillo, "it would be impossible for both our united strength to lift that heavy weight of your uncle. All now left for me to do is to secure your safety—you, my dear benefactress. Haste—haste then, and follow me. Already have we lost too much of our too precious time!"

"No!" emphatically rejoined the maiden; "whatever may happen, I will never desert my uncle."

"And as for myself," replied Piquillo, "whatever peril befalls us, I will never desert you; we will die together."

And thereupon he seated himself by her side on the straw; and Juanita, crossing her arms over her breast, began muttering certain words, incomprehensible to her young companion.

"What *are* you saying?" asked Piquillo.

"I am beseeching succour of the God of my Fathers—the God of Mahomet; for my uncle, myself, and Pedralvi, are descended from the Moors of Grenada."

"And I, also!" chimed in Piquillo, joyously. "The bandits told me so when they discovered some Arabic hieroglyphics marked on my arm."

"It is well," earnestly added the girl; "child of the forsaken thou shalt die with thy brethren!"

"It is a better destiny," said he, "than to live alone, uncared for in this world!"

At this crisis a great uproar was heard in the house. Down in the cellar a desperate struggle had commenced between the captain and lieutenant; the latter, although in a state of inebriety, was aroused from his lethargy by the descent of his bed; and although he barely knew where he was going, he had an impression that he was being murdered. Immediately on alighting he leapt from his bed, and flew at the throat of his supposed assailant, who, anticipating no resistance whatever, was thrown by his adversary, and in the fall the light got extinguished. The two combatants rolled on the floor, and as their physical strength was pretty equal, the tussle for mastery was fierce in the extreme, the more so that Piquillo had robbed the lieutenant of his poniard, and the captain's pistol had fallen from his side in the commencement of the conflict. The terrible uproar below awoke the bandits above.

"Help! help!" exclaimed Carnego; "the alguazils have, no doubt, got into the house, and are attacking the captain. Burst open the door, my fine fellows!"

Some armed with pick-axes, and others with implements ready at hand, vigorously went to work, and the noise they thus created was that which reached the two captives in the garret; for, as for the third, he was incapable of hearing anything.

"We have no hope left," said Piquillo, leaning over the staircase; "all the brigands are up rioting about the house, and if they come in this direction we can have no escape."

He gazed at Juanita vacantly, and the poor girl, overcome with fear, exclaimed, appealing to Piquillo, "Oh, save me! save me!" and then looking to her uncle, she added, "Fool that I am to dream of it—I see it is impossible."

"No, no," cried Piquillo, struck with a sudden happy thought.

The garret in which they were ensconced had but one window looking upon the forest; Piquillo pushed open the shutter, and, by the rays of the sun, Juanita saw the tops of the trees waving in the wind.

"You perceive," said her young companion, "we have but one source of escape."

"I see," said the girl, approaching the window. "Thank Heaven the height is immense, and if they persecute us here, we have the alternative of throwing ourselves into the abyss below."

"No, no," replied Piquillo, "there is no

occasion for that, but we may escape by descending that same abyss."

"And what is to become of my uncle?" asked the girl.

"I will undertake also to save him," was the reply.

"But how?"

"See," said he, pointing to the rope and pulley with which the bandits were in the habit of hoisting the hay and straw into the garret. "If," added he, "you are not afraid to make the attempt, and will trust yourself to me—"

"I will—I will," boldly interrupted the girl.

Immediately on hearing this courageous remark he passed a slip-knot round her person, and commenced lowering her gently, previously cautioning her to shut her eyes, and on her safe arrival on *terra firma* to intimate to him the fact by jerking the rope. Presently she disappeared in the darkness, and then, after a while, the weight was released, and he pulled up the rope easily. Now was it the barber's turn to undergo the same operation. He was awakened with difficulty, but without intimating to him the perilous journey he had to perform, Piquillo launched him in the same way he had adopted with his niece, holding with difficulty the awkward weight he had now to manage. In due time he felt a heavy bump, assuring him of the safe descent of his charge, and the rope, released by Juanita, once more ascended. Piquillo securely fastened one end of it to a beam in the garret, and boldly ventured out, sliding down it.

"Are you there?" he asked, on his arrival, in a low voice.

"Yes, brave young man," said Gongarello, who spoke much more distinctly than Piquillo had reason to expect. But the fact was, a lucky incident had greatly revived the barber.

"I can never," said he, "forget the substantial services you have rendered me, my young friend."

"Silence," answered Piquillo, checking the exuberance of his gratitude, and reminding him that although they were out of the inn, they were still within reach of their relentless enemies. The day was about to dawn, and their wisest course would be to penetrate as deep as they could, during the darkness, into the heart of the forest. The barber readily acquiesced in all these prudent projects, and it was evident that with the return of his reasoning faculties, he was again paralysed with fear. A fearful altercation in the house added not a little to the apprehensions of the fugitives. Without the slightest knowledge of the locality, they entered the dense forest, and walked for a full hour straight before them. At the expiration of that time the barber declared he could proceed no further. His legs gave way under him, and again he was overpowered by sleep.

"What! again?" exclaimed Piquillo, despairingly.

The barber made no answer, but prostrating himself on the moss, and closing his eyes, fell into a disturbed sleep. Piquillo in vain attempted to arouse him from this untimely fit of lethargy, and while he was so occupied, Juanita exclaimed, clasping Piquillo by the hand—

"Listen, listen—do you not hear that noise? It must be those dreadful people in pursuit of us!"

Piquillo listened attentively, and heard the clanging of horses' hoofs. "Yes," he added, "it is them, no doubt."

"And galloping this way too!" exclaimed the terrified girl.

Chapter VII.

THE CARREFOUR.

Let us now return to the inn of Good Rest, where, after great labour, the banditti had succeeded in breaking open the door of the cellar. The band had precipitated themselves towards the spot whence the noise emanated, and by the light of torches a horrible spectacle was presented to them; it was the captain and his lieutenant, bloody and disfigured, who, worn out by the struggle which had taken place, had both reeled on the ground without loosening their hold. Instantly that the light of the torches was reflected by the sombre and dark walls of the cellar, a cry of surprise arose, and the combatants paused.

"Is it you?" said the captain, furiously; "you, Caralo, who have raised your hand against me?"

"You, captain!" said the lieutenant; "you, who allowed yourself to strangle and assassinate me? For whom did you take me?"

"For one of our guests," said the captain, good-naturedly; "but it was your fault."

"It was yours."

"Why were you not in your own bed?"

"Truly," said the lieutenant, "it is singular."

"Why were you sleeping in the grand chamber?"

Caralo could recollect nothing, and, of course, could explain nothing.

"And the barber and his niece?" said the captain.

The whole body rushed to the Red Chamber. Empty! They searched the other room. Empty!

"What means this?" said the captain.

"I knew," said Carnego, gravely, "that that accursed Moor was a heretic and a sorcerer."

"Nonsense," said the captain.

"Don't you recollect the face he made when he said, 'To-morrow we will settle.' He spoke truth; he has gone without paying."

"Gone! and how?"

"How can we tell? unless through the air on a broomstick."

Carnego believed what he said.

"It is he," he cried, "who has bewitched the house. It is he who made us fight one against the other. Heaven defend us!" and Carnego crossed himself.

The captain was confounded. Recollecting the ironical tone of the barber, he began to believe him a wizard.

"And Piquillo," he cried, suddenly recollecting himself; "it was he who took the Moor to the Red Chamber. Where is he?"

They hastened to the chamber of Piquillo. It was shut; they knocked, then burst open the door. Empty.

"What of that," said Carnego, "the wizard has carried him off too."

After an hour spent in fruitless poking into every hole in the house, they began to think that Carnego was not far wrong, and prepared to return to their beds. At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the principal entrance of the inn, there being heard at the same time the neighing of horses, with the sound of many voices.

"What is this!" exclaimed Baptista.

People of his profession were so seldom troubled under the Count de Lerma, that it was little to be wondered at that the good captain was surprised.

"Some other piece of the Moor's witchcraft," said Carnego.

"Impossible," said the chief; and poking his head out of the window, he cried, "Who goes there?"

"The queen's regiment."

"You are welcome, cavaliers. You travel betimes."

"Yes, and as we proceed we clear the highway of rogues, commencing with yourself, master landlord."

"I am known," said the captain, finding his incognito over. "Go below, Caralo; pack up our baggage, and be ready for a start by the little door, Let the rest do as they can."

He then endeavoured to gain time with the young officer.

"I think, good cavalier, you are mistaken. You will, I am sure, agree with me, after accepting my hospitality."

"It is too expensive," replied the young officer. "In the first place we have a few questions to put to you concerning the barber Gongarello, your guest of last night. Where is he?"

"You see," muttered Carnego, "always that accursed Moor."

"I think you are right," replied the captain. "I was not aware the worthy barber was a friend of yours," he added, in a taunting voice, aloud.

"Enough, open and surrender."

"Yes, open," added a brigadier, "for though our commander Fernando d'Albayda officer of the queen's regiment, is not in the habit of thief taking, yet if you insult death to every one."

"The house is surrounded," whispered the lieutenant, coming up; "we have no choice; we must surrender."

"No!" said the captain, wildly, and then he added, "ten thousand excuses, Don Fernando d'Albayda, officer of the queen's regiment, for keeping you waiting. You request an answer, you have it."

He fired with the word. The ball grazed the feather of the cavalier's hat, and wounded Fidalgo d'Estremos, his friend, in the shoulder. Fernando, irritated, pointing to the bandits, cried, "Fire, and no quarter!"

A party immediately dismounted, and climbed over the wall of a small court. The assault commenced, and the inn of Good Rest, well defended, was attacked on every side.

Let us now explain how this assault occurred.

Piquillo and his fair companion had distinctly heard the sound of horses. They were on the skirt of a forest, in a carrefour. They could have concealed themselves in the foliage, but they would not have, perhaps, found Gongarello again, and they could not abandon him. Juanita and Piquillo leaned one against the other, both trembling with fear, the former murmuring in a low tone, "Adieu, Pedralvi!" Fear, too, prevented them from observing that the troop was composed only of two cavaliers; but the moon bursting from behind a cloud, enabled them to distinguish them perfectly as they crossed the carrefour. They had evidently journeyed far and fast, for they now walked their horses. One rode ahead, while the other, more aged, followed at a respectful distance. The first was evidently the master. He was a handsome young man, of melancholy but gracious aspect, wearing a costume somewhat at variance with that of the day. A Spanish sabre, suspended by a gold chain, hung by his side; his horse was a splendid Arabian, which he patted gently, as it champed the bit, and would have started off, saying, "No, no, Kaled! no, my good companion, let us rest. My father's house is yet a long way off."

"Fear nothing," said Juanita, in a low tone; "he is a Moor."

Piquillo instantly hastened forward, and threw himself on his knees before the horse, which reared on high.

"I understand," said the young man, speaking still in Arabic to his horse; "you like not a Spanish beggar." Then addressing Piquillo, in pure Castilian, "it is very late to beg," he said, coldly. "If your companions be concealed in the wood, tell them that in the morning I have gold for those who ask it. At this hour I have but iron." Then placing his hand on his sword, "Go," he said, while his old servant, advancing, took aim at Piquillo with a blunderbuss.

"Friend! friend!" cried Juanita, "and child of the same god!"

At these words the young man leaped from his horse, which he gave to his servant, ran to Piquillo still kneeling, held out his hand to him, and cried, "I am here, brother; what seek you?" and he embraced him.

Juanita now related what had happened in a few words. The young man listened, attentively examining the countenance of Piquillo.

"Good, my lad," he said; "continue, and you will be an honest man."

Piquillo trembled with delight. It was the first time he had heard such words of praise, and he gazed gratefully on the young man.

"Ah!" he cried, "if I had always been spoken to thus. But when you are gone what will become of the unfortunate beggar?"

"You will be a beggar no longer. It is Spaniards who beg. But you," he said, writing some words on a tablet, "come and find me, and you shall learn how to be an honest man. And here, brother, take this purse, it will enable you to perform the journey."

Piquillo, much moved, kissed his hand.

"As for you, my child, I must get you and your uncle out of this forest. An important affair requires my presence. I will, however, take you to the first inhabited spot. Can the good Gongarello stand on his legs? Yes, I fancy he rouses himself and understands us. Hassan," said he, addressing his servant, "you will take care of him. Place him on your horse. I will answer for Akbar carrying both, so quietly even, that Aben Abou, our brother, may continue his sleep if he thinks proper."

"Thank heaven," said the barber, "it is over. I thought I should have died of sleep two hours ago, which was very lucky for else I should have died of fright. But now, in such good company, I fear nothing, and by Mahomet"—the barber quite enjoyed the proscribed oath—"by Mahomet, I shall be as well off on your horse as on the palfrey of the prophet, for I am sure he will not overthrow a countryman," he added in the Moorish language; and as the horse began to neigh, the barber was firmly convinced that he understood him.

"As for Juanita," said the young man, "she must allow me to mount her before me on my horse. I swear she has nothing to fear, and as she is so light, Kaled will not be aware of her presence. As for you," he said to Piquillo, "we cannot bear you away; but you can soon leave the wood. Remember, in eight days I shall expect you. Adieu, brother, adieu."

The young man then, loosening the reins of his horse, disappeared in an instant, followed by Hassan, with Aben-Abou mounted behind him. The barber spoke not a word; but whether from fear or gratitude we cannot say, pressed the arm of his companion very tightly.

Piquillo, who remained alone in the forest, still kept his eyes fixed on the spot where had disappeared the unknown, whose voice and words still wrung in his ears.

After an hour's march, Yezid, Juanita, and Gongarello reached, without accident, the village of Arnedo. Though it was still night, the young Moor, and his old servant Hassan, whom cares, more dear, called elsewhere, continued their route, and the barber and his niece, left by them at the gate of a *posada*, knocked loudly, in order to make themselves heard. Gongarello, who no longer slept, awoke everybody; while the landlord and his people placed themselves at the window, and while the barber, before entering, was recounting his adventures, and the perils from which he had escaped, a sound of armed men and horses was heard in the street. It was a company of the queen's regiment on their road to Madrid, travelling by night to avoid the heat of the day. A very brief explanation induced Fernando d'Albayda to go to the attack of the inn of Good Rest. Their arrival there we have seen, with the commencement of the siege.

While the combat was taking place, of the end of which we are yet ignorant, Piquillo was giving himself up to thoughts of ecstasy and delight. His terrible waking from this state of mind must be found in the next chapter.

Chapter VIII.

THE FLAMES.

He pondered over his new friend, the young Moor, so elegant, so distinguished, who had said, "my brother," "it is good," &c., and these words acted upon him as an incentive to a virtuous course of life, very dissimilar to his recent career. Pedralvi

had been but as a companion, a friend; but the stranger had been to him, as it were, a superior being, a divinity. He could barely persuade himself that all was not a dream, and as he, almost unconsciously, pressed the tablet to his heart, he cherished the thought, so new to him, that there was one in the world interested in his future destiny. Suddenly the fact crossed his brain that he could not read. Of what service was the tablet to him in this predicament? He consoled himself, however, by the reflection, that he could get it read for him on the following day by some wayfarer. At length, overcome by the fatigues of the day, he chose a secluded nook in the forest, and firmly clasping the treasured tablet in his hand, he fell fast asleep on the grass, thinking of the unknown, lulled by the gentle waving of the foliage and the refreshing perfume of a summer's night.

The morning air was heavy and suffocating, indicative of a day of more intense heat even than the preceding. The clouds were charged with electricity, rendering respiration difficult. Piquillo, labouring under the influence of these oppressive sensations, awoke suddenly with a start. It was broad day. But what was his amazement on awaking to find himself in the presence of that arch-demon Juan Baptista Balseiro, who held him tight by the throat.

The captain was in a very sorry plight, covered with blood, blackened by powder, and his clothes in tatters. He held in his hand the tablet and the purse he had torn from Piquillo whilst he slept, and looking at them contentedly, and with a ferocious laugh—

"Ah! ah!" said he, "you thought to escape me! You thought me dead, perchance. You have commenced betimes, my fine fellow, to betray those who succoured you, and to denounce them as spies, like an alguazil."

"Me!" exclaimed Piquillo, trembling.

"Yes, you. Yonder soldiers that you sent us very nearly realised the prediction of your accomplice — that cursed heretic and sorcerer the Moor Gongarello, who shall yet pay the penalty."

"Sir captain, I am ignorant of what you are speaking."

"Well, well, there's no use prevaricating; *we will settle our accounts* now, as the barber observed. Sent by you, and guided by the instructions you doubtless gave them, they found the way to the inn of Good Rest, and as I declined surrendering, they set it on fire: yes, the royal soldiers set it on fire. That rascal Gongarello predicted that I should be burnt to death, and you two set your heads together to realise the augury."

"Listen," said Piquillo.

"Did they listen?" said the captain; "did they not fire upon us as we struggled to escape the flames? May hell exterminate them along with those who suffered themselves to be entrapped like foxes gone to earth. These royal soldiery calculated on securing me with the rest, but I gave them the slip. I expect I am the only one that did, out of the lot, in the midst of the heavy firing. And, mind you, I shall not yet be hanged, but live, Master Piquillo, to perform the hangman's office upon you!"

"I am not guilty, indeed I am not—I swear it to you," cried the terrified Piquillo. "Listen."

"Do you take me for a corregidor, or a counsel learned in the law?" rejoined the captain, coldly. "Think you that I am going to listen to *your* lies? No, no; I have fully resolved that you, that satanic barber that was with you, and especially that incendiary Don Fernando d'Albayda, shall die the death I have designed for them; and I mean to finish you to begin with!"

Holding Piquillo with one hand, he tore up some pliant osiers with the other, to make a rope with. Having collected some half dozen or so of the finest, he composedly amused himself by fastening them together, previously taking the precaution to throw Piquillo on the ground, and to sit upon him, so as to prevent all chance of escape. So situated, the poor captive ran a fair risk of suffocation, from the enormous weight he had to bear. The captain, paying no attention to his groans, and evidently gratified by this novel mode of torture, continued his labour of love quite contentedly, whistling a jocund Castilian air.

"Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, I do implore you!" bitterly exclaimed Piquillo, in a suffocating tone.

"Have mercy, quotha?" responded the monster. "By my mother Geronima! yes, yes, I'll have mercy on you! It is my firm resolve to confer on you an immense favour. I purpose giving you a very exalted position indeed, my pretty captive starling. But, hark you! I like to be generous. You shall have your choice on which of yonder oaks you will swing."

Piquillo made no reply to this brutal raillery, seeing it was all hopeless to try to mollify the heart of this insatiate tiger.

"Look you, Piquillo," continued the captain, after having completed his rope, "do you see, on the margin of that road in the distance, that magnificent oak towering to the skies? That tree, possessing all the requisite advantages, will serve to shade your delicate person from the scorching sun! what say you?"

Piquillo made no answer.

"Just at a convenient distance from the ground there's a branch, too, that will serve

magnificently to bear your weight, and seems, indeed, to have been created expressly for the purpose; and besides, should your friend of the tablet chance to pass this way, he will enjoy the happiness of seeing you in a very comfortable position, and of learning, also, how Juan Baptista avenges a wrong. Yes, that will do very nicely indeed, and with heaven's assistance—"

Piquillo understood that he was about to die, and he gave his last thoughts to the unknown.

Here the captain was interrupted by the report of a gun in the forest. Although the sound was distant, it was more than probable that he who fired the gun would pass in the immediate vicinity of the spot above described. The captain accordingly jumped instinctively to reconnoitre. Not being far from the tree which the captain had so picturesquely pourtrayed, Piquillo, liberated of his burden, started off, and sprang up its branches like a cat, and in an incredibly short space of time found himself perched on a branch some twenty feet from the ground. Piquillo had recourse to this attempt at escape, feeling convinced that the captain, in consequence of his corpulence, could not follow him. He was not wrong in his calculations, for the bandit, furious with rage, halted at the root of the tree, whilst the fugitive, breathless, but in comparative safety, continued his ascent.

"Come down, you young scoundrel," shrieked the baffled bandit, drawing a long pistol from his side, the last weapon he had left; "come down, and I will pardon you, and if you refuse I will shoot you to a certainty."

Piquillo was perfectly conscious of the dangers of his novel position, but dreadful as they were, they were not so terrible as those he had just escaped. As for trusting to the clemency of the captain, that was the last thing he dreamt of, and so he determined to try if, by stratagem, he could possibly save his life. The captain, meanwhile, kept dodging round the trunk of the tree to get a fair aim at his target, whilst Piquillo, carefully watching the movements of his fearful adversary, concealed himself as well as he could behind the branches. At length the captain, seizing a favourable opportunity, fired, and a shriek of horror immediately succeeded the report of the pistol. Piquillo fell headlong, and Juan Baptista gave one joyous shout of savage triumph—as the hyena howls with delight when it has secured its prey. But the captain had *not* secured his prey. The ball had simply shattered the lofty branch on which Piquillo was placed, and down they came together; but, happily, in their descent, the branch and its weight were arrested by the huge limbs of the oak which stretched out between the captain and the object of his aim. Piquillo responded, in a spirit of prophetic composure, to the triumphant exclamation that had escaped the bandit.

"Juan Baptista," said he, "you have been without pity for a helpless child, but rest assured that child will live to become a man, and, in his turn, will evince no mercy towards you. Remain as long as you please below; but the time will come when my cries from this asylum will attract some traveller to the spot, and then justice will have its course. You — an assassin—a bandit — an arrant coward — for you have assailed a defenceless child, who has defeated you."

"Ah! war! war!" rejoined the captain, with a roar of laughter which echoed through the forest; "he challenges me to the combat, and I am not loath to accept it. The cost of the campaign shall be defrayed by the enemy, for have I not in my possession this smart purse crammed with doubloons, and this elegant tablet with one solitary name thereon inscribed?—the name, doubtless, of one who offers you protection and wealth, for I know him to be one of the wealthiest men in Spain. I rejoice that he has dared to offer you an asylum, for that very offer has sealed his death-warrant."

At this idea Piquillo uttered a shriek of despair.

"And," continued the captain, "hope not to frustrate my plans of revenge; your hour is come. You have chosen that tree for a shelter; you refused to be hanged—the refuge you have chosen shall prove your funeral pyre."

Piquillo could not at first conceive what the bandit meant, but he was, alas! very soon let into the mystery.

"Ah! you proclaim war, do you? you shall have it to your heart's content," continued the captain, collecting round the tree all the dried wood and foliage with which the forest abounded. "War! war! you wished it; be satisfied;" and he laughed with his infernal laugh; "it will soon be lit." While Piquillo watched with uneasy and alarmed thoughts these preparations, the brigand proceeded; and having collected a large heap, he quietly took from his pocket a flint, and struck it sharply over the pile, smiling contentedly, and resuming his merry Castilian ditty. The mass got shortly ignited, and gradually the dense smoke ascended in spiral columns. For some time the green branches arrested the progress of the flames, but the fiend by their side fed them diligently, and a strong wind that unhappily rose at that critical moment, but too successfully aided the efforts of the demon. The tree became first covered with a black and viscous sweat, the froth oozed

forth soon to disappear, then the branches gave forth a crackling sound, some breaking and giving food to the flames; to heighten the scene of horror, dark clouds began to dim the light of day. He thought that the smoke alone would suffocate his victim. Presently Piquillo was completely hid from his enemy by the thick smoke that surrounded him. Not a sound, saving an occasional scream of dread and agony, and the crackling of the burning timber, disturbed the silence of this awful scene. The merciless Baptista still fed the flames incessantly. At last, tired of his task, and having taken it for granted that Piquillo lay smothered above, or even if he attempted to descend, he would be burnt alive, he left him to his fate, rejoicing at the success of his horrible project. Moreover, it was not improbable that the glaring beacon that occasionally burst forth, lighting up the dismal forest, would attract travellers, and lead to his discovery. He therefore thought it prudent to retire, and casting one more anxious look at the infernal pyramid he had erected, he soon disappeared in the tangled forest.

Piquillo, meanwhile, as the devouring flames gradually approached him, climbed higher and higher to avoid them. The tree was an immense one, its topmost branches towering to the skies; but still, as upwards he went, the destructive element gained fast upon him. The feathered denizens of the adjacent trees sought safety in flight; but alas! he could not follow them. Perched at the greatest height he could possibly attain, he tremblingly contemplated the fearful death he now saw no chance of averting. He had seen the captain disappear, but he had left his work too well accomplished to extend any hope of escape by descent. At one time, as a *dernier resort*, he thought of climbing to the extremity of one of the broadest branches, and dropping himself clear of the frightful furnace beneath him; but then, again, he remembered the tremendous height he had to fall. To complete the hopelessness of the position, the oak was too far apart from any other tree to permit of his leaping from one to the other. Thus debarred of all possible chance of escape, the poor little fellow's heart failed him outright, and he burst into tears. From whom now could he seek solace and soothing? He was alone in the world! alone!—and *yet* one ray of hope cheered his sinking heart. Juanita, when surrounded by danger and imminent death, had appealed for succour to the God of her fathers. Why should he not do the same? And, thereupon, whilst still the ruthless flames ascended, he cast his eyes to heaven, and in the full bitterness of his broken spirit, prayed aloud.

"Oh! my God! oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "to die so young, just when the joys of life were bursting upon me! When this very night such sweet dreams lulled my sleep. Oh, suffer me to live, that, by the virtuous future, I may blot out the crimes of the past. All is ended! I die!"

And still the flames ascended.

"Have I not, oh heaven! been bereft of all earthly bliss—a vagabond wanderer, with the street for my country, and the pavement for my home—without the love and tenderness of a mother; seeking my bread in sorrow, and taking it, by stern necessity, from the hands of a robber. If I have erred in society so contaminating—oh! suffer me yet to live that I may wash away the stain. Have pity on me, oh, my God."

And still the flames ascended.

"Oh! if I could but escape the terrific death that faces me—could but fly from the flames so fast surrounding me, and the merciless smoke suffocating me by degrees—if I could but escape these appalling terrors, the rest of my days should be devoted to thy service. I would employ them in no selfish pursuits, but for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. This do I pledge myself to fulfil faithfully. I would do for them what thou hast done for me. Listen then, my only protector, to these my earnest supplications, and suffer me yet to live. Oh! protect me in this hour of agony and peril."

And still the flames ascended.

Chapter IX.

Deliverance.

Still the flames ascended! But higher still ascended the fervent prayer of the perishing child. God no doubt had heard that prayer, and his mercy answered it; for a heavy storm which had been threatening all the morning, suddenly burst over the tree in which Piquillo had taken refuge, in one terrible clap of thunder, and torrents of rain fell, extinguishing the fire that had all but reached its victim. In the exuberance of his joy, with eyes uplifted to the source of this timely aid, he exclaimed, "Heaven has heard me, and wills that I should be an honest man."

The tempest continued to rage for a full hour, and right gratefully did Piquillo welcome the cataracts of rain that rescued him from his impending fate; with what joy—what gratitude—he contemplated this new deluge. The blazing branches were all successively extinguished, and presently a pool of water was formed at the base of the oak where but now a huge furnace existed. Piquillo commenced his descent when he perceived the flames had ceased

to blaze; but the descent was by no means an easy matter. The copious fall of rain had rendered the branches slippery, and others, by the action of the fire, had become brittle, and would break even under the slight weight of Piquillo. When he had got about half-way down, and was congratulating himself on his safe arrival on *terra firma*, he heard, amid the howling of the tempest, the trampling footsteps of a man advancing towards the spot. His progress was impeded by the mud, and he helped himself onwards by leaning on a double-barrelled carbine, which he held in his hand. Worn with fatigue, he halted immediately beneath the oak on which Piquillo was still a captive. Presently taking off his cap to wipe away the rain and the perspiration which poured down his brow, he gave utterance to a horrible imprecation; the voice, which Piquillo knew so well, was that of Caralo the bandit! The wretched captive who was dreaming of life and liberty on the oak, tried to conceal himself behind the little foliage the fire had left.

"Ah!" said he, "Heaven has not heard me yet, and I am still doomed to die."

The brigand remained motionless, leaning against the tree as if in the act of listening. Piquillo could not at first exactly comprehend the object of this deep silence and profound attention; which, however, saved him, as it prevented his looking upwards; but presently, in the distance, he perceived a carriage dragged by four stout mules approaching them down the road, The postilion had much tough work to get through, for the road was rendered extremely heavy by the storm. As the carriage neared the spot, Piquillo hesitated whether it would be good policy to cry aloud for help. He abstained from doing so, knowing that it would betray his whereabout, and Caralo would most assuredly give him the benefit of one, if not of both of the barrels of his ugly carbine, and then, in all probability, escape unscathed into the heart of the forest.

He was disturbed in these reflections by a noise that made him tremble on the tree. Caralo, who was not by any means a man given to thinking on such occasions, prepared for action. When the carriage, which was a costly one, heavily laden with luggage, was within a few paces of the bandit, he saw, at a glance, that there were but three persons in it, an old man and two young girls. It being evident that the postilion, a stout young Galician, was the only one likely to offer any obstinate resistance, Caralo shot him dead on the spot, and levelling his second barrel at the window of the carriage, which was then immediately facing the tree, he called aloud to the old man—

"Your purse, and the ladies' jewellery!"

The door of the carriage was opened, and out came a grey-headed gentleman with a stern cast of features, and placing himself before the young ladies by way of rampart, drew a hunting knife from its scabbard.

"Down with your arms," exclaimed the bandit.

"Never!" rejoined the gentleman.

"Resistance is perfectly useless; your purse and down with your arms, or I'll shoot you."

"Fire away," replied the old man. "Don Juan d'Aguilar will never surrender to a rascally bandit like you."

"You shall have it, sir, since you wish it," replied Caralo, levelling his carbine slowly.

"My father!—my friend!" exclaimed the terrified young girls, trying to leap from the carriage.

"The children are right," said the bandit, coldly. "Why, old man, you are not worth the powder in this barrel. I don't exact at your hands homilies and morality; all I want is the gold and silver you have about you; as for that iron, which is useless for both—down with it; and make haste, for I am in a hurry."

By way of rejoinder to these remarks, the old gentleman made a thrust with his sabre at the bandit.

"Come!" exclaimed Caralo, "we must finish this." And, leaning against the tree, he took a deliberate aim, and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when Piquillo dropped himself heavily on the uplifted arm of the bandit, and thus turned away the shot in a contrary direction. Though astounded, at first, at this wholly unexpected attack from above, he speedily recovered himself, and, seizing his new opponent, cast him on the ground roughly, exclaiming, in utter amazement at the sight of Piquillo,—

"'Tis him, indeed; this time at all events he shall not escape my vengeance."

And thereupon, with one foot on the trembling body of his feeble adversary, he was about to break his head with the butt end of his carbine, when a hand, vigorous in its old age, sent a sword, up to the hilt, into the body of the bandit. Caralo had got his quietus; for, with one howl of rage and agony, he rolled over—a corpse.

"Ah! ah! that word was of no use to either of us, but the wild beast is slain," exclaimed the old gentleman. "I have hunted them before now, but never such a dangerous one. But what's the matter with you, my child, my Carmen? Oh! she has fainted, poor thing. Aixa, you who have more presence of mind, bring her to her senses, while I go to the assistance of

our young defender yonder, the poor little tattered beggar, who has in him more courage than strength."

And the gouty old gentleman hobbled up towards Piquillo, who, though bruised, was not much hurt, and in rising offered his arm to Don Juan d'Aguilar.

"Why, I was coming to your assistance, my little fellow, and you come again to mine. Who are you?"

"Piquillo."

"Your business!"

"I have none."

"Who are your parents?"

"Alas! I have none."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the top of that tree."

"Do you dwell there?"

"I have since this morning."

Don Juan d'Aguilar looked at the oak, the trunk and branches of which were charred by the fire, and said, smilingly,

"Your dwelling is in a sadly dilapidated condition; and I offer you, if you will accept of it, a somewhat better one at my house in Pampeluna."

Joy and gratitude sparkled in Piquillo's eyes, and so choked was he for utterance, that all he could do was to press his new master's hand to his lips. Meanwhile they had reached the carriage, and Carmen having recovered from her fainting fit, leaped from the carriage, and threw herself on her father's neck, who was so overwhelmed with the caresses of both the young ladies, that it would be difficult to decide which of the two was his daughter. Piquillo stood by the door, calmly contemplating a scene of tenderness so perfectly novel to him. He had never beheld such exquisite loveliness as that on which he now gazed. Juanita, who had hitherto been his paragon, sunk down to a very ordinary person indeed. One, to his thinking, was of earth; the other was heavenly. And when the young ladies fixed their radiant eyes upon him, sparkling with kindly feeling and gratitude, and thanked him for his opportune assistance, and complimented him on the courage he had displayed in their cause, he felt a sensation he had never before experienced, and could not possibly define. Understanding that he was parentless and desolate, without resources or home.

"Ah! how happy," exclaimed Carmen.

"He will owe everything to us," said Aixa.

"We will take him with us," added Don Juan d'Aguilar; "henceforth he shall be one of our household—he shall be my page. But in the interim," continued the old man, looking at the Galician, who lay grim and prostrate on the turf, "I wonder if our new page can perform the office of a postilion?"

"Most assuredly," exclaimed Piquillo, closing the door of the carriage, and jumping on one of the mules, which he encouraged with voice and gesture. Getting them into a gallop, he speedily cleared the forest, and on the following day, happier than the king of Spain, with a proud air, a glad heart and doublet in rags, he entered the city of Pampeluna.

"Where shall I drive to?" he asked of his new master.

"To the viceroy's palace," cried the two girls.

Chapter X.

THE CONSULTA.

During the two or three years of Piquillo's residence in the bandit's inn, passed in the instructive society of Coralo and his worthy colleague Juan Baptista Balsiero, other events of somewhat greater importance had transpired in Spain, to which we now invite the attention of the reader. Phillip II had bequeathed to Philip III, his son, war against England; and the Count de Lerma, anxious to immortalise the early part of his administration by a brilliant achievement, equipped a fleet of fifty vessels to effect a descent on the British coast, under the command of Don Martin Padilla. The maritime expeditions of Spain, although undertaken with religious objects in view, and for the supremacy of the catholic faith against a heretic nation and king, never enjoyed a successful issue; and the Count de Lerma's fleet was not a jot more fortunate than its memorable predecessor—the Armada. Scarcely had the vessels put to sea than they were dispersed by a storm, and compelled to take refuge on the coasts of Spain without encountering the enemy. In order to solace himself for this unexpected calamity, the minister might—following the example of Philip II—have exclaimed, "I despatched my fleet to fight the enemy, and not to combat the elements!" But far from pursuing this philosophical course, he became obstinate, and determined on seizing the first opportunity of revenge that might offer, without wisely and maturely weighing the consequences.

Ireland had just rebelled against Elizabeth, and the new minister of Philip III, under the pretext of aiding the insurgents, had resolved to take possession of that island. Its vast extent, its extreme fertility, and the convenience of its harbours, which would ensure safe asylums to the Spanish fleet in case of reverses, and place Spain in a condition to dispute the empire of the seas with England and Holland, were the primary reasons for this bold attempt. The aged counsellors of Philip

II, many experienced generals (among them Don Juan d'Aguilar, who had been chosen to command the expedition), expressed an opinion, that it was a serious error to suppose that the Irish would so easily be seduced from their fealty to their legitimate sovereign, and yield to the dominion of Spain. That a trivial revolt was not a serious revolution—that it was madness to expect the ready assistance of the insurgents, and that a force of six thousand men was insufficient to compete with the combined forces of England. In reply the Count de Lerma asserted that the condition of the Spanish exchequer did not justify the equipment of a larger force —that valour was an admirable substitute for numbers, and that if Don Juan d'Aguilar was afraid to undertake the campaign, there were many others willing and able to defend the honour of the Spanish arms. This taunting defiance was too much for the Castilian blood of Don Juan d'Aguilar. Despite his conviction of the frantic character of the enterprise, he accepted the appointment and embarked. The only request he made was, that the fleet should not be commanded by Martin Padilla, his implacable enemy and the Count de Lerma's parasite; but be confided to Don Juan Guevara, a brave officer, under whom he had formerly served in Britany.

The passage was a prosperous one. The general in chief, with a force of four thousand men, landed in the harbour of Kinsale—took possession of the town, and fortified himself in it, calculating on its serving as a shelter in the event of a reverse. At the same time, his lieutenant Occampo entered Baltimore with his army, and the united forces were about to march into the interior when they learnt that the rebels had been beaten and dispersed by the Irish viceroy;—that their leader, the Earl of Tyrone, had narrowly escaped with the fragments of his force (an ill-equipped band of four thousand peasants); and that the viceroy, who was in close pursuit, had a well-disciplined army of thirty thousand men.

"I foresaw all this," exclaimed d'Aguilar, calmly; "but never mind, let us hasten to their assistance."

And accordingly he proceeded.

Meanwhile the Count de Lerma, never for a moment questioning the success of an expedition devised by himself, looked upon Ireland as already annexed to the Spanish crown, and amused himself by selecting a governor. He hesitated between his uncle, Borja, and his brother-in-law, the Count de Lemos, whom he could not discreetly leave in the viceroyalty of Navarre, where he had already rendered himself obnoxious. The minister's system of government consisted in awarding to his own relations the most lucrative and important offices of the state; for he regarded the Spanish monarchy in the light of a private household, of which he was the chief and his kindred the principal ramifications. It was in keeping with this convenient principle that he had appointed his brother, Bernard de Sandoval, to the double post of archbishop of Toledo and grand inquisitor—the one placing him at the head of the clerical community, and the other giving despotic sway over the rest of the population.

Bernard de Sandoval was even more dangerous at the head of a government than his brother. The Count de Lerma, indeed, had no character at all, being a reckless man, with the most pliant principles in the world, and ready at all times to change them according to circumstances. His brother, again, plumed himself on the possession of a character. He deluded himself with the idea that he was remarkable for his firmness, in fact, nothing more than downright obstinacy. He never abandoned a single idea that once chanced to enter his fertile brain, and these ideas were almost invariably of a baneful nature. "I break," he would say, "I never bend."

"And I," would say the Count de Lerma, "bend to avoid breaking."

It must be admitted, however, that they each possessed the virtues natural to their faults. The frivolity of the Count de Lerma was partly repaired by acts of generosity. He was considerate in the extreme in matters affecting the interests of his own kindred. He loaded them with gifts, and even lavished gold on some whom he had injured by his acts. As for his prodigality (so distasteful to the Spanish people, who had to pay for it), he never gave it a thought; for regarding the kingdom as though it were entirely his own, he took it for granted that he had a perfect right to dispose of his own property just as he pleased. Bernard de Sandoval, on the contrary, was harsh and stern, and as thrifty as his brother was profuse: never acknowledging a weakness; he loved nothing, gave away nothing, forgave nothing; and was thus admirably qualified for the post of grand inquisitor. He it was who, in the reign of Philip II, entertained the grand idea of the expulsion of the Moors, and communicated the notion to the Count de Lerma, who forthwith took the credit of it to himself, and cherished it, as well calculated to shed immortal lustre on his administration and to consolidate the catholic faith. The majority of the Moors continued, at heart, faithful to their Mahomedan creed. Externally alone they submitted to the usages of the christian religion. They attended mass, simply to avoid certain penalties

which their non-attendance would assuredly entail. They brought their children to the baptismal font, but immediately after the ceremony they washed them well with hot water. They would even submit to the ceremonial of marriage in church; but when they got home they closed their doors, and celebrated the event with songs, dancing, and hilarity, according to the custom of their own country. Never failing to harbour a hope of ultimate deliverance, they kept up a constant correspondence with the Turks and the Moors of Africa. When the Algerine pirates landed on the coast of Andalusia, the Moors, who dwelt on its shores, never sounded the alarm-bell, or took up arms against them; and the Algerines, in return, never committed outrage in the villages inhabited by the Moors, while they made it an invariable rule to reduce every christian they caught to rigid bondage.

Philip II had recourse to very harsh and cruel measures to subdue the large Moorish population who had emigrated into his kingdom. He proscribed many of the customs of their native land, to which they had been wedded from their childhood. He went even the length of compelling their women to appear in public uncovered, and to open the doors of their domestic homes, which the custom of their country kept usually shut. These two regulations were unendurable to a nation jealous to preserve intact the usages of their ancestors. At the least offence, or show of opposition, a menace was held over their heads of tearing from them their children for education in Castile. The use of baths was interdicted to them, and such was the rigour of the dominion under which they dwelt, that music, songs, and fetes (their habitual mode of pastime), were rigidly prohibited.

The exasperated Moors at length took up arms in the mountains of Alpujarras, and defended themselves so vigorously that the picked troops of Spain, commanded by the king's brother, John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, were requisite to bring them into submission. Torrents of blood had flowed on both sides, and it had cost the Spaniards the lives of sixty thousand men — a severe lesson, which taught the conquerors to be less despotic, and the vanquished more resigned to their fate.

Thus was it, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the period of which we treat, during the first years of the reign of Philip III. The Moors, formerly, for a period of eight hundred years, conquerors and sovereigns of Spain, which they had civilised, had lost successively their independence, their religion, their manners, and their customs. Nothing was now left to them but the soil acquired by their ancestors, and rendered fertile by the sweat of their brow, and to which they were attached.

The Arabs and the Moors had imported into Spain the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and rice. Thanks to their industry, the fertility of the province of Valencia furnished all Europe with the fruits of tropical countries. Three harvests were had in the year; scarcely had one been reaped before another sprang up, and the assiduous toils of the labourer, aided by the mildness of the climate, and the most ingenious agricultural contrivances, helped to promote so bountiful a fecundity. Flocking from Egypt, from Syria, and from Persia, essentially agricultural countries, the Arabs had transferred into the kingdom of Valencia a system of agriculture perfected by the experience of three thousand years. Nor was industry and commerce less indebted to them. Toledo, Grenada, Cordova, Seville, teemed with manufactories of silk and leather; the green and blue cloths of Cuenca were eagerly sought for on the coast of Africa and Turkey, and the sea-ports of the Levant. The blades of Toledo, the silks of Grenada, the harnesses, saddles, and gilt morocco of Cordova, the spices and sugars of Valencia, were celebrated throughout all Europe; and the Moors, content with the plentiful results of their labours, gradually habituated themselves to forget the past, and to enjoy the present consequences of their industry. Once conquerors, they became agriculturists, manufacturers, and tacitly submitted to the aggrandisement of their masters—to pay them extortionate taxes, and to heap on them the enjoyments and luxuries of civilisation, simply seeking in their stead peace and protection for themselves and their families. This was a state of things utterly incomprehensible to Bernard y Royos Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, and his brother. They consequently induced Juan de Ribera, patriarch of Antioch, archbishop of Valencia, known for his hatred of heresy, to present a memorial to the imbecile king, in which they urged him to banish all infidels from his kingdom, reserving only adults for the purposes of labour in the galleys and mines, and children under seven years to be reared in the christian creed.

The king consulted his minister and the grand inquisitor upon the subject of this memorial. The former expressed his opinion that it would be wise to await a favourable opportunity, whilst the latter declared that it was a measure that could not too speedily be brought into operation, and only regretted that the proposition of the archbishop was not stringent enough for the occasion. His advice was to ex-

terminate all the Moors, *en masse*, according to the principles of St. Bartholomew, which spared neither females nor children.

Such a project, however, required deep precaution and a large employment of united forces, and at that critical crisis the flower of the Spanish army was engaged in the Low Countries and in the Irish campaign; accordingly it was determined that this mighty secret should be strictly for the time preserved among themselves. The minister and grand inquisitor feigned to be convinced of the necessity of this precaution. It was, however, a matter of difficulty to induce the archbishop of Valencia to coincide in this decision. He could barely restrain the excess of his zeal, and neither spoke upon the subject, nor would suffer others to discuss it, without indulging in transports of pious rage, which he conceived to emanate from on high. The king, moreover, was on the point of marriage, and to select such a period for harsh extermination, instead of popular rejoicing, would be regarded as a matter of heartless oppression. It was consequently determined that at the approaching *consulta* of the king, no subject should be brought forward but that of the forthcoming royal nuptials.

The *consulta* of the king was a sort of privy council, held at the palace in the presence of the sovereign, and presided over by the minister. To this august assemblage none were admitted on important occasions but the grand inquisitor, the king's confessor, and a few favourites, who directed the will of the monarch, and caused him either to adopt or reject the counsels of others. Nevertheless, on so interesting an occasion as that which was about to take place, permission was given, for form sake, and as a mark of distinction, to a few young lords, belonging to the first families in Spain, who would eventually attain the Spanish peerage, to be present and even take a part in the important deliberations of the council. Accordingly, the Count de Lerma (whom the king had created a duke on the strength of his marriage, and for services he had not yet had time to render, but would in the end, no doubt) presented at this meeting his son, the Count de Uzeda, to the king. The Marquis de Miranda, in his turn, being the head of the house of Zunica, and president of the council of Castile, claimed a similar privilege for his relative, Don Fernando d'Albayda, one of the principal barons of the kingdom of Valencia, and nephew to Don Juan d'Aguilar, commanding the royal troops in Ireland.

The youth, with the bashfulness natural to his age, blushed deeply, and bowed to the king, and that imposing assemblage which he had previously pictured to himself as possessing all the awing attributes of majesty, while several of the members of the council were earnestly discussing the colour of the dress they should wear on the queen's arrival. Don Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, counted his beads; the minister sketched on a parchment a duke's coronet; and Philip III, with his head thrown back on his state chair, amused himself with counting the decorations of the ceiling. Juan de Ribera, archbishop of Valencia, was the only one of the group lost apparently in grave reflections, and seemed to be heedless of all passing around him. The young Count de Uzeda, proud of his birth and of the position he held by virtue of his father's connexion with the court, gazed around him haughtily and vacantly, and when, accidentally as it were, his eye fell upon Fernando d'Albayda, he contemplated him scornfully, for he conceived that none but the prime minister's sons should share in the distinction which had been conferred on both alike.

The Duke de Lerma, after taking the orders of his majesty, proceeded to explain that a new alliance was about to unite still more closely the descendants of Charles V. His most catholic majesty was on the point of marriage with Margaret of Austria, daughter of the archduke Charles. He added that the young princess had arrived at Genoa, having left Graetz for Italy. But his grace omitted to mention that, in consequence of the sloth of those employed in making grand preparations for her reception, the fleet intended to convey the betrothed to Spain did not reach Genoa till several months subsequent to the princess's arrival in that city. The duke then entertained the council with an account of the magnificent entertainments which awaited the princess's arrival at Valencia, where the marriage was to be celebrated. Such was the splendour of these *fêtes*, so congenial to the sumptuous taste of the minister, that they would, he said, cost the treasury the sum of a million ducats; but, added he, "the exchequer is in so flourishing a state that it is justifiable to lay out so large an amount in celebration of the nuptials of the greatest monarch of the greatest kingdom in Europe."

Usually on occasions similar to that we have above recorded, when the minister had concluded his report to the council, no one spoke. The king expressed his approval with a nod, and every body could do the same, but, in the present instance, the duke, being particularly desirous of pushing his son forward on his first appearance on the diplomatic stage, addressing himself, in a patronising tone, to Uzeda and Fernando d'Albayda, said, "Well, my young lords, what say you

to the tidings we have just announced? Now, counsellors as you are of the king, favour us with your opinion upon this important point. I feel assured that his majesty will be delighted to hear you."

The king having waved his hand by way of concurrence, the minister thus proceeded: "Now, my lord Fernando, how is it that you blush so deeply, do you feel timid and embarrassed? Collect yourself. We simply solicit your opinion truthfully. I am sure the king will like to hear you."

The king nodded.

"Do not blush, Signor Albayda. Uzeda, I perceive, is about to show you the way;" and thereupon the duke made a signal to his son to commence his harangue.

The young man—evidently wishing to impress the idea that his address was extemporary, though there was very good reason to believe that it had been cut and dried a long time ago, and in all probability supervised by his father—accordingly addressed himself to the king, complimenting his august majesty on his manifold virtues, his exalted position, the wisdom of his rule, and the marriage he was about to contract. As a natural sequence, came a dashing eulogium on the remarkable merits of the minister, the ability of the report just read, and the present and future prosperity of Spain.

When it came to Fernando d'Albayda's turn to address the council, he commenced by modestly pleading on behalf of his youth and inexperience; "but," said he, "in the presence of my sovereign—in the presence of counsellors so able and so eloquent, all that is requisite for me to do is to tell the unvarnished truth." This, he said, was the only requital he could make for the honour of being heard. He then, frankly and with a noble bearing becoming the Castilian blood that flowed in his veins, expressed his delight in placing confidence on the fidelity of the picture of national prosperity which had just been displayed before them; it was beyond his ability to examine closely the statements made; but there was just one point in which he thought the minister had been shamefully misled, and regarding which he was of opinion that he could reveal certain indisputable facts. He then briefly explained the precise position of the province of Valencia, of which he was one of the first barons and most wealthy landholders. He proved that the towns and districts were overburdened by taxes—that these imposts had, for some time, been exacted for two years in advance, and that now, in consequence of the outlay required to defray the expenses of the forthcoming marriage, payment was demanded of a third, a circumstance that had given rise to great discontent among the people, especially as this determination of the government immediately preceded an event which should be ushered by joyous acclamations, instead of being accompanied with penury and privation—that he conceived it his duty to open the eyes of the king and his minister to so lamentable a fact, for it was evident that they were ignorant of the existence of such persecution, for it appeared to him unjust and impolitic, when the rest of Spain was rejoicing at so happy a union as that which was about to be solemnised, that the province of Valencia alone—the locality selected for the performance of the ceremonial, should be suffered to remain in so deplorable a condition.

These last words, spoken with marked firmness, manifestly disconcerted the Duke de Lerma and the rest of the council, especially when the king turned towards the minister, and exclaimed with unwonted energy—"The young man is right. It is necessary that our faithful subjects in Valencia should participate in the prosperity of the country which you have just depicted. Would it not be sound policy now to announce to the people of Valencia that on the occasion of my marriage they should be exempt from taxes for two years?"

Astounded at the profound silence that followed his speech, and apprehending that he had gone too far, the king timidly inquired of those around him whether their opinion upon this point did not coincide with his.

The Duke of Lerma, who had often felt inclined to interrupt Fernando in his bold *exposé*, cast an angry glance towards him, and addressing himself to the king, in a tone of impatience, and a mock smile which he sought vainly to disguise, said, "If this young nobleman, Don Fernando d'Albayda, first baron of Valencia, knows how to administer the affairs of the state, and to fill your majesty's coffers without the exaction of the taxes which I have conceived it my duty to demand under peculiar circumstances, I beseech of him to reveal the secret. Do you know of any, Don Ferdando?"

"Yes, your excellency," rejoined the youth, "I will pledge myself—I speak only of Valencia—not only to cause the immediate payment of the tribute you demand, but, within a very few days, to deposit in the public exchequer a fourth of the amount you require for the celebration of the royal nuptials."

The astonished minister raised his head to see if he were speaking seriously. The youth continued his address:—

"And what is more, those who shall bring you these amounts shall beseech your acceptance of them, and shall escort the king and his bride from Valencia to Madrid with hearty shouts of joy and guileless blessings!"

The king and the whole council arose, and exclaimed—"Speak, speak!"

Profound silence prevailed. The Duke de Lerma bit his lips with rage, and Fernando, after waiting a few minutes to collect his ideas, said: "Sire, you have among your subjects a faithful and industrious people, who now constitute the riches of the kingdom of Valencia and Grenada. We know something of this, we barons and landed proprietors," he added, glancing at the Duke of Lerma, "for if they were driven away, our lands would remain uncultivated, there would be no purchasers for our manufactures, and misery and ruin would shortly succeed in the place of the wealth which is now so extensively prevalent. Your majesty will doubtless perceive that I allude to your subjects, the Moors of Spain."

Don Sandoval and the Duke of Lerma were startled; but Ribeira, who had hitherto remained so silent as to appear not to notice what was passing, leaped from his seat, and, in spite of the signs made to him by the chief inquisitor, could scarcely repress his impatience to reply.

Don Fernando proceeded: "Reports, vague rumours, whose origin cannot be traced, have been some time in circulation;" here the inquisitor cast a look of reproach on Ribeira; "and notwithstanding their apparent incredibility, they have already been the means of spreading far and wide distrust and fear among a whole people, who till then had been solely occupied in the cultivation of the soil, or in efforts in their commercial pursuits to increase the demand for Spanish merchandise. Fears, no doubt without foundation, pervade all quarters; no longer trusting to the future, and disquieted as to the present aspect of affairs, they anxiously watch the course of events. Their manufactories are worked without spirit, and will perhaps be shortly stopped entirely. I am persuaded, sire, you have only to give your royal promise, to cause a revival of trade. Let but a royal proclamation be published in Spain, promising security in person and estate to the Moors, and the supplies which your minister may require will be immediately forthcoming, without the necessity of imposing a single tax, as a voluntary gift, as a marriage portion, offered with joy to the queen of Spain, Margaret of Austria, by her faithful subjects. I, Fernando d'Albayda, will pass my word for the truth of what I say."

"You are then their friend and protector," cried Ribeira, greatly agitated; "and instead of converting the Philistines, they have made a convert of you. You hear him, signor; the plague has spread all over Israel!"

"Nothing will make me forget my duty to God and to my king," answered the young man, with firmness; "but neither my God nor my king command me to swerve from the truth, and I therefore frankly state the facts that have come under my observation. I have only seen among the Moors of Valencia industrious and orderly men, active and laborious citizens."

"Who are to be feared," said Ribeira; "for they will soon become possessors of all the property in the country, for they are a hard-working, industrious, and economical people. Shut out from service in the army, deprived of the happiness of having convents, their population is daily increasing, while ours is diminishing. They have leisure to study, to become more learned and enlightened than us."

"You are stating what redounds most to their credit," observed Fernando d'Albayda, respectfully.

"No," answered the priest, with animation; "but I wish, and it is my duty, to warn your majesty and the council against the advantages, or rather the bad gifts, which they derive from the evil spirit, for the destruction of Spain."

"The project of which I spoke," said Fernando, with alarm, "is not chimerical. You have already had your thoughts directed to it."

"No," exclaimed anxiously the inquisitor, in great alarm at the turn the discussion had taken, "no, nobody here, young man, but yourself, gives it a thought."

"I?" replied Fernando, gaining confidence; "how could your excellency suppose a project (I will not only say so fatal and barbarous, but also so absurd) to enter my head?"

"Absurd!" echoed the archbishop of Valencia, touched on his most susceptible point; "absurd! Does your majesty permit blasphemy to be uttered in the royal presence, and that heretics, not content merely with opposition to the word of God, venture to turn it into derision? Misfortune will come upon all—misfortune will happen to Spain. God, who inspires me, forewarned me of it. Spain is on the eve of a disastrous period, and the shield of the Almighty is about to be withdrawn from her, since the impious are already triumphant, and rejoice in their misdeeds."

"What have I done?" soliloquised the affrighted Fernando.

The king, confounded at the events which were passing around him, was occupied with nearly the same thoughts; but on the Duke of Lerma saying a few words to him in an under tone, he said, gravely: "Dismiss your fears, father; and you also, Signor Fernando. We will think at leisure on what we have just heard."

"And we will cause right to be done, when the occasion requires it," added the

minister; "but his majesty does not intend at present that any measures be taken resulting from this discussion. We have now to read the despatches that have just arrived," added he, pointing to a bundle of despatches sealed with a black seal, that a cabinet messenger had just brought. The minister opened the letters, read them to himself, and, less master of his feelings than Philip II, who never betrayed by his countenance his joy or grief, he could not conceal from the eyes of those who were watching his countenance the paleness which became manifest. "His grace was right," said he, with gravity; "the hand of God lays heavily on Spain; the Irish expedition has not succeeded; the English have conquered."

"My uncle is dead," ejaculated Fernando, in despair.

"Is our army destroyed?" asked Sandoval, gravely.

"The news is yet more humiliating to the Spanish arms," continued the minister, holding down his head. "Don Juan d'Aguilar and the whole army surrendered without striking a blow."

"Impossible!" said Fernando; "d'Aguilar is innocent; he is calumniated."

The minister handed the letter to the king, remarking coolly, "It is from Count Lemos, my brother-in-law."

"The Count is mistaken," exclaimed Fernando, with much warmth.

"My uncle of Lemos has always the best information," said the Count de Uzeda, with a sardonic grin; "he never allows himself to be imposed upon; and I implicitly rely upon his statements."

"And I confidently rely upon d'Aguilar's honour," replied Fernando; "and without requiring any further information, I maintain that a Spanish nobleman is incapable of surrendering without resistance. A person who would believe such a report would have so acted himself."

"But I have said I believe it," cried Uzeda, turning pale.

"And I maintain my assertion," answered Fernando, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"In the royal presence!" ejaculated the Duke of Lerma, with indignation. Philip and the whole of the court attendants rose simultaneously.

"Pardon me, sire!" exclaimed Fernando, falling on his knees before his sovereign.

The king motioned to him to leave the chamber. Fernando prepared to obey his command, walked a few paces towards the door, and was about to pass through, when he said in a subdued tone to the Count de Uzeda, who was close to him, "Shall I go out alone, sir?" The count was advancing to follow him, when, having caught the eye of the Duke de Lerma, he desisted from his purpose, and Fernando went away, filled with rage and despair. On his arrival at his hotel, he found Yezid d'Alberique, his friend, and the companion of his boyhood. Yezid was son of Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, the richest Moor of Grenada and Valencia. Descended from the tribe of Abencerrages and of the royal blood, he was a student at Cordova at the same time as Fernando. Both had taken up their abodes in the beautiful country of Valencia—Fernando at the seat of his ancestors, Yezid in the noble mansion on the estate which his father had cultivated. Fernando, after the manner of the Spanish nobility, chose the army for his profession. Yezid, who was excluded from such a career, had devoted his life to the study of the arts and sciences, which the Arabs his ancestors had pursued with such remarkable success. His father's wealth enabled him to live in splendour, while his own labour and studies had made his life useful, and the enjoyment of friendship had proved an addition to his happiness. Fernando had become as a brother to him; he was beloved by all the Moors of Valencia, for this Spanish nobleman was the friend of Yezid, who was the idol of their worship. He was the descendant of Aberama and Almanzor, and both appeared to live again in him. Yezid, then living at Madrid with his friend, had just received a letter for Fernando from his father, who was in Valencia, and he handed it to him at the very moment in which the latter, with a vivid recollection of the scene which had just passed in the council chamber of the king, related it to Yezid, whilst he was breaking the seal of the letter. It came from his uncle Don Juan d'Aguilar, and ran thus: "I am in Spain, concealed in a place of safety; for I must justify myself and confound my enemies, which I could not do if I fell into their power. The generous and devoted friend who has, in order to serve me, run the risk to which he is exposed by carrying to you this letter, alone knows my hiding-place: depart and seek him."

"This generous friend," said Fernando, "is your father. I will hasten this moment to Valencia, to join him."

"And I also," added Yezid, "I will not leave you."

Fernando pressed his hand, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness; but recollecting himself, said: "With regard to Uzeda, whom I have set at defiance, and who doubtless will call me out, can I leave thus? can I run away secretly, without stating where I am going? Shall I not appear to him to merit myself the appellation of coward, which I bestowed upon him? No, no; I must remain; and yet my uncle calls for and expects me."

At this instant there was a loud knocking at the door of the hotel.

"It is Uzeda and his friends," said Yezid.

"So much the better; this is most opportune. We will set out after we have fought; all we have to do is to make haste. All I dread is the Spanish gravity of Uzeda; there is so much ceremony and delay before coming to blows. Ah, first let me tear that letter."

He had just finished its destruction, when the door opened, and an officer of the palace, with a guard of soldiers, entered. The officer, removing his hat with much ceremony, said, "Which of you gentlemen is Baron Fernando d'Albayda?"

Fernando anticipated Yezid, who was about to pass himself off for him, by laying his hand on his breast, and saying, "What is your pleasure, captain?"

"To require you, in the king's name, to give up your sword, and to inform you that you are my prisoner, and must follow me this instant. All resistance is useless," he continued, on observing a look of hesitation and despair on the countenance of his friend, who, understanding the cause of his inquietude, said, "I will set out for you, and what you were to have done, my friend, I swear to perform for you."

Fernando then turned to the officer, and said: "Sir, I am ready to follow you; but I wish to say one word to you. Have you heard from Don Juan d'Aguilar, who commanded the Spanish army in Ireland?"

"I only know, sir knight, the rumours that are afloat."

"And what are they?"

"That the general is condemned to death, and his estate is forfeited."

Overwhelmed with grief at the news, the friends embraced, and Yezid whispered, "While I live, rely upon me; and do not give way to despair, whatever may be the aspect of affairs."

Fernando descended the staircase, escorted by the military guard. The captain got into a carriage with him, which was driven towards the prisons of Valladolid. As for Yezid, followed by his trusty Hassan, he mounted Kaled, his valuable Arab steed, and galloped off to Valencia.

Chapter XI.

THE MOOR'S DWELLING.

The old man, Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, occupied a secret underground apartment, which was only known to his son and to himself, and was in the most secluded part of his domain. Near him was seated a noble-looking man, whose grey hair and furrowed cheeks gave evident tokens of his advanced age, whilst the silent tears with which his cheeks were moistened betrayed the grief that overwhelmed him.

"My friend and guest," said Alberique, taking him by the hand, "can I say nothing calculated to assuage your grief, and to inspire hopes for the future. Your nephew will shortly be with you, and you can then consult together as to the best means of forwarding a full justification of your conduct to your sovereign. It is but right that for once in his life the Spanish king should have the truth told him. I fear that will not be the case. Well, if it be only possible, through a miracle, sooner or later it will be brought about. Have patience; what would have become of us if we had been found deficient in that quality—we who are in daily expectation of our deliverance? Away with despondency! remain here with me."

"To shelter a proscribed person will render you and your whole household amenable to the proscription. Your property, if not your life, will be in jeopardy."

"No matter; happen what may, we are willing henceforth to share in common with you your troubles, dangers, and enmities. Your enemies thought to leave you without an asylum — I have provided one; they have confiscated your property—mine is at the service of the old friend who in former times, in Alpujarras, saved my life when a defenceless prisoner in the hands of Don John of Austria. I know little of my son Yezid if he do not say, 'Take all my goods; you are quite welcome to them, for to you I am indebted for the preservation of the life of my father.'"

"Thanks!" exclaimed the old soldier, endeavouring to conceal his emotion; "but my daughter Carmen — what will become of her?"

"She shall be our adopted child. I will undertake to procure an advantageous match for her, and to furnish the marriage portion."

"Will you restore to her the reputation of which her father has been deprived?"

"You will not be deprived of your good name; your innocence will be acknowledged; your sword restored to you; and, moreover, you will be rewarded according to your merits. We will plead your cause. There are judges at Madrid."

"They will be inexorable."

"We will manage to soften their hearts."

"They are all bribed."

"Very well; then we will bid higher than any other person, than even the Duke de Lerma himself."

"That is not my wish."

"What then?"

"To see my nephew Fernando, and to speak to him."

"Listen, listen!" exclaimed the old man; "do you hear overhead a horse's gallop?

I distinguish the sound of Kaled neighing; Yezid and Fernando have arrived. Keep up your spirits."

The door opened, and Yezid made his appearance alone. He had in less than two days travelled the sixty leagues which Valencia is distant from Madrid, and he related all that had happened in the latter city to the two old men. He concealed from them, however, his latest intelligence, that Fernando d'Albayda was rendered incapable of again entering into the public service, and condemned to an imprisonment in Valladolid, the termination of which it was impossible to predict, for having failed to show sufficient respect to the king in council; for having defended, and perhaps shared, the opinions of a nobleman pronounced to be a traitor to his king and country; and for other reasons not mentioned by the Duke de Lerma and the grand inquisitor, but which will readily occur to us. The latter news would have given the death-blow to Don Juan d'Aguilar, and Yezid satisfied himself by saying only that his nephew was under close *surveillance* for having, when armed, wished to maintain the honour of his house against all, even the son of the prime minister.

"He will soon," added Yezid, "be free; he will come to you. Meantime, what do you require at his hands, or rather from me? for I represent him, if you will allow me to say so."

D'Aguilar smiled benignantly on the young man, and old Alberique, who fully comprehended him, said,

"I told you Yezid would not fail to be in your good graces. Speak; we are listening."

D'Aguilar gave a narrative of the events that had taken place from the time Tyrone, chief of the insurgents, joined him with only four thousand men. With this weak force, added to the six thousand Spaniards under his command, he had the courage to attack, near Baltimore, thirty thousand English, commanded by the lord lieutenant of Ireland. The Spanish troops, fighting with their wonted valour, had long maintained the unequal struggle, and rendered doubtful the issue of the contest, but Tyrone and the Irish having abandoned him in the most cowardly manner, he was compelled to retreat, rallying his troops, however, and manœuvring to prevent his being surrounded. He succeeded in entrenching himself in Kinsale and Baltimore, two towns of which he had previously taken possession. Instead of coming to his aid, the Irish, panic-struck, were eager to send in their submission, to escape the vengeance of Elizabeth, without troubling themselves about the situation of the allies who came to their assistance. Thenceforward there was no object to be gained by the expedition, but d'Aguilar wished at least to insure for the service of his king an army whose chances of safety appeared desperate to everybody; attacked by land by the viceroy and his whole army, blockaded at sea by the English fleet, the Spanish general had sent to inform Lord Montjoy that he would bury himself, with his army, in the ruins of Kinsale and Baltimore, and that if that army was lost to Spain, these two towns would be equally lost to England. Lord Montjoy, who was both brave and generous, answered this bold message by offering to accede to such terms of capitulation as d'Aguilar might dictate and which he required, that the honours of war be granted to his army; that English transports be furnished to convey the troops to Spain, with all their artillery and stores; moreover, not wishing to expose the allies who had betrayed and abandoned him to the rage of the victorious army, he stipulated for an amnesty for the inhabitants of Kinsale and Baltimore.

Everything he had stipulated for was granted. "And," exclaimed the old man, with indignation, "it is acts like these that they wish to torture into acts of cowardice and treason: they have caused garbled accounts, which misrepresent the whole of these proceedings, to be circulated. I am accused of having entered into a treaty with heretics, with people who are excommunicated, and they will not listen to my defence until I first surrender myself a prisoner to the Inquisition; and how can I make myself heard from its dungeons? They will take care to suppress my defence, and to publish pretended confessions, as coming from me, the falsehood of which my absence will prevent me from being able to proclaim. I have written a narrative of these occurrences, here it is. It must be read not by the Duke de Lerma, but by the king—the king himself. This is the service I looked forward to my nephew to render me, whose age gives him the privilege of admission to the council chamber. None other dare, under the present circumstances, to make an attempt which would be the certain means of subjecting him to the enmity of the Duke de Lerma, and the disgrace which would be sure to follow in its train; and no one now in Spain," added the old man, with much emotion, "has courage to do this, not even the Marquis de Miranda, our relation, though he is president of the council of Castile."

"Undoubtedly," replied Yezid, who had listened attentively to him, "there are still to be found in Spain daring spirits who will run all hazards to serve a friend, but they must not be looked for at court."

"That is precisely my opinion," said d'Aguilar, with bitterness.

"Those I allude to cannot approach the king," continued Yezid; "but it is possible by other means to cause your memorial to reach him. Entrust it to me, and within a fortnight, probably, it will be placed in his hands by one whom nobody would suspect, and who would have nothing to fear from the Duke de Lerma; meantime remain concealed in your present hiding-place, where you are sure not to be discovered, and rely on me."

Without any further explanation of his design, the entire risk of which he was willing to encounter, Yezid wished to leave instantly, and to proceed on his journey in the middle of the night; with difficulty he was persuaded to postpone it till day-break. The interval he employed in questioning d'Aguilar as to the details of the Irish expedition, especially all that related to Lord Montjoy, with whom Yezid had formerly become acquainted at Cadiz, when a secret commercial treaty of much importance had been negociated between Queen Elizabeth and the Moors of Valencia. He again reiterated his exhortations to d'Aguilar to keep up his spirits, promised speedily to return, and tore himself from the embraces of his parent, and from the affectionate marks of solicitude shown by his faithful servants, dejected at again parting with their young master.

Chapter XII.

THE QUEEN.

Meantime at court, and in the principal Spanish towns, nothing was to be heard of but balls, fetes, and rejoicings, on the occasion of the arrival and approaching marriage of the young queen. Margaret of Austria, the youngest of the Archduke Charles III's daughters, could not be pronounced beautiful, but her manners were graceful, frank, and free from all etiquette, and coming to reign over a people where tyranny, ceremony, and dissimulation were considered essentially necessary in the conduct of affairs, no queen appeared more unsuited to the Spanish nation. Taught, as is the case with most of the German princesses, to attend to their domestic duties, with little restraint, and easily accessible to their dependants, Margaret had brought from her country those exalted notions which, at a later period, Werther and Margaret de Faust were destined to render so exceedingly in vogue. Her lively imagination was tinged slightly with melancholy, which, however, did not exclude a mild gaiety of manner, and her character was not easily understood in the new country of her adoption. Her features also formed a contrast no less remarkable with those of the natives, for her blue eyes were as different from the dark eyes of the Andalusians, as were the quiet dreamy movements of the German, when compared with the noisy and animated motions of the castinet dance of the country. The same flotilla that had taken her to Genoa had brought her thence to Valencia, where the king was proceeding to celebrate his nuptials, and where the court had previously assembled. Margaret was not much delighted with Valencia, the beautiful, which, with its narrow, winding, and impenetrable streets, appeared to her to have been completely misnamed. She had made her entrance by the public walk, the Alameda, had been received at the palace of the viceroy, where all the ladies of her household had been presented to her, and where Don John Ribeira, archbishop of Valencia, and patriarch of Antioch, had harangued and given her his blessing. Margaret took but little interest in these proceedings, and that which most added to her anxieties was, that among all the great ladies of the court who had come to do her homage, and among whom she was about to pass her life, there was not one to whom she felt favourably disposed, or inclined to give her confidence; none whom she dared to question upon the many subjects about which she was anxious for information. The following day she was to marry a king, of whom she had no knowledge, except that derived from a sight of his portrait; she had been informed only that for some time past Philip loved her, and made choice of her for his spouse; that even in the lifetime of the late king, the marriage was a matter settled and agreed upon; and in Germany they attached great value and paid much respect to the notions formed of each other by the betrothed parties, to that engagement which is thus said to be made in heaven previous to its realisation on earth. "I am already his," she thought; "I am his affianced bride—the lady of his choice:" and this thought alone was sufficient to fill her heart, if not with love, at least with gratitude towards her royal lover. She would have given the world to know the nature of his character, his tastes, his ideas, and his habits; but to whom could she apply for the information? She sought, in a court composed of persons who were entire strangers to her; where, moreover, being queen, the natural supposition that occurred was, that every one would either be disinclined or afraid to speak frankly or truly to her.

The ladies of the bedchamber had long since retired to rest, but Margaret neither did nor could sleep. She opened a glass door which led to the spacious gardens of the palace. It was a beautiful night;

balmy and refreshing breezes cooled the atmosphere; nothing was to be seen but lofty umbrageous trees in all directions, and the most profound silence prevailed. Margaret ventured at first only a few paces in the path of one of the groves; then, becoming bolder, she continued her walk till she lost her way among the deep recesses of the grove; presently she fancied she heard female voices proceed from an arbour in the grounds, and was about to retire, when her name, and that of the king, struck her ear; her curiosity was so powerfully excited that she concealed herself behind the branches of some lemon trees and listened; the voices were those of two ladies of the court who were in conversation together.

"We shall now have balls and festivals; his catholic majesty is to be married at last. The match was not formed without much difficulty."

"You are mistaken, marchioness; there never was the least difficulty in bringing it about—quite the reverse."

"How so? relate to me the circumstances under which it took place."

"You don't know, then, how the marriage was decided upon? there is a very curious history attached to it. The Duke de Lerma (who, though now ungrateful enough to slight me, once made me his confidant) related the anecdote to me, under a strict injunction to secrecy (for he, in common with the rest of the world, was terribly afraid of the king), on the very evening the conversation took place. I should first tell you that Philip's son's weakness and subjection to his father were of the most abject description. Philip II, by all his actions, showed his dread of his rising intelligence."

"Is it possible?"

"He was of such a suspicious disposition that in pursuance of the profound policy which he had hit upon, he had conceived the idea of rendering him an idiot. He had accomplished much more difficult designs in his lifetime, but he soon discovered that he had but too well succeeded in his intentions."

"Proceed."

"This is a fact, and the anecdote I promised to relate has reference to it. The late king wished his son to be married in his own lifetime. This was the monarch's idea, a notion natural enough to suggest itself to a father and a sovereign; and in the presence of some chosen courtiers, among others the Duke de Lerma, then Marquis de Derria, he declared to him his wish that he should espouse one of the three daughters of the Archduke Charles of Austria."

"That's true; the archduke, I believe, had three daughters."

"Yes, the German princes have generally large families, and Philip II showed his son three portraits in handsome frames, and requested him to examine attentively these likenesses of the Austrian princesses, and to declare which he would choose for a wife. What do you think the young prince did?"

"Wished to have all three!"

"His father, sanctimonious as he appeared, would have so chosen, perhaps, but the son, bowing respectfully, answered in his usual submissive manner that in a matter of such importance he should be guided by the decision of his majesty. 'But,' added the king, 'it is a question of liking, which you are best able to decide upon.' 'I will conform to your majesty's opinion upon it.' 'But the question is, what is your own inclination?' 'It is that which your majesty may have.' 'But surely one of these three persons is most agreeable to you.' 'The one that is most so to your majesty.' The king then proposed that the three portraits might be taken to the Infant's room, to enable him to study them, and make his choice at leisure."

"That was as it should be; a night's reflection would be likely to be succeeded by a wise decision."

"The prince said that it was quite useless to do so; he had already made his choice, to which he was determined to adhere."

"And what was that?"

"To prefer the one which the king should select for him. 'The king ought to be a better judge on such a subject than I am,' he added."

"Perhaps he spoke the truth."

"It was useless to attempt to get any other reply, and matters remained in this unsatisfactory state."

"And in this grave matter who ultimately had influence enough to bring about a decision? the Duke de Lerma?"

"No, but a more powerful arbitrator than the Duke de Lerma, or even the late king himself — death, which successively carried off two of the archduchesses, so that only one remaining, she was necessarily selected."

"That was fortunate for her."

"More so than for the king, who was not to be blamed for having hesitated so long."

"*A-propos*," asked the marchioness, "what do you think of our new queen?"

"She has, I think, a very German appearance, marchioness."

"And I, countess, think a very awkward one."

"That is what I mean."

Scarcely had the queen heard these words than she hastily retreated to her chamber, without any one having been

aware of her ramble. She repeated to herself the words, "Chosen by him! this is the way he has chosen me! Goodness me, what will become of me?"

All poor Margaret's fond pictures of future happiness from her marriage written in Heaven, all her dreams of love and affection, vanished; and this at a time when the king, moved by his first feelings of affection, was about to be presented to his young spouse, and when a gracious word or an encouraging smile might change his fate and make a totally different man of him. The absolute ascendancy which his prime minister exercised over him would easily be transferred to the first woman who might gain his affections. But Margaret received him with much coolness; and when Philip, surprised and disconcerted, made an attempt to stammer out a few gallant and complimentary speeches, a scornful smile was observed on the countenance of the young queen. It was at this moment that the submissive phrase addressed by him to Philip II came to her recollection, and the king, to whom the conversation had become exceedingly embarrassing, having asked in a short time what o'clock it was, with an absence of mind which showed on what subject her thoughts were running, she replied, "Whatever your majesty pleases,"—words which were meant to be used in retaliation, but which the king only took to be a foolish expression. As to her maids of honour, she would have had great difficulty to decide which of them was most disagreeable to her. She was startled the next day at the first words of cringing flattery that were addressed to her, on recognising the voices of the two ladies of the court whom she had herself overheard on the previous night in the grove. The one of mature age was the Marchioness de Gandia, the first lady of the bedchamber; the other still young, and having still traces of her former beauty, was the Countess d'Altimira, once in the confidence, but now the enemy, of the Duke de Lerma, but whom a secret influence, of which more anon, had enabled her to maintain her position at court; but as she had no ostensible duty assigned to her, the queen asked the prime minister in what capacity the countess was in her household. The Duke de Lerma gravely replied, "As governess to your majesty's children."

"Already," drily replied the queen, astonished herself that they should have beforehand provided for a charge which appeared to her to be at least of doubtful necessity.

We will not here enter into a detail of the festivals, balls, tournaments, carousals, illuminations, and improving sights, which took place on the occasion of the marriage. The remembrance of these occurrences is preserved in the pages of history. It was even stated that the cost of these entertainments had exceeded the million ducats which the Duke de Lerma had promised to appropriate to them; and with the exception of the first productions of Calderon de la Barca, who commenced, on this occasion, his dramatic career, it was impossible to purchase at a dearer rate *ennui*—a commodity which one may procure for oneself for nothing, especially at court. Satiated with the amusements provided, and the flattery offered to her—sick and tired of these festivals, and of the ceremony of holding drawing-rooms, the queen announced her intention to proceed to Madrid unattended, and, by gradual stages, keeping a strict incognito, to make the tour of the fine kingdom of Valencia, which country was unknown to her, previous to her entry into New Castile. The king wished to accompany her, but he had promised to Friar Cordova (his confessor, placed near his prison by the Duke de Lerma) to fulfil a religious journey to St. Jago de Compostella; he was too great a devotee to fail in this promise, and the Duke de Lerma too great a politician not to remind him of it. His design was to check the growing confidence which newly married couples, even crowned heads, are wont to bestow on each other—a plan which on the supposition that the queen had already contrived to gain some ascendancy over her husband, appeared best calculated to destroy or weaken it. The king, who had the whole length of Spain to travel over, set out speedily for Galicia, accompanied by his prime minister and the greater part of the court; while the queen, with few attendants, continued her journey by easy stages, partly on account of the heat of the weather, and partly to enable her the more leisurely to admire the fine prospects which everywhere met her eye. The country of Valencia had the appearance of a magnificent garden; the land was prodigiously fertile; this had been attributed to the contests between the Moors and Christians, which had inundated the plains with blood, but doubtless the labour of the Moors had contributed more than their blood to this fertility. Everywhere canals and reservoirs were so constructed as to convey water to the most parched and distant land; on all sides fountains and verdant fields, fruits and flowers were perceptible. The queen and her attendants had for a long time followed the course of the Guadalquivir river, and in her eyes, tired of the pomp of the palace, the charms of nature had always fresh attractions. Suddenly, at the end of her journey, at sunset, a cry of admiration escaped her at the sight of a vale,

or rather it might be called a garden of Eden, where appeared a marvellous floricultural display of the rarest tropical plants, growing side by side with those natives of Europe—here grew, in the open air, the Pistachio nut and the myrtle tree; there arose orange and lemon groves, the branches of the trees weighed down by their golden loads. A foaming cataract sparkling on the grass plot, rushed through the vale, watering with its refreshing streams the sugar cane and the cotton tree. It appeared like a fairy land—an enchanted valley—a paradise. Adjoining was seen a mansion, unlike any the queen had ever before beheld. It was built in the light elegant arabesque style of architecture, the slight columns crowned by ornamental works of such exquisite workmanship, as to have the appearance of lace cut in marble. The mansion was surrounded by delightful garden grounds, where extensive beds of flowers and fountains, the waters of which fell into large white marble basins, were seen to a great distance. And this palace—this royal abode was, however, only a rich farm, for on either side of the principal lodge, under the portico which these light and elegant pillars supported, numerous herds of cattle were observed going to their lairs. The bells of the sheep and cows echoed in the valley, accompanied by the song of the shepherds —a soft and melodious sound which appeared new to the queen, and appeared to her as the national song of welcome. The queen inquired to whom this magnificent country seat belonged.

"To the richest landed proprietor of Valencia," was the answer received—"Alaric Delascar d'Alberique."

"It is now evening, and instead of pursuing our journey to Teujar, the first halting place appointed, I should much prefer to remain here, and see this valley tomorrow by the rising sun, having now seen its appearance at sunset."

"I must observe to your majesty that it is impossible," said the Marchioness de Gandia, the chief lady of the bedchamber.

"Why?"

"Your majesty is expected this evening at Teujar."

"If I happened to be unwell I could not go."

"But, thank heaven, your majesty is not unwell."

"And suppose heaven were to grant me the happiness I wish to-night, and I really begin to think that my wishes are beginning to be fulfilled, for I am already a little indisposed—my nerves are affected."

"I hope that is not the case."

"Yes it is; and I always feel so when my wishes are opposed."

"The queen is right," said the Countess d'Altimira, "it never fails to affect me in the same way; I have experienced it often."

"Send a messenger, on horseback, to Teujar, and inform the authorities that we do not intend to proceed thither till tomorrow."

"But, madame, what more have you to say now? What is your majesty's intention."

"To ask shelter for the night from the hospitality of Delascar d'Alberique. Do you think it will be refused to the queen?"

"Certainly not; but it is impossible to grant him such an honour."

"And why not, pray."

"This d'Alberique is a Moor."

"Are not the Moors our subjects as well as the other inhabitants of Spain?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then why cannot I trust myself under his roof, as well as under that of the corregidor of Teujar."

"I doubt much whether his catholic majesty would approve of your design."

"Must I then send a messenger to Galicia, and must there be a meeting of the privy council to decide where we are to pass the night."

"No," replied the lady of the bedchamber, "but I am convinced the Duke de Lerma would enter his formal protest against such a proceeding."

The queen gave her a scornful and indignant look, which prevented her from finishing what she had to say. Then, turning to one of the lords in waiting, she said, "Count, be so good as to ask the Moor d'Alberique for his hospitality for the night for the queen of Spain."

The count left on his errand, and the queen, resuming a milder tone, said to the lady of the bedchamber, "I do not require you, marchioness, to brave the anger of the king, or more especially that of the Duke de Lerma, by accompanying us to this seat. You are quite at liberty to remain behind. Ladies," she added, gaily, "to tell you the truth, I am very curious to examine it minutely, and I am much mistaken if the welcome prepared for us will not be equal to that which the corregidor of Teujar would have given us."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when an old venerable looking, grey-headed man approached, and knelt on one knee before her. "I should never have imagined, madame, that so great an honour awaited me and my family; but your majesty has deigned to commence your reign by spreading happiness around you, and in this house, in which you have condescended to enter, your name will every day be repeated with respect and gratitude;" then rising, and with a look which seemed to pourtray the majesty still remaining of Moorish kings, he added, "Others would

offer to you the keys of their cities or fortresses, we offer to devote our persons and property to your service — an offer not worthy of your acceptance. But there is a saying that an old man's blessing is fortunate; permit me to pray to heaven to bless you; be blessed, oh queen! may your sceptre be easily borne—may all your life be passed in happiness." This was the first time since Margaret had arrived in Spain that she heard addressed to her language which touched her to the core, with which she could sympathise, and which was quite in unison with her secret sentiments. Whilst the queen's attendants stared at each other in doubt whether to blame or to approve of the Moor's hardihood, the queen held out her hand to him saying, "Descendant of the Abencerrages, we trust ourselves to Moorish hospitality. Let us enter."

(*To be continued.*)

Civilisation.*

This is a work of which it is difficult to overrate the importance, as the questions of which it treats are questions which should occupy the thoughts of every man who wishes well to the state, and who desires the honour and prosperity of his native country. Mr. Mackinnon has therefore done good service in publishing these volumes, which do infinite credit to his critical acumen, to his general political knowledge, and to his classical erudition. Opinions have been freely expressed in these columns already on this work, while extracts have been given in almost every number for some time. We wish, however, to give our sense of the undertaking. Greece and Rome have already been dwelt on. We shall confine ourselves for the present to England. In the introduction, we have a statement which is pregnant with truth, and cannot be more forcibly illustrated than by comparing the result of the mighty free trade agitation and that of the clamourous Chartists:—

"Popular clamour has probably less influence in this country than in any other, owing to the strength of public opinion. If the former occasionally appears, it arises from freedom of speech and action possessed by the people, and the mildness of our authorities; not from any strength in itself. In some nations of the continent popular clamour may be held under restraint; but should the pressure be taken off its effect would be more influential than in this island, because here it is thoroughly subdued by public opinion. Wherever civilisation and a middle class are spread over a community, public opinion will be all-powerful, and popular clamour impotent."

After a brief but succinct sketch of England previous to the Norman conquest, in which Mr. Mackinnon quotes Milton's admirable "History of Britain," the following pertinent remarks occur:—

"This passage is important as showing, that where no moral virtue, strengthened by sincere religion, exists, a community can hardly fail to be divided against itself, and, therefore, liable to degradation and conquest. Had the people not been thus depraved they might more effectually have supported Hardicanute who was the king of their choice. The piety of his predecessor, Edward the Confessor, had failed as an example to the nation; and though the son of Godwin and his army, who fought bravely against the Normans, were defeated, the efforts of the people after the battle of Hastings, when opportunities still remained of expelling the invaders, were all impotent. The sinews of war (wealth, and public virtue such as they then existed) had been exhausted."

There is great truth in this. As to be free a people have but to will it, so do they ever prepare themselves for the sword or of the destroying, by effeminate and disgraceful vices. It was the wine-cup and the syren voices of Aspasia and Lais that overthrew Greece and Rome: may we take warning of these mighty people. We have been a long time conquering our liberties, and attaining to our present power. Nought but virtue and wisdom can preserve them. The most interesting portion of the present work is that devoted to the condition of the people, thus sketched after the conquest:—

"The English people particularly hated the name conquest, and resented the change of forms and language in their laws, and the introduction of new customs; but especially the rigour of the forest laws which they felt to be arbitrary, and not only restraint of their liberties, but an indignity to themselves. The inferior class groaned under more substantial oppression. The system of vassalage, fines and escheats to the feudal lord, and all the lumber of Norman feudal law, was a system of slavery (as Blackstone observes) so varied, complicated, and severe, that one cannot withhold pity from the people by whom it was endured."

William has been raised too high by many historians, even Mr. Roscoe, in his admirable biography, leaning that way. Mr. Mackinnon is less lofty in his views of the monarch, and accordingly, we opine more correct. He says in illustration of rule:—

"After the siege of York in 1069, William ravaged the country in so terrible a manner, as not to leave a single house standing for sixty miles between York and Durham. Even the churches were not spared. Nothing could exceed the misery and desolation of the northern counties. The lands lay untilled for nine years, occasioning a dreadful famine, during which the people died in heaps, 'having,' say the chroniclers, 'endeavoured to prolong a wretched life by eating of the most unclean animals, and sometimes even human flesh.'"

Sketching with vigour and animation the cruelties, perfidies, and tyranny of the conqueror, Mr. Mackinnon informs us that his object in giving these historical details is to show, in what an uncivilised state a people must be to become so easy a prey to crafty designs. And truly, the great crying blessing of civilisation is that it gives liberty to the oppressed, and teaches the people of the earth, to look upon power at its true level, the level of its deserts, a test

* "History of Civilisation." By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. In 2 vols. Longman, London.

by which kings and kaisers, and democracies as much as any, are not always willing to be tried.

With much force Mr. Mackinnon details the events connected with Magna Charta, a boon which he is careful not to cry up in the usual manner. A more partial and useful document never was wrung with so much parade from a king. It did not abolish the slavery of Englishmen, though it secured certain rights to freemen. As Mr. Mackinnon truly observes:—

"As a precedent in favour of liberty, and as an index to future generations, Magna Charta was invaluable; but it was a nullity at the time. The monarch from whom it was extorted and his immediate successors on the throne, and the barons by whom it was obtained and their descendants, did not regard it, or towards the unfortunate population under their control."

A rapid sketch of the wars of the Roses, which Mr. Mackinnon justly characterises, with Milton, as a war fit for Cain to be leader of—an abhorred, an accursed, a fraternal war, without other object save the private ambition of bad men, we are carried to the time of the reformation, concerning which we have many interesting details illustrative of its influence on civilisation. Everywhere Mr. Mackinnon is the eloquent advocate of the middle classes, and he here shows how the small numerical force and influence of that body enabled Henry VIII—that most detestable of English kings—to grind and oppress the consciences of the English people. He thus speaks of him:—

"He slaughtered indifferently the advocates of *both sides* of the religious dispute. The learned Bishop Fisher, and the able and conscientious Sir Thomas More, were executed for refusing the oath of supremacy with which the king had invested himself; while, at the same time, he committed many Protestants to the stake. His resentment, moreover, against all who had ever impugned the royal authority, carried him to the enormous folly of causing the bones of Thomas à Becket (whose shrine he had pillaged) to be cited into court, when the saint was condemned as a traitor, his name erased from the calendar, and sentence of burning pronounced on his bones! This surely was the act of a madman, no less than that of a tyrant. But in whatever way Henry gratified his royal will, no opposition was manifested by the people, who witnessed with wonder, but with entire submission, the victims of popery and protestantism dragged in couples to the stake or to the scaffold."

We next come to "the rebellion," that greatest and most glorious period of our history, round which the names of Milton, Cromwell, Hampden, shed a halo of light and lustre, greater even than that diffused by Shakespeare over the years which Elizabeth reigned. Indeed, it is not kings or conquerors that make an age, but the pen of the author and the voice of the agitator for freedom. We are apt to call the Elizabethan age, our Augustan period, but simply because round her cluster the memories of the mighty dead, who still rule us from their shrouds and tombs. The rebellion is a time to which we look with awful admiration, an admiration at the sublime spectacle of a few earnest, conscientious men, overthrowing, from the purest inspirations of civil and religious liberty, the mighty fabric of an empire. It is because its page is instinct with the breath of freedom, that we never tire at its contemplation. The heroic Hampden, the great and earnest Cromwell, the sublime soul of Milton, beam on us in every chapter of its speckled story; and, hence, not because of the worthless Charles, and his crew, do we love to linger on the recollections of these days. Mr. Mackinnon says:—

"As Clarendon observes, this is a melancholy period in our history. It is one of which the account cannot be perused without sentiments of regret; but it is an event which necessarily arose from the state of society, and the growing influence of the middle class, amongst which the requisites for civilisation were disseminated to a moderate extent, yet sufficiently to have shown the well-meaning, but misguided monarch, that it was his interest and duty to yield to public opinion, and by diminishing the unbounded prerogative of the crown, to grant that security to the people which they had a right to demand, and power to enforce."

Those who contend that kingly prerogative did not justify the rising of the people should study the following fact:—

"One of the influential members of the Commons (Montague) being on his knees before Henry, had the mortification to hear him speak in these words: 'Ho! man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?' After which, laying his hand on Montague's head, who was still on his knees, he added: 'Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of thine shall be off.'"

Again, we often hear of the heinousness of those who slew the anointed king of England. We believe that history is beginning—though only just beginning—to treat this question on its merits, and to look upon the execution of Charles I as of no more moment, in one point of view, than the hanging of his meanest subject. There was far more criminality in the act of slaying Wat Tyler than Charles Stuart. The one was assassinated; the other fairly tried, proved guilty, and executed. Waste some of the lavish sympathy cast on a crowned head, upon the murdered wives of Henry VIII; on Lady Jane Grey; on Lord Russell; on the thousands and tens of thousands hanged at the will of our ancient monarchs; on the fathers and sons slain; on the widows and orphans made; on the devastated fields caused by the restless love of power inherent in this man; and then we grant you some right to regret the sad necessity which existed for taking his life! Weak and vacillating when he should have been firm; obstinate when he should have yielded; loving power and earnest to preserve it at the price of any blood; treacherous and false, his word not to be trusted a day; it is little wonder, the men who had ventured all—homes, wives children, life itself—should have, in the

stern exercise of their earnest purpose, taken the only effectual means of pacifying the land. Mr. Mackinnon has collected a most curious and interesting series of facts in proof that even to 1688 the kings of England were really absolute; they are worthy rather of careful study, and will make us heartily prize that liberty which now exists among us, though it be but of very recent growth. Our notice of this useful work has already extended to such considerable limits, that we must for the present conclude with one more extract. We shall return to these volumes, as enabling us to give running commentaries on certain points in history, in which we feel warmly:—

"The situation of Charles was one of peculiar difficulty: a middle class, as we have seen, had lately been called into existence, of which neither that monarch, nor the advisers he admitted to his councils, seem to have been aware. They entertained no notion that public opinion could be current in the nation. The novelty of their position added to its difficulty. They were ignorant of the causes of the reformation, and knew not that a sentiment hitherto unknown had entered into the minds of the people, and that civilisation was advancing. The monarch's absolute power could not, therefore, but bring on a collision with the feeling that had spread through the upper and middle class. Men of talent were to be found, capable and willing to give an opinion on any political subject likely to be adopted by the greater part of the well-informed community. The ideas thus disseminated resemble, in some measure, our notions of public opinion. Charles, on the other hand, was inclined to uphold the prerogative. He even deemed it his duty not to give his consent to any concession, and felt unwilling to be deprived of that absolute power which was enjoyed by his ancestors, and which he deemed to be his birthright. In those days, even, it must have been apparent that such an uncontrolled power in the crown could not be compatible with whatever extent of civilisation and public opinion might exist: hence arose those unhappy differences, followed by a civil war, and terminating in the destruction of the unfortunate monarch. When the rebellion broke out, the nation seems to have been divided, although not in equal proportions, between Charles and his Parliament: the cause of the latter was espoused by nearly the entire of the middle class, part of the upper, and a great portion of the lower class, influenced by the two former. On the side of the monarch were the remainder of the upper class, great part of the legal profession, the courtiers and persons attached to the sovereign, and that part of the lower class under their influence. At the first breaking out of the civil war, that is, after Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, some doubt might have been entertained as to the termination of the contest; but as it became protracted, it was evident that the result must be in favour of parliament, as public opinion daily grew stronger, from the discussions on popular rights which such contest would naturally produce, whilst the other side became proportionably weaker from the same cause."

No student of history can be without these volumes, as they not only convey to the reader's mind a knowledge of the progress of civilisation, but furnish him with the names of a vast body of works, by which he may complete his acquaintance with the subject. This renders the work doubly valuable.

The Last of the Chittimachas.

A Tale of Louisiana.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE is, not many miles from New Orleans, the capital of Louisiana, a narrow bayou or creek, which leads to a diminutive lake, on the shores of which, in 1780, was a small, neat, and picturesque residence. It was afternoon, and the windows of the edifice reaching to the ground were open. The year was in the zenith of its grandeur, and though the bright green of June had departed from lea and meadow, yet there was a full freshness about nature which had an inexpressible charm. The lake was shallow and limpid, and the brooks that fed it, though their courses lay beneath the heavy verdure of the forest, were often dwindled and shrunk. But one thing in the chief bayou surpassed the scenery of the lakes, for amid the dark shadows of funereal woods, its currents still danced with all the youth of spring, while the shrubs on its bank still wore the delicate tints of early summer. The trees were lofty, rearing their columnal trunks high over the brush, and forming a second canopy of dense foliage that shut out the scorching heat. Such was the lake St. Jean on the occasion to which we allude. It lay in deep silence, not a sign of life was visible on its thickly wooded shores, save where on the silvery top of a dead sycamore a whip-poor-will sent forth its melancholy notes.

The day gradually faded, the shadows cast by the trees grew longer and longer, the sighing breeze laden with the odour of aromatic herbs became more violent, and then day was over, and night was come in an instant. Again the shadows grew longer and longer, for above a waning moon shone bravely out in the blue heavens, and it was the evening watch of a summer night. Then down the bayou came gliding a small canoe, in which one solitary man sat guiding its progress with consummate art, while behind him was another keeping carefully out of sight of its predecessor. The foremost made directly for the house, and halted only when within a dozen yards of its windows, when its occupant, with a gentle sweep of the

paddle, arrested the progress of the canoe, and gazed curiously towards the building. The window being open, and reaching to a level with the ground, the stranger could with ease distinguish what was passing within. Near a table sat a young lady, whose animated gestures and excited tones proved she was discussing some matter of more than common interest, while opposite, calm, cold, and severe, was a man in the garb of a friar. He was, it was clear, giving advice which was neither welcome nor palateable, and the stranger presently caught these words.

"Padre, I say again I am a free woman, and not all the doctors of Spain can persuade me that in marrying a man I esteem and love, I am committing a crime."

"When that man is worse than a heretic, a pagan savage," said the priest, severely, "it ill becomes the widow of a pious and worthy man, like Don Antonio Xeres, to risk her soul by such an union."

"Padre!" replied the lady, mildly, her lovely Creole features becoming instantly serious. "Don Antonio was a good old man, who took me from misery, and gave me wealth and station. Dying he left me all, and his last wish was that my second marriage should conduce to my happiness."

"Yes," continued the padre, "but he did not say marry a wild savage, a hunted and outcast Chitimachas."

"Father," said the stranger, who now entered the room by the window, "why so dark upon the Indian. Reole is a chief, his eyes have seen clear, and he knows the manitou of the white man. Reole is happy, why rob him of his joy? A deep rose of the pale faces has seen him, and turned not away. Father," continued the Indian, almost beseechingly, "the Indian and the white man were enemies. The Chitimachas were under a cloud. The sun was red, all the roads were full of thorns and briars, the clouds were black, the water troubled and stained by our blood, our women lamented without intermission the loss of their relations, and durst not venture to go and fetch wood for preparing our victuals; at the least shriek of the birds of night our warriors were on foot; they never slept without their arms; our huts were abandoned, and our fields lay fallow; we had all of us empty stomachs, and our faces looked long and meagre; the game and wild fowl flew far from us, the serpents angrily hissed at us, and the birds that perched near our habitations seemed by their doleful notes to sing a song of death. We made peace, and smoked the calumet. To-day the sun is bright, the sky is serene, the clouds have vanished, the roads are covered with flowers, our gardens and fields shall henceforth be cultivated, and we will offer our good fruits to the great spirit; the water is so clear we can see our faces in it; the serpents fly from us; the birds amuse us by the sweetness and harmony of their notes; our wives and children dance, and forget to eat and drink, the whole nation laughs for joy to see us walk on the same road with the pale faces. Now an Indian will wed a pale face girl, he will leave his camp, and be a hostage for his people."

As the young warrior finished this harangue, which is historical, he stood proudly before the priest awaiting his reply, while the fair widow, Donna Xeres, looked anxiously to see what effect it had upon the priest.

"Peace between us and the Chitimachas is much," he said, "but expect me to have no hand in the union of faith with paganism," and rising, Father Andrew left the apartment, and in a few moments the house, on his way back to New Orleans, whence he once a day was in the habit of visiting his fair spiritual charge.

The lovers remained alone. Reole, though not formally received into the bosom of the church, had, under the gentle influence of Donna Xeres, long since learned to regard his own rites with contempt. But the priest was inexorable, and could never yet be brought to regard the union with other than dislike. His enemies whispered that a secret hope that the lady might be induced to think of the church if disappointed, was the mainspring which induced him to be thus firm.

The interview between Reole and Donna Xeres was prolonged for some time, during which it was decided that as they had both fully made up their minds, their marriage should take place as soon as possible. Happy were the hours which passed, for Reole was a noble souled youth, and Donna Xeres one of those women who united to every charm of her sex, a loftiness of intellect, which had made her the more readily appreciate the character of the Chitimachas. Reole, who had from taste dwelt much with the whites, had also been a prisoner in the hands of Colonel Antonio Xeres. While confined in his house, he was instrumental in saving both his captor and his wife from the violence of his companions, when one night they burst upon the house, and rescued him. Donna Xeres had been torn from the savage hands of an Akanza warrior at imminent peril to Reole, and from that day the youthful chieftain had been a welcome guest. Two years had passed since the old man had been gathered to his fathers, and during the whole of that period the lady had dwelt in her lonely mansion in perfect safety, under the protecting influence of the Chitimachas warrior. After

a while his guardianship caused him to pay many visits to the house, which ended in the birth of a mutual affection between the native of the wilds and the lovely Creole. It was at length agreed that they should wed, and Reole leaving his forests and wild habits was to become an inhabitant of towns and learn the habits of civilisation.

They parted that night with hearts full of hope and joy, for the interference of the priest Donna Xeres despaired not to overcome, while Reole, with some little of his savage nature burning in his eye, besought her to despise and contemn it. Donna Xeres shook her head, her massy curls waving to the evening breeze, while a perplexing smile shone upon her face.

"Nay, Reole, the padre means well, and we must coax him over."

"Reole hears the voice of a song bird, and it is good," he replied, with gravity; "but the face of the padre is as black as night, his voice is rough as that of a crow, and Reole likes it not."

Again bidding one another good night they parted, and the Indian entering his canoe paddled it slowly towards the home of his fathers. He had no sooner entered the bayou, and was just out of sight, than again the boat which had tracked him came forth from the bushes that overhung a bank near the home, and this time taking another rout disappeared.

It was about an hour before midnight when the priest, who had paid several visits on his way to New Orleans, came at length in sight of the town, paddled by his faithful negro. Making for the monastery, the padre's canoe was about to shoot within the narrow gut where the boats belonging to the house lay, when one was violently impelled from within to beside that containing the holy man, and so quick was the hand of the stranger that the padre was struck in the breast, his boat upset, and all, ere the bewildered negro could make the slightest effort to defend his master. A groan—a heavy plunge—and the waters of the Mississippi swept onward as if no event of more than ordinary importance had occurred. He who had done this evil deed alone remained, gazing with fixed and troubled eyes on the spot where his victim had disappeared. The moon had long since sunk to rest, darkness lay on the mighty river, and a cold bleak wind swept over the rippling surface of the waves. A cold shudder convulsed the frame of the murderer, and then away swept the canoe towards the bayou of St. Jean.

Early next morning the body of a priest was found a mile below the monastery, lying on the beach, with a negro, himself half drowned, clinging to the skirts of his robe. At first it was thought the effect of an accident, and that the worthy man had been drowned by the upsetting of his boat. A cursory examination, however, disabused the minds of the people on this point. In the breast of the father was sticking a sharp dagger. As the negro revived the dreadful secret was more clearly explained. All that we have already told the negro related, with the addition that he had time to recognise in the person of their assailant an Indian—one of the Chitimachas. All New Orleans was in commotion—the men rushed to arms, the women secreted themselves in their houses, carefully concealing their children, the governor issued a proclamation, and lookouts were stationed on the side whence the enemy might be expected to come, for another Natchez massacre was expected. That dreadful event was fresh in the people's minds, and the present painful occurrence brought it too vividly to their recollection. The day passed—night came again—and no signs were discovered of the Indians. Meanwhile the negro recovered, and from some few words dropped by him a clue was gained, which the governor determined to follow.

Reole paid, that evening, his usual visit to Donna Xeres, who received him with all the tenderness and devotion of soul which is so peculiarly characteristic of the Creole women. In fact she seemed, now that the marriage was settled, to have cast aside all doubt, and given herself up to hope and bright aspirations for the future. She sang the songs of France which her parents had taught her, and he chaunted the warlike lays of his forefathers, which though rich music to Donna Xeres, were as the negress, who always sat in the chamber awaiting orders, said, "Most as ugly as old Massa's dog Cæsar whining over a bone."

Reole was in the middle of one of those interminable chaunts, when the window was darkened, and two figures filling the space were next moment in the room. It was the governor and the captain of the city guard. Donna Xeres rose proudly while Reole stood apart, gazing curiously.

"I am happy, at any time," said the fair widow, with an effort to repress her indignation at the intrusion, "to receive your excellency. But might I ask why the window was chosen, when the door would have opened at your call?"

"Fair lady," said the governor, with a gallant bow, "I owe you many apologies for my rudeness, but the affair I am on brooks no ceremony. Donna Xeres, murder has been done—foul murder. Padre Andrew was assassinated last night, and the assassin was a Chitimachas."

Donna Xeres, pale and trembling, turned

towards the Indian with a look of horror. Reole stood motionless, while his ear drank every sound; and when the death of the priest was mentioned, his whole form dilated, his eyes flashed fire, and he spoke, "Padre Andrew was a cold-hearted man, Reole loved him not; but if a Chitimachas has slain him, he is dog, and shall die the death of a traitor!"

"You own, Indian, that you liked him not," continued the governor, "and offer us no proof that you are not his assassin."

"Death will come," replied the Indian, coldly, "and always comes out of season. But Reole is a chief, and soils not his hands with an old man's blood."

"I would fain hope so," said the governor, "but you must remain a prisoner until your innocence is proved. You had a grudge against the padre — you half quarrelled with him last night, and a few hours after he is found dead. Again I say you must remain my prisoner."

"My lord governor," exclaimed Donna Xeres, warmly, "my life will answer for his. Reole is innocent."

The governor would have replied, but Reole spoke:

"The voice of a red skin is forked always in the eyes of a pale face. I will go; I am innocent; but a pale face will not take an Indian's word. They may kill me, lady, but not make me guilty. I shall be sorry, because then, instead of a noble grave, and a grand procession, the rolling music, and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving over my head, as a friend of the pale faces would be buried, I shall be wrapped in a robe, an old robe perhaps, and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, to be blown soon to the earth, when the wolves will eat my flesh, and my bones rattle on the plain. But, lady," continued Reole, in his rich musical tones, "not death will make me other than I am—innocent."

With these words the young Indian warrior made a sudden and unexpected plunge towards the window, struck down the two sentries, and with one bound reached the lake. The astonished governor, regaining his presence of mind, turned to one of the boats which had accompanied him, and, attended by his soldiers, started in pursuit. But Reole was too quick for him, and in a moment was at the head of the bayou. The young chief lost no time in landing, when he was astounded to find himself surrounded by the *élite* of his warriors. To fight was the last wish of the half-civilised Indian, but a volley from the boats left him no alternative. Posting men in the best position they could occupy under the circumstances, he seized the arms offered him, and repelled the advancing enemy by a discharge of firearms which told with fatal effect. The contest ended for the night with these mutual acts of violence, and the governor retreated to the house of Donna Xeres, who remained a prey to the most intense anxiety. One glance at Reole had convinced her that he was innocent, and yet there was little doubt under the circumstances he would be without trial looked upon as guilty, especially as he now with his tribe was in arms against the whites. That night she slept not, and next day saw the soldiery depart to attack the Chitimachas' village with feelings of the deepest anxiety and grief.

To record the scene of that day's conflict is not my wish. Many as are the tales of extermination and slaughter which my acquaintance with Indian life and history have placed before me, the attack on the Chitimachas is perhaps one of the most awful. The Spanish and French soldiers were victorious, and had no mercy; and, like many another race, the Chitimachas became a people that were. A hundred and fifty souls, men, women, and children, went to the happy hunting grounds of their people, and the governor called it a glorious victory. War is ever horrid in its features; but when it ends in the utter destruction of a people, it is an awful picture, such as I have too often had occasion to reflect on and contemplate. But the prisoners remained—Reole, and a warrior who had shielded him from death at the peril of his own life. Both were wounded, and were carried to the house where so much desolation was now a tenant.

Donna Xeres, pale, broken-hearted, and weeping, received her wounded lover and his dying friend into her home. They were placed in the room which had witnessed so much happiness. The governor, still elated with his victory, was about to return to New Orleans, leaving the prisoners under a strong guard, when the Indian requested to be heard, and in a few moments the whole secret was explained. The dying man was a half-brother of Reole, and a most devoted and attached friend. Every night when the young man paid his visits to the fair widow, he followed and watched him, lest harm should accrue to the chief. He knew that the padre endeavoured to stand between Reole and his happiness, and, acting under a wrong impression, had committed the barbarous murder which had caused so much misery. The governor heard the explanation with ill-disguised uneasiness; and when the Indian explained that it was he who had placed the ambush at the mouth of the bayou, eagerly endeavoured to make his own peace with the young man. But Reole was too deeply engaged in ministering to his dying friend words of pardon

not unmixed with blame. He felt most keenly the crime which the half-brother had committed, but he felt too that death was fast wiping away the very consciousness of the deed. With Reole chaunted a melancholy song of their nation, the devoted Indian died, and the chief stood before his mistress the Last of the Chitimachas.

The governor had departed, and when again alone, the lovers once more renewed their vows. But Reole's heart was sad, and he could not bear the thought of living amid those who had exterminated his race. Accordingly they were wed, the property of the fair donna was sold, and they sailed at an early period for Mexico, where they became lost amidst the various races which inhabit that distracted country. Thus perished a harmless and quiet people, as many did before, and many will after. The progress of civilisation is mowing them down like grass. This perhaps is inevitable; it is the massacres that touch our hearts, and excite painful emotions. As we have said elsewhere, "the rock will stand firm, its insensate and useless heap will be to all eternity, but the joyous voices of those who may sojourn near will pass away, and their place shall know them no more; for alas! the day is fast coming when the Indians of that vast continent shall be a memory, the shadow of a name. Not one soul of the millions who have lived, and loved, and fought beneath the western sun, will remain a century hence to mourn the fate of his fellows."

THE VISITATION OF WOE.

BY T. C. BROWNE.

I have seen, by the moon's pale light,
Where the ruffian's snare was laid;
I have seen in the dull dark night
A friend by a friend betrayed.

I have seen where the warrior trod,
And blood red track was there;
I have seen where the tyrant's rod
Has scatter'd dismay and fear.

I have seen Ambition thron'd
Aloft on her crimson car,
Beneath it a people groan'd—
For it breath'd forth flames of war.

I have seen the storm of snow
Wrap in its fleecy shroud
The forms that, entombed below,
No more on the earth shall crowd.

I have seen the mountains rock,
And the hills wave to and fro,
Ere the earthquake's giant shock
Laid earth in her ruins low.

I have seen where disease has wrought
Untimely and slow decay,
I have mark'd each changing thought,
As the shrinking flesh gave way.

And I grinn'd with ghastly glee;
I revel in man's despair;
My spirit I love to see
Infus'd and spread everywhere.

I have traced the wide world o'er;
I have flown on the wings of speed;
I have seen each distant shore,
And follow where man would lead.

I am Woe, and I tread the earth,
My spirit is gone abroad,
And each from his hour of birth
Feels deeply my iron rod.

I planted myself not here,
'Tis man that first brought me hither;
I mix with the young and fair—
The rose on the cheek I wither.

He holds me by stern decree,
He bids me to dwell with him,
His heart, then, my home shall be—
I rule with despotic whim.

And I work by means of might,
Yet they know not the means, I wot.
They oppose—A flood of night
Obscures e'en their brightest thought.

For I veil their cold dark eyes,
That seeing, they should not see
That the fool in himself grown wise
Should still in his folly be.

But my triumph was not yet come;
My revenge was incomplete;
For I found that a heavy doom
Awaited the bravest yet.

It is not the victor's wrath—
It is not the battle's rage;
Yet the power more fury hath,
And that power I still engage.

I have seen the men of earth
Distracted both far and wide;
I laugh'd; for they vaunt'd forth
The tones of their bubble pride.

They murmur'd of guilt and shame—
They mutter'd of toil and death;
They whisper'd oppression's name,
Yet held in their trembling breath.

They talk'd of a christian soul—
They spoke of religion's power—
They sung o'er their midnight bowl,
And fed on the helpless poor.

In Britain I saw the scene
That fill'd me with chief delight,
The isle that has ever been
Defender of Freedom's right.

I heartily chuckled to see
How they hugg'd and nurs'd a lie,
For they deem'd that self could be
Allied to charity.

I met as I pass'd along,
Reft of a shelt'ring shed,
A haggard and famish'd throng
Scarce wrapp'd in a pauper's shroud.

I noticed that one was there,
Whose grief was too deep to hide,
He mov'd with distracted air,
I beckoned him to my side.

His eyes were fill'd with tears
(I laughed at his grief outright),
For he wept o'er his aged years,
And sigh'd for eternal night.

He spoke of a hovel home,
And he begg'd a crust of bread,
He mourn'd for ills to come,
And bent down his hoary head.

I told him to seek his friends:
He started—'twas strangely done—

He gather'd his finger's ends,
And counted them one by one.

But I, who no pity knew,
Rejoic'd as his grief he told,
For by sorrow my empire grew,
I live on the young and old.

I saw where the evil lay,
I had mark'd it year by year,
And well did its work repay
The trouble I held so dear.

The aged—he went away,
Yet he seem'd awhile to pause,
And I heard him mutt'ring say,
"'Twas the work of the famine laws."

But, alas! my triumph 's o'er,
My reign shall quickly end,
Philanthropy has its hour,
And I to its rule must bend.

The sun in the east doth rise,
And his beams are far display'd,
Before him each dark cloud flies,
And his travel thro' light is made.

So wide thro' the circled world,
From eastern to western shore,
Shall Freedom, her flag unfurl'd,
To trade its lost rights restore.

Prose from the South.*

Although innumerable works have been written on Italy, still the subject remains almost as fresh as ever; and unsatiated we turn with pleasure to the perusal of any good work upon that topic. Mr. Reade has not solely confined his attention to Italy, but, on the contrary, has devoted above one-half of the first volume to France and Switzerland. Not keeping to the beaten track of modern travellers, he has everywhere sought the beautiful, and even interests his readers by his forcible and elegant language in criticism on works of art. These are, in general, subjects which are considered as tedious, but here we find opinions advanced and supported by the power of a mind capable of understanding their beauties. They also possess another remarkable feature—they are very short, and occupy only their just position in the work. Mr. Reade is likewise very happy in his description of scenery, and brings vividly before the mind's eye those magnificent spots which peculiarly render Switzerland, we might almost call it, an awful paradise. Now, as it were, in some secluded vale, our thoughts mellowing down as we behold its beauties; in another moment, turning some rock, a prospect of awful grandeur stretches before you; how this applies to Switzerland may be gathered from the following very fine passage:—

"The descent became abrupt and rapid; the road made a sudden turn between two enormous gorges of the rocky mountains, which seemed unfolding gates, when, on passing between them, the old world appeared suddenly shut out from behind me, and a new one expanded beneath my eye in all its glorious infinity of prospect. Could life exist for ever, what date time in existence had been those moments. Stretched out beneath one, further than the eye could sweep along the level, the lake Leman looked like a blue ribbon eddying along it, when fancifully drifted before the wind. Woods, streams, cities, towers, and hamlets, dotted the rich surface of the boundless expansion, till the eye itself failed to take it in, and after vaguely wandering over it, rested at last for relief on the boundaries of mountains rising upon mountains, from north to south, in every wildest form which imagination could conceive, reminding one of the Titanic heaps of Pelion on Ossa, and as azure as the heaven of which they seemed the pillar."

However, leaving for the present these descriptions, we would observe that Mr. Reade excels in telling a story, and he has judiciously introduced numerous anecdotes and sketches, which serve to render his work exceedingly attractive. The record of Tankerville is very amusing, and so is the anecdote of Voltaire and Gibbon, which, but for its length, we would have here transcribed for the benefit of our readers. The story of Henry IV and Fleurette and Tschudi's narrative are told in a very lively style. Before quitting the mountains we cannot refrain from introducing this beautiful description of rock scenery:—

"On issuing from the last grotto, the eye, at a glance, took in the wonderment of the scene. Crag-ribbed mountains on either side precipated themselves abruptly into a ravine just wide enough to admit the road which wound round its base on the one side, and the stream Vedro which foamed against the *débris* of the other. But it was *in* the sides of the mountains and in the echoes lying at their base. that I felt the truth of the tremendous convulsion which had taken place here. On the one side were caverned hollows; on the other were the projecting crags, which once were a part of them, hanging in air, or lying in the ruin below. Midway on their sides, or on the black ground, fragments were lying, of the size of roofed houses. Some were rent, yet all adhered together; and some had forced the Vedro from its bed. I looked up, but the sky was nearly shut out by the almost meeting heights. I looked forwards; but the scene closed in at every turn; every new opening among the defiles presented views of a still more wild and savage desolation. The roar of the raving torrent, the black ruins overhanging and lying among them, the withered pine, and the solemn silence of the mountain, all breathed an overpowering language subduing to human pride, an utter sense of its vanity and nothingness. Such are the lessons—the earliest, the latest, the truest, the sublimest, which nature everlastingly teaches to her innate man."

Thoroughly to appreciate the beauties of Italy one should visit it after Switzerland, the softer scenery of the former contrasting so well with the ruggod and sublime features of the latter. It would be impossible, in our limited space, to notice all the fine passages in this work. We will, however, mention that we were greatly pleased with Mr. Reade's description of Milan cathedral; it is written in a becoming spirit.

Although the first part of the work be very good. it is by no means equal to Mr. Reade's journey through Italy. We feel

* "Prose from the South." By John Edmunde Reade, author of "Italy," &c. In 2 vols. Charles Ollier, London.

that he is at home here. His mind is stored with the riches of the ancients, and his imagination improved and refined by the study of the best Italian poets. Every place has its own peculiar features. The country-seats of Pliny afforded him great pleasure, and the classical associations of the lake Como are feelingly pourtrayed by Mr. Reade. But we must not be detained too long on the shores of this lake, but advance. The following brief account of Plato philosophy is admirable, displaying his tenets in a concise form; we subjoin it, as it is well worthy of attention. Mr. Reade's concluding remarks on christianity do him great credit, and mark the loftiness of his thoughts:—

"Plato's was the first heathen revelation of God, and of the immortality of man. He believed that the world did not exist from eternity; that it is an animated whole; that fire and earth were first formed, and united together by air and water. He imaged the earth standing up before the Ancient of Days to receive life and motion from his hands. A magnificent conception! He taught that the soul is an emanation from God—not immediate, but allied to earthly material. From its more material nature, it is framed for converse with sensible objects; from its intellectual, for spiritual contemplation; its relation to earth is the cause of its moral ill; as the world holds imperfection and change in its seeds and nature. We are sunk down from the stars to dwell here as in a prison-house: hence our misery and depravity. It is only by rising above the animal passions, soaring from low and sensible objects, to the world of intelligence, that the soul can hope to return to its original and starry habitation. The soul itself is incapable of dissolution; the objects to which it naturally adheres are spiritual and incorruptible. We should undertake everything to gain virtue in the present life, for the reward is beautiful, and the hope is mighty; and it is necessary to allure ourselves with things of this kind, as with enchantments. The highest philosophers have turned to him for their principles; the great poets have borrowed from him, with the exception of Shakespeare. The sublimest aspiration of Milton was to 'unsphere the spirit of Plato.' Lord Byron never wrote so finely as when his Platonic recollections were on him, as in the third canto of 'Childe Harold.' The best poem of Mr. Wordsworth is his ode on our 'Intimations,' which is one transcript of the Platonic doctrines. Plato had so true an idea of perfect righteousness, and was so well acquainted with the corruption of mankind, that he makes it appear in the second book of his 'Commonwealth,' that if a man, perfectly righteous, should come upon earth, he would find so much opposition in the world, that he would be imprisoned, reviled, scourged, or crucified by those who would pass for virtuous men. Let us close with the truth. The Greek and Roman philosophy was a dross compared to that pure creed which teaches man that he is lowly, yet lofty; poor, yet rich; sunken, yet elevated; near the animal, yet much nearer the divinity. It is a philosophy which enables mortality to rise above its nature, to become grave and spiritualised; a philosophy sublimated in thought and bereft of selfishness; a faith overflowing with hope and love. This throws even the sublime visions of Plato in the shade."

There are so many associations suggested by the name of Rome that we pause for a moment to consider why it is that we feel an undefined diffidence in treating of the subject, as was once its empire. In approaching the city we are unconsciously led to compare it now with what it was formerly to clothe it with all the splendour of a Roman triumph, and contrast with it even the appearance of the town during its grandest jubilees; to place before the eye the long train of hardy warriors returning from some desperate expedition; to behold the thousands assembled to view their *entrée*; to hear the shouts of the excited multitude, and to follow these through all the gorgeous pageants of the day; to sympathise with the sorrows of the prisoners led in triumph through the streets, until we approach the amphitheatre: but here our pleasure ceases, and we turn with disgust from the spectacle. We can better bear the follies of the Roman church than these brutalising scenes; but they accorded well with the character of the people, fierce and cruel, though in some respects civilised. Rome has been the fertile theme of many a late production. Mr. Dickens, in his "Pictures from Italy," has sought every occasion of pourtraying the ridiculous; Mr. Reade, on the contrary, loves the beautiful. With what different feelings did we read the descriptions of Catholic worship! In the "Pictures from Italy" the solemn scenes are treated in too light and sarcastic a manner, for however the worship may be mistaken, yet it is the solemn duty of the Italian people. We are grieved to observe this, for we have ever admired the productions of Mr. Dickens. In the descriptions of these ceremonies he failed. He could not feel at home there, and we experienced a very painful sensation whilst perusing these passages. Not so when, forgetting his affected style, Mr. Dickens pours forth his very soul into the task. He then compels us to forget our former disappointments, and whilst hoping that he will still continue in the same strain, to feel all the pleasure of discovering that what we had previously read was merely the flaw of a beginning. But this does not last long; we are soon awakened to the reality that the beautiful passages are the gems widely scattered, whilst the principal part of the work is tiresome and grotesque. There is little of his natural vigour of composition, but, in its place, a great affectation of simplicity.

We have not this fault to find in the present work. There is no attempt at ridicule; on the contrary, everything is treated in the tone that a traveller ought to assume. The following description of the service in the Sistine Chapel, though rather long, is well worthy of perusal:—

"I went at three o'clock to the Sistine chapel, to stand there until five, when the famous 'Miserere' was to commence. The pressure of the crowd was great, the coarseness, the rudeness of their manner so much greater, that nothing but the long anticipated reward induced me to remain. At length the service commenced. I perceived the fine qualities of the voices, which rose at times amidst the vocal chorus, as tedious as they are monotonous. The lights were extinguished. The twilight mingled with the

red hue cast over the chapel by six large flambeaux, placed above the balustrade of the grill. The darkness gradually commenced. If we could be allowed to remain uninterrupted, which is impossible, from the overwhelming crowds, noise, and heat, that time was imposing from its effects on the imagination. The gigantic figures of the prophets on the ceiling of the chapel began to assume more of mystery, from their obscurity. Michael Angelo's Last Judgment inspired a feeling allied to awe. 'One critic,' says Forsyth, 'charges the mighty artist of this picture with anatomical pedantry, stripping everything to display the muscle. Another condemns the intermixture of epic and satire, of scripture and profane fable; a third, the constant repetition of the same Tuscan figure; a fourth heaps on him all the sins of the sublime, gloom, harshness, negligence, the fierce, the austere, the extravagant, tension, and exaggeration. In short, had we any doubts of that one transcendant merit which could atone for so many faults, the very multitude of his critics would dispel it.' The frescoes of the ceiling were just perceptible. Among them is one representing the Almighty rolling the world from him in space, like a ball, and creating and arousing Adam at one and the same time with his touch. The last light was extinguished, and then ought to have been, and for a moment ensued, that dead silence, which, among crowds, is always impressive; then

—— 'a shade like sound grows, stealing
Onwards, impalpable as dreams, or light
When mingling first with darkness, and revealing
Its presence, fell on the dull ear of night.
Now it floats upwards on aërial flight,
An exhalation from the void beneath,
Rising to mingle with the infinite;
A sound that, flower-like, lives on its own breath,
While gently loosening silence from the bonds of death!

'Then, like an angel mourning o'er the dying,
Who die in sin, the MISERERE rose!
So soft, so low, those contrite notes are sighing;
The passion of the soul when it o'erflows
With the deep sense of all its guilt and woes,
Yet yearning love, despairing to atone,
So thrills descending to its dying close,
That long, wild, wailing, and imploring tone;
The agony of prayer before the heavenly throne.'

Even so opened the much talked of 'Miserere,' which in its commencement was superhuman. I use that term reflectively, because I had not the faintest idea what a combination of harmonious voices—some of them unnaturally formed—could effect. No organ, in its fullest tones, could be equally thrilling and penetrating; and at times, among the mingled world of sound, rose tones of silvery sweetness, of which no musical instrument could convey the remotest idea. Much, or something of additional effect, also was given to the choristers by their being unseen—by darkness resting on the lower end of the chapel—by a dull red light faintly cast by flambeaux on the heads of the multitude in front. From the depths of darkness, those superhuman sounds poured forth with such intensity, that their sounds thrilled through every nerve of the human frame, creating that depression and langour which opens irresistibly the flood-gates of the human heart. The divine voices rose and fell, then died away, sinking in those of the deep based choir that swelled, surging upwards its flood of sound. The bursting chorus rose above them like shouts of triumph! I felt deeply affected. The tones now resembled a lament of the condemned about to be for ever cast forth—hopeless, yet calm. A sense of pain was conveyed, but so exquisitely tempered as to excite the profoundest feelings of our nature, without overstraining them. As those penitential hymns, seemingly of another world, prolonged their wail, one sympathised with the apparently despairing utterers; one sighed after their voices as, swelling upwards, they died away along the vaulted ceiling of the Sistine. We are fearfully and marvellously made. Music draws out the wonders of our nature. As we listen, we lament our erring of the past; all that we acted, bore, and inflicted; the far horizon of memory is for a moment cleared; we see again the glow of the youthful orient, when all was hope, and love, and joy; phantoms of those we loved rise before us, and we sigh for that heaven of rest, which the melodies almost make us behold. I felt the beauty of the Bhraminical doctrine, a spirituality which the refined Greeks never attained, in the deification of musical sounds. What has wrought this sudden moral change in us, which all the eloquence of the world would not have so well effected? a few according voices, magnified by our imagination, and sung by those who would laugh at us for the very enthusiasm they created. But no matter the cause; the strings of the harp that thrill through the nerves, are made of a catgut; it is the accord, the harmony, that refines—that sublimates us. No matter how base the ladder may be by which we ascended; the dull steps may be insensible; but they elevated us above humanity; they made us wiser and better men; they turned our thoughts heaven-ward; they make us feel that our natures are divine."

We were rather surprised to peruse Mr. Reade's account of the rudeness of the Italian people before the commencement of the service. From all that we had ever heard of them we imagined that there was much more veneration for the sacred edifices and service than we discover from the present description. There is always a great power in music to work on our feelings, but more especially in any sanctuary of God filled with human beings — the death-like stillness of the crowd, their presence scarcely to be distinguished through the gloom, the pealing notes of the organ, and the thrilling sensation produced by the harmony of the human voice. But leaving these religious scenes, we would call our readers' attention to the description of Hadrian's Villa, so vast that, as Mr. Reade says, "To visit the villa of Hadrian is like roaming over the ruins of a city — a grand medley in stone and marble of all the wonders of art and nature, which he had seen in his wanderings while going forth, in his younger days, conquering and to conquer."

We should scarcely be doing justice to Mr. Reade's chapters on Pompeii to endeavour to convey an adequate idea of their merits as a whole by giving extracts; each part depends so greatly upon the other that we miss much of the force of the passages by merely reading small portions; we break the connection, and by doing so lose much of the beauty of a composition. Although, as Mr. Reade says, "a thousand writers had visited Pompeii, each shedding his eloquence on the subject, the theme would remain inexhaustible. Vesuvius frowning over it can never become a common sight." Still the subject is not exhausted. As each new traveller approaches the burning mountain he experiences the same sensation, whether he has read much or little concerning it, but we are rather inclined to believe that we would feel so much the more interested as we had been enabled previously to devote our attention to the subject. These scenes have been depicted for hundreds of years, but as new

visitors reach these sites, descriptions and thoughts will be placed before the world, which, although they may not have the charm of strict novelty, still may be advantageously studied. Subjects are not indefinite, but they may be indefinitely treated. It depends greatly on the temper of the visitor whether he be pleased or not, whether the scenes be treated with enthusiasm or indifference. The latter fault we have not found in Mr. Reade; he feels, as Gray finely expresses, "the religion of the place." In approaching the subject of Pompeii, Mr. Reade observes, "Many marvels of human art and labour have an equal effect on us with those of nature; we may instance the Pyramids and the Colosseum. But what are these when weighed against Pompeii, which opens a theme for our profoundest contemplation—a palpable subject wherein our humanities may expand themselves? Here is the city of the dead existing; familiar places, where they proved the domestic affections, the duties of love and home."

Whilst wandering through the streets and unroofed houses of Pompeii, how natural is it that we should feel "an impression of awe, of a reverential feeling." To behold the very dwellings, the very baths, utensils, that were made use of eighteen hundred years ago, has a great effect on the beholders. Our feelings are tinged with melancholy; the roofless houses, the untenanted chambers, combine to render the scene doubly impressive. The houses where every species of revelry and merriment were going on became the tombs of their occupiers. Some, surprised in the feast, were stricken by death, whilst others, who sought to share the same fate, miserably perished. There is one remarkable circumstance mentioned by Mr. Reade to illustrate the effect of discipline on the Roman soldier. When the excavators came to the post of the sentry, they found the sentinel there with his spear beside him, disdaining to fly the inevitable death. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has finely illustrated this in his "Last Days of Pompeii." The following account of Roman refinement is very good:—

"I pictured the room in which I was sitting in a state of restoration. The doors on either side; the curtains unfolded; the statues on their pedestals between the spaces; the brightly painted and fanciful arabesque walls; the marble or mosaic pavement of the hall; the limpid fountain in the centre, open to the blue sky from the aperture above; or, if the day were clouded or rainy, a rare circumstance, reflecting the hues of the tinted curtain, or 'velarium,' drawn across it, throwing an additional softness over the apartment; while the aromatic shrubs and flowers planted round that water, afforded an additional fragrance, making the air redolent of enjoyment; the sense of coolness heightened the luxury men felt, by the sound of the falling waters, and the dripping of the rains, through the floating coverlet. And here the luxurious patrician reposed alone, or with his friends around him, during the intense heats of the day; varying his enjoyment by the bath, or sitting and looking through the distant peristyle, the curtains being folded back, at his own quiet and secluded flower garden. If he were a meditative man, and paused to reflect on his own pleasures, magnifying them by contemplation, as all refined men do, he must have doubly enjoyed these happy moments, those sunny hours, enhanced by the overshadowing remembrance of their indurability. To reflect on passing moments of delight—to prolong, while dwelling on them, even while the sands are rushing on, is an Epicurean refinement of the highest order, increasing the sense of enjoyment."

We will close our extracts with the following, perhaps one of the finest passages in the book. It is from the chapter on the Temples of Pœstum; did our space admit, we would willingly extract the whole chapter, being thoroughly convinced that our readers would feel as intense pleasure as we did, whilst enjoying these pages, but as a portion of a fine chapter, we proceed to quote from Mr. Reade the following extract.

"I walked down to the sands, and sitting on a stone far in the water, gave myself up to the scene. The tiny waves broke flashing around me, reflecting a sky of azure. It appears in such moments as if the mind's eye could penetrate the mysteries of the universe, as if the Deity were about to raise the material veils that hang over the beautiful face of nature. An elasticity of life is felt, such as can only be felt in Italy. A vitality is in the atmosphere, pervading and making all things clear, intense, sparkling, even the remotest objects were defined. The hills appeared to close nearer, with a look of waiting expectation attached to them; the murmuring water crisped sharply on the yellow sand—voices of stillness that impressed deeper on the mind the feeling of solitude. The low red-cliff, or sand hill, showed every furrow on its brow distinct, and the triad temples stood out, their edges defined on the air, as if their builders had left them yesterday. Twilight had fallen on the scene; the heat of the day had subsided; the breeze rose up like the breath of God from the water, and infused its freshness on the air. There are certain hours of our existence never to be forgotten, even though the heaviest years rolled over them; among others were those passed on that desolate yet lovely shore. I felt that I had wandered over ground where perhaps sages had thought, where great deeds might have been done, and from which the actors and records had passed away for ever. The locality created imagination, and renewed the scenes that had been enacted here. I pictured helmed heroes of the heroic ages, standing around the temple of Neptune, their spears reclining against the fluted columns, their shields glittering at their base; their black barks riding in the haven, about to depart for some unsung field of Troy. Some, united by the dearest ties were taking their farewell looks of the beautiful—their wives, or those to whom they were betrothed, who hung around them! the agony of the one, the fortitude of the other, contrasted then as now. There might a Laodamia have poured forth her hopes and her fears to her hero, whose passion for honour stifled even his love! The arm was laid on the cuirass that might never rest there again—the head reclined on the shoulder—the dishevelled hair and the drooping plume were mingled awhile together—long last looks were interchanged from eyes that had entered into each other's being, now to become cherished records of after memories! Passionate and ardent vows of mutual love were pledged, as unrecorded and unrecognised as the winds that played round them. Others, less fortunate, leaned restlessly against the columns, looking out on the hurrying and crowded shore. The sails were flapping against the masts—the anchors were upheaved from the sand—the hymns of the mariners blended with the surge. They grasped their lances with a firmer hand, while hastily pacing to and fro, they cast impatient glances at their leaders, inwardly chiding

he delay that withheld them from the embrace of heir Ixion phantom—Glory. The vision faded from ny eye; the temples stood in their places grey and mperturbable; silent prophets that made the preach-r's doctrine audible: 'The thing that hath, it is that vhich shall be; that which is done is that which shall e done; there is no new thing under the sun.' I felt hat I might be sitting above the ruins of a port whence hips had sailed to shores that now are deserts—to arbours vanished as her own; that I was looking on emples which myriads of human eyes had dwelt on vith delight, long since become one with the half-entient earth, that receded with the elements that surrounded them. 'All go into one place; all are of ust, and turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spi-it of man that goeth upwards?' I felt that such as I had lived and loved, perhaps confessed it, on the ame spot ages before a stone of Pœstum was reared; hat such as I shall confess the same when cities co-ering that vast plain shall hide the bones of her who eft not a vestige of her site. History, looking into the far distance of time, records the obvious, the pro-minent event, the spirit-moving action: The peace-ful but unobtrusive stream of tendency, the august and the beautiful borne upon its surface, are over-looked and unnoticed. The extent of half a colony lay stretched out before me. Here, where the Posi-donians—the children of the sea—rose and flourished; there, where along the vale of Sybaris the people and the city arose who made their names and that of Luxury the same. Two leaves from the book of the fate of nations comprehended their history—invasion and destruction. The details were erased. The hero who had bled, the orator who had harangued, the sage who had thought, the poet who had lowered his mind to jealousies, which, to overcome, had proved it ethe-real—each were alike unknown. I felt that human life is conjoined with the life of the material world, in one mighty harmony. In vain do occasional discord 'jar against Nature's chimes.' These are overpowered by the grand accord which swells upwards to the Maker through realms of immeasurable space; from un-dated times, all frailties, all hopes, all lamentations, all exulting feelings, have been poured forth to the Great Confessor—the Benignant Deity—whose confessional is the infinite air. Vows unredeemed, imploring prayers, shouts of triumph from countless myriads, shrieks from slaughtered hecatombs, sighs from bro-ken spirits (heard on high, though inaudible here), each sound, from the perfect diapason to the single note, rises, as they shall do for ever, urged by a ne-cessity inevitable as that which condenses the vapour into a cloud, and diffuses the shower on the ground. And such is the everlasting course traced out for us, the ancient epic poem of human existence—the be-ginning, the middle, and the end—the grand action, the gentle episode, the moral development. Such is the one progression of empires as of life—the rise, de-cline and fall—the word of Fate indissolubly blended —the inscrutable text may be expounded only by that LIFE which upholds the universe."

We have now concluded our task, and with feelings of the greatest pleasure that we have been enabled to bestow so much praise on a work which displays all the true feelings of a man of refined taste. This is not the work of a youthful author just appearing in the literary world, but the production of a man, whose poetry has already earned for him a high place among contemporary writers. The present work has far surpassed our expectation; we were led to expect something good, from that excellent poem of Mr. Reade's, entitled "Italy," but this work shows, that he is as capable to excel in the more humble garb of prose, as he was to glitter and sparkle in the joyous field of rhyme. It always affords us pleasure to give our mede of praise, our tribute of respect, to a man who writes a good book, and the more so, when it is embued with the highest notions of religion. We consider that greatly determines a man's thoughts, even on secular subjects; there is always more contented-ness, more love of truth, of the beautiful, indeed, of everything worthy of our admi-ration. Not so, with the infidel, his thoughts, like the wandering spirit, are ever roaming for a place to rest in, but find-eth none. Everything is dreary, every scene is observed with a jaundiced eye. For him the sun shines in vain, he will not, he cannot feel the soothing effect of the lovely climate, he cannot thank his God for having created so beautiful a spot. But to return to the work. We hope and trust with Mr. Reade that Italy will long remain, a favourite country with English-men—there he can go to enjoy the scenery, to improve his mind by the study of the finest works of art, the manners of the in-habitants, their customs and their laws, to return to his native land, with his pre-judices removed, and with deep rooted con-victions, that he is placed here to do all in his power for the amelioration of the con-dition of his fellow men.

The Blind Musician of the Côte.

AN ANECDOTE PICKED UP BY A TRA-VELLER.

We had left Auxerre some time behind us; and propelled more by the impetus of a long descent than by the strength of the horses, that shook their bells as if they were doing a grand thing, our heavy dili-gence swung along rapidly beneath a thin leafy arcade of trees. It was noon; a bright sky, scarcely stained by a cloud, stretched from rim to rim of the horizon, and a burning sun poured down upon the whole scene. Forests and glades, valleys and rocks, fields and vineyards, moved swiftly athwart each opening between the branches. I leaned back in my seat, and contemplated the whole with intense plea-sure, until I sank into a kind of reverie.

I was roused by the sudden jerk with which we halted to change horses. A di-ligence is always an unsatisfactory mode of travelling; it never mends its pace except to disappoint you by coming to a full stop.

The house was a lonely one, and the re-lay was lazily performed.

A man crossed a neighbouring field, feeling his way with a staff.

This was the blind musician of the Côte, who for many years had followed travellers up the neighbouring hill, and wiled away the *ennui* of the journey by the notes of his violin. I looked with interest upon

him, and saw with pleasure that he threw down his stick, drew forth his instrument, and took his stand near the step of the diligence. In a few minutes we were toiling up the difficult ascent, and our ears were, I will not say charmed, but filled with the sounds of the crazy instrument. We had waltzes, and contredanses, and even polkas; the execution might have been called by the uncharitable most detestable, but for the circumstances that surrounded us—the lovely scenery; the cooling breeze that played along the slopes of the Côte; the tremulous motion of the foliage; the aspect of the musician himself, who, as if inspired by his own performances, turned up his sightless orbs towards heaven, and moved along in a kind of ecstacy by the side of the diligence.

As we approached the summit the business part of the transaction commenced.

"Throw nothing on the ground," cried our Orpheus. "I am blind; I can see nothing. Make your little collection, and give it to the conductor."

This was repeated four or five times, and the collection accordingly was made. The result was satisfactory, but the musician suffered only a slight sentiment of pleasure to appear on his countenance; an expression of rage and demoniacal fury succeeded. He put his instrument under his arm, and rushing forward a few paces, shook his bow as if he would have annihilated the objects of his wrath. The exclamation which, in a violent voice, poured forth, explained the enigma.

"*Le coupé n'a rien donné!* The *coupé* has given nothing!"

I must remember here to observe that I was not in the *coupé*.

All romantic feelings instantly vanished. The innocent delight I had before felt was succeeded by a sentiment of disgust I could not control. There is nothing that checks charity so effectually as an attempt to enforce it; it then savours somewhat of brigandage. Still I was almost ashamed of the change in my feelings towards this blighted and solitary being, and was endeavouring to analyse, and if possible repress them, when I was, it must be confessed, relieved by hearing muttered in a low voice, by a man at my side who had not been the least charitable, the expressive word,

"*Scélérat!*"

"You know him, then?" I observed.

"By report," was the reply. "Though pitied for his blindness, he is one of the worst characters in the country. I will tell you what he did a few years ago. There was a village ball, to which all the youths and maidens of the vicinity flocked to dance, to the notes of his mercenary violin. Though incapable of appreciating her beauty, he had been captivated by the sweet voice of one of the most lovely of the damsels present, and whilst plying his miserable bow, attentively listened to catch every word that fell from her mouth. His acute sense of hearing that night destroyed the hopes he had ventured to form. He heard the object of his love speak in the language of affection to another, a mere lad, who possessed the advantages of a fine person and agreeable manners. Blind Jean soon formed his plan, and as the first step to complete vengeance, sought and gained the friendship of his rival. Having a mind superior in power to most of his fellow-villagers, enriched, too, by thought and meditation, he easily compassed his ends, and rivetted the admiration of the unsuspecting young Pierre. For whole days they walked together in the fields, now conversing, now sporting, now sitting down on a bank—Jean playing in his best style, Pierre listening and admiring. One day the musician proposed a longer walk than usual, to a fountain in a neighbouring forest, where his young friend could enjoy the luxury of a bath. Off they went on a hot July morning, the sun shining brightly, the birds singing, everything combining to soothe the heart of man and repress all evil thoughts. Arrived at their destination, Pierre soon stripped, and leaped into the limpid water; but scarcely had he done so than he felt a strong hand placed on his neck, and heard a loud imprecation from his treacherous companion. A fearful struggle ensued, Jean endeavouring to force the other under the water, and so to smother him, and Pierre for some time resisting with success. The superior power, however, of the villain, at length overcame him, and plunging his exhausted rival into the now disturbed and turbid waters of the fountain, his success was almost complete, when a man suddenly appeared on the opposite bank, and uttered an exclamation of horror. Jean instantly understood that he was discovered, and cunningly lifting the fainting youth out of the water, placed him gently on the bank, and burst out laughing. 'There's a trick I've played you,' cried he. 'Trick!' exclaimed the new comer, 'it was very like a murder. Begone, or I will kick you into the fountain!' Glad to escape so well, Jean sneaked away; but you will not be sorry to hear that the brother of the young man met him on the hill we have just passed, and inflicted on him such a tremendous beating that he left him for dead. Such is the history of the Blind Musician of the Côte."

On Genius.

BY A. F.

There are few branches of inquiry, whether material or intellectual, which can be soundly investigated except according to the course which Michael Angelo employed. He began his sketches by drawing the skeleton, considering the position and bearing of every bone—the skeleton he then covered with the layer of muscles, in which the force of the body resides; lastly, by tint and colour, he delineated the frame in full vitality.

All human talent is the free gift of God, entrusted by his particular providence. No teaching, no schooling, no academy, no patronage, no university can produce the inspiration. No human instruction could have organised the "seeing eye" of Raphael—it was an individual and particular gift; no human instruction could have organised the "hearing ear" of Pergolesi—it was an individual and particular gift. All the individuals who change and rule the fortunes and opinions of the world—the heroes of mankind, according to an expression which we employ and condemn, are particular departures from the general law by which divine providence regulates the human mind; for, unless suspended by His behest, the law of the moral as well as of the physical world is average uniformity. Such intellects as those of Newton or Shakespeare, were as much deviations from the ordinary course of nature, as the birth would now be of an infant, who should grow to the size of a giant, or whose existence should be prolonged to antediluvian longevity.

According to the accustomed order of things, the fields cultivated by human intellect and fertilised by the rills flowing in the channels worn by usage and habit, until a new stream of invention and instruction results from the appointed teachers. Man's hand may be permitted to rive the rock; but the fountain which gushes forth proceeds from the waters above the heavens.

Beranger and his Poems.

BY D. M. M.

France has now, in some measure, burst from the trammels of formality with which Racine and Voltaire enveloped poetry. Dull sentiment, prosy heroism, and passion meted out by line and square, were then the order of the day. It puts us in mind of one of those Dutch gardens where beautiful trees and luxuriant hedges were carefully trimmed into the shape of peacocks and crocodiles. Not but that much talent was exhibited occasionally by this formal race of poets, of which Racine and Pope were as the heads, followed by a host of meaner imitators. But after a time people began to see that nature was something after all. Lovers no longer were made to declare their love in heroic verse, interspersed with allusions to all the heathen deities; and Greek and Roman heroes and beauties, no longer in the extremity of anger or dying agony, addressed one another as "Monseigneur" and "Madame."

The first of this new race of poets who laid aside the conventional forms of style, was Lamartine. He is truly a noble spirit; but we cannot now speak of him as is his due. After Lamartine comes the idol of the middle and lower orders of his country—Pierre Jean Beranger. He is the Burns of France. Sprung from the people, writing of the people and for the people, enlisting their universnl sympathies. There is something very delicious in this popularity during life; fame generally comes when death has made it vain: and it must be an intense pleasure to Beranger to know that his name and his songs are, during his life time, on the lips and in the hearts of his countrymen.

Pierre Jean Beranger was born at Paris in 1780, at the house of his grandfather, a tailor. His father was a lover of adventure—a proud man, who claimed noble ancestry, and put the aristocratic DE before his name, which his son wisely dropped. Pierre-Jean lived with his grandfather, during the days of his childhood. Even then his tendency towards the revolutionary and atheistical opinions which form the chief evil of his poetry could not be restrained. He would laugh at the holy water, and weep when he heard the Marseillaise, which was then beginning to resound through France, the harbinger of the revolution. At fourteen Beranger was apprenticed to a printer, and there his education first began. But his learning was confined to his own tongue; he never knew any other. At seventeen he went to Paris, and commenced authorship; there he felt bitterly the hardships of literature—often he was almost in want of food. His caustic and satirical pen was never idle, and he led a dissipated life when his funds permitted.

It is needless to trace Beranger through the wild time of his youth; he lived in stormy and evil days, and it is best to believe that what is wrong in his mind and poetry took its tone from this. He mingled in all the fervour of the revolution; his "head, heart, and arm were all for the people," as it was said of him. For some of his writings he was imprisoned, and we cannot say unjustly. And now we will gladly pass over the sins of Beranger, and proceed to that which is pure and beautiful in his mind. The chief charm of his writ-

ings is their force and simplicity; they are essentially *chansons*, carols, ditties. The word "songs" is hardly suitable, and they want the regularity of a poem. As we said before, Beranger is the French twin-brother of Burns, except that our own Robert far surpassed him in high principle and feelings. But there is the same nervous yet simple style, the same musical flow of verse and purity of expression.

Beranger is oftener humourous than pathetic, but sometimes his better self predominates, as in this song:—

THE OLD LADY.

Thou wilt grow old, oh my fair ladye-love,
Thou wilt grow old, and I shall be no more;
It seems to me Time does so swiftly move,
That all my moments lost he counts twice o'er.
May'st thou out-live me, and as years on glide,
Still cherish all that unto me belongs,
And in calm age, at peace, by thy fireside,
Think on thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

When 'neath thy wrinkles others vainly seek
For the sweet features which my strains inspired;
When eager listeners wait to hear thee speak—
"Who was this friend, so mourned and so desired?"
Tell them of my deep love—its whelming tide
Of passion—even of its jealous wrongs:
Thus in calm age, at peace, by thy fireside,
Think of thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

Thou, love, who with me wept'st o'er France's story,
Say unto the young heroes yet unborn,
How in old times I sang of hope and glory,
To comfort my dear country, all forlorn:
Remind them how the Eagle, crimson-dyed,
Spoil'd Fame's rich harvest, that to us belongs,
Then in calm age, at peace, by thy fireside,
Think of thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

Oh, my beloved, when my glory known,
Too late for me, shall charm thy closing years;
Each spring from thy enfeebled hands be thrown,
On my mute picture, sweet flowers, nursed with tears!
To that invisible world thy dim eyes guide,
Where for re-union with thee my soul longs;
And in calm age, in peace, by thy fireside,
Think of thy friend, and murmur o'er his songs.

This song, of which our translation is at all events a literal version, seems to us to be a touching, unhackneyed idea, beautifully expressed. The following song, with a chorus, like those of Burns, is charming from its extreme simplicity.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

Marie, Marie, leave thy wheel!
See the shepherd's star arise!
Mother, in the stranger's land
My dear village-playmate lies.
Languishes afar from me,
Taken captive on the sea.
Spin, spin, poor Marie!
Spin to aid the prisoner;
Weave, weave, poor Marie!
Weave to free the prisoner.

If thou wilt, the lamp I'll light—
What, my child! thy tears still flow?
Mother, Adrian pines in grief,
And the English mock his woe.
Well we lov'd, though both so young:
He has left our hearth so long.
Spin, spin, poor Marie, &c.

Come more near the fire, dear child,
Chilly nights speak autumn near.
Mother, Adrian now, they say,
Groans in floating prison drear;
And his wither'd hands are spread
Vainly for a crust of bread.
Spin, spin, poor Marie, &c.

Daughter, in a dream last night,
Adrian's wife, I thee did view:
And before long time has passed
My good dreams may all come true.
Ere the spring arose in pride,
Adrian came and claimed his bride.
Spin, spin, poor Marie!
Spin to aid the prisoner;
Weave, weave, poor Marie!
Weave to free the prisoner.

Of Beranger's comic songs it is difficult to find one translatable. In England their low tone of morality would justly be condemned, while their humour, so essentially French in character, would be unappreciated. We believe no English edition of Beranger's entire songs has been given, and we are glad of it. Here is, however, one, which must be admired for its careless and mirthful wit, its *gaité de cœur*, for we must resort to Beranger's own tongue to find an equivalent expression. Wise as well as merry is the moral it gives to all ugly lovers; but we must not forestall the song.

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS.

Her too great beauty conquers me,
'Tis a deceitful mask;
I wish that she may ugly be—
Frightful, almost I ask!
If now I love her, for her charms,
Heaven, take those gifts—restore them never!
I ask of hell itself in arms—
May she grow plain, and I—may I love her as much as ever!

At these words came Diabolus,
The father of ugliness;
"So then," he said, "you come to us
To make your rivals less;
These metamorphosis I choose;
Here she comes singing, oh, most clever!
Pearls, fall—droop, roses—fade, bright hues!
Now she is plain, and you—you love her as much as ever."

"I ugly?" cried the girl amazed,
And on a mirror there,
Doubting, then horror-struck, she gazed,
Then sunk in mute despair.
I cried, "You vowed for me to live,"
And at her feet with vain endeavour
I threw myself; "that love then give,
And were you uglier still, I would love you as much as ever."

Her eyes ran o'er with tears like rain,
Her grief my heart beguiled;
"Oh, give me back my charms again!"
"Be it so!" and Satan smiled.
As rising morn lights up the air,
Her beauty dawned, no more to sever;
She is, I ween, still, still more fair,
She is more fair, and I—I love her as much as ever.

Quickly unto the glass again
She runs, her charms to see;
Tears on her sweet face still remain,
She dries them, scolding me.
Sathanas fled;—the cruel maid
Cried, as she walked away, "Oh never
Did beauty love the wretch who said—
If she were ugly, he—would love her as much as ever!"

And with this merry *jeu d'esprit*, we will take our leave of the light-hearted Beranger.

The Law Student's Breakfast;

OR,

THE JOURNAL OF A DAY.*

BY FELIX AUGUSTUS BUGGINS, ESQ., OF GRAY'S INN.

Monday, November, 1845, *Seven o'clock*, A.M.—Awoke before the sun—seldom wide awake—just as the clock of St. Giles's church struck the seventh hour. Fog intense, and though, from a philosophical indifference of disposition, I invariably inhabit the first floor down the chimney, not a glimpse of the huge luminary could I get.

The clock, I have said, struck seven as I awoke, sounding in the fog like a muffled drum. I did not rise, but gave a grim smile as I gazed out upon the eight or nine square feet, of which I was, for the ridiculous consideration of three and sixpence hebdomadally paid, the sole lord and master. But I didn't feel at home, since, during the three years I had been domiciled in London, so many similar boxes had owned my sway, that my ideas were somewhat confused; especially as it was a peculiar nervousness which generally occasioned my departure. I know not if my kind readers understand such things or not; but in the lower regions of these temples of Mammon there generally resides a Hecate whose earthly vocation it is to persecute and irritate those whose nervous sensibilities render them peculiarly liable to external influences. Now I—and strange to say, my weakness is not singular—have a particular and unaccountable aversion to small scraps of paper being continually thrust in my face. I do not comprehend this consequence of civilisation. I spoke of the Hecate below; she was above nothing—she lived in an underground kitchen—and one would have thought her aged limbs incapable of exertion. But *crescit amor nummi*; the older she got, the more incessant were her visitations; and every Saturday morning, regular as an eight-day clock, I caught sight of her pinched and wrinkled phiz, below which, emanating from an arm rigid and unbending as a pump handle, was the sempiternal "bit o'writin." It always exercised a painful influence on my mind, showing itself in various ways. Sometimes, so great was my disgust, I turned away, and visited the realms no more; at others, weary with her importunity, I essayed a bribe of three and sixpence, which desperate remedy generally proved effectual in procuring me a respite during seven days. But in this my tormentor resembled the pirates paid off by the wisdom of our ancient kings—they liked the money, and came again. Ditto with my evil genius, whose "visits" not "few and far between," made me often exclaim *decies repetita* NON *placebat!* As is the genus, so is the individual. During fourteen revolutions of the ever invisible luminary, had I lain down and risen again within its confines, and began at length to feel at home. This reflection occurred to me as I gazed out from beneath my dingy whity-brown sheets, in which doubtless many an unfortunate wight had lain before. Homer never lived in a garret—at least in St. Giles's; or if he did succeed in seducing one of the Nine to such a place, it must have been by some spell I wot not of. The room was perhaps ten feet square, moderately high—I never wear my hat in doors; opposite the fire-place—which, be it known, owned two excellent hobs—was the bed; in the intervening space a table; in the right hand corner a huge box containing coal and some three or four half-penny bundles of wood; to the left an ancient and venerable chest of drawers, and close to this a cupboard, which being half open, disclosed certain cups and saucers, a teapot, sugar basin, &c. The table was covered by numerous writing materials, pen, ink, and various kinds of paper—tissue, lamp-blacked, and other "fixings," which I sighed as I gazed upon. But, bah! great men rise from nothing; and though I do not feel myself capable of naming a Lord Chancellor who was originally a penny—or rather three-half-penny a liner—yet who knows *ex nihilo*, from little [Lacune in orig.] * * * * much *fit* may be expected! A Sunday journal of last year's date served to guarantee the green baize from the *galling* compound which serves equally well to put on paper an astronomical problem and a gastronomical platitude; while religiously deposited between the folds of an old *Gazette des Tribunaux*, containing the *proces Laffarge*—my whole law library—was a fresh uncut magazine, which my friend Spriggs had borrowed for me, and with which I intended to solace myself during the day.

But footsteps are heard upon the stairs—the door opens—and the deputy Hecate, a beldame some sixty years of age, shuffles in, and proceeding toward the coal-box began to light a fire.

"Any note left for me yesterday, Mrs. Mutton?" I inquired. I had been ruralising in Hampstead all day, in town all night, and had let myself in at four.

"Oh lawk! yes, sir, and the Irish gentleman, the funny Irish gentleman, called several times."

I took the note, opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Buggins,—I need scarcely remind

* Our friend Felix has already given this vagary publicity, but as we intend following up his adventures, we must give the opening chapter.

you, that at eight precisely to-morrow, I *will* be with you to breakfast according to invite. "Yours till death,

"SEPTIMUS O'SHINE."

"Mrs. Mutton," said I. "I had quite forgot, but Mr. O'Shine will breakfast with me this morning, at eight."

"Werry vell, sir! vat shall I get for breakfast? There is nuffin in."

I rose, half sitting, half reclining in my bed, looked actually wildly at the imperturbable beldame, and taking up the echo of her speech, slowly ejaculated "Nothing?"

"No tea, sir, no sugar, no bread, no bacon, no nuffin."

Here was a pretty perplexing predicament! Half-past seven, an Irishman coming to breakfast at eight, and nothing to eat! My readers will probably remark, and justly, why not run over to the nearest chandler's shop, and get all the necessary articles? Very true. But let me make a clean heart of it. One Saturday when I invited O'Shine, I had fifteen solid shillings in my pocket. Sunday came, and with it certain temptations. I will not be forced into too particular a confession—suffice it to say that when at four in the morning I dived into my pocket in search of sixpence, I pulled out nought save a handful of notes from a respected and reverend uncle, who it seemed clear even to my then obfuscated intellect had various places of abode, since no two bore the same address. Unfortunately, too, I had exhausted myself of late in paying him visits, and could not have the face to encounter him empty handed. What was to be done? Some diversion worthy of Wellington or Buonaparte could alone save me. Rapidity was required. The minutes were tumbling one another headlong into the bottomless abyss of time, and eight o'clock would soon be round; and as sure as eight came, Mr. Septimus O'Shine would pull the top bell thrice and be let in. I sank back with a groan upon my bed.

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, "show my friend up when he comes. Meantime lay the breakfast things. Put the tea-kettle on the fire—it looks comfortable: place the coffee-pot on the hob: cover up the sugar-basin. I'll get Mr. O'Shine to market for me. It will save you the trouble."

Septimus O'Shine was the third son of a worthy Cork distiller, who had been finished by Father Mathew. At least he said so, though people whisperod that he was in the *Gazette* in the year '30. Howbeit, he died, leaving nothing save three sons—Mark, John, and Septimus. The first was a briefless barrister, haunting the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin; the second emigrated to America, and was never more heard of; and the third came to London, to seek his fortune. He is a worthy fellow, is Septimus; kind-hearted, honourable, upright, and like myself a philosopher—that is, so utter an enemy of Mr. Cash and Co., as to be very seldom troubled with their company. Septimus had been in town two years. How he lived, no one knew. Employment he had none. It was generally opined that he resided nowhere; or if a flight of fancy ever carried any one far enough to suspect him of having an address, it was always supposed to be in some situation two stories nigher the clouds than ever any one had been known to live in before. Income he had none either, though now and then he had been seen to receive a letter, containing what he said in an off hand manner was a "sov.," but which looked marvellously like a shilling when it was hastily slipped into his waistcoat pocket. But Septimus was economical, and Septimus lived. Besides, he made friends; and before it was found out how poor he was men would lend him five shillings or so; but of late his suit of black began to look wondrous seedy, his well-darned cotton gloves were fingerless, his boots were unguilty of a sole, and his friends looked the other side of the street, or were very busy gazing at nothing, whenever they crossed his path. I like Septimus—I can't help it. His temper is bad, his politics detestable and incomprehensible, his violence when roused to anger, awful; but I like him: to me, whom he loves, he is a lamb, and often have I shared my last shilling with him. I knew that Sunday he had chiefly spent in bed, to avoid the sense of hunger. To ask such a man to breakfast and nothing to give him! It was dreadful. But—so strange, wayward, and contrary is human nature—among all my numerous friends and acquaintances, I preferred that morning having to encounter him and his hungry maw, than one "with good fat capon lined."

Eight o'clock.—A pull at the bell, a knock, a shuffling below, a well-known foot on the stairs—Septimus O'Shine entered the apartment.

"Arrah, now, Falix, ye're the lazy boy! Tare an' ouns, mhan, git uph! Ah, bhut it lhooks mighthy comfortable. The kittle biling, too.—That's the chat that houlds wat'her!"

"Good morning, Septimus."

"Divil a bhit, my boy, but it's a mighthy raw marning, any how. Fhog enough to choke a mhan. But git uph; it's I've the appetite this same marning, now; an' it's a pow'her of rashers I'll undermhine, and not to spake of a dozen bhouls o' tay."

"Septimus, my dear fellow," said I, gravely, "accidents will happen."

O'Shine made no reply, but he looked at the table, at the cupboard, at the half-open

[illegible] of my commode—not a sign, not a vestige, not a crumb of anything eatable could he descry. Septimus was a little man, round shouldered, about forty—a merry twinkle in his grey eye—and never had I seen his eye twinkle more vividly than while anticipating the joys of breakfast.

"Septimus, my dear fellow," said I, gravely, "accidents will happen."

His look became grave, nay, severe. He was disappointed—he was astonished; but he saw it all at a glance. He was used to such things, poor fellow!

"Arrah, now, ye're hard uph, and no shot in the lockher. Och, what the divil have you dhone wid yer money, mhan."

"That's a question, O'Shine; easier asked than answered," replied I, ruefully, advancing at the same time towards the fire, after a few hasty efforts of dandyism.

"Bad 'cess to the unluckhy marning. But one thing's shure, Falix," said he, "we're both mort'hal hungry, and must fix a brekust, as the Dhublin jaqueens have it. Wudn't the coffee-house rhound the corner sthand it now?"

"No go, Septimus—no go. My head's so outrageously swelled in that quarter, I can't get in at the door."

Septimus O'Shine put his finger to his nose, shut one eye, turned his head in his shoulders, and said nothing.

"And then," continued I, fully comprehending the force of his bye-play, "I havn't a mortal thing to put up the spout."

"It'z divilish hard uphon us, Falix, my boy; shure you know now we must breakfast this same cowld morning, and a mighty hard-hearted marning it is. By-the-bye, mhan alhive, there's your 'shuspected murdher' in three Sunday paphers."

"Humph! I'm glad to hear it. But no go till Wednesday; don't pay before, you know. Perhaps find out it's all a bottle of smoke before that."

"At a pinch now, my honey," replied he, pursuing his own train of reflections, "dis auld pok'her 'ud fitch three pence at the shign of the two-to-one. Thrue, it's pretty ould and short."

"Poker be hanged," interrupted I, laughing, though faintly.

In speculations, propositions, and probabilities, the time slipped by. We passed in review every scheme possible, probable, and impossible, which presented itself to our heated imaginations. We discussed the merits of our friends, or rather the merits of their pockets; and, after many arguments, pro and con, decided that, on a careful inquiry into their capabilities and means of replenishment, it was imprudent, nay, useless, to make an attempt to conciliate the benevolent feelings of any one of them. We ransacked my drawers for some *cadeau* wherewith to gain the favour *mei avunculi*. O'Shine at length suggested selling my bills on the Sunday papers at a discount of twenty-five per cent., but I refused. I did not choose every one to know I did such things; and, besides, who would become a purchaser? Probably on the Stock Exchange they wouldn't know such paper;—it was, at all events, very unlikely.

"Arrah, mhan, ye'r mighthy pertikl'her this marning, now. Ochone, my inside's carrying on a quare discourse all this t'hyme."

Nine o'clock.—As the clock ceased striking, we looked at one another with a dismal expression of countenance, which is not to be depicted on paper. We did'nt like it—it was'nt at all agreeable. But how was it to be mended? That was the question. There was the rub. O'Shine became silent, thoughtful—an expression of fixed melancholy settled itself upon his face. I looked at him—he at me. I took the poker—which he still held—out of his hand, stirred the fire, threw on coal with a desperate liberality, as much as to say, "You see I am not niggard of what I have got." It had the desired effect. O'Shine looked up and smiled; he even took my hand—I squeezed his, and let it go.

"Falix, my boy, ye're the free horse that whants no spuring. If ye ohnly had the bhread and but'her, now, it 'ud be as readily handed out."

"But, Septimus, we cannot eat coal."

"Thrue, for you. By the howly St. Pathrick, but I don't know what to do, or what to be aft'her. The ould toothless Jezebel down st'hairs wouldn't dhub uph?"

"Septimus, a hungry man has no conscience. Expose myself to my landlady? Whew!—here she comes. Take the book—be very busy reading. It won't do to appear without breakfast."

Saying these words, I threw him the magazine, which hitherto had been neglected—seized a pen and ink, and drove away at a sheet of paper. It was then I put down the idea of "A History of the Day:" I am following it up.

"A letter, sir, and the boy waits an answer," said the beldame; "shall I take away the breakfast things?"

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Mutton. My friend breakfasted before coming; I have no appetite just now, but we'll set to work by-and-bye."

"With the blessing of the howly St. Pathrick, I hope so," exclaimed O'Shine, as soon as Mrs. Mutton had vanished: "but what an ideya, man, that I'd whipped in a breakfast afore coming out. Shure she must think, for all the whorld, I'm a peep-o'-day boy."

"What's this, now?" continued I, open-

ing the note: "a bill from my tailor, by Jove."

"Sind it back to him, wid yer compliments; you hope he's whell, and ye're not at home. Shure this is no t'hyme now to be aft'her bothering a man for little accounts. I've no patience wid de fellow."

"Go down to him, Septimus—say anything, so you get rid of him. You don't mind the job."

"Is it me, now?—Shure ye know me. I'll s'hend him off, the dhirty spalpeen, in half the twinkling of a bhed-ph'ost."

When Septimus returned, I was sealing a letter very neatly.

"What's that, now, my jewel—anything to ate."

"Septimus, it is no use showing a faint heart; breakfast we must. I am, you know, literary critic to the *Weekly Slasher*, paid by the column, extracts not included. This is my first week: pay-day is Wednesday; they owe me thirty shillings. I write to say I have an account to settle—£20, want five-and-twenty shillings to make up the sum. Would greatly oblige if they would break their rule for once."

O'Shine gazed in admiration on the note; had it been a note of hand, he would not have regarded it with more veneration.

"Falix, my boy, you're a janius.—Ghive it to me; I'll be there in no time, and bhack in half that same lhittle period.

"O'Shine, I know you. You are aware these things can't be asked in *propriâ personâ*. My modesty wouldn't let me do it. That is the grand use of letters. Many an impudent thing one can say on paper, which one would not dare to say oneself. I asked Julia to marry me, through the penny post. By the way, don't you think this love affair of mine very hard?"

"By this and by that, now, Jhulia mhust whait 'till I come bhack, to be talked about. Shure you're not coming now. Stay at home, man; keep a good fire, and in a jhiffy I'm back wid de atables."

I sank back in my chair, quite overcome at the prospect. Meanwhile O'Shine struck his hat on his head, pulled on his gloves, put his umbrella under his arm, and prepared to depart.

"And the tailhor's boy—och, I did him beautiful! I tould him ye'd got three dhoctors all this blessed thyme; that it was their unanimous affidavy ye couldn't be disthurbed! ye had, I said, the inanition low fever, the chief sign of which sthrange malady is excessive ghrumbling in the intarnals, an utter prostration of the œsophagus, a vacuum in the phylorus, and an excessive quhantity of chyle in the duodedum. So you see I havn't been a medical student for nothing. But I'm aff."

Mr. O'Shine then whisked down stairs, and had almost turned the corner ere I could throw up the window. I could scarcely refrain from laughing, as, leaning across the leaden conduit—*vulgo* gutter—I remarked that he took the longest route to avoid passing a cook-shop, where he saw the proprietor standing at the door. O'Shine was considerate; he owed the man a trifle, and wished to spare his feelings; "for shure he was able to owe it." I reshut the window, sat down, and endeavoured to read. It was in vain. I knew very well I had made a rash attempt. Monday was the day for going over the *Weekly Slasher's* accounts, and it was hardly possible my mission could prove successful. They would not have time to attend to it. I took a knife, wiped it clean—that was unnecessary, it was guiltless of bread and butter—and began patiently to cut open the pages of the magazine that lay on the table. The idea of how much it would fetch round the corner, in case of failure on the part of Septimus, was, however, the only idea that dwelt on my mind. Disgusted with my mercenary feelings, I rose and walked the room, never reflecting that thereby I was gaining an appetite. Nothing, too, more annoying, more vexatious, than to perambulate a small apartment—there were so many turns and corners! But, for the life of me, I could not sit still. I was vexed—annoyed that I did not go with Septimus; he was, however, gone, and resignation was a necessary virtue.

Eleven o'clock.—Rat, rat! The postman! a letter from Julia. Reproaches, tears, and threatenings. She had received a letter asserting a most awful account of my life and character. Who could have been blabbing? It concluded,

"I hope you can clear yourself. I take tea Wednesday evening with Mr. O'Leary and his wife: perhaps I may meet you there. My father is out of town for a few days.

Your true but sad
JULIA."

"The devil take that Septimus!" thought I to myself; "eleven past, and not back yet. I shall perish an ignoble victim to famine. Julia takes tea with Jocastus: by Jove I go. I wish it were this morning, though. I am just in the humour. Tea, toast, muffins, and Julia! By the immortal gods, come night, come morning, and come night again. D——— that Septimus; he'll never be back. Caggs out of town—now is my time or never, to get married. But will she join me here? O'Shine, I forswear you. It is abominable, atrocious, thus to keep a hungry man upon the rack. Julia—humph! to-morrow evening—thirty-six hours. If I have nothing to eat until then—to-morrow evening tea and

Julia—and after supper and Julia—always Julia. Oh that the too, too solid hours would melt, and bring me to to-morrow even! Ah! Is it a supper that I see before me?—*Shakespeare*. Humph! Septimus, you have the heart of a crocodile, the stomach of a camel. If I only could borrow that of an ostrich, and digest iron, yonder poker would do to begin with."

I here sank into my chair, overcome by the excess of my emotions; an inward groan was re-echoed from my heart. I took in three inches of my *blouse*-belt. A new source of vexation here arose. Wouldn't my landlady smell a rat? I only wish I could have done so, that's all. I say no more. The idea, however, of having your misfortunes known over the house was maddening. A bright idea struck me! I rang my bell.

"Mrs. Mutton," said I, as soon as the deputy Hecate appeared, "I didn't have supper at the Cider Cellars until four this morning; don't feel peckish, and my friend breakfasted at seven; so you see we havn't much chance of an appetite. We shall lunch, however, about one; secure me the frying-pan, and bring it up as soon as you can."

"Werry well, sir. My missus was a saying as how she thought you hadn't the tin for to get breakfast."

"D——— your mistress," exclaimed I, as the talkative, half-silly beldame left the room; "if I say a-word, though, you'll get turned out for repeating her impertinence. I'll leave here next week—that is, if I can pay my rent."

Such was the agreeable result of my great stroke of generalship.

Twelve o'clock.—Five hours since I awoke, two and a half since the departure of my messenger. What could have become of Mr. Septimus O'Shine? Perhaps hunger had overcome his sense of decorum; and now, at the very instant of time when I was ready to faint, he was snugly ensconced in the box of some well-known house, regaling himself with his favourite stop-gap, coffee and rashers. The idea of his imbibing coffee made me boil; at the bare thought of rashers, I fumed. Perhaps—the thought was horrible and ghastly—he had failed, and had, in sheer spite, fallen down dead on the road. Disappointment has produced more powerful results. But Septimus—visions of coroner's inquests froze up my veins. I clapped my hat upon my head, and prepared to sally forth. "Where?" whispered Reason.

I sank once more into my chair. My hunger was now intense; nay, awful. I put my head out of window, and looked cannibalism at every woman that passed. They did look more eatable than the men. But I soon retired—a female, carrying home a baked shoulder of mutton, offended the delicacy of my olfactory nerves. But I could not remain five minutes in one position. I threw up the window again, and leaned out—two minutes passed, when my eye caught sight of an advancing figure. It was Alphonse Jujube, a French friend of mine; I should say acquaintance—he was one of Jullien's *claqueurs!* I read his errand in his walk, and also in his ancient Mackintosh, which was never put on save when the coat was *en voyage*. He was come to borrow money. My indignation was roused. I rushed to the landing, ringing my bell at the same time.

"Mrs. Mutton," screamed I at the top of my voice.

"Sir."

"I am at home to no one to-day but Mr. O'Shine."

Rat, tat, tat! ding, ding, ding! I listened.

"Monsieur Boogins at hom?"

"No, sir."

"Nevére mind, I call in von hour."

I re-entered my apartment, threw myself into a chair once more, and remained in silent contemplation until Mrs. Mutton interrupted me, bringing in the frying-pan. She laid it near the coal-box, and retired.

One o'clock.—No Septimus!—*A quarter past.* He rings, enters; I was listening on the landing. His step was slow; I closed the door, and sank breathless into my old arm chair. I read my fate in his walk. He opened the door, and walked into the room:—

"Och, man, the *Weekly Slasher's* a brute; shure you must a knowed him. I'll lay a pennhy now he's some cast-off Dhublin reporther — a-half-a-farthing-a-line-man. Khept me there 'till just now, and then ghive me this stinking piece of pap'her," throwing me a note.

"Humph!" exclaimed I, opening the highly-scented satin envelope. "A cheque, by Jove."

O'Shine cut a caper.

"A what?"

"A cheque, my lad; a cheque for 3*l*. 10*s*.!"

"Shure I know'd it, I said he was a rale gintleman. I could a towld it. Who is it on?"

"A bank in Lombard Street," answered I, despairingly; "and I can never wait till you come back from there; I am half dead. Take a cab."

"Divil a hapath, now—whasting the mhoney that-a-way," exclaimed O'Shine, his eyes once more glistening. The man's powers of endurance were awful.

"I'll go with you, then."

"No, no, man! we'd be dhouble the thyme, now. By the whay, there's some fine 'L.L.' to be got over there. An imperial quart now 'ud do us good this same blessed day."

"My dear fellow, bring anything you like, only be quick. I'll have a famous fire and every thing else ready. Bring tea and coffee both."

"Shure I know what whe'll be aft'her wanting; aint I a fine messman? Good bhye, my darlin'; I'll be there and bhack directly."

He was off again, and I was once more left alone. I then read the note which accompanied the check.

"The editor of the *Weekly Slasher* presents his compliments to Mr. Buggins, and begs to enclose him 3*l.* 10*s.* on account."

I felt happy. It was kind, very kind; and a kind action always pleases me.

Four o'clock.—Septimus not returned yet. I had closed the curtains, lit two moulds, the fire blazed cheerfully, the replenished kettle boiled *a merveille*. The evening looked delicious; my room was everything that could be wished, but—the substance was wanting. Could the answer to the check be "no effects." The very notion was enough to drive a fellow mad!

Ding, ding!

It was Septimus. This time he rushed up stairs, opened the door, and caught hold of me.

"Io pæan! shure, my jhewel, look here, there's three phound of fine rashers for ye now. There's the shugar, the tay, the coffee, and there, my boy, 's the whiskey—that's the stuff to raise the cockles of yer heart. But ating before every thing. Make the tay, my boy, sit the rashers a-going. I'm off for the two quartern loaves and the but'her; I'll send the shape for de milk. Cushla machree! who'd tell me the *Weekly Slasher* isn't the best pap'her in all existence? I'd like to see his two dirty eyes that 'ud say it, now."

I did not answer; my heart was full, too full. But I could act—and act I did, and to some purpose; for when he rushed up the-stairs, holding in each of his outstretched hands a quartern loaf, the rashers were phizzing away, the tea made, the coffee simmering, and in five minutes we were armed with knife and fork and ready for the conflict.

Rat, tat!

"Monsieur Boogins at home?"

I rushed to the top of the stairs.

"Walk up, Monsieur Jujube," cried I, "walk up; glad to see you."

"By the p'howers, man, is it comp'hany your aft'her now? Shure there's enough anyhow."

"Ah! my dear Jujube, how are you? devilish glad to see you. Take a chair—down with your *chapeau*. That's right, O'Shine; here's another plate for yourself. M. Jujube will take a snack with us."

"Shure, my darlin'," exclaimed O'Shine, inserting at the same time a quarter of a pound of rashers into his mouth, "sure I'm p'hroud of the honour of the acquaintance."

"Ah, my goat friend, you very much goat. I have five *minute* finished my *dîner* but, *pour vous faire plaisir*, I will just taste a bit."

"Goat! by Molly's kettle," whispered Septimus, "he's complimentary."

"No ceremony, I pray you, gentlemen fire away;"

'Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries *ho:d, enough.*'"

The chatter of knives, plates, forks, and spoons, was the sole answer to my wit—music to me most welcome.

Half-past five.—The bacon was at this hour *non est*, as were nearly all the eatables.

"O'Shine, could you manage another rasher?"

"Well, if ye vhex me now, I will."

"Ditto," replied I, "*decies repetita placebat.*"

"Von lettle bit more hog vould not be bad," replied the Frenchman who had just dined.

O'Shine vanished, and in ten minutes the frying-pan was again in requisition.

Seven o'clock.—It was this hour before our breakfast-things were cleared away; that is, ere the eatables had wholly disappeared. The rage of hunger was now appeased; but O'Shine, though full to bursting, still coquetted with the little that of appetites had left.

"I feel mort'hal good," said he; "suppose, my honey, we thry the spirits."

The Frenchman vowed against whiskey; he could not manage any thing stronger than Bourdeaux or Champagne; but O'Shine swore he would initiate him. Now began the jovialities. Pipes, coffee, punch, cigars, songs, and long-winded Irish genealogical histories and reminiscences ensued. I had, it is true, heard them all before, but I was in no humour to quarrel about trifles. Jujube took us behind the scenes of Drury and the Garden, O'Shine to the lakes of Killarney, to Cork, Kilkenny, and the Corn Exchange. I talked law, short-hand, and manifold copies of murders. In a word, all was fun, sociality, and mirth. We were not philosophical, but we were philowhiskical; we were not critical, but we were lyrical; and who will say I was not witty, humourous, gay?—in fact, I paid the piper!

P.S. *Tuesday morning, two o'clock*, A.M.—I was dozing in the chair, dreaming of Julia, when O'Shine shook me, saying—

"Whake up, mhan alive! Shure this is no night for slape."

I prepared to relapse into unconsciousness, when O'Shine lifted up the *second*

"imparial quart" (it had been secreted on the landing until the eleventh hour), and gave it a melancholy shake.—The shake brought forth no echo.

"Falix! Falix!" said he, in a most lachrymose tone of voice, "*whiskey fhuit!*—whiskey was!"

I wished it had never been—and fell asleep.

Algeria in 1845.*

The French are decidedly a little people—little in their ideas, little in their mode of conquering, and still littler in their system of government. We might carry the accusation still further, and with few exceptions, ancient and modern, characterise their literature by the same epithet; but we have now to deal with them as colonists. In all those dependencies which have been unfortunate enough to submit to Gallic rule, their total inaptitude for swaying the destinies of any people, themselves included, has been markedly visible. They colonised Canada for us to reap the benefit; Louisiana for the Spaniards, and then for the Americans; while in India they but prepared the way for us. They are fully capable of overthrowing an empire or a state by force of arms, but they do not possess in turn the qualities necessary for reconstructing such body politic, and so ruling the people as to make them, as we have done in India, bless the yoke of the victors. We civilise, educate, protect, deal out justice to the nations we overcome, using the sword only as a last resource; while the French have no other instrument of government. The present work, by a conscientious and able French officer, demonstrates in the most forcible manner that the genius of his countrymen does not lie towards colonisation, while it presents anything but a picture favourable to the morality, good conduct, and discipline of the army. Why the French first took it into their heads to conquer Algiers, has always been a mysterious thing to us; the following anecdote is interesting on this point:

"During the reign of Napoleon, the Bey of Tunis had in his harem a favourite female slave, to whom he wished to make a present of a magnificent sarmah. This sarmah is a sort of head-dress, not dissimilar in form to that formerly worn in France, and still kept up by the cauchoises of Normandy, with this difference, that it is composed of richly wrought gold or silver. To get this ornament made, the Bey applied to a Jew, who, however, not feeling himself competent to produce the *chef-d'œuvre*, applied to one of his own tribe in Paris. The latter recommended that the commission should be given to a goldsmith at Versailles, who undertook to make it for twelve thousand francs. The sarmah was completed; it was of the purest gold, artistically wrought in open work, and set with precious stones. It was sent to Algiers, whence it was dispatched to Tunis, where the price charged for it was thirty thousand francs. The Bey, who was delighted with it, made no demur about the price; but being at that time straightened in his finances, he entered into an arrangement with the Jew at Algiers, giving him in part payment a certain quantity of corn, with the permission to export a portion of it from Tunis duty free. It happened at that time that there was a want of corn in France for the supply of the troops stationed in the provinces. The Jew sold his stock to the army contractors, and he profited so well by the transaction, that he became a creditor of the French government to the amount of above a million. After the fall of Napoleon, the government of the restoration disavowed the Jew's claim; but, like all the Israelites, he was active and persevering, and by dint of repeated supplications, he succeeded in interesting the Dey of Algiers in his behalf. Through the medium of the Dey, energetic remonstrances were addressed to M. Deval, the French consul at Algiers, who promised to submit the matter to the consideration of his government. In 1829, on the occasion of the festival of the Ramadan, all the foreign consuls resident in Algiers were admitted to present their respects to the Dey. His highness asked M. Deval for the answer relative to the case of the Jew, and made some complaints of the tardiness observed by the ministers of Charles X in the management of public business. The consul communicated the decision of the French ministry, who rejected the Jew's demand with some expression of disapproval touching the impropriety of similar claims. The Dey became angry, and vented his irritation by giving M. Deval a rap with a fan which he held in his hand for the purpose of driving away the flies."—pp. 18—20.

There can be but little doubt that by a wise, statesmanlike, and conciliatory policy, Algiers might become a valuable colonial possession. It has every natural advantage. With a chief town situated on a bay larger and more beautiful than the bay of Naples, with great fertility, and within forty-eight hours of France, it might be the watering-place where the *élégans* of Paris could seek renovation from the dissipation of the capital, and where their venatorial propensities might find full vent, it being most prolific in game. As it is, the city of Algiers presents a curious scene enough:

"All persons going from one extremity of the city to the other, on any kind of business or occupation, are under the necessity of passing along the Place; consequently the incessant din and bustle may easily be imagined. Whilst I was taking a survey of the busy scene, a regiment of infantry, returning from exercise, was marching beneath our balcony; through the arcades, beneath the tower, four hundred mules, with soldiers and waggons, were proceeding to a provision magazine to procure boxes of biscuits for an expedition then in preparation; and along the opposite side of the Place a funeral procession was passing, attended by a numerous retinue of relations and friends and followed by a vast crowd of idlers. Amidst all these objects, were thickly interspersed Arabs, Moors, Jews, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Maltese, Germans, and Italians; some on foot, some on horseback; others carrying heavy loads of wares for sale, and each vendor uttering deafening cries, in his own particular language. In short, the heat, the dust, and the noise, seemed altogether enough to drive a stranger mad. I doubted whether I could venture into the streets, and mingle in the fearful turmoil. I could eat no breakfast, for I found it impossible to keep away from the window, and to avert my gaze from the strange masses of men and animals, passing and repassing; I stood looking over the balcony, till I became almost dizzy with the noise and confusion."

* "A Visit to the French Possessions in Africa." By Count St. Marie. London, Bentley. 1 vol. pp. 384.

The following is an instance of the unwise management of affairs:

"Pursuing our course, we came in sight of four tolerably large buildings, destined for hospitals. They are so situated that they are exposed to every wind that blows; so that the simoon and the north wind, bid fair to create no less mortality than wounds and hard service. Workmen are actively engaged in the completion of these buildings, and after they have been finished, and occupied for two or three years, the injudicious choice of their situation will be manifest in the mortality of the troops. Comparative statistical calculations will unfold the cause, when the unfortunate men, who may form the bases of those calculations, will be all consigned to the grave.—p. 23.

One of the amusements of the officers is thus naively related, though we take leave to question the implicit truth of the anecdote:

"M. de St. Vincent, the president of one of the the learned societies of France, visited Africa, with a view to the prosecution of researches in natural history. He was very active in inquiring after curious specimens, and paid largely for all that were brought to him. One day, a subaltern officer presented to him two rare phenomena, in the shape of a couple of rats, each of which had a long excrescence issuing from the top of the nose, and resembling the trunk of the elephant. Our naturalist eagerly made himself master of the valuable prizes, assigning to them their appropriate scientific classification, under the name of the *rat trompe*, and transmitting intelligence of the important discovery to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. But lo! after the lapse of a few days, the excrescence became dry and dropped off; and on examination, it was discovered that the interesting phenomenon was a mere imposition! Incisions had been made above the noses of the animals, and the tails of two other rats inserted into them. The mystification was complete."—pp. 24, 25.

M. de St. Marie gives the following very simple account of his visit to a lady, though he forgets to add whether he ever followed up the acquaintance:

"On gaining admittance we entered an inner court, prettily ornamented and well lighted. From thence we were ushered into an apartment roofed with orgive arches, and tapestried with draperies of coloured silk. This room was lighted by a lamp placed on a table, and encircled by bouquets of flowers. A Moorish lady was reclining on a divan, on the ground, before which was spread an enormous tiger-skin. On our entrance the lady arose from her recumbent posture, and offering her hand to M. R—, she greeted him with a *bon jour* in French. She then saluted me by a slight inclination of the head. She was exceedingly beautiful, and was exquisitely attired. Her features were delicate and regular, and her countenance was of a perfect oval form. Her complexion was fair and brilliant; and her hair as black as jet. Finely arched dark eyebrows surmounted a pair of sweetly expressive and most animated eyes. A light and graceful head-dress, composed of crimson silk figured with gold, did not entirely conceal her braided hair, which was bound by bands of pearl. From her ears were suspended magnificent diamond drops; and her necklace was composed of coral and diamonds. In the centre of her bosom a beautiful gold brooch confined the folds of a sort of *chemisette* of clear muslin, spangled with gold. A loose pelisse, without sleeves, composed of rich blue brocade, figured in gold, only partially concealed her slender waist, which was encircled by a broad girdle of silk, ornamented with gold. Loose trousers of muslin, confined round the ancles, completed this graceful oriental costume, which had a light and elegant effect, notwithstanding the abundance of ornament. The small, slender hands of this fair Moor presented the distinctive mark of the primitive races in the red colouring of the finger nails. On one of her cheeks I observed a blue star tattooed. This was the stamp of her genealogy, and indicated the tribe to which she belonged. Pipes, and the eternal beverage coffee, were brought in and presented to us, by a young negress, who wore on her head a white muslin turban, decorated with one of those roses with gilded leaves and stalks, which had attracted my attention in the morning. The dress of this negress consisted of a loose wrapper of white silk, stripped with blue. The conversation between M. R—— and the lady being maintained in the Arabic language, I could neither understand it nor take part in it. My friend therefore cut short his visit, and we took our leave. When we got out he begged pardon for the introduction he had given me, observing that it was only by visiting a female of that class that a stranger could get sight of a Moorish woman; none but those of the very lowest order are allowed to go out, or even to be seen by visitors in their dwelling."—pp. 39—41.

The details which we have on the bazaars and shops are exceedingly interesting, showing how very oriental Algiers still is, despite the Gallic influence which pervades every grade of society. We still see otto of roses, fragrant pastiles, silken fillets and bracelets, loose red trousers, and little pots of colour, blue for the eyebrows, red for the cheeks, and yellow for the nails. After visiting several shops, our traveller says:

"Next to the stall just described, was one kept by a barber, in which several customers were waiting their turns, and employing themselves in the meanwhile in smoking and drinking coffee. The whole establishment was remarkable for its cleanliness. When we entered the shop, the barber was engaged in shaving the head of a criminal under sentence of death. During the operation the culprit frequently looked into a little mirror set in a mother-o'-pearl frame, which he held in his hand, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining the accurate measurement of the tuft of hair which, in such cases, is left on the crown of the head, and is called the Mahomed. By this tuft of hair, the criminal believes he is to be drawn up to heaven by the angel of death."—p. 45.

Some of the more picturesque features of the town are thus described:

"The market of the Place de la Chartre was just about to open. In the middle of the square there was a fountain, surrounded by orange trees. The scene was most busy and animated. The country people, seated on the ground, in several rows, were exhibiting for sale the produce of their cultivation. Fruits which can with difficulty be obtained in Europe at this season, were here displayed in the most profuse abundance. A negress was selling her little Arab cakes; beside her was a pretty Marseillaise flower girl, tying up nosegays; a Maltese was crying vegetables, in a most vociferous tone of voice; and an Arab, squatted on the ground, was patiently awaiting a purchaser for some live hens, which he exhibited before him with their legs tied together. Mingled with these groups, were soldiers purchasing provisions for the mess, and officers lounging about and staring at the ladies who were buying bouquets to replenish their flower-stands."—pp. 47, 48.

The jackal and the hyena, the panther, the lion and the tiger, form the higher order of game, but

"Lion hunting is very rare; those animals are not very common, and there is, moreover, much danger attending their pursuit. When a lion shows himself near the dwellings of any of the native tribes, the Arabs are filled with alarm. They send to inform the French authorities, who take measures to kill the fearful intruder; or they order out some companies of troops, and the animal is hunted in a regular battue. The amateur hunters go within the confines of the

battue; but if the animal should stand fiercely on the defensive, woe to the amateurs! Indeed a lion hunt never takes place without the sacrifice of three or four lives, to say nothing of wounds and other serious injuries. The lion, when excited to his utmost fury, darts on the hunters with a degree of rapidity and ferocity which nothing can avert. At a hunt which recently took place in the environs of Oran, twenty hunters, who were in the centre of the battue, suddenly stopped short. They had reached a clump of trees, on the stems of which the lion had inserted his claws, as cats sometimes do on articles of furniture. The traces thus left by the ferocious animal so completely checked the ardour of the hunters, that they allowed the lion to walk away very leisurely at the distance of about a thousand paces from them, without making any attempt to cut off his retreat."—pp. 59, 60.

The following is a specimen of French taste:—

"The whole concluded with the *exercice des têtes*. Little mounds of earth ranged at equal intervals were surmounted by heads, made on a framework of osier, covered with cloth, and painted so as to present a perfect imitation of Arabs' heads. Darting round the area at full gallop, and sword in hand, the horseman, bending forward on the neck of his horse, passed his sword rapidly under the head, as if cutting it off, and raised it from the earth on the point of his sword. Then elevating his weapon with the head on the top of it, and riding up to the Duke de Montpensier, he saluted the prince by laying the trophy at his feet. All these exercises were performed with wonderful skill and precision, and notwithstanding the rapidity of the movements, no accident occurred. After hearing the description of the *exercice des têtes*, I could not refrain from expressing my astonishment that, in the presence of ladies and of a prince, anything calculated to excite disgusting associations should have been introduced. M. R—— assured me, that far from being offensive, such diversions were in great favour in Algiers."—pp. 74, 75.

We could easily enlarge the number of our extracts from this very delightful book, containing as it does an account of a visit to Bouffarik, to Erlon, of the Zouaves, the Spahis of the French army, of the camp of Haden, with curious details connected with the Kabyles, Arabs, Jews, Turks, &c.; their habitations, costumes, manners, marriages, &c., but we are compelled to be brief. We can, however, strongly recommend it to our readers as one of the most amusing, and, at the same time, useful books which have been published in connection with Algeria. It contains, moreover, a very admirable portrait of Abd-el-Kader.

Reviews.

The Works of G. P. R. James. Vol. V. Philip Augustus. Smith and Elder.

We purpose to take the whole of this admirable series one by one, and to bring before our readers this excellent reproduction of the romances of one of the most delightful of modern novelists. James is always amusing. He weaves ever an exciting and deeply interesting story, while his feelings and sympathies are such as to call forth the warmest approbation of every lover of his kind. Besides, of manners, customs, and curious historical details, his works always afford a delightful abundance. The present novel, "Philip Augustus," is possessed of every quality which the most ardent lover of romance can desire, while the period in which it is laid is of itself a recommendation. Indeed, few periods in the history of the world present more dazzling scenes in the court and in the field than that in which flourished Philip Augustus, king of France; "and it was very natural, therefore," says James, "that a young author who had read a good deal of French history should select from it a subject of romance. It may seem strange, however, that in choosing a theme from that period, I neither took the earlier portion of Philip's life, nor that which comprised the most brilliant accessaries; but chose a time when the monarch had reached a middle age, and when the most painful reverses of his career befell him." Now to us this is the very reason he should have selected this very time in which to lay the scene of a romance. The present novel opens—but let us have a word with Mr. James in right good humour, but still in the shape of grumbling. Which novel of Mr. James's does not open with one or more horsemen riding along a narrow road? Now it is not everybody has read our author's works so carefully or so often as we have; but this is a remark which we have often made. Thus opens "Darnley," "The Gipsy;" thus, we believe, "The Huguenots," and "One in a Thousand;" thus "Rose d'Albret," and "Corse de Leon," and (we are wrong, if not) almost every novel Mr. James has written. This is a singular phenomenon. And now, having proved our critical acumen and eased our conscience, we proceed to remark that the novel before us opens sweetly:—

"Seven hundred years ago the same bright summer sun was shining in his glory that now rolls past before our eyes in all the beneficent majesty of light. It was the month of May, and everything in nature seemed to breathe of the fresh buoyancy of youth. There was a light breeze in the sky, which carried many a swift shadow, over mountain, plain, and wood. There was a springy vigour in the atmosphere, as if the wind itself were young. The earth was full of flowers, and the woods full of voice; and song and perfume shared the earth between them."

The characters of Guy de Coucy and the Count d'Auvergne are then at once placed before us, whom, as playing the principal parts in the drama, we are necessarily anxious to examine. Indeed, Mr. James excels more in *painting character* than in bringing it out by light touches. In the present romance the action of the story is admirable; we are carried along everywhere with an intensity of interest sometimes painful. The fortunes of Guy de Coucy and the fair Isadore, their loves and adventures, are deeply interesting; while those of the King and Agnes de Me-

ranie are even more so. We quote the opening scene of Chapter IV, which introduces these two characters:—

"We must now change the scene. From the small narrow windows of the ancient chateau of Compiegne might be seen, on the one side, the forest, with its ocean of green and waving boughs; and, on the other, a lively little town on the banks of the Oise, the windings of which river could be traced from the higher towers far beyond its junction with the Aisne into the distant country. Yet notwithstanding that it was a town, Compiegne scarcely detracted from the rural aspect of the picture. It had, even in those days, its gardens and its fruit trees, which gave an air of verdure, and blended it, as it were insensibly, with the forest, which waved against its very walls. The green thatches, too, of its houses, in which slate or tile was unknown, covered with moss, and lichens, and flowering houseleeks, offered not the cold stiff uniformity of modern roofs, and the eye that looked down upon these constructions of art, in its earliest and rudest form, found all the picturesque irregularity of nature. Gazing from one of the narrow windows of a large square chamber, in the keep of the chateau, were two beings, who seemed to be enjoying to the full those bright hours of early affection which are well called 'the summer days of existence,' yielding flowers, and warmth, and sunshine, and splendour—hours that are so seldom known—hours that so often pass away like dreams—hours which are such strangers in courts, that, when they do intrude with their warm rays into the precincts of a palace, history marks their coming as a phenomenon too often followed by a storm. Alone in the solitude of that large chamber those two beings were as if in a world by themselves. The fair and beautiful girl, seemingly scarce nineteen years of age, with her light hair floating upon her shoulders in large masses of shining curls, leaned her cheek upon her hand, and gazing with her full soft blue eyes over the far-extended landscape, appeared lost in thought; while her other hand, fondly clasped in that of her companion, pointed out, as it were, how nearly linked he was to her seeming abstracted thoughts. The other tenant of that chamber was a man of thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, tall, well-formed, handsome, of the same fair complexion as his companion, but bronzed by the manly florid hue of robust health, exposure, and exercise. His nose was slightly aquiline, his chin rounded and rather prominent, and his blue eyes would have been fine and expressive had they not been rather nearer together than the just proportion, and stained, as it were, on the very iris, by some hazel spots in the midst of the blue. The effect however of the whole, was pleasing, and the very defect of the eyes, by its singularity, gave something fine and distinguished to the countenance; while their nearness, joined with the fire that shone out in their glance, seemed to speak that keen and quick sagacity which sees and determines at once in the midst of thick dangers and perplexities. The expression, however, of those eyes, was now calm and soft, while, sometimes holding her hand in his, sometimes playing with a crown of wild roses he had put on his companion's head, he mingled one rich curl after another with the green leaves and the blushing flowers; and leaning with his left arm against the side of the window, high above her head, as she sat gazing out upon the landscape, he looked down upon the beautiful creature through the mazes of whose hair his other hand was straying, with a smile strangely mingled of affection for her and mockery of his own light employment. There was grace, and repose, and dignity in his whole figure; and the simple green hunting-tunic which he wore, without robe, or hood, or ornament whatever, served better to show its easy majesty than would the robes of a king—and yet this was Philip Augustus. 'So pensive, sweet Agnes!' said he, after a moment's silence, thus waking from her reverie the lovely Agnes de Meranie, whom he had married shortly after the sycophant bishops of France had pronounced the nullity of his unconsummated marriage with Ingenburge, for whom he had conceived the most inexplicable aversion; 'so pensive!' he said; 'where did those sweet thoughts wander?' 'Far, far, my Philip,' replied the queen, leaning back her head upon his arm, and gazing up in his face with that profound, unutterable affection which sometimes dwells in woman's heart for her first and only love; 'far from this castle and this court—far from Philip's splendid chivalry, and his broad realms, and his fair cities—and yet with Philip still. I thought of my own father, and all his tenderness and love for me; and of my own sweet Istria. And I thought how hard is the fate of princes, that some duty always separates them from some of those they love; and—' 'And doubtless you wished to quit your Philip for those whom you love better,' interrupted the king, with a smile at the very charge, which he well knew would soon be contradicted. 'Oh! no, no!' replied Agnes; 'but as I looked out yonder, and thought it was the way to Istria, I wished that my Philip was but a simple knight and I a humble demoiselle. Then should he mount his horse, and I would spring upon my palfrey; and we would ride gaily back to my native land, and see my father once again, and live happily with those we loved.' 'But tell me, Agnes,' said Philip, with a tone of melancholy which struck her, 'if you were told that you might to-morrow quit me, and return to your father and your own fair land, would you not go?' 'Would I quit you?' cried Agnes, starting up, and placing her two hands upon her husband's arm, while she gazed in his face with a look of surprise that had no small touch of fear in it; 'would I quit you? Never! And if you drove me forth, I would come back, and be your servant, your slave; or would watch in the corridors but to have a glance as you passed by; or else I would die,' she added, after a moment's pause, for she had spoken with all the rapid energy of alarmed affection: 'but tell me, tell me, Philip, what did you mean? for all your smiling you spoke gravely. Nay, kisses are no answers.' 'I did but jest, my Agnes,' replied Philip, holding her to his heart with a fond pressure; 'part with you! I would sooner part with life!' As he spoke, the door of the chamber suddenly opened, the hangings were pushed aside, and an attendant appeared. 'How now?' cried the king, unclasping his arms from the slight, beautiful form round which they were thrown; 'how now, villain?' must my privacy be broken at every moment? How dare you enter my chamber without my call?' And his flashing eye and reddened cheek spake that quick, impatient spirit which never possessed any man's breast more strongly than that of Philip Augustus."

Thodolf, the Icelander. From the German of De La Motto Fouque. London, Burns.

This tale will remind the reader of Sir Walter Scott's last work, "Count Robert of Paris." The contrast of the luxurious Byzantine court, with the rough and self-denying Northman, forms in each the leading feature of the tale; while the difference of time—the one relating to the tenth and the other to the thirteenth century—does not, in fact, strike very vividly the readers of the nineteenth. This is mentioned more for the interest of the work itself than to institute any comparison between the two; for the greatest admirers of Scott would hardly place side by side Count Robert of Paris—confessedly written laboriously in the declining years of the great and respected author—and this which Fouque calls his most successful work, the spontaneous offshoot of a mind filled with all the requisite materials, and inspired by the idea to give them life and form. We can recommend this novel ourselves as quaint and delightful. The cha-

racter of Thodolf is drawn with great power, and the scenes are of a very high order of interest. The opening is good:—

"The waves were yet very high; the fragments of the wrecked ship were driven wildly over the sea; even the mast, by clinging to which that night Pietro had safely brought his beloved to shore, was now borne back by a towering wave into the boundless ocean."

The conversation which follows between Pietro and Margherita is exquisite, as is their meeting with Thodolf the Icelander. It is seldom, indeed, that we have read a work with more pleasure.

Poems. By Camilla Toulmin. W. S. Orr and Co.

This is a remarkable volume. It is full of excellent and noble poetry — poetry instinct with energy and life, and with great and glorious sympathies. The best praise we can give it is to say that it reads not like the song of woman, but of some strong man, whose whole soul revolted against wrong, tyranny, and oppression. Her theoretic visions are not always correct, nor bear us along with them in earnest faith, but the intent is always good. In the "Invocation," war — one of the necessary evils—is pictured somewhat too hideously, but this is but the too great humanity of a kindly spirit looking on the world with other eyes than those of the politician and statesman. This is a volume which we hope to see widely diffused, however, and as a specimen, we give

THE HAND.

"What is it, fashioned wondrously, that, twin-born with the brain,
Marks man from every meaner thing that bounds across the plain,
Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer air?
What is the helpmeet for the mind no lesser life may share?
It is the hand, the human hand, interpreter of will!
Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still?
Of all Creation's mysteries with which the world is rife,
It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto life.
How weak a thing of flesh it is, yet think what it has done,
And ask from poor idolators why it no worship won?
How could the lordly forest trees first bow their heads to man,
When with their ruined limbs he delved where veins of metal ran?
Ho! ho! 'tis found! and his to know the secrets of the forge;
And henceforth earth, at his behest, her riches must disgorge.
And now the hand has servants fit, it guides as it is schooled,
To keep entire the perfect chain by which the world is ruled;
For when the molten iron flowed into the first rough mould,
The heritage of cunning craft was to the right hand sold;
And it has been a careful lord, improving every right,
Until the mind is overawed by thinking of its might.
How slender and how fair a thing is woman's soft white hand;
Yet Saragossa's maid could seize the cannon's ready brand!"

Bohn's Standard Library. Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall. London, Bohn.

This is an admirable volume, and one which should be in the hands of every lover of truth and liberty. There is much to be learned both from the matter and manner Such questions as The Duty of Common Christians in relation to Civil Policy—on the Duty of Ministers—on the Freedom of the Press—on the right of Public Discussion—on a Reform in Parliament—on the Rights of Man, &c; we cannot overrate the importance of. The memoir of Robert Hall is interesting, while the essay by John Forster is admirable.

Legends and Records, chiefly Historical. By Charles B. Tayler. Fifth edition. London, Smith and Elder.

This volume, with its exquisite binding, and neat line engravings, is admirably adapted for presents. Without any claim to originality, or, indeed, much literary merit, the tales are interesting, and, being chiefly historical, contain some useful information. Passing over "Lucy" and "Levengo," which are both very inferior, we can award some praise to "The Lady Lisle," "Fulgentius and Meta," "Anne of Cleves," "George the Third," &c.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. Second Series. By W. Gilmore Simms. Wiley and Putnam.

Had we judged of our author by "Guy Rivers," a three-volume novel, we should have argued poorly of his ability; but in the present volume he is original, lively, and amusing. With the exception of "Lucas de Aylon," the present collection is most delightful. The negro stories are full of a humour and *naiveté* quite refreshing; and without awarding the author the sneering praise of the *New Monthly*, we must hope that his narratives may meet with encouragement and popularity. "The Giant's Coffin," "The Lazy Crow," and "Caloya," are admirable stories.

Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second. Edited by Sir Walter Scott. London, H. G. Bohn.

This work does credit neither to the publisher who vends, nor to the public who buy. It is a record of filthy intrigues, which should never have been made cheaply accessible to the miscellaneous reader. In the first place no faith can be put in the book. The early part is clearly as much a romance as Amadis of Gaul, or the Seven Champions of England; while the latter part, as far as it be true, but tells us what we all knew well enough before, viz., that the court of king Charles II was but a huge *bagnio*. This monarch, whom

some writers have demeaned themselves to call the "merry," was, perhaps, the most profligate scoundrel that ever lived. He had all the vices of the Stuart race, without one of their few redeeming virtues; and as it needs no ghost to tell us that, we cannot see what could have induced Mr. Bohn to drag this literary refuse from its just obscurity. The historian, who can distinguish between truth and falsehood, may possibly make use of such a book, but to the general reader it cannot but be injurious. We hope that no more such impurities are to be dragged to light in Mr. Bohn's extra volumes. If Grammont, why not Faublas next?

Eastern Romances. Series I and II. London, Burns.

With Martin Luther, we "would not, for any quantity of gold, part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest childhood, or have met with through life," and therefore we heartily commend this admirable edition of Arabian tales. The first volume contains the Three Royal Mendicants, Sindbad the Sailor, Abukir and Abusir, Aladdin, Codadad, &c. The second volume contains several tales from the "Arabian Nights," and four, for the first time in this country, from the German of Grimm, which are excellent, and quite in the style of the types from which he has taken them. We can safely recommend these volumes as the best edition we know of the "Arabian Nights" for children. It contains not one offensive word or suggestive idea. We hope to see this collection extensively successful.

Angel Visits. Poems. By Miss Anna Savage. London, Longman and Co.

This is an exquisite volume of true woman's poetry, breathing all the grace and delicacy of gentle woman's heart. They are fresh and powerful; truly

"Making a sunshine in a shady place."

The opening tale of "Wharton Hall" is charmingly plaintive, while the very numerous verses devoted to children are so richly tender that every mother should place them in the hands of her boys and girls. We have seldom met with poetry more deserving of unmitigated praise. We quote briefly—

"Tell me not of gem or star,
I have something brighter far;
And the hare-bell bath'd in dew
Cannot boast so bright a blue.
Who would star or hare-bell prize
If they saw those roguish eyes?
Though the silk-worm's web you see,
Soft and fair as silk can be,
I can show you thread more fair
Than the webs of silk-worms are—
Glossy curls, as of the sun,
Lined the head it fell upon."

The Virgin Martyr. By Philip Massinger, with six designs by F. R. Pickeragill, Esq. London, James Burns.

This is most baeutiful edition of a very able play, one which every lover of the drama must wish to possess in its present form. We shall perhaps return to this volume.

Lays and Ballads from English History. By S. M. London, Burns.

These are just the poems to put into the hands of children, and we hope to see them widely and permanently diffused in schools where they would be most serviceable. The following is a specimen, from "The Escape of the Empress Matilda:'—

"Through changeful clouds of night,
The winter moon was gliding,
Like a bird wings of light,
On the buoyant breezes riding.
Fair was the scene, and strangely wild,
Beneath her meek transparent ray,
The snow in glittering masses piled,
Gave back a light that mocked the day.

"It lay in shining heaps,
Like pearls of purest brightness;
It clothed the woods and steeps
In robes of bridal whiteness.
And high its crystal ramparts rose
Along old Thames' altered shore,
With one wide field of foam-like snow,
The mighty stream is frozen o'er."

Tales from the Phantasus, &c., of Ludwig Tieck. James Burns.

This volume opens with a most delightful preface, in which Tieck is criticised with a wise and discriminating hand. The editor's remarks re-echo our own feelings, and with him we earnestly recommend the little collection of simple and exquisite tales. They are nine in number, of which "The Elves" and "The Faithful Eckart" are the most remarkable. The following opening of the tale called "The Reconciliation" will show Tieck's style:

"Twilight was already gathering, when a young knight, mounted on his charger, trotted through a lonely vale; the clouds grew gradually darker, and the glow of evening paler; a little brook murmured softly along, concealed by the mountain bushes that overhung it. The knight sighed and surrendered himself to thought; the bridle hung loose on the horse's neck, the steed itself no longer felt the rider's spur, and now paced slowly along the narrow path that that wound round the precipitous rock. The noise of the little brook waxed louder; the clang of the hoof rung through the solitude; the shades of evening grew deeper, and the ruins of an old castle lay wondrously poised on the precipice of the opposite mountain. The knight became more absorbed in thought; he gazed fixedly and vacantly on the darkness, scarcely noticing the objects that environed him. Now the moon rose behind him; her splendour tipped tree and shrub with silver; the valley narrowed apace, and the shadow of the knight reached to the opposite hill; the streamlet went foaming, all silver, over the broken rocks, and a nightingale began her ravishing song, till it soon sounded clearer from the forest. The knight now saw a crooked grown willow before him, that fell over the brook, while the water flowed through its weeping branches. On a nearer approach, its dark outline assumed a more decided form, and he now distinctly descried the figure

of a monk bending low over the stream. He let the faint ripple flow through the hollow of his hand, while a low and plaintive voice exclaimed—'She comes not! she comes not! Ah, in an eternity she'll not float by!'"

The following remarks by the editor on the tale called "The Elves" are curious:

"The 'Elves,' the last story which we shall notice, is of a far more solemn character with all its beauty; it has a sad, dirge-like tone. Written fourteen years later than the others, it is now the true poet's lament over the hard insensibility of the world to its true good. The world of spirits lies stretched out under the eyes of the children of earth; the invisible visible; but from earth, and earthly perceptions, dull, gloomy, and unattractive. To the busy, practical man of business, to the prudential economist, the man of understanding, the workers in it seem but idle, worthless vagabonds; these lazy good-for-nothings, that scarcely till the ground, are never seen at church, and show no sign of respectability; why do they cumber the earth; the talk is of cage and pillory for them; no child of theirs may approach the unhallowed precincts. Accident leads a young girl beyond the boundary, and then how changed is everything? The dull scene has become more brilliant than the gardens of Aladdin; scales fall from her eyes. Now it is the old world that is dark and gloomy. Down among the mysteries of the fountains of nature, she sees her now no longer yielding reluctantly an unwilling pittance to the sweat of the labour of man, but uncursed. At the word of the dwellers in that enchanted land, her choicest fruits and flowers she pours out in lavish abundance. The spirits of the elements work visibly there, and the mortal sees them, and knows now who are the true benefactors of mankind. Time and space exist not for these pure beings. Seven years are gone in one night, and the narrow fir-clump contains the Garden of Eden."

Poems Partly of Rural Life. By William Barnes. J. R. Smith.

The author, on his title-page, professes to write in national English, in contradistinction to his "Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset dialect." National English, we opine, consists of such words as "stonen floor," "the yard-begirting wall inzones," &c. These little affectations apart, our author has produced a volume which does him credit, as full of pretty descriptive poetry, calling up scenes which every English heart loves to dwell on. The two following lines are very neat:—

"And laurel-leaves were dancing in the sheen
Of downcast moonlight on the grassy green."

We cannot say, however, that we admire the alliterative poems, pp. 52 and 64. William Barnes is still a poet, because his sympathies are good, and that is much.

The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp. By George Cheever. Wiley and Putnam.

"Hail to the Oberland Alps! As Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains in all Switzerland, so the Jungfrau is the maiden queen, with her dazzling coronet of sky-piercing crystal crags for ever dropping from their setting, and her icy sceptre, and her robe of glaciers, with its fathomless fringe of snow. She, too, is 'earth's rosy star,' so beautiful, so glorious, that to have seen her light, if a man had leisure, would be worth a pilgrimage round the world. To have heard her voice, deep thunder without cloud, breaking the eternal stillness in the clear serene of heaven, and to have beheld her shaking from her brow its restless battlements of avalanches, were an event in one's life from which to calculate the longitude of years." This is the style of this interesting volume, which has the great merit of being published in a cheap form.

The Raven, and other Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. Wiley and Putnam.

The Lord deliver us from a mad poet! and Edgar Poe is—in a poetical, perhaps in a Pickwickian sense—as mad as a March hare. The writer says: — "I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public or very creditable to myself." Then why publish? Were all American verse like this, we could well understand the slashing criticism of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*; but far from it. Our American brothers and sisters have produced exquisite poems; these are not of them, however. In "The Raven" there is no meaning; while "The Valley of Unrest," &c., are strange incoherencies which excite no sympathies in us.

The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headley. Wiley and Putnam.

This is a delightful book of travels in Switzerland, which, from its cheapness and portable form, should be in everybody's hands. We give a specimen of our author's style in connexion with the Col de Balm:

"I pressed on and soon lost sight of every living thing. The silent snow-field and lofty peaks were around me, and the deep blue heavens bending brightly over all. I thought I was near the top, when suddenly there rose right in my very face, a cone covered with snow of virgin purity. I had ascended beyond the reach of avalanches, and stood on snow that lay as it had fallen. I confess I was for a moment discouraged and lonely. Near as this smooth, trackless height appeared, a broad inclined plane of soft snow was to be traversed before I could reach it. I sat down in the yielding mass and hallooed to the guide. I could hear the faint reply, far, far down the breast of the mountain, and at length caught a glimpse of his form, bent almost double, and toiling like a black insect up the white acclivity. I telegraphed to him to know if I was to climb that smooth peak. He answered, yes, and that I must keep to the right. I must confess I could see no particular choice in sides, so pressed on. The clean drift hung along its acclivities just as the wintry storm had left them, and every step sunk me in mid-leg deep. This was too much. I could not ascend the face of that peak of snow direct; it was too steep, and I was compelled to go backwards and forwards, in a zig-zag direction to make any progress. At length, exhausted and panting, I fell on my face, and pressed my hot cheek to the cold snow. I felt as if I could never take another step. My breath came difficult and thick, from the straining efforts I was compelled to put forth at every step; while the perspiration streamed in torrents from my face and body. But a cold shiver just then passed through my frame, admonished me I had already lain too long; so whipping up my flagging spirits, I pushed on. A black spot

at length appeared in the wild waste of snow. It was the deserted house of refuge, and I hailed it with joy; for I knew I was at the top. But ah! as I approached the thing, dreary enough at best, and found it empty, the door broken down by the fierce storm, and the deserted room filled with snow drifts, my heart died within me, and I gave a double shiver. I crept to the windward side of the dismal concern to shield myself from the freezing blast, which swept by without check, and seemed wholly unconscious that I had clothing on; and crouched meekly in the sun-beams. But I looked up, about, and beneath me; what a wild ruinous world of crags and riven mountains, rose on my wondering vision!"

On the Chemical and Dietetic Relations of Tea.

A correspondent of the *Medical Times* translates the following observations by Dr. Bleischt in *Oesterr Tahrbuchern*: "Two Arabs, who travelled in Eastern Asia in the ninth century, even thus early spoke of tea; in Europe it did not become known before the seventeenth century. Dutch travellers brought it from China in the year 1600. In 1666 lord Arlington took the first pound of tea into England, having bought it in Holland for £3. In 1763 Linnæus obtained, after seventeen unsuccessful attempts, a living tea-plant from China, which blossomed at Upsala in the year 1765. The tea-shrub is very closely related to the camelia. Left to itself, it attains a height of ten or twelve feet; in a cultivated state it is kept as low as five or six feet, in order to facilitate the growth of the branches and the tea-gathering. Linnæus distinguished two species: the green tea (thea viridis), which is stronger and higher, grows in China as far as the 40 to 45 deg. north latitude; and bohea tea (thea bohea), which is smaller, and only cultivated as far as the 27 to 28 deg. north latitude. In China, the tea prospers best at the south side of hills near small rivers; in Japan, it is cultivated on the borders of fields. The tea is sown; the shrub furnishes three good annual harvests for a term of three to seven years. The first, gathered in February or March, only yields fine shoots, which are little developed: this is the best sort, and is called imperial tea. The leaves and shoots collected in April are less esteemed. In the third harvest, in May or June, the coarsest leaves are cut off and sorted: after this the leaves are left on the shrub. For the purpose of drying, the leaves are laid on iron pans, and exposed to a moderate heat in little stoves: they discharge a caustic yellowish green juice. When dried, they are rolled with the hands; sometimes they are laid on a fine sieve, and exposed to hot watery vapours till they are moistened, and then they are dried as before. This tea, obtained by the dry method, is said to be the black tea; that obtained by the moist method, the green tea. Others maintain the reverse of this to be the case. It is also asserted by some that both sorts are dried in the sun, only the green is exposed for a shorter time than the black. Many teas are made odoriferous by the admixture of different species of camelias. In England, the Chinese tea is adulterated with ash, hawthorn, and other leaves. The chemical constituents of tea are—volatile oil, tannic acid, and theine; the other constituents are those commonly found in the leaves of vegetables. The tea owes its smell, and part of its effects, to its volative oil. The tannic acid blackens the salts of iron, as the tannic acid of oak. The theine is the most remarkable constituent. Peligot has lately discovered in tea a large quantity of theine, besides some caseine, both of which are azotised substances. The use of carbonate of soda is advantageous in the preparation of tea, as it is in that of coffee; it increases the power of drawing the extract out of the leaves, makes the infusion stronger, and gives it a better taste. In the ashes of tea the author found oxide of iron and argilla, and draws from this circumstance the conclusion, that the shrub grows and thrives on ferruginous and argillaceous soils, which are also in other respects favourable to the formation of ammonia, and of the azotised caseine and theine. In using tea, most persons only consume those parts which are to be extracted by water, particularly the ethereal oil, the tannate of thiene, gum, and most of the solnble salts. But the tea is not exhausted by a single infusion in boiling water; at least one-third of the soluble constituents remain in leaves, with the greatest part of the caseine. Carbonate of soda dissolves the caseine, and therefore materially increases the strength of the beverage. The theine is composed of eight atoms of carbon, four atoms of nitrogen, ten atoms of hydrogen, and two atoms of oxygen. In those countries where tea is very generally taken (as England and Holland), diseases of relaxation and emollition prevail, particularly among the female sex."

Our Tattler.

THE OPERA, JULY 21.

In the true spirit of gossip we might be justified in taking the whole opera season, and in uttering all the solemn plenitudes of which we were capable thereupon, but we prefer selecting a particular evening—the last on which we ventured to visit that enchanting locality, Her Majesty's Theatre. That Mr. Lumley is the prince of managers is as well known as that Victoria is queen of England; and that, with all that can be said for native talent, Italian beats it hollow, in the matter of singing, is a verity

which we are sorry to say is equally self-evident. Not that we deny the richness and power of voice possessed by many English men and women. They have their reward—

"Qui bene fecerunt, illi sua facta sequentur
Qui male."

Why the public whistle them down the stream a prey to fortune. The Italian opera possesses certainly many adventitious advantages. It is the most superb house in the world. Its boxes are the most commodious luxurious things which can be conceived, the very *coup d'œil* of the spectacral department is worth the money paid to see. Every attention and care is given to make the audience at their ease; nowhere are such polite boxkeepers to be found; while those who are fond of gazing at royal and titled individuals can always have enough of this amusement. On the night concerning which we speak every principal box had its monarch, prince, or duke. Her Majesty and Prince Albert in one, foreign princes in others, and everywhere beauty and splendour.

And what to see? Grisi, Lablache, and Mario, in the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Perhaps in no opera of the season is there more opportunity for fine acting; and both Grisi and Mario avail themselves to the full of the occasion. Indeed, and this is no small triumph, a spectator ignorant of the story, and of the language, could not fail to catch a very strong impression of the course of events. The opening, where Lucrezia, under a false name, has gained the affections of Anselmo, who loves her with passionate devotion, and where the nobles and others come forward, and after torturing her by insult and contumely, reveal to Anselmo her odious name, is not only admirable in its vocal displays, but in the singular interest which is at once awakened. Mario is very able in his first burst of disgust at the discovery of the deception which has been played upon him. When again we see him too, before the splendid palace of the Duke and Duchess, and effacing the word *B* from Borgia, and leaving the insulting epithet *orgia* standing, our attention is again deeply rivetted; but it is in the next scene that we behold a triumph of acting and singing never surpassed. We are thus minute because we wish to explain why we think the crowded state of the Opera House is very naturally to be understood. The Duke has caused the daring insulter of his name to be arrested, and upbraiding the Duchess with her vileness, which has given cause for such conduct, informs her that the offender is about to perish by the axe. Lucrezia, horror struck, pleads with passionate fervour for his pardon, for some time in vain. At length he agrees that instead of receiving his death by the axe, it shall be by some of her poison. Anselmo is brought in, and is told by the Duke that he is forgiven. The young man is most grateful, and then the Duke invites him to drink. The by-play of Grisi is now magnificent. Her eyes seem starting from her head with agony and horror; and when he drinks, her whole frame quivers with admirably expressed emotion. But the Duke leaves them alone; and, at once explaining all to the young man, she is terribly perplexed by his disbelief and refusal to take the antidote she offers, as more likely to be poison. The duet here is terrible, and at length he drinks. How Lucrezia Borgia, in the third act, prepares a poisoned banquet for all who insulted her in the first is well known; also that Anselmo is unknown to her at present; and how, amid their revels, the solemn *de profundis* is heard, a funeral dirge for the death of living men, an admirable stage effect, is equally notorious; but we cannot forbear noticing the admirable vocal and artistic genius of both Grisi and Mario in the finale, where Lucrezia Borgia is about to perish by the hand of Anselmo, and declares herself his mother. The horror of the young man, who had been loved by her, and was about to become a parricide, is magnificently expressed, while the unquenchable grief of the guilty mother, never was pourtrayed as it was pourtrayed by Grisi. The tones in which she peals forth the words "*meo filio*" are terribly true. The wonder is that with such revolting materials so much can be done; when, therefore, more pleasing operas are offered us, as *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *I Puritani*, &c. we have at once the reason of the popularity of this house explained. Most English singers are poor actors. This is lamentably clear at Drury Lane, in the persons of Harrison, Weiss, Borrani, and others; nor are the female vocalists much superior in this particular.

Cerito and St. Leon followed. The former is, undoubtedly, the best dancer of the day, and seems to improve every season. Grace, vigour, elegance, and power are all magically combined in her, and we never tire at gazing on her poetical evolutions. Lucile Grahn is, too, admirable, and St. Leon is a model of manly vigour in his art. But Taglioni—our great and never-to-be forgotten favourite, who *has been* the greatest *danseuse* of any age or time—could not some friendly genius have persuaded her not to appear again? Her falling off was so evident that many, in the most unkind forgetfulness of the past, hissed violently. This is not right; but we observed that it was the pit only did so, the gallery even was silent. Never was *danseuse* so great a favourite, and the *éclat* of her last season here should

have sufficed. Cerito absent she might still have passed, but the contrast was too glaring. We must not forget to remark that Brambilla acquitted herself exceedingly well in the opera.

REGENT STREET, JULY 23.

We, a few days since, entered the Polytechnic Institution, and were most gratified by the visit. This institution is the best of its kind, and really contrives so many, and such varied attractions, that we scarcely know how to particularise them. We may mention that in the morning machinery and models are explained, a popular lecture on experimental philosophy given, another on chemistry, then dissolving views, diver and diving bells, lecture on galvanism, music, and atmospheric railway exhibited; and that in the evening these are repeated, a band, conducted by T. Wallis, being present. The models are without end — models of ships, railways, lathes, kitchen ranges, printing machines. Never, perhaps, were there collected so many curiosities worthy of examination, whether we consider the specimens of home manufacture, or the fossils, bones, garments, brought from other countries. Indeed, so deserving do we consider this institution, that we shall return to it monthly, until we have pointed out its principal attractions.

LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 24.

Burford's panorama of Sobraon is the representation of a field so gallantly contested by Englishmen, that we are sure every lover of his country's glory must hasten to examine this very clever picture.

——— COFFEE HOUSE, DO.

We are deluged with magazines bearing the name of authors and publishers. We have Blackwood's Magazine, Tait's Magazine, Frazer's and Hood's, Douglas Jerrold's admirable Monthly Miscellany, Bentley's clever Magazine, and last, not least, Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, which by its talent, independence, and the diffusion of sound information combined with amusement, bears away the palm from all, despite the constant rivals that have risen but to fall. We opine, however, a new class of papers are about to arise, and we fear such is the power of example, we shall soon have every man's one newspaper. Douglas Jerrold is deservedly one of the most popular, pleasing, and powerful of the writers of the present day. In "Punch," in his magazine, in his varied works, in his dramas, he has given proof of rare power, imbued with a style which is grace and elegance itself. Epigramatic, terse, it cannot fail to delight. Well! Douglas Jerrold has brought out a newspaper, and the very first number makes us regret that he has done so. It cannot be extensively popular, because the views taken are not those which the many will either understand or sympathise with. They are peculiar in the extreme. Perhaps we are wrong. We hope so: for the the talent and energy on the paper is such as to deserve the highest meed of success. Perhaps, therefore, the public may excuse peculiarities to revel in the conceits and ideas of men of undoubted ability. But we should not be doing our duty to the public if on the appearance of a journal which, no doubt, has a vast circulation, we did not protest against giving prominence to the ravings of one Elihu Burritt. But for him we should have been silent. This learned pundit, or blacksmith, we are not quite sure which, is said to know fifty languages. We can tell him one he has yet to learn. That is English. He uses fine words, which makes us wonder where he stole them, with a self-complacency, quite charming. Talks of "belligerent war," "internecine hostility;" "ropes of cotton reaching from America to England," with sundry gigantic figures of speech, which would occupy too much space to explain, with as much coolness as if he really understood them. Fifty languages! Fifty fiddle-strings! We should like to see him go through an examination for one. The fact is we are sick of infant and other phenomena. America has sent us many oddities—Tom Thumb and the Ojibbeways to wit; but we believe these were infinitely more valuable than this new importation. The man means well, but if every well-meaning man were to favour us with his lucubrations, we should soon be tired of the genus. We sincerely hope to hear no more of Elihu Burritt, unless it be shoeing horses in New York, where he should have remained in quiet privacy. He might there have enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate* to his heart's content. It will now be *sine* with a vengeance.

JULY 25.

We have just returned from viewing Mr. T. R. King's gallery of paintings, and we really do hope that so deserving an artist will meet with the success he deserves. His Persian painting, elsewhere announced, is so curious a novelty, that all the ladies must patronise it.

STRAND, JULY 27.

We have just passed the offices of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association. This reminds us that we must use the whole powers of our tattling pen in persuading the ladies *never* to shop after six o'clock. The good which this would do we shall endeavour to explain next month.

F. A. B.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 2.] SEPTEMBER. [Vol. 2, 1846.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter IV.

A SURPRISE.

The situation of the Eagle's Nest was singularly and strikingly picturesque.

An isolated and bare rock, rising in the chops, as it were, of a narrow valley, and separated from the sloping hill, which fell perpendicular from its crest on the side facing the rock, by a deep chasm, through which rushed a stream, in its depth not unlike a thread of silver—it was so jagged and precipitous on all its four faces, as seemingly to be impregnable. The surface was uneven in the extreme, here a point jutting up, and there a deep hole sinking, and to no one would it have offered any features attractive as a residence, save to one whose principal object was security.

On each side were lofty hills, the branches of a common chain broken by the valley, the mouth of which the rock above alluded to almost closed. Covered by a deep panoply of forest, the sombre and dark fir, they were too far distant to render their height of any advantage to a besieger, while the hill, the summit of which approached within eight feet, was so commanded as to be completely useless also to any foe, however daring and bold.

From the highest point of this position the view was magnificent. Behind, the valley opened, spreading away for miles in a straight line, one sea of deep green. In part prairie, rich in grass, a deep stream pursued its serpentine course through its depths, its way being marked by two long and crooked lines of willow and poplar. Here and there rose a green and grassy knoll, bare of trees, while near at hand some little clearing in the woods, an oasis in a vast ocean of forest, relieved the eye from the monotony of verdure, its light straw-coloured tints, arising from the dry grass, being in delicate contrast with the deep clad forest. Far in the distance a perpendicular wall of rock appeared to close up the valley, leaving the mind in doubt as to whence came the stream that meandered through its depths. The verdure both of meadow and wood was most grateful to the senses, while the concealed and hidden mysteries of the vast forest added to the pleasure with which all of tasteful and romantic feelings gazed upon it. Indeed the inimitable beauty, extent, and variety of the prospects, the verdure of the fields and meadows, the agreeable fragrancy of the air, the general lustre, mildness, and benignance of the heavens, made it a charming and delightful vision.

In front lay the illimitable prairie, crossed here and there by belts of trees, with occasional clumps of wood, while the course of the little river that ran first through the valley, then rushing between the perpendicular rocks of the chasm above described, burst forth upon the plains, was clearly visible for many miles, until it was lost in the blue distance. A sensation of awe, that still but irrepressible feeling, inseparable from all that is vast and apparently without end, rendered this portion of the scene perfectly sublime.

From the skirt of the wood on this side unto the Eagle's Nest, over the grassy plain, which swept in a gentle slope upwards to the rock, the distance was about

* Continued from page 16.

half a mile, its monotony broken only by a grove of fir, not more than fifty yards distant from the habitation, and which presented all the marks of having once reached to the very crest of the hill, the intervening space having been cleared in order to provide logs for building, and also for firewood.

The rock itself was surrounded on all sides by a wall of stone, rude and unplastered, while exactly opposite the spot on which Chinchea and young Blake had stood on the night of their arrival, was the drawbridge, which, when up, served the purpose of a gate to defend the narrow aperture left for the purpose of entry. Behind this, leaving first a small courtyard, was the log hut occupied by the travellers, while, on each side, reaching from it to the stone rampart, were outhouses. Behind this, and perched on the summit of a small table rock, was another edifice.

Like the first, it was formed of huge unsquared logs, without windows, though several loops served for that purpose; its roof was of treble shingle, and was surmounted by a bare pole, that had all the air of a flagstaff, even to the halyards destined to haul up whatever colours the owner of the retreat had a mind to unfurl.

The remainder of the surface of the rock, in all about an acre and a half, was composed of *corals* for the cattle, both horned and other, which owned the sway of the strange beings who dwelt in this sequestered spot.

Young Blake, at an early hour, stood surveying the features of the scene with a zest and interest, which increased rather than diminished as his eye took in all the varied beauties of the landscape, illumined as it was by the rising sun, that over all shed its crimson glories, as it crept slowly its upward course in the eastern sky.

The young man was delighted with his adventure, though his dream and certain vague fancies that floated over his mind, threw an almost unconscious gloom over his spirits. Dim shadows, forebodings of ill, with a conviction of past evil in connexion with his hosts, crowded upon his soul, and left behind that inexplicable but fearful sting which ever belongs to a state of doubt and suspicion. This, however, speedily faded, though from an impulse which he never could explain to himself, he had already resolved not to make his name known to his hosts.

While his thoughts were busy with the past, and his eyes glancing over the superb landscape which lay at his feet, a slight rustling at his elbow caused him to turn. It was Chinchea.

"Good camp," said the Indian, "better place—woods bad—scalp gone 'fore morning."

"A very undesireable consummation certainly," said Blake, gravely; "though whether this be a good camp is a question I have yet to solve."

The Indian grunted, but made no answer, it was clear he did not understand the meaning of the young Englishman's words.

Blake made no attempt to enlighten him, but after a brief pause scanned him with a scrutinising air.

"Chinchea," said he, "you are my friend."

"Hugh!" replied the Indian, assuming an air of grateful remembrance, the origin of their connexion being Blake's assiduity in attending him during severe illness at Houston.

"Chinchea remembers the day when his white brother gave him physic in the great village?"

The Indian assented.

"What is my name?" continued the young man.

"Blake," replied the Wacco, pronouncing the word with a strong emphasis on the *a*, and nearly omitting the *e*, making it almost Blàcke.

"It is," said the other; and laying his hand on the Indian's arm, he added, "I have a strange fancy, I know not why, that my name should remain a secret with these people."

"No business of Indian to know white man's name; Chinchea got no long tongue like squaw."

"But I must have a name. It would be unpolite to decline giving one," mused Blake.

"Call himself Little Bear," grunted the red skin.

"A very fine appellation, no doubt," said the young man with a smile, "but under the circumstances I think I shall adopt Brown."

"Brown—good," said the Wacco, whose long intercourse with the whites made him an adept in their tongues, "when tired call Brown—speak, and Indian call him other name."

This was said with a quaint gravity that fairly overcame the Englishman; he laughed outright with a heartiness which searched out the echoes, and brought them playing back about his ears in merry guise.

"Well, I do not think I shall adopt many more aliases," said he; "but Brown is a good travelling name, it leaves no great mark behind."

While the young man yet spoke, the voice of his host of the preceding night hailed him from the door of the hut.

"Good morning, sir," exclaimed he, advancing as he spoke, "what think you now of our Eagle's Nest, Mr. ——" He paused.

"Brown—Edward Brown," said our hero, with a slight tremour; "your position

is certainly well chosen, and might be defended against vast odds."

"You think so," said the other, with glistening eyes. "I am glad of it, and as I fancy we shall soon try the experiment, hope your words may come true."

"I hope so too, Mr. ——," our hero hesitated, imitating the other's manner to the life.

"Philip Stevens," said he, drily, and yet with a smile at Blake's manner.

"There! there!" muttered a voice at his elbow, "what occasion is there for you a bawling out your name in that way. There is no occasion for everybody to know your name, Philip."

"And if they do, no great harm is done," said Philip, fiercely, "my name is not one that I care hiding much. And if I did, in this country we are pretty much our own masters."

"There! there! you are so impatient," said Jones, advancing. "I did not mean anything, and only spoke for your good. Breakfast is ready."

"Mr. Brown," said Philip Stevens, turning to our hero, "the keen air of this lofty rock has doubtless whetted your appetite."

"I am already sufficiently of a Texan never to refuse a good offer," replied Blake, following the footsteps of his host, who led the way towards the log hut.

The Indian all this time had leant motionless against the stone wall, his eyes apparently fixed on vacancy, but in reality watching the countenance of our hero with jealous care. He had divested himself of every sign of civilised garb, and stood ghastly in his war paint.

Save his long black hair, hanging in thick clusters over his shoulders, he was naked to much below the waist; round his middle was a long strip of leather of various colours, serving the purpose of pantaloons of civilised society. Thence downward he was naked, save his mocassined feet? A buffalo hide shield was suspended at his back, a bow lay beside it, while a large quiver full of arrows, and a buck skin pouch, completed his attire.

His skin, however, was one mass of black and red paint, so put on as to assume all the most hideous and diversified figures. Everything about him wore the air of a warrior ready for the war path.

A keen and glittering tomahawk, with the long scalping knife furnished by the whites, completed his outward ornaments.

Ere however he entered the hut, the Indian, with an intuitive delicacy which Edward Blake presently appreciated in its full extent, threw a blanket over his form, completely veiling the signs of terror which were so plainly apparent, as well as his almost naked body.

When the young Englishman set his foot upon the threshold of the log hut, his surprise knew no bounds, though he did his utmost to conceal so very great an evidence of inexperience.

At the head of the table sat a young girl, while four men, besides his host and Jones, simultaneously took their seats. A vacant place was pointed out beside the first by Philip.

Behind, occupied in laying the various articles of food upon the table, was a glossy, sprightly, laughing-eyed negro lass, whose healthy appearance spoke volumes for the treatment she received.

"My daughter, Mr. Brown; Captain Cephas Doyle, Mr. Brown; my hunters," said Stevens, with a glance of peculiar meaning at the girl.

Edward Blake muttered some incoherent reply, and then the whole party fell to upon the viands, he imitating them as much to conceal his surprise as to satisfy his appetite.

Dressed plainly, but in a lady-like manner, of marked beauty, there was a delicacy and grace about this young creature which astonished and bewildered the Englishman the more his stolen glances drank every feature of her countenance.

Not more than eighteen, there was a sadness, a gloom, about the expression of her face which added not a little to our hero's curiosity. She did the honours of the table with quiet grace, and seemed by no means inclined to open her lips, while apparently from being so used to strangers, she paid little attention to the new arrival.

For some time Blake spoke not at all, the others snatching an occasional moment to discuss the probabilities of a contest with Blackhawk and his gang.

Captain Cephas Doyle appeared somewhat anxious that the contest should take place, and his warm antipathy to everything in the shape of an Indian, not even restrained by the presence of Chinchea, who calmly and silently glided into a seat beside Blake —caused our hero to survey him a little curiously.

About five-and-twenty, his face was rather broader than is commonly the case with your true Yankee. His eyes were small, grey, and keen; his nose broad and straight; his mouth large with thick lips, while his chin was somewhat overburdened with fat; he wore neither moustache nor whiskers, appendages which are rarely to be seen upon Americans at home, whatever may be the case abroad, where Jonathan, we know not for what reason, is generally anxious to be taken for anything save what he really is. His costume was much the same as our hero.

"What is your opinion, Miss Stevens?" said young Blake, addressing the daughter of his host.

"Well, I conclude no female has much of an idea in them partiklers," interrupted Captain Cephas Doyle, hastily, "I reckon they are about ignorant on that pint."

"My opinion, Mr. Brown," said the young lady appealed to, without noticing the captain's interruption, "is, that God made all his creatures in his image, and that while he has given one colour to one, and to another a different hue, he has granted a soul unto all. In my opinion, a man is to be judged by his acts, not by the colour of his skin."

The captain appeared not to relish this view of the matter, and continued his argument with the more willing auditors, or, at all events, with auditors who showed less distaste for his views.

Edward Blake and Alice Stevens, the ice being once broken, opened a *tête-à-tête* conversation, which was speedily carried on with animation on both sides. Edward was delighted with his companion, whose elegant tastes, refined language, and sound knowledge, surprised him. All the accomplishments of her sex appeared familiar to her, while the rich stores of English, French, and Italian literature were equally well known. As soon as the young girl found that her neighbour was one who could converse like a gentleman; who spoke without using the backwood slang; whose education had been that of a scholar; who had travelled much, and observed men and manners—than all her reserve vanished. So animated did their talk, indeed, become, that they scarcely noticed the departure of the greater number of their guests from the table.

"Well, Mr. Brown," said Philip Stevens, a smile playing upon his generally solemn features, "you and my daughter appear such good friends that I shall leave you to make better acquaintance, while I and the rest see to such preparations as are necessary."

The two new friends started, nay, even blushed, while Edward replied as he rose—"Nay, Mr. Stevens, though not a soldier, I am a sailor, and will not be absent when duty calls."

"I am sure of it," replied the other, with another smile, "and will summon you when needed. Meanwhile my daughter and you can become, as I have said, better acquainted. It is seldom Alice happens upon a traveller who can converse with her—never, indeed, has she seen one who engaged her attention so completely."

This was said with some degree of playful malice in his manner, that forced a reply from Alice.

"Sir," said she, with a slight shudder, and relapsing almost wholly into her former gloom, "it is not often that an educated gentleman finds his way into these parts. Mr. Brown has unconsciously recalled to my recollection so much of my early associations, as to be a most welcome companion."

Edward Blake, *alias* Mr. Brown, bowed all due gallantry, while Philip Stevens with a slight frown, called Alice aside for a moment, and having held a brief conversation in whispered tones, left the hut, and these two new friends, *who had met before*, remained alone, utterly ignorant of the wild and mysterious tie which had ever bound their fates together.

Chapter V.

PIETRO.

About three miles to the west of the Eagle's Nest is a spot very different in its characteristics from that which we have just described. The hills and the wood, in this instance being in close contact, the former even nestling over the latter, in an overhanging cliff some fifty feet high. Beside this rise the fir, the sycamore, the cedar, and the oak, their tall heads waving over the summit of the precipice.

Between the skirt of the wood and the lower part of the rocky height was left a small space, which, being favourable for all purposes of concealment, and being protected from the weather, had often been the retreat of travellers.

On the morning of which we have already spoken it was occupied by a tent, formed from a few poles leant against the rock and over which a large cloth had been cast. In front of this was a fire, round which several packs formed commodious and comfortable seats. On them were seated three men, of whom one was evidently a man of superior rank, while the others were as clearly his menials.

About sixty years of age, with swarthy complexion, hair as black as jet, eyes large, piercing, and fiery, his costume was that of a Mexican *caballero* of the first rank. His lofty steeple hat of white felt was ornamented with much bullion; his jacket was striped with various colours, his pantaloons were covered with embroidery, while over all was cast a splendid *poncho*, a Mexican blanket.

"I wish Pietro would return," said the master, speaking in that mixed Spanish and Indian dialect, which has, in the present day, been dignified by the name of the Mexican language, "for if he be right in supposing men of evil disposition in the forest, the sooner we reach shelter the better."

"Pietro is a clever lad, Don Juan," replied the elder of the two domestics, "and I warrant me was not mistaken."

"And yet a distant vapour may have

been taken for smoke," observed Don Juan de Chagres.

"Pietro is too used to the woods," said the old servant, shaking his head, "he has been amongst these wild Texans since a child."

"True—true!" said their master, "and the more reason, therefore, for our taking a meal. Here comes the signora, and we will breakfast."

The domestics rose, while their master quietly drew forth a cigarette, and lighting it, puffed away, as if he fancied it a necessary preliminary to the coming meal.

The tent opened as he had spoken, and there issued therefrom a young woman in the full pride of her beauty, not a little heightened by the fresh air which came murmuring through the trees.

About two-and-twenty, a brunette, with large, speaking eyes; a mouth delicate, small, and rosy; hair glossy, and jet as the raven's wing; her person had all the fullness and rounded grace of womanhood, with the light airy step of a girl. The chief defect, perhaps the only one in her beautiful features, was the lowness of the forehead.

Her costume was the usual graceful walking dress of Mexican ladies, who, though their darkness be

"But the embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells,"

want the charming skins and rosy complexions of our fair countrywomen. The principal feature in the costume was the *reboso*, or mantilla, which, flung gracefully over the left shoulder and passed across the mouth, left nothing but the eyes visible, and which is the more necessary that Mexican female costume is but little without it, one garment only, besides the petticoat, being worn, braced with a sash round the waist.

Taking her seat upon a pack opposite the old man, the young woman signified her readiness to partake of the meal which had been prepared, and which, despite the rudeness of the spot, would have been despised by no traveller in any part of the world. Chocolate, coffee, hot *tortillias*—a kind of very thin pancake—venison steaks—a roasted turkey, were but some of the ingredients of the feast.

"Where is Pietro?" said the lady, addressing the elder domestic, while she sipped her chocolate.

"Pietro is in the woods, signora," replied the servant, "the lad thinks he has seen enemies within the gloom of the forest."

"*Santa Maria*," exclaimed the signora, with a start, "then why sit we here so calmly."

This was addressed to the elderly *caballero*.

"It would be unwise to move, until we were certain in which direction the enemy lie. There might be such a thing as falling into their very jaws."

"This comes of these wild journeys," replied the signora, with a sneer; "were we quietly at home in Santa Fé, there would be no such fears."

"There would be worse," continued Don Juan de Chagres, "your own countrymen, when enemies, are even more dangerous than the Texans."

The old man spoke truth. Enemies, whose blood, religion, soil, language, differ from us—whose feelings, sympathies, and ideas are utterly at variance with our own, are far less ruthless and dreadful in their anger, than those whom we stir up within the circle of our native land. To pass by the thousand instances, which civil wars offer us in illustration, those who have seen enmity between brother and brother, will own how much more deadly it has been, than any generated between mere strangers.

It is because where once love has existed, there is no medium; affection or undying hatred!

"We never suffered those miseries before it entered your head to oppose the General Santa Anna," continued the signora, glancing round at the dark vistas which opened on every side; "for my part, I cannot see the good of opposing the government."

"Santa Anna," replied Don Juan, "is a tyrant, whose sole object is to snatch a crown. Every good Mexican is bound to sacrifice himself for the commonwealth."

"Don Juan de Chagres," said the young woman, with a laugh, "has not sacrificed much. I fancy he has left little behind him."

"I have left my home," exclaimed the old man, severely, "for the dangers of this wild country."

"Where I suppose you fully intend wandering evermore."

"I intend crossing Texas, and taking up my abode in New Orleans, until things take a turn."

"*Santa Maria, madre de Dios!*" cried the young woman, as a rustling was heard in the bushes, "what noise is that?"

"Pietro!"

As the elder domestic spoke, a young man, half Indian, half Mexican, in the many coloured garb of the latter country, and armed with a heavy short rifle, large pistols, and small axe, stepped forth from the cover of the woods.

"What news, Pietro?" cried the signora.

"Blackhawk is in the woods," replied the young man, with a slight shudder.

At the period we speak of, the gang of marauders, commanded by Blackhawk, had gained by a series of atrocities of a most frightful character, a most widely extended reputation. Now appearing on the border

settlements of Texas, now on those of Mexico, it defied retaliation by the swiftness of its movements. Both Indians, Mexicans, and Texans, were bent on its destruction, it being composed of outcasts from the three races, who treated all they happened on as enemies.

"Blackhawk!" exclaimed the old man, rising.

"Blackhawk!" almost shrieked the young woman.

"Blackhawk!" repeated the servants, in a kind of chorus.

"Bring up the mules," cried the master, "we will return upon our steps."

"To advance would be better, Signor Don Juan," said Pietro, who was satisfying his hunger, "there is a white settlement not three miles ahead."

"A settlement," said the signora.

Pietro assented, and in a few words described the position of the Eagle's Nest.

"Doubtless, the post of these thieves," said the terrified signora.

"By no means," exclaimed the signor; "I know the owner. It is Signor Filipo Stephano, a brave Englishman."

"Then," said the signora, rising, "let us hence."

The mules, eight in number, with five horses, were now brought up and hastily loaded. In less than a quarter of an hour, the whole party, with the exception of Pietro, were *en route*. Having given ample directions to the others, he remained behind, intending once more to creep within sight of the terrible gang, whose chief had given to it so unenviable a reputation.

Pietro stood in the skirt of the wood watching the disappearance of his companions, and was about to turn to seek the shelter of the forest, when some sudden and inexplicable impulse induced him to glide beneath the shelter of the rock, and by standing motionless against its blackened and cracked surface to cause his body to blend with its shadow.

A slight noise, the cracking of a dry bough, a rustling as if some animal pushing his way through the bush, had induced this rapid precautionary measure.

Next moment the face of an Indian peered through the trees in the direction of the retreating party, whose forms were not yet quite concealed in the distance, and then, after a rapid survey of the late encampment, he stepped forth into the open space.

About six feet high, hideous as paint and ugliness could make him, naked save round the middle, and armed with musket, cutlass, and knife, Pietro at once recognised him as an Apache, a tribe to whom he in common with most of his countrymen bore the most deadly and unextinguishable hatred.

"Waugh!" said the Indian, with much satisfaction, shaking his fist in the direction in which the fugitives had then disappeared; and with this one word he advanced into the centre of the open space, and presently strode up towards the rock, and stood beside the dying embers of the fire.

He was now but eight feet distant from Pietro, who lay hid behind a projection of the rock to the Indian's left. The young Mexican, however, was too experienced a woodsman not to know that continued concealment was in the present instance hopeless; and accordingly determined to have the advantage of a surprise, before the Indian could retreat a step, rushed forward, and gaining a position beside the enemy, in one bound, grappled with the huge Apache.

Pietro's hands were encumbered with his rifle, as were those of the Indian with his musket, and in the hurry exhibited but each to gain a hold upon the other, the weapons met, crossed, and were blended into one, each clutching his own and the of his enemy with terrific force.

The Indian gave vent to his never failing "hugh!" and then the combatants paused, face to face, gazing intently one at the other.

Pietro was shorter than his foe, but he was muscular, and full of strength; still, had not the other been enervated by drink, there would have been little doubt as to the superiority of the man of the woods.

Neither spoke, each striving to wrest the murderous weapons from his opponent's grasp, when the most dangerous arm would be in possession of the strongest party, and the other wholly at the victor's mercy.

They writhed, they jerked, they seemed about to tear their very arms from their sockets; now Pietro cast the Indian half to the ground, and now the Apache would dash the Mexican from his feet. The muscles of their faces were fearfully distended; both fought for dear life and for the much prized victory, but they were too equally matched for the contest to be speedily decided.

Suddenly they paused, and each took breath, while both glared in the other's face with an intense loathing that appeared almost inexplicable in men who had never before met. But the hereditary hatred of their races was added to the love of life and the desire for victory. Death spoke in their distended eyes.

"Apache dog—*carajo*," said the Mexican.

The Indian spoke not a word, but darting backwards, and swinging himself round at the same moment, fairly dragged his enemy from his feet, and whirled him round and round in the air. But Pietro, though startled, held on with unflinching energy, and his weight being too great for

the Indian to continue his efforts for any length of time, the young Mexican was soon once more upon his feet.

The tiger glares not upon his prey more ferociously than did these two well-matched warriors now glare one upon another. Again they struggled, their hands burying themselves, in appearance, in the iron barrels, until, at length, they slipped together, and came tumbling headlong to the ground, both guns exploding at the same moment.

The Indian sprang to his feet, and waving his heavy cutlass, rushed upon the Mexican, but Pietro, coolly cocking a heavy horseman's pistol, shot him through the heart, and he fell dead with a yell that raked the dying echoes both of the forest and rocks.

Seizing his own arms and those of his enemy, the young and victorious Mexican plunged at once on the trail of his master and mistress, whom he speedily overtook. The report of the guns had reached them, and had added much to their alarm, believing as they did that the dreaded gang were in full chase.

Pietro, much fatigued, indeed completely worn out with his struggle and subsequent pursuit of his friends, mounted his horse, and having regained his breath, related what had passed.

"Those reports will bring the whole party to the camp," exclaimed Don Juan de Chagres, hurriedly, "and our trail will be the next object of pursuit."

"We shall be all murdered," responded the signora in alarm, more affected than usual.

"We are much ahead of the ruffians," said Pietro, "and will gain the shelter, I hope, before they can catch us. See! yonder is the settlement!"

Chapter VI.

THE ATTACK.

When Edward and Alice were left alone, a momentary embarrassment ensued. Alice seemed subdued and mournful, while the young sailor, much struck by the gentleness, beauty, and seemingly graceful mind of his companion, began to feel somewhat doubtful as to the precise nature of the feelings which were, even at that early stage of their acquaintance, rising in his bosom with regard to the guardian bud of the Eagle's Nest.

"Do you intend remaining long in Texas, Mr. Brown?" said Alice, first breaking the brief silence which followed the departure of Philip Stevens.

"I left England and came to Texas with the intention of remaining altogether," replied Edward.

"And do you still adhere to so rash a determination?" said Miss Stevens, with the faintest shadow of a smile.

"At home I have no friends," observed Blake, somewhat sadly. "I have lost all—parents, friends, and, by some strange chance, fortune itself. I am now a species of adventurer, a soldier, or rather a sailor of fortune, and, therefore, where my subsistence is to be obtained, there is my country?"

"But do you not regret England, your real home?"

This was said curiously, and with some degree of anxiety.

"Every Englishman does who is worthy of the name," answered Edward. "Circumstances may render his native land an undesirable residence; he may find an easier living elsewhere; but no matter what his foreign success, he will ever find a moment to give to memory, and it will be of home that memory will be busy."

"Ah, Mr. Brown," said Alice, warmly, "I that know little of my country, that was a mere child when I left it, I still yearn for England—for that land that my imagination paints as little short of a paradise. I see the beauty of this wild and romantic position; I enjoy to the full the luxury of its pure air, its delightful scenery, its glorious mornings, and alas, as in life, its still more glorious evenings; its sunrises and sunsets charm and delight me, but I ever feel some secret want here, which, I fear me, never will be supplied."

"And this want——" said Edward, despite himself, eagerly.

"Is companionship; I know not why. I that live and have my being among hunters, trappers, and wild Indians, should by rights assimilate myself unto them, but I cannot do so. Their ideas and mine do not harmonise; their conversation is distasteful to me; their thoughts and feelings are foreign to my nature, and I feel alone."

"I comprehend you fully, Miss Stevens," replied Edward, after a pause; "and can only ascribe your sensations to an innate appreciation of female dignity, and to the fact that neither birth nor education originally fitted you for the wilds."

Young Blake kept his eyes fixed keenly on the countenance of the young girl as he spoke, with a view to gather from its expression if his ideas were correct or not. Alice changed colour rapidly, and for a moment made no reply. Some chord had been touched, which vibrated to the heart of the listener.

"We are very new friends, Mr. Brown," said she, at length, with some little more of distance in her manner, "to be thus cross-examining one another's feelings. Supposing that, instead of thus speculating, I were to show the secrets of the Eagle's Nest."

"With pleasure," replied Edward, not, however, without some slight evidence of pique in his manner, and rising at the same time; "this romantically named habitation should have many curious features. But believe me not impertinent if I have cross examined you; it has been because I have taken an interest in one whom I see removed from all fitting society."

"Impertinent! oh, no!" said Alice, turning, and giving her hand to the young sailor; "but I am peculiarly circumstanced, and you must not always ask me to explain either my acts or my words."

"In me then find a friend in whom to trust," said Edward, warmly.

Alice replied, but turned again towards the door, and led the way into the court-yard. On a little rising mound that reached nearly to the summit of the stone battlements of the Nest, stood the whole party connected with the Nest, gazing out upon the vast prospect that lay in front. Of these Miss Stevens took not the slightest notice, though Philip glanced with an approving smile towards the young couple; but opening a little wicket to the left, another court-yard, or rather division of the surface of the rock, was gained.

It was about ten yards square, and had been covered with a thin layer of mould, divided into beds by paths of shingle and pebbles, and was dignified by the name of Alice's garden. Various wild flowers, of which the prairie yields an abundant supply, had been transplanted from their native beds, and under the careful cultivation of Alice and her negro girl appeared to thrive amazingly, and to take kindly to their new home. A rude seat, a table, with a tarpaulin awning over it, such were the other features of this spot.

The prominent building alluded to above, and which appeared the keep of the castle, formed one side of the young girl's garden, and towards this her steps were now directed. It had two stories, the upper one being without a roof, and approached by a ladder. Alice led the way into the lower room. It was a small apartment, for the locality well furnished with many a little feminine luxury, and to the surprise and great gratification of Edward Blake, several books and a guitar lay prominently on a table.

"You have many things here, Miss Stevens, to which in the wilds one is usually a stranger," said the young Englishman.

"They are remnants of the past, of which some day you may know more," replied Alice. "The books are at your service, and, if you play, so is the guitar."

"I do play a little," continued Edward Blake; "but would, if you object not, converse of this wild spot."

As he spoke, the young sailor unconsciously took up a book, and it opened at the flyleaf.

A name had been in it, and more, an engraved one, surmounted by a coronet; but much pains had been taken to erase and efface all sign of what had once existed. Struck with surprise, Edward, forgetting that the girl's eyes were upon him, fixed his glance curiously upon it, and endeavoured to decipher the name which had been blazoned on the page.

Blake thought he could faintly trace the arms and words, and as he did so turned faint, while a deadly pallor overspread his face.

"You are unwell," said Alice, who had been a strangely interested spectator of this little scene.

"It is nothing," replied Edward, recovering himself, and laying down the book; "but methinks I hear a bustle without; my assistance may be wanted."

"You will be summoned fast enough," said Alice; "but that you may see all that is going on, let us ascend to the roof of this block."

The sailor, whose ideas were in a complete whirl, obeyed, and preceded the young lady, knowing that all over the world that is etiquette in going up a ladder.

It was a level esplanade, with four guns, one commanding each side of the Eagle's Nest. To mask their presence the port-holes were raised. Each taking one as a seat, the new friends sat down. Neither appeared much inclined for conversation. Edward was pondering on a long-forgotten subject, brought forcibly and painfully to his mind, he knew not why, while Alice was dwelling on the somewhat strange manner of her countryman.

Blake was leaning over the parapet—his eye wandering carelessly down the slope towards the forest—when the Mexican party burst from the woods, making eagerly for the Eagle's Nest. Both he and Alice rose with some anxiety, as the manner of the fugitives sufficiently explained the reason of their hurry.

"Look out, Mr. Brown," said Philip Stevens, turning towards the block, "warm work is commencing."

"Shall I join you?"

"Nay; you can work one of those carronades, I expect."

"With pleasure," cried Blake, all his energy and love of adventure at once effacing any other impression from his mind; "give the word, and I will serve them with a vengeance."

"Bravely spoken," replied the master of the Eagle's Nest, who seemed much struck with Edward's spirit; "and you, Alice, give the rogues a bit of bunting. We will fight for our lives under good colours."

Alice quietly turned to a huge ammunition box, and taking therefrom a large bundle, proceeded to attach the colours to the halyards. Blake was so intently engaged in watching the progress of the fugitives as they hurried towards the refuge which appeared to offer them protection, that he hardly noticed the young girl's proceeding. Presently, however, a rustling and fluttering over his head made him look upwards, and there on a red field waved the arms of England.

A slight tremour of pleasure came to his heart, such as we feel ever, when, in a strange land, a memorial of that country which gave us birth is brought before our eyes.

"You see, Mr. Brown," said the daughter of the outlaw, for such Philip Stevens appeared, "that we have not lost all memory of home."

"Indeed I do, Miss Stevens," he replied, warmly; "and if anything could add to my willingness to meet so foul a foe as that we have to contend with, it is the sight of that gallant, proud, and time-honoured flag."

At this moment, the fugitives being half across the prairie, the band of pursuers came whooping, yelling, and rushing from half a dozen different points of the forest; and from the quickness of their movements, compared with the slow progress of the heavily laden mules, appeared certain to overtake them. Blake's heart leaped within him, for he saw that a woman was amongst the flying party, and the native gallantry of his character tempted him to risk all to save her from the gang in pursuit. The Mexicans were evidently urging their beasts to the very utmost, but Blackhawk and his party were coming up apace.

"Stand by to lower the gangway," said Philip, in a voice which rang through the Eagle s Nest, and bespoke that now he was in his element; "get ready your gun, Mr. Brown; and when the Mexicans turn into the narrow path, give it to the rogues behind."

"Pray, Miss Stevens, go below," exclaimed Edward.

"Nay, Mr. Brown, while one of my own sex is in danger, I will remain. Ah! they are close upon them. Heaven preserve the poor lady."

As she spoke, Don Juan de Chagres and his party had reached a narrow beaten trail, which led directly to the entrance of the Eagle's Nest, and to enter which they left what had formerly been the track of a ball from the gun which Blake had levelled at the pursuers. Next instant a loud report and a flash drew all eyes to the summit of the block, and a ball went ploughing up the earth in the very centre of the wild and ferocious band of the renowned Blackhawk. The whole party halted, and next moment the Mexicans were under cover of the rifles of Philip Stevens and his men.

"Served like a true man," cried the outlaw, approvingly; "that ball killed no man, but it saved one or two lives. They will now think twice before they attack us, so e'en come down and aid me to receive our new guests.'

Alice had thrown a shawl round her shoulders, and assumed a straw hat, having added which slight features to her costume, she accompanied Blake towards the portion of the Eagle's Nest through which the Mexicans were, no doubt with heartfelt satisfaction, hurrying. Hearty congratulations were passed; and while Alice led the young Mexican away to her private chamber, there to seek quiet, and to recover from the severe fright which she, in common with the whole party, had undergone, a conference was held of the men, and various numbers were suggested as being the numerical force of Blackhawk. As, however, Pietro and Chinchea, who alone had seen them, agreed pretty well in calling them fifty or thereabouts, this was received as that against which they would probably have to contend; while twelve, including Don Juan and Chinchea, comprised the utmost force of the woodland garrison. As the Eagle's Nest was well protected and supplied in abundance with food and ammunition, while water could always be drawn up in buckets, the numbers would not have been so very disproportionate, had it not been for the desperate and reckless character of the men who composed the beleaguering force.

It was agreed, therefore, that every precautionary measure should be taken, that a look-out should be continually kept on the summit of the block, and a sentinel keep constantly on the watch near the bridge. This decision had been scarcely come to, when the sharp twang of a rifle was heard, and a bullet struck the edge of the stone parapet about half a foot from the person of Philip Stevens.

"So ho! warm work already," cried he; "but whence, in the fiend's name, comes that shot? Ah! from the pine-grove yonder—a sad mistake of mine, as these bloodthirsty devils will, I fear, show me."

"A gun from the block," observed Blake, "would scatter any skulkers."

"True, and you, John, give it to them," addressing a man who had taken up his post as sentry. "But it were better an it were burnt about their ears."

"Ugh—good," said the Indian; and without a word, he proceeded to put the suggestion into execution.

Providing himself with flint, steel, and tinder, he laid himself on the ground, and

rolled across the narrow planks that formed the bridge. Between the Nest and the grove of firs above alluded to, were the charred and blackened stumps of the trees which had been felled, ending in a dense pile of boughs recently cut for firewood from standing trees, that had been doomed to share the fate of their predecessors. It took the Indian but a brief space of time to reach this position; and then seating himself behind a log, the whole party, rifle in hand, watched his operations with intense anxiety. Cautiously collecting a few leaves and dry twigs, the Indian arranged them in such a manner as to communicate a blaze to the surrounding pile with the greatest possible rapidity, and then proceeded to execute the most difficult portion of his task.

Placing the tinder—composed of woodland spunk—upon the flint, and holding ready the dry cotton mixed with a few grains of powder, which was to provide the necessary blaze, the Indian struck two sharp strokes upon the stone. Quick as thought, some half dozen heads were protruded from the fir-grove in eager haste to capture the daring incendiary. A volley from the Nest at once drove them back, and next minute the whole pile was in flames.

Up to this moment the gun—arrested at a signal from Philip, when he saw the Indian about to follow out his other suggestion—had remained silent; but in order to prevent the possibility of the fire being extinguished, two or three rushed to the summit of the block, and rained an iron volley into the thick of the fir-grove. In a few moments the flames had their own, and away scampered the small but daring band that had been thrown, by the foresight of Blackhawk, into such close propinquity to the Eagle's Nest.

On the Indian's return, the entrance to the place was closed, and every preparation made for the serious siege which was now expected.

(To be continued.)

Civilisation.*

We noticed last month the character of Charles I in those strong terms which our dislike to everything in the shape of tyranny makes us consider as the due of one who, by his oppressions and crimes, has earned the hatred of every lover of freedom. Mr. Mackinnon, a well-known and consistent Conservative (whose judicious and invaluable labours in the cause of sanitory reform demand from us early and separate notice), after some most excellent remarks on the Hampden case, says:

"At the commencement of the contest between Charles and his Parliament, public opinion, though probably averse to a civil war, and conscious of the dangers to which individual property in the country would be exposed to, seems to have yet been aware that no alternative remained, and that either the political rights which the people were entitled to claim must be abandoned, or an opposition must necessarily be made to the king's prerogative. Then did public opinion gradually rise against the monarch and support the proceedings of the parliament, until Charles was in their power."—p. 152.

With thus much of Mr. Mackinnon's testimony we cannot find one word of fault, but we must beg leave to differ from the following:

"In the subsequent proceedings, such as the cruel condemnation of Charles, and Cromwell's dominations over the parliament, public opinion had no concern. These, and similar acts, were the work of the army and of its ambitious leaders, headed by the dictator, and could not be sanctioned by the well-disposed part of the nation. The middle class had, indeed, risen into notice, and into some importance; but it was not sufficiently powerful to oppose a successful resistance, even if so inclined, to the lower class and the fanatical army, led by a favourite general. Next the same observation will apply to the state of the middle class in France at the close of the last century, as we may attempt to show when the progress of civilisation in that country is under consideration."—pp. 152-3.

In our opinion it was the earnest expression of public opinion, as far as education allowed any public opinion to exist, which caused the execution of Charles. All men who knew the king had cause to mistrust, to hate, and to despise him. He was the worst enemy of the people, and the people rejected him accordingly. Had the middle classes have attained to a sufficient degree of enlightenment, Cromwell certainly would have never reigned but as the chief of a pure democracy, but the enlightened few who overthrew the monarchy were but a small band in comparison with the ignorant few who hallooed it back, and stooped their necks as a footstool for the wretched debauchee their coward souls allowed to be their ruler. Again, we differ from Mr. Mackinnon:

"The power and influence of the crown at this time was such, through the Star Chamber, the undefined extent of the prerogative, and other means at the disposal of the sovereign, that it seems not probable that public opinion alone could have effected such a change, and offered so successful a resistance to the regal authority, if a puritanical spirit, totally distinct from true religious feeling, had not spread extensively amongst the lower class."—p. 157.

True, it was the "puritanical spirit" which overthrew the king; but that that "puritanical spirit" was totally distinct from true religious feeling, we must beg leave to doubt. The general history of the time, recorded as it is by the "base scribes" of the restoration, by men whose trade was falsehood and lying, whose sordid souls enabled them neither to be noble nor see true nobility in others, has painted the Puritans

* "History of Civilisation." By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. In 2 vols. Longman, London.

in colours which make them hateful and ridiculous. But we, sifting these vile pamphleteers, and setting them on dunghills instead of thrones, tell them their word is no more worth than the oath of a perjured witness. The Puritans were the purest religionists of that or any other day; they were men of stern and lofty views; who valued life only as it enabled them to be free and worship God according to their own consciences. Milton, the great and glorious, he who was the eloquent defender of the revolution, may be taken as a type of these men; the pilgrim fathers who landed on the bare rock of Plymouth are others; and Cromwell, a sincere and pious man, if sincerity and piety ever existed at all, as one more magnificent specimen of this class of "gloomy fanatics" as he is of an Englishman. While differing from Mr. Mackinnon in many of his conclusions, we cannot but own the ability with which he makes out his case:

"It may be said, if public opinion was averse to the destruction of the monarch, how came that catastrophe to take place, and by whose authority was it perpetrated? The answer seems to be, that Cromwell by the assistance of the army had usurped an entire power over the nation, and that public opinion was kept down by an armed force. Those classes which influence public opinion were not so numerous formerly as at present; they certainly were not so in the time of Charles I. They acted not merely by themselves, but by means of the lower class; and if their influence was not paramount, it might have been sufficient to agitate the lower class, and set it in action, without the means of restraining it according to their will at any subsequent time. A number of men may unite together, and move a rock, so as to roll it down a declivity; but if their numbers or power be not great, and if the declivity be steep, it may roll on without check or control, and carry destruction and devastation in its course. In a similar manner the lower class, in a state advanced in civilisation, can of itself scarcely move to any purpose; but if set in motion by the influence of the upper and middle classes, and, perhaps, of the latter alone, a dangerous impetus may be given: should this happen, unless the other two classes are numerous (in this case, the aggregate of numbers in the middle class makes wealth, and, consequently, influence and power), a revolution may end in a military government. Such was the case at this time of our history, as well as in France at a later period."—pp. 163-4.

Mr. Mackinnon remarks on a passage of Milton which we shall presently quote that "the violence of Milton's republican scorn does not much become a poet." Now, admiring as we do the immortal genius of Milton, and taking delight and happiness from his verse, we look upon him with double respect as the eloquent defender of his country against the violent abuse of a wretched scribbler, who took the name of the king to conceal the nakedness of his style and thoughts. The "Iconoclastes" is to our taste one of the most noble productions of the great poet. Milton says with much force:

"'To descant on the misfortune of a person fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also payd his finall debt both to nature and his faults, is neither of itselfe a thing commendable, nor the intention of this discourse. Neither was it fond ambition, or the vanity to get a name present or with posterity, by writing against a king: I was never so thirsty after fame, nor so destitute of other hopes and means, better and more certain to attaine it. For kings have gained glorious titles from their favorers by writing against private men, as Henry VIII did against Luther; but no man ever gained much honour by writing against a king, as not unusually meeting with that force of argument in such courtly antagonists, which to convince might add to his reputation.'"—pp. 170-1.

We are glad to see Mr. Mackinnon dwelling forcibly on the following pregnant fact:

"During the course of the revolution and civil war, few instances occur of the spoliation of private property; nor (considering the state of affairs) does it appear that very flagrant acts of violence were committed by individuals of one class against those of another. The upper and middle classes of society not being deprived of their property, the rights of individuals seem in general to have been respected, except of those who rendered themselves obnoxious to the ruling power. In France, during the memorable revolution, the case was different; there was scarcely any middle class in that country."—pp. 179-80.

If anything could disgust us with England and the name of Englishman, it would be the slavish and servile conduct thus described:

"The death of Oliver Cromwell, and the total inefficiency of his son and successor, Richard, wrought a signal change in the English people. From having hated and persecuted the Stuarts, the nation became ready to prostrate itself at their feet. Charles II, in his continental retirement, must have been intoxicated no less with amazement than joy, at the unexpected ebullition in his favour. Deputations of lords and commoners crossed the sea to pay him homage, and to lavish their offers of service. Democracy became a bye-word of contempt; Cromwell's memory was reviled; the Royalists and Episcopalians were, as if by magic, advanced at once, and even beyond hope, to the very pinnacle of their ambition. To excel in vituperating Cromwell became a passport to public favour; and although among many writers of invectives against Oliver, some (such as Cowley and Evelyn) were sincere and consistent, it is impossible not to feel pity at such men as Dryden and Waller, the latter of whom, during the Protector's ascendancy, wrote a slavish panegyric on him; while the former, on Cromwell's death, endeavoured to curry favour with his son and successor by writing "Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector." These great poets, however, when the restoration had transferred to royalty the springs of patronage and emolument, enhanced their adulation of Charles II by virulent abuse of the object of their former adoration."—pp. 182-3.

Contempt for Waller, and pity for Cowley, are the emotions created in us. Allowing, which we do not believe, that Cromwell was a mere tyrant, the following clearly shows, that even royalists of any sense must have sighed once more for the protector:

"The people, however, before long, found that they had only lost one tyrant and got another; to a morose, fanatical usurper, had succeeded a legitimate king, who by sallies of wit masked his tendency to despotism. Gaiety, indeed, had returned; but it was gaiety hand-in-hand with profligacy. The court was audaciously shameless and irreligious; and society, in general, took its tone from the sovereign. Manners, morals, and costumes, copied from the court of France, were everywhere prevalent; and even our national literature became gallicised. Charles, who had learned nothing by adversity, which has been

sometimes styled the school of princes, brought home with him from exile a determination to seize the first opportunity of pushing the royal prerogative to as intolerable an extent as it had been carried by the Tudors. Meanwhile the country was demoralised, and public opinion enervated by luxury. To further the monarch's despotic views, a secret alliance was negotiated, in 1670, with the French king, 'for the purpose of subverting the republic of Holland, with whom Charles had entered into an alliance only two years previously; of making his authority absolute in England; and of establishing once more the Romish religion in the realms of Britain: as a prelude to which, Charles was formally absolved, and received into the bosom of the Catholic church.'"—pp. 186-7.

And again:

"Of political dignity little was left, and the people began to contrast disadvantageously with their present state the administration of Cromwell, when, at least, our nation was respected abroad, and when no foreign fleet would have dared to show itself in the Thames, as De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, had done in 1667, when Van Ghent, with a detachment of seventeen sail, blew up the fortifications at Sheerness, and destroyed many of our finest vessels in our navy. From this national humiliation, however, public opinion derived fresh elasticity and vigour, as a spring will rebound in proportion as it is depressed."—p. 191.

We then have a most interesting sketch of the expulsion of James, and of the great and important consequences to England of that revolution. Mr. Mackinnon gives indeed a most lucid and clear statement of the causes which brought about so great and important a charge, and dwells with becoming satisfaction on the advantages which thence accrued to the people of England. The first blow in favour of true liberty in this country was struck by the great revolution. It is to the Hampdens, the Cromwells, the Miltons, that we owe the nursing of the infant babe. They paved the way by their great deeds for what followed, and the expulsion of James was but a natural consequence of the impulse given to the national mind in 1649. Of William and Mary, of Queen Ann, we have an interesting sketch, as well as of George I, the state of civilisation being everywhere elucidated. After several other interesting chapters we come to the present state of civilisation in England. This chapter is full of the most curious and valuable details. We quote one extract, as peculiarly full of facts which make the present improvement valuable. We are glad to see that Mr. Mackinnon is opposed to the morbid humanitarians on the subject of death punishments:

"Danger in perambulating the streets, annoyance to respectable persons, particularly females, and other public grievances arising from deficiency in the police, are so well known to have existed until within very few years, that it would be unnecessary to enter more fully into them, particularly as they are no longer felt, and the admirable constabulary system now introduced, and adopted in nearly every large town in the empire, has added much to the comfort and security of social life, as well as to the debt of gratitude we owe to those by whom it was instituted. Let us allude to another topic arising from the improved state of society; that is, the infrequency of capital punishments now prevalent, when compared to former times—a manifest proof of the increase of civilisation. In this remark we hope not to be misunderstood, or thought to insinuate that the mawkish feeling, which asserts that an atrocious violator of the laws of his country is not to suffer the penalty of his crimes, can be vindicated. Far from it: the fault sometimes in human nature is, to go from one extreme to the other, and to imagine that, because too many capital punishments in the last century took place, all ought now to be abolished. Much as society is improved, it has not yet reached such a point of perfection. Although our laws were said to be formerly written in blood, care must be taken they are not now written in milk and water. To come, however, to the question of the singular change that has taken place in capital punishments since the increase of civilisation. Harrison states, that in the reign of Henry VIII, there were hanged 72,000 rogues and thieves (besides other malefactors). This makes about two thousand a year. Yet Harrison complains of the relaxation of the laws, and laments that so few rogues were punished in his time. One vulgar prepossession, says Hume, in favour of the morals of former and rude ages, is very absurd and ill-founded. Harrison states (chap. 10), that there were computed to be ten thousand gipsies in England; a species of banditti introduced in the reign of Henry VIII, and adds, 'there will be no way of extirpating them by the ordinary course of justice. The queen must employ martial law against them.' At present, the use of martial law would not be tolerated without strong motives. However arbitrary its exercise might have been, it appears that nobody, in the age of Elizabeth, entertained any jealousy from its adoption."—pp. 293-5.

We have now overstepped our limits somewhat; but as many curious and valuable facts are contained in the chapter alluded to, and in those on the Houses of Lords and Commons, Monarchichal Power, &c., Lower Class, as well as in the second volume, which remains as yet untouched, we may possibly return to the subject.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

He sleeps—and for awhile his soul forgets
His fallen state, and life of vain regrets.
He sleeps—and memory's light of roseate beam,
Colours the sunshine of his soothing dreams:
For they of home and guiltless childhood are,
When conscience own'd no sting his joys to mar;
When industry awoke with each young day,
And the hallow'd seventh call'd him forth to pray.

Perchance the vision shapes his earliest youth,
When watchful parent's taught from sacred truth:
A mother holds his hand, yet pure from crime,
And leads him forth at holy sabbath chime:
Again with loving kindred now he shares,
The social meal her busy hand prepares;
And now, methinks, along the village lane,
He whistling roams a thoughtless boy again.

Oh! wake him not—behold the smile that plays
O'er his wan cheek for those long bye-gone days;
Oh! banish not that smile; 'tis light from heaven,
That with such memories soothes a heart so riven;
A pitying angel that would lead him back,
To the bright path of virtue's early track;
Cloud not the light of that celestial beam,
Cheering a heart whose joy is but a dream.

Too soon he'll wake his prison watch to keep,
And marvel at the visions of his sleep;
Too soon he'll wake—and, ah! too soon forget,
His dream of happy youth and brief regret;
Yet feelings long time sear'd are not quite dead,
The tempted struggling soul some tears hath shed;
Tears—one all-seeing eye alone doth scan,
And Heaven the mercy yields denied by man.

The Poets of the People.

I. ALLAN RAMSAY.

BY D. M. M.

There has arisen within the last century a new race of poets, who may be considered essentially the poets of the people, most of them having themselves sprung from low origin—though our pen almost blushes to use the term with reference to what is often highest of all—they have adorned with their genius the scenes of their early association. The ploughman has hallowed the fields where he has trod; the weaver has sang beside his loom; the shepherd by his flock, investing the scenes and feelings of peasant life with a halo of poetry, which refines, but does not make them unnatural. These men, to whom the genius of the poet has come as a gift, not as the result of education, have never striven for ultra-learning or cultivation in the beaten track of poetry; and therefore their writings have a freshness and natural truthfulness which comes home to the hearts of all.

It is scarcely possible to account for the rise of this poetry of nature, otherwise than by the general advance of society—the march of intellect, as it is now entitled—and the higher consideration in which the labouring classes have been gradually held, while freedom of thought and feeling has awakened the dawn of poetry among them. But this is a problem which we cannot and intend not to discuss; we merely state the fact, leaving others to reason on the cause which has produced it.

Of true pastoral poetry, or of the poetry of humble life, there was little or none in the early and middle ages. Virgil's "Eclogues," Tasso's "Aminta," Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," are all beautiful fancies; but their shepherds and shepherdesses are no more like real life than are the masquerading peasants at a fancy ball to be compared to the villagers at an English country fair. Their garments are of satin, made after the fashion of a frieze coat or linsey-woolsey wrapper. All the pastoral writers followed the example of their predecessors; the high-born poet depicted himself under the guise of an elegant swain, daintily reclining amidst such a landscape as never was and never will be, playing on his delicate reed with patrician fingers, and addressing some genteel young milkmaid in language which bespoke an intimate acquaintance with all the classic poets, heathen mythology, and ancient history—branches of education which were doubtless most suitable for such an erudite pair. And yet our ancestors thought this nature! Beautiful, as the fancy of a poet, it certainly is, in many cases; but without a vestige of foundation in truth.

The harbinger of this new era in poetry was a Scottish bard—Allan Ramsay. He was the first who attempted to paint his low-born lads and lasses as they really were, and yet made them charming. He wished, as he said himself, "to cope with the authors of 'Aminta' and 'Pastor Fido,'" and he succeeded. There is a certain degree of stiffness lingering about his composition; but he was the first to tread on a new path, and this is scarcely to be wondered at. Allan's muse was the earliest to burst the trammels of custom, and show forth the beauty of nature. If in his Patie and Peggy their high birth must peep out, it does so unconsciously, and detracts not from the simplicity of the poem.

Allan Ramsay was born in Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686. He was not in the very humblest rank, for his father was overseer of the Earl of Hopetoun's lead-mines. Alice, his mother, was English; she came from Derbyshire. Robert Ramsay died while his son Allan was an infant, and the mother married again. Allan's childhood was spent in his own native region, where his step-father was a small laird. Wild, desolate, and mountainous, was this place where the poet's earliest impressions were formed. Here he mixed among the primitive and rude inhabitants of the district; and here doubtless he imbibed that clear idea of rural life which he afterwards gave to the world in the poem which has become a national picture of the manners of the peasantry of his native land. At fifteen, young Allan left his mountains for Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a wigmaker—a dolorous occupation for one who had run wild over heath and mountain, to adorn the pericraniums of the good city inhabitants. But time passed on well and swiftly with him; and in 1712 he was able to marry. His wife was Christian Ross; a happy woman we may deem her, for she was a poet's wife and an artist's mother, her eldest son being Allan Ramsay, the celebrated painter to George III. Christian Ramsay and her husband lived long and happily together; in his old age, Allan mentions his "auld wife" with much affection, in a letter to a friend. Ramsay was twenty-six before he begun to write poetry; his earliest ballads and songs were hawked about the streets of Edinburgh. The first of any moment was "Christ's Kirk on the Green"—a poem describing a village festival. It was so successful, that its author left his business for the more suitable one of a bookseller, and published his writings in a complete volume.

In 1725 appeared Allan's great poem, "The Gentle Shepherd." It won universal admiration even in its own day—a rare

thing for a work which is to live for posterity. Pope—the formal and classical Pope—admired his simple northern brother, and wrote to him;—Gay, on his coming to Scotland, visited him;—and William Drummond, of Hawthornden, the most natural of the bards of that day, whose beautiful poetry came from his heart, was on friendly terms with Allan Ramsay, the Edinburgh bookseller. Many others, too, of high birth and rank in literature, associated with him, and in this society the poet past his long life. The end of his days was spent at a pretty villa, built by himself, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. Here lived the cheerful old man—for to the end of his life Allan Ramsay was of a gay temperament, often shocking the rigid Presbyterians by his love of balls, or theatres, and other mundane enjoyments. In every way Allan's was a happy life. He died on January 7, 1758, at the good old age of seventy-one. His tomb is, or was, in the Greyfriars Church, part of which was burnt down some time ago. Living in the midst of the Jacobite struggles, his secret interest was in behalf of Prince Charles, to whom we will not now give the uncourteous title of the "Pretender." But Ramsay never suffered his principles to appear injuriously to himself or others, for he loved to live at peace with all.

Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" is unequalled as a pastoral. Its simple natural beauty, devoid of all coarseness, makes it as welcome in the noble's drawing-room as on the cottager's table. It is the old story of a boy of gentle birth, brought up as a shepherd, wooing a village girl—the discovery of his birth, the love forbidden, and then all made happy when the lassie turns out to be equal to her lover, indeed, his own cousin. So Patie and Peggy are gaily wedded, as becomes their descent. Such is the story of the "Gentle Shepherd," told in a dramatic form—in simple rhyming verse, interspersed with songs, some of which are very pretty. We give the first, when the opening scene discovers Patie, the happy lover, and Roger, his friend, hopeless of success with fair Jenny. Patie sings this sweet song.

"My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
And weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

"My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking o' the fauld.

"My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' that she sings best;
My Peggy sings sae sweetly,
Ah, in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld."

The moral sentiments interspersed throughout the "Gentle Shepherd" are often very beautiful. Let us take, for instance, a passage; graceful in its homeliness and simple domestic truth, we must remember, also, that in Allan's time sentimental love ditties were all the fashion, and that few saw any beauty in poetry in that holiest of all feelings—conjugal affection. Jenny and Peggy are discussing the grand subject of maiden's talk—love; Jenny paints all the miseries of wedded life, while the gentle Peggy sees all on the sunny side, through the medium of her own loving heart. She says:—

"Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we;
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their mates at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are most to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure all my art,
To keep him cheerful and secure his heart;
As e'en when he comes weary from the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will;
In winter when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle* and a clean hearth-stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot† be ready to tak off,
Clean hag-a-bag‡ I'll spread upon the board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right sune grows cauld,
And dwindles down to none as folks grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy;
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture how fully are blest.
This shields the other frae the eastern blast,
That in return defends it from the west."

Allan wrote, in the course of his long life, innumerable songs to the beautiful old Scottish airs. His fame has been overshadowed by the superior genius of Burns, yet many of Ramsay's songs are still almost as popular as they were in his own day. Of these are "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "Lochaber no more," "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," "The Highland Laddie," "How fair and ruddy is my Jean," and others. In the last named is this graceful verse, equal to any of Burns.

"I'd clasp thee to this heart of mine,
While thou, like ivy or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Formed hardy to defend thee;

* Bleezing ingle—blazing hearth. † Seething pot—boiling pot. ‡ Hag-a-bag—huck-a-back.

Ah! thou mine ain thing,
I wad love thee—I wad love thee;
Ah! thou wert mine ain thing,
How dearly wad I love thee!"

There is a tender simplicity about Allan's love songs, which, we think, makes them superior to all his other productions of the ballad kind. Nearly all his writings are in his own Scottish tongue; sometimes he attempted English verse, as in a long poem in Pope's heroic verse, entitled, "Tartana, or the Plaid," and another, after the "Rape of the Lock." But this style is unnatural to him, and his English rhymes have nothing like the easy and melodious versification of the "Gentle Shepherd."

Allan composed some very good imitations of the fables in fashion at that time, transformed into Scottish dialect. We give one specimen of this style of his, and then must take a loving farewell of the gentle Allan Ramsay. Peace be to his memory.

THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

Ae day a clock wad brag a dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spak to him thus:—"My neighbour, pray,
Canst tell me what's the time o' day?"
The dial said, "I dinna ken."
"Alack, what stand ye there for then?"
"I wait here till the sun shines bright,
For naught I ken but by his light."
"Wait on," said clock; "I scorn his help,
Baith day and night my lane I skelp,*
Wind up my weights but ance a week,
Without him I can gang and speak;
Hark! hark! I strike just now the hour,
And I am right, one—two—three—four!"
While thus the clock was boasting loud,
The bleezing sun brak thro' a cloud;
The dial, faithfu' to his guide,
Spak truth, and laid the thumper's pride.
"Ye see," he said, "I've done ye fair,
'Tis four hours, and three quarters mair;
My friend," he added, "count again,
And learn a wee to be less vain;
Ne'er brag o' constant clavering cant,
And that your answers never want;
For you're not aye to be believed,
Wha trusts in you may be deceived.
Be counselled to behave like me;
For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken,
And that's the way o' wisest men."

Too Beautiful to Live.

BY ION.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."—MATT. vi. 19.

The youngest child in most large families appears to be regarded with a greater degree of tenderness than the rest. Because, even though the parents themselves create no distinction, each of his brothers and his sisters naturally suffer their attention to revert to the new-comer, and individualise him, as it were, from the whole. While yet an infant, the kindest and gentlest nursing is lavished on the freshest bud on the family tree, which grows up amid showers of fondest love. This feeling extends through all classes of society, but in the humbler walks of life is very strongly developed. A greater degree of sorrow is consequently experienced when the moment arrives for the poor man's last stay to depart, than he manifested perhaps on any former occasion. The old couple seem then to be indeed alone. Their last link with the world is broken; and between its broken fragments they live to witness, sometimes the increasing happiness, sometimes the increasing sorrow, of the generation that is to succeed them.

In the village of Whitestone there resided, not many years ago, a widow in very humble circumstances, but surrounded by a large family. The elder sons worked in the fields, and several daughters were out at service, returning only at stated intervals to visit their mother, laden with little offerings of affection, and full of narrations concerning the grand places in which they lived. Though the grown-up children were in a measure provided for, there was still, however, at home a young crop of four or five little children, clothed in humble apparel, but displaying on their countenances the rud ly hue of health.

The brightest and the fairest of the flock was Amy, the youngest child. She was a singularly beautiful little creature. Of so rare and exquisite a nature was her loveliness, that no one could pass her by, and fail to be struck by the remarkable transparency of her complexion, the spotless purity of her open brow, the depth of soul which seemed to speak from her full blue eye, the delicate formation of her mouth, and that rich mass of bright hair which, falling from her head, swept round her neck and shoulders like a waving mass of gold. In the midst of her dark and sunburnt brothers and sisters, she stood like a being from another world, so beautiful she seemed. Not only the village but the country round for miles spoke of her loveliness, and marvelled that she should so far surpass her own family. No wonder that Sophia Markham was proud of her child, and taught all her other offspring to be so too. And they were so. It was a pleasant sight to behold Amy, of a summer's evening, sitting in the honeysuckle porch of the cottage, on a rough hewn stool, surrounded by a handful of urchins—some busied in twisting her hair into ringlets, some twining into it wild flowers and roses. Beauty is everywhere worshipped. Its existence seems to cast a halo over all; and when it comes before us in the form of a little child, how infinitely lovely does it appear! We feel that the impress of the Creator is still fresh upon that innocent brow; and deep regret

* My lane I skelp—gallop on alone.

sweeps over our hearts, as we gaze and remember that, ere long, perhaps, guilt will have set there its stamp. Sophia Markham loved her children, and loved them all dearly too, but she seemed to arrest the current of her love with sudden earnestness when this child was born. The exclamation of an old gossip of the village, when she first beheld the babe—"'Tis too beautiful to live"—sank consequently deep into her mind. She never repeated the words, never recalled them to any one's remembrance, but after, while the little thing was growing up in health and vigour, and increasing in beauty each day, would she ponder in her mind over the prophetic sentence. And thus she, because of these things, in a measure, sought to excuse herself for lavishing on Amy so great an amount of maternal love. A painful undefined solicitude mingled strangely with that fondness. Even, when in full health, the child was bounding beneath the bright heavens with her flowing hair scarcely less golden than the sun's rays, with her merry laugh re-echoing through the woods, an anxious foreboding would cross her mind that the pretty creature, now so full of life, would pass and soon become an inhabitant of that heaven to which the mother in her simple but earnest and impressive way taught her to look up; and that, instead of the brown skinned ragged urchins with whom she now shared her humble crust, cherubs and fair angels would ere long be her companions. And what mattered it that she loved her most? Her children never felt the difference. They were not the less cared for, not the less clothed, or fed. And they themselves, while lavishing upon her every demonstration of affection which their hearts could humbly imagine, were utterly unconscious that Amy was the favourite child—they felt she was beautiful—they were instinctively proud of the admiration she excited when a carriage was ordered to stop, that the ladies might ask whose child she was, or, when some traveller stopped and shook her little hand, or added a silver sixpence by way of betokening his admiration. All the rural treasures of the woods were lavished upon her by her brothers. The nest brought down from the topmast branch, the brightest string of eggs to deck her little neck, the sweetest flowers of the hedges, the creeping woodbine, the wild honey-suckle, the squirrel's dray, the nuts from the coppice, the pebbles from the rippling brook, all were brought to her as offerings of affection. And she was happy and beloved, not a thought of the future intermingled with her little pleasures. Her brown crust was sufficient, her milk never failed.

About a mile from the cottage stood a large house, surrounded by fair meadows and pastures, but inhabited by a childless, wealthy old man. James Thornhill neither excited love nor hatred in the minds of the poor population of Whitestone, nor was his society sought by any of the surrounding gentry. He excluded himself almost entirely from the world, and was only occasionally seen wandering about the lanes near the village.

One day Sophia Markham's children were blackberry hunting in the roadside, when four of them came bounding into the cottage, full of eager desire to make an universal explanation at the same moment.

"What is the matter? Where is Amy?" exclaimed the mother, as she missed the youngest from the throng.

"Oh, mother!" cried one.

"There—down there"—

"He's got her"—

"Who's got her?" exclaimed Mrs. Markham, in her turn, as she rushed forth from the cottage into the road.

Nothing terrible, however, met her gaze, though the scene, considering the character of the principal actor in it, seemed a strange one. Squire Thornhill was slowly ascending the hill, bearing Amy in his arms. The little thing appeared half pleased, half frightened, by his words, for she held with her two little hands to the breast of his coat, and partially averted her beaming face, on which a sweet shy smile hovered, while her downcast eyes proclaimed how intensely bashful she was rendered by the natural cottage education she had received.

The mother dropped a curtsey on perceiving the state of the case, and receiving the little thing into her arms, remained at the gate, answering all the questions which were put to her by the old man concerning the child.

Squire Thornhill lingered some time, leaning on his large silver-headed cane before the door. He was a hard-looking man, rather below the middle height, and dressed in the plainest possible manner. The beauty of the cottage child appeared to fascinate him, for he scarcely moved his eyes from off her countenance, until he at length departed. Few evenings now passed without bringing the squire up the hill and pass the cottage. He would always form some excuse for stopping, and never came unprovided with something which would please the eye or taste of his little favourite. The visit seemed, however, to lose its charm if the old man did not himself present the little gift, and hear Amy, in her pretty prattling way, lisp her thanks. Sometimes it happened that she was in the copse, or wood, or gone up the village, and then the squire would linger about the lane, walk to and fro, stand on the hill, and see the sun go down, until he caught a glimpse of the favourite child

tripping to her home. Then a pleasant smile crossed his countenance, he would wait her coming, pat her little head, and murmur, "God bless thee, child," and return home quite satisfied.

Two months passed on in this way; at length Squire Thornhill seemed to have determined to hazard a proposition which he had, evidently, long been contemplating. Walking one evening somewhat earlier than usual down to the cottage, and passing by his little favourite with a slight notice, he entered the precincts of the garden. Mrs. Markham came forth to meet him, and, dropping a curtsey, begged him to walk inside. The old gentleman complied, and settling himself in the clean homely cottage parlour, begged her also to be seated, as he had something of a very important nature to communicate to her. Mr. Thornhill was a plain, straightforward sort of man. He had not much to say for himself at any time, and in general his conversation was abrupt, hasty, and disconnected. The subject which, on the present occasion, he desired to discuss was accordingly opened in the following manner.

"Mrs. Markham, you've a large, fine family of your own."

"There be a many of them," she said.

"It must be almost as much as you can do to support them all?"

"Why, you see, sir," she answered, "we do have a hard struggle sometimes, but as Richard used to say, 'It's much sweeter to know that what we do get, we've worked like slaves for;' and then to see the little ones smiling and happy, instead of hearing them, because we didn't exert ourselves, crying, maybe, for a bit of bread, and then pining away. Richard always used to say, poor fellow, of a Sunday morning, when we were all together, clean and comfortable at our breakfast, with the children all round us, that he forgot all the hard work of the week—he felt so happy then! Poor Richard; I often miss him from his large arm chair."

"But," continued Mr. Thornhill, growing uncomfortable, when he perceived the tears starting into the widow's eyes, as she glanced instinctively towards the place *he* used to fill, "if you had fewer mouths to work for —I mean if some of the children were out of the way—you could do better."

"Law, sir! all that can work does. Why there's little Jim there, with the curly head, gets sixpence a day, beating birds away in H—— farm; and there's Sally goes nursing at Mrs. Davis's. No, sir, I don't bring them up in idleness."

"No, no; I see. I don't mean that. I can't beat about the bush; but the fact is, Mrs. Markham, I've taken a mighty fancy to little Amy, and should like to have her up at the house."

"What, sir—take Amy!" cried the mother, whose face turned white and red by turns, as the remembrance of the gossip's words in an instant flashed across her mind; "take my darling child. No, sir—thank you—thank you—I could'nt part with her!"

"I don't mean you to be separated."

"What then, sir—how?"

"Why, she should come home when you pleased; you should see her every day; only I would have her taught to read, to write, to sew, to be good."

"And to forget us—to forget her mother, brothers, and sisters?" said Mrs. Markham, bursting into tears. "No, sir, do not ask me that—I cannot part with Amy. You are very kind. I feel—I am obliged—really obliged, and you must pardon me if I feel ungrateful in refusing you, but I could never forgive myself if anything bad were to come of it. No, sir, no. I would do anything for my children's good, but I cannot let Amy go—my youngest, too"—

"Well," said Mr. Thornhill, rising, "we we won't say anything more about it to-night, but," he continued, kindly shaking her hand, "think the matter over, and I will come again. We need not be in a hurry. At any rate, I will always be her friend."

The motherly feelings which had at first suggested a refusal of Squire Thornhill's offer, at last gave way before the repeated and innumerable temptations placed before her. The squire only occasionally came in person to urge his suit, but frequently sent his housekeeper, Mrs. Turner, whose womanly tact would, he thought, go a great way in representing the matter in its due light to Mrs. Markham. She listened at last to his proposals, and little Amy was, in due time, installed in the squire's home, and moving in quite a new sphere of life. Mr. Thornhill never forgot his promise—he taught her to love and revere her mother, young as she was, and continually kept her in remembrance, in a thousand ways, and frequently he would himself lead her down to the humble cottage, where she was welcomed with a burst of rapturous joy by the little creatures who called her sister. And she, bright, happy thing, what mattered it to her that the finest white muslins covered her fragile form, that delicate shoes cased her feet, that the most studious care was bestowed on those rich flowing ringlets, which reached to her very waist, encircled by that gay sash, which excited at once the delight and awe of her brothers and sisters; not a bit the less ardently did she bound into that ill-clad mother's arms, which opened ever to receive her with the same glad pressure, or cling round her

brother's neck and kiss his sunburnt face. Poor child, she was too young, too innocent, to feel the slightest difference of position.

Time wore on, Amy was now six years of age. The squire seemed to have only just begun to live. He had immured himself previously in a sort of wilful solitude; he had shut himself out from the society of his fellow-creatures, and was, therefore, miserable. He had none to love him, and his existence had, hitherto, been a cheerless void. But now what a rich lustre seemed about to illumine his declining years. There was something sweet in loving so innocent a being as Amy. Besides, while engaged in discharging his promise to her mother, in teaching her to know the evil from the good, he had unconsciously brought himself to reflect also. He could not teach her the way to heaven without feeling that he had only too little sought after it. He could not impress on her mind truths and strict principles, without himself feeling the force of all he taught. She was too young to be deeply impressed with his words, but gradually became convinced that all that fell from the lips of one whom she had learnt to love so deeply, must be obeyed. The love that had slumbered during half a century was awakened in the old man's breast at this late stage of life, and because he could not remember the happiness of loving, he the more deeply treasured up his present moments. All that wealth could purchase was lavished on the fair-haired child; his whole time and thoughts were occupied with her, until, at last, he scarcely could bear to have her a moment out of his sight.

One day he announced to his housekeeper his intention of proceeding to London on the following week. This was no extraordinary occurrence, as business frequently required his presence there. But he deferred and deferred his journey again and again, without assigning any reason for it. He seemed loath to depart, he was uneasy, doubly attentive to his little charge, more watchful, and ever anon Mrs. Turner detected his eye fixed upon her with a melancholy expression which startled her. At last the eve of his departure arrived, and the family retired to rest. It was a bright moonlight night. The deepest silence reigned throughout the house, when, suddenly, Mrs. Turner thought she detected a footfall up the worm-eaten staircase. She listened—it came again: hastening from her bed, and stepping cautiously towards the door, she peeped forth. Instead of beholding, as she expected, some night intruder in the shape of a thief, she saw her old master stealing cautiously along the corridor towards Amy's little room. She slipped out and followed: he entered; passed on to the bedside, gazed on her countenance, and then setting down the light, gently bent his knees by the side of her cot. The old man prayed, yes, prayed for the innocent creature that slept there so unconsciously. It was a beautiful sight to see that white-haired man, with his long thin fingers clasped, and his eyes turned mildly up to heaven, praying by the side of that little one's bed. The old housekeeper felt the tears start to her eyes, and involuntarily she seemed chained to the spot, but when the old man quitted his kneeling posture, she stepped quietly back to her bed.

The next morning Squire Thornhill arose betimes. He was busy, but he entered on the preparations for his journey with evident reluctance. Every now and then he met his beautiful Amy in his path, and then he would raise her face up to his, gaze intensely upon her, and, setting her down, pass on. He quitted home, gave a thousand injunctions to Mrs. Turner to be careful of the little one, never to let her out of her sight, and, as she valued his regard, to restore her to him safely at the end of the week, since she was dear to him as the apple of his eye. He kissed Amy again and again, strained her to his heart, and whispered to her promises of the many fine things he would bring her from the great town. "God bless thee, Amy, child," said he, at parting, "she *is* too beautiful to live," he murmured, turning away.

No sooner was he gone, and Amy's regrets hushed, and her tears wiped away by promises of his speedy return, with all kinds of toys and amusements, than Mrs. Turner, in the kindness of her heart, conceived a pleasant plan. She thought that a better opportunity for letting the mother enjoy a little of the child's company could not possibly occur. Accordingly, taking Amy up-stairs, she dressed her in the cleanest and prettiest white dress she could select, and took infinite pains with her golden ringlets, that her mother might see her in all her loveliness.

It was a bright warm day; a thousand scented flowers cast their perfume through the summer air, and Amy was full of spirits at the idea of spending a long day with her mamma, her brothers, and her sisters. She never looked more lovely, and those that saw her on that bright morning, when they speak of her now, lower their voices, and tremulously say, "We knew she was too beautiful to live."

Amy gambolled on, snatching at every wild flower as she passed, that she might add it to her gay nosegay, from the garden gathered, as an offering to her mother. The cottage was reached. A loud ungoverned welcome burst from within, and

Mrs. Markham soon clasped the little creature in her arms. Her rich health, her winning ways, immeasurably delighted her mother's heart; she kissed her again and again, and then suffered her to depart to join her brothers and sisters in the garden.

The day passed on, the evening came—an evening destined to be written indelibly upon the mother's memory. The sun was declining gently, the heavens wore that peculiar aspect which seems to shed so sweet a calm over the earth, the blue sky was veiled by a few white mists, whose edges had caught a rosy tint from the beams of the sun. All was stillness and repose. From the cottage a meadow sloped down to a clear patch of water, the trees on either hand were still, save that now and then a gentle breeze swept through their foliage, and slightly agitated the smaller branches. The air was hushed. At intervals some sound broke the deep silence, such as the distant tinkle of the sheep's bell, the lowing of herds in the meadows, or the bark of a watch dog. The wavering notes of the nightingale now sinking into sweet shrillness, now swelling into rich full melody, and varied at every pause, combined to render the scene one of intense beauty, the shadows were deepened in the distance, the air was becoming cooler, and Mrs. Markham sat within the cottage listening to Mrs. Turner's gossip. The subject became more and more interesting, and they sat still never noticing the gradual hush of the children's voices without. 'Tis ever thus. On the eve of some dreadful catastrophe, we are often most calm, most collected, most prepared to enjoy the world, and, though sometimes a gnawing presentiment of ill hangs heavy at our hearts, we shake it off, nor pause to heed the warning voice which tells us evil is at hand. Too soon, however, Mrs. Markham was aroused from her apathy. The transition from happiness to intense misery was destined to be sudden, quick, almost imperceptible. They were sitting close together, Mrs. Markham carefully listening to every word which Mrs. Turner let fall, when there all at once shot through the air one long, piercing, death-like shriek, which transfixed them both with horror.

"Good God!" gasped the mother. "What was that?" as another and another followed in quick succession.

There was a rush, again the shrieks were repeated, and mingled cries of "Oh, mother!" "Mother!" "Come!" "Dear Amy!" burst on her ears. The prophecy was about to be accomplished. Rushing wildly up the meadow, the mother beheld the scattered group of children, some at the water's edge, eagerly pointing to some object floating on the surface, and others running too and fro, and calling incoherently to their mother. At a glance Mrs. Markham understood the whole, she never shrieked, never paused, but fled on over the meadow towards the lake. A white speck rose on the water's surface.

"My child!—my child! My dear Amy! God, in his mercy, spare her!" she cried, as, plunging, she snatched at the little thing's form, as it seemed to elude her grasp.

Those who watched on the bank—the affrighted group collected from the village, felt their hearts wrung with agony, when, at length, they beheld the mother bearing the child back to the shore.

"I have saved her!" she exclaimed, as, giving way to the intensity of her feelings for a moment, she sank down, but only for a moment. She seemed, with all a mother's instinct, to perceive the need her child had of assistance, so clasping her once more to her breast, as she beheld the little thing still motionless, she bore her back to the cottage.

Every aid was called, every assistance rendered; but the prophecy of the gossip was destined to be fulfilled. The mother and the housekeeper watched over poor Amy, and nursed her gently, but the sudden chill her frail little form had received proved her death blow. She lingered on through the week, and Mrs. Turner dared not write to tell her master of what had occurred.

The week passed, the child had lived through it. The mother watched and prayed. The day dawned which was to witness the old man's return. It was four o'clock in the morning. The early sunbeams just gilded the summer sky, when a heaven suffused with bright rosy hues received the pure spirit of that innocent child. It seemed as though the glad angels were welcoming her in glory to their bright abode. Nothing availed the mother's tears, as she sat by the bedside of the still beautiful remains of her favourite child. The marble countenance was calm and still, and a smile which told how softly the spirit had stolen away lingered near the half-parted lips, and except for the pallor of the skin, one might have thought she slept. Nature forbade that the poor mother should derive comfort even from the thoughts of the place to which God had summoned the soul of her child. She wept, and would not be comforted, because she argued it seemed like a punishment sent upon her for confiding her to the care of a stranger. She only rejoiced in one fact—that the cottage roof which sheltered her in infancy witnessed her departure. The whole village had soon heard the news, and when the usual throng came later in the morning to inquire "how

she was," grey-haired men, and aged women, turned away with a tear on their cheeks when they heard she was dead.

The evening came. In the far west the sun was declining over a hill, at whose feet stretched the lake. A few fleecy cloudlets scattered over a deep blue sky, alone decked its majesty. The sun rested on a shadowy bed of mist, bathed in mingled rose and amber lights, which gradually deepened in colour as they neared the glorious orb itself, at that moment resembling a refulgent globe of golden fire.

Reflected in the clear waters, the sun seemed expanded into a golden column, which pierced the waves as far as the eye could reach. The tiny waves leaped and froliced as they flowed on, each gilded as it passed underneath the splendid orb. Everything around was still; the foliage of the trees scarcely stirred, save now and then a light breeze swept along the topmost leaves, creating a low rustling moaning, in harmony with the stifled lamentation which was proceeding from the cottage, where Amy's mother was plunged in woe. She was sitting there by that bedside, in the dusk of the summer evening, with the curtains closely drawn, so that only one ray from the setting sun, falling between a chink, partially illumined the chamber of death. Hearing a footstep Mrs. Markham turned, and beheld Squire Thornhill standing the very image of broken-hearted despair. He had come home, his first inquiry had been for Amy; he had refused to sit down until she came. He had listened to the fearful narrative of his housekeeper, who sought to infuse comfort into a heart refusing to receive any. He walked straight to the cottage, and ascended slowly that hill over which so many times her little feet had trod. He listened to the sounds that met his ears, he paused, and thought he heard her voice; he gazed at the cottage, the honeysuckled porch was vacant; the children's voices were hushed; no traces of their presence met his view. He paused one moment ere he could make up his mind to enter. He summoned all his energies and reached the porch. He knew which way to go, he opened the door, and stood gazing at the scene; then, tottering across the room, he stood silently a moment or two at the bedside gazing on the wreck of all that in this world was dear to him. The still and placid expression lingering on that countenance, so lately full of life and joy, seemed to appeal to every feeling of his nature.

"Amy—Amy—my poor darling child—shall I never speak to thee again? Never hear thy voice!" he said, taking the cold hand of his little favourite in his, and continuing to fix an imploring gaze on her face.

He struggled with his grief; the old man's nature, however, could not bear up long against the destruction of his hopes. Tears seldom bedew an old man's cheek. It wrings our hearts to behold them there at a time when, after having struggled through life, those scattered grey hairs proclaim that his joys and sorrows in this world are well nigh ended. But Mr. Thornhill at length sunk down at the bedside into a chair, and bending over the tiny hand clasped in his, wept bitterly. Mrs. Markham sat silently by; she would not disturb the current of his grief; she heard his stifled sobs, and heard every now and then broken exclamations of sorrow. The aim of his existence was gone; the pleasing dreams of his old age had faded away, and the future presented a dreary blank.

At length he rose, mildly wrung the mother's hand, and murmuring something about the funeral, passed from the cottage.

In the course of another week the churchyard contained all that remained of Amy Markham. A simple marble stone recorded her fate; and flowers growing near, and carefully tended, tell that though the spirit is guarded in heaven above by God and his angels, that the vessel which once contained that spirit is watched over by mortals here below. Years passed over the heads of the villagers, but with Mrs. Markham the remembrance of one day is as vivid as ever. The old man still lives, but has returned again to habits, if possible, more hermit like than before. Outwardly, he seems as though he had forgotten the past, but those who know him best state now, that on the anniversary of her death he revisits at evening the room which contains the clothes, the books, the faded flowers, the bed, the chair, even the little shoes of her on whom the whole well-spring of his love had been poured forth.

ODES FROM HAFIZ.

BY E. B. COWELL.

No. I.

Come Sufi,* the bowl like a mirror doth shine,
How clear is the gleam of the ruby-like wine!
Why seek from the hermit love's secrets? oh why?
Far rather come, ask such a reveller as I!

In the banquet of life fill thy goblet and go,
Nor hope for perpetual joys here below;
No perennial pleasures on earth may ye find,
As well might ye catch the Simorgh† or the wind!

Youth's roses soon fade—twine the wreath while they bloom,
Fame or joy charms no longer when old age has come;
Seize, seize the bright moments, for pleasures soon die,
And, like Adam, we all from our Edens must fly.

Come, comrades, be joyous, and laugh while ye may,
My heart is resolved on the revel to-day,
And haste thou, oh Zephyr, to Jami, my friend,
And waft the best wishes his Hafiz can send.

* A mystical sect in Persia, who are continually writing rhapsodies about divine love.

† A fabulous monster, perhaps the original of Ariosto's Hippogrif.

Pulo Kalamantan (Borneo.)*

Until a very late period the islands of the Indian Archipelago had remained unnoticed and unknown. We were content here at home to receive and enjoy the productions of those climes, and cared but little to enquire concerning either the places or the people that inhabited them. However, since the earliest period of authentic Grecian or Roman history, we find that spices were an article of rather extensive import. The merchants, having procured them, brought them either through India, Persia, and Arabia to Alexandria, or coasted along the shores in small sailing-vessels. As science advanced, the Moslem traders laid aside their fears, and boldly visited the sacred isles of the Hindus. The great trade that continued to flow through Alexandria enriched and filled it with a dense population. Although the town was continually besieged and sacked, and the inhabitants massacred, it still preserved some of its ancient splendour until the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama. The Portuguese quickly turned this remarkable event to good account; they were, however, soon followed by the Spaniards, who traversed through the new passage either round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan. It was about this time that, to appease the mutual jealousies of the Spaniards and Portuguese, the pope granted to the former everything to the west of Cape Horn, and to the latter everything east of the Cape of Good Hope. The worthy bishop little imagined the quarrels that would be caused by that very measure which was meant to ensure peace. The Spaniards sailing in one direction, and the Portuguese in the other, met on the opposite side of the globe, and there carried on petty wars, whilst the mother-countries were slumbering in all the blessings of peace. The daring spirit of the English and Dutch, however, now broke through these arrangements. Our navigators, animated by that unquenchable thirst of discovery and that undaunted perseverance which eminently distinguish them, followed at the heels of the original pioneers, and quickly outstripped them both in power and in the value of the commerce carried on. While others were forming stations we were planning empires, laying the foundations of those vast superstructures which constitute the best support of the power of Great Britain. The Dutch, however, have not been idle, but, on the contrary, have contrived to do much beyond Sumatra and the Straits of Malacca; for fear of rousing either the jealousy or envy of other European powers, they have kept their naval and military establishments in the back ground, and committed the most atrocious enormities, massacres, murders, and the slave-trade, in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner, looking upon England as a cur upon a lion, snapping and fuming at the bare approach of an English ship, for fear their evil deeds should be exposed to the public gaze. But by whatever means acquired, the Dutch have large establishments in many portions of the Indian Archipelago. On the southern coast of Pulo Kalamantan, they have already established settlements. But before proceeding further we would briefly glance at the present condition of this island. A piratical chief, by courtesy called the Sultan of Bruni, possesses a certain portion of the north-western coast. Below his territories is the Raj of Mr. Brooke, who has under his sway the dominion of Sarawak, some sixty miles in length by fifty in breadth. Continuing along the south coast, we find native principalities and a few small Dutch settlements, while the whole of the eastern shore belongs to us, having been ceded by the Sooloos during the time of our possession of Balanbangan. The whole of the interior is at present unexplored, being inhabited, as far as is at present known, by Dyaks, the aboriginal population. The sea-coasts are principally occupied by Malays and predatory Dyaks, both of whom are, for the most part, desperate pirates. Kalamantan possesses peculiar advantages for the assembling of desperadoes, having between three and four thousand miles of sea-coast, with numerous large and navigable rivers, deep creeks, and in some parts rocky shores, besides the numerous small islands that lie off the coast. Among these is Pulo Labuan, near the mouth of the Borneo river. It is a small island about six miles in length and four in breadth, and situated in a splendid position for intercepting the large fleets of piratical vessels that haunt these coasts. The government, in the course of the last month, sent out orders for its occupation as a naval station and commercial emporium; this is the first spirited step towards enlarging and extending British trade in those parts. The island of Labuan possesses no important export except coal, but it will serve as an emporium for native produce and a depot for British goods. The trade, even as it is at present, is by no means to be despised. The Indian Archipelago, it has been estimated, contains forty millions of inhabitants, thousands and tens of thousands of whom live solely by piracy. The Buggis already send nearly three hundred large prahus annually to Singapore; now that an emporium seven hundred miles nearer

* This island is incorrectly, but very commonly, called Borneo, from its principal kingdom, situated on its north-west coast.

is established, we may safely predict that it will succeed. A positive proof of the immense trade already existing is furnished by the numbers who live upon the plunder of that commerce, for where the carcass is there will the vultures be gathered together. But, we have been asked, in what does the traffic consist? It would be too extensive a subject for our present article to treat upon, but we will mention a few: the valuable antimony ore, iron, coal, gold, diamonds, tin, copper, pepper, vegetable tallow, edible birds' nests, trepang or sea-slug, rattans, timber, and fruits of Pulo Kalamantan, not to mention the sugar which is, and the coffee and cotton that might, be grown there; the rice and sugar of Javi, Bali, and Lombok; the nutmegs, cloves, tortoise-shells, and birds of Paradise from New Guinea; the sago, pepper, and other valuable spices from Gilolo; the trepang and cloves from the Sooloo group; and other articles, too numerous to mention, produced in the twelve thousand islands.

We have enumerated some of the wealth of the Indian Archipelago, but we should recollect that the trade in the above articles has been carried on under most disadvantageous circumstances. Vast piratical communities have been for years established in nearly every navigable river throughout the extensive coast of Kalamantan. Under the command of a man generally of Arab extraction, the Malays and sea-Dyaks have assembled, built forts, strengthened their villages, and fortified their rivers by forming strong barriers across of large trees, leaving but a narrow opening for the passage of one prahu at a time. When duly prepared for an expedition, they issue from their strongholds, sometimes with as many as a hundred boats, having each, on the average, twenty-five or twenty-six men on board, though in some instances they are urged onward by the united strength of eighty or ninety rowers. Being built for swiftness, they easily overtake the laden Buggis' prahus, and on account of their numbers resistance being useless, the unhappy traders are seized, their goods plundered, and they themselves borne away into slavery, either to their cruel captors or to some no less barbarous purchaser.

When we consider the vast amount of mischief that must be committed by a dozen such fleets dispersed through the Indian islands, we cannot but feel grateful to the government for forming a naval station at Labuan with the express design of putting a stop to these marauding expeditions, which are equally as baneful to the civilisation as to the commerce of the Archipelago.

The severe chastisements inflicted by Captain Keppel in the Dido, and the squadron under Sir Thomas Cochrane, materially assisted in putting down piracy, by inspiring a salutary dread; but those storms were more like the convulsive throes of an expiring influence than the steady, persevering efforts of a country like Great Britain. Although numerous communities were overthrown, their fleets and forts, stockades and villages, burnt to the ground, their leaders slain, their followers dispersed, still in six months other forts were raised, villages built, leaders found, and piratical fleets again sweeping over the ocean, scattering terror and dismay throughout the Archipelago; for when disappointed in finding sufficient prey at sea, they make descents along the coasts, carrying off the women and children and slaughtering the men. But when they find that the English are steady in their purpose, and that the volcano which will destroy them is seven hundred miles nearer, and always there, we shall without doubt perceive that they will discover that trade is better than piracy, and that a quiet life is to be preferred to the chances of being saluted with a thirty-two-pounder.

Mr. Brooke has opened a channel through which civilisation will no doubt flow into the interior of Kalamantan. He holds the province of Sarawak in perpetual sovereignty, under the nominal authority, however, of the Sultan of Bruni. To attempt to follow Mr. Brooke through his career in the Eastern Archipelago would be beyond our limits; we shall therefore at present confine ourselves to a brief sketch of his proceedings. It was reserved for him to lay open the riches of Kalamantan. It was in the year 1830 that Mr. Brooke undertook a trip to China in order to recruit his health, which had been greatly impaired in consequence of his being shot through the lungs in the course of the Burmese war. During this voyage he first saw and admired the beautiful scenery along the coasts of the Indian islands; he was from this led to wonder how it was that such magnificent spots, capable of producing all the necessaries of life so abundantly, should remain unknown, and therefore neglected. He perceived that native commerce was almost at a standstill on account of the vast number of pirates which infested the coasts, plundering and murdering the unfortunate crews which fell into their hands, or what is worse, selling them into a hopeless slavery.

The sight of this oppression awakened Mr. Brooke's philanthropy, and he determined to risk life and fortune in attempting to bring peace and comfort to the unhappy Dyaks, and also to the misguided Malays. With this noble design ever uppermost in his mind, he returned to England, and employed himself in maturing his plans. It

was not, therefore, till 1838, that he set sail in his yacht, the Royalist, on his humane errand. He had previously trained his small crew, so that he felt himself perfectly secure in the knowledge that they were willing to follow him wherever he should lead. Being well aware that misconstructions are apt to be placed on the projector of any new scheme, Mr. Brooke modestly and very wisely determined that he would develope but little of his designs; he however communicated a prospectus of his plan to the Royal Geographical Society. On his departure, he made sail to Rio Janeiro; from thence round the Cape of Good Hope to Singapore.

From thence he proceeded to Sarawak, and assisted Muda Hassim in repressing a rebellion; he played the part of intercessor between the prince and the rebels, and eventually brought about an amicable accommodation. For these and other services Muda Hassim wished to return some mark of gratitude, and thoroughly appreciating the value of the friendship of Mr. Brooke, both in securing his own position and suppressing piracy, he persuaded his nephew, the Sultan of Bruni, to offer, and Mr. Brooke to accept, the sovereignty of Sarawak. We say persuaded to accept, for Mr. Brooke is no ordinary man; he was not dazzled by the offer, but he calmly and judiciously consulted his own mind to discover whether he really considered he could do good to the natives. Being satisfied on that point, he ultimately gave his consent, and he was invested with the sovereignty. Having done so, he set the whole power of his soul upon the proper performance of the task he had imposed upon himself.

Assisted by that gallant and generous-minded man, Captain Keppel, of H.M.S. Dido, he was enabled to perform much with regard to the suppression of piracy. They attacked the marauders in their strongholds, and were everywhere successful; but so powerful are the piratical propensities of the inhabitants, that nothing will deter them when a favourable opportunity offers. The following anecdote, told by Captain Keppel, will illustrate the truth of this remark:—Lieutenant Horton was on the look-out for pirates in the Dido's pinnace, and with him there were two cutters; Mr. Brooke was also on board the pinnace. Near the Natunas the boats were cruising, when on rounding a point of land they were met by six prahus, beating their tom toms as they advanced, and making every demonstration of fighting. Lieutenant Horton formed his little squadron into line abreast, cleared for action, and prepared to meet his formidable-looking antagonists. Mr. Brooke, however, whose eye had been accustomed to the cut and rig of all the boats in those seas, discovered that those advancing were not Illanuns, and fancied there must be some mistake. The Natunas people had been trading with Sarawak, and he was intimately acquainted with a rich and powerful chief who resided on the island; he therefore raised a white flag of truce on his spy-glass, and from the bow of the pinnace hailed, waved, and made all the signs he could to warn them of the dangers into which they were running, but a discharge of small arms was the only reply he got. They then detached their three smallest vessels in shore, so as to command a cross fire and cut off the retreat of our boats, and the rest advanced, yelling, beating their tom-toms, and blazing away with all the confidence of victory, their shot cutting through the rigging, and splashing in the water all round. It was an anxious moment for the Dido's little party; not a word was spoken. The only gun of the pinnace was loaded with grape and canister, and kept pointed on the largest prahu. The men waited, with their muskets in hand, for permission to fire, but it was not until within pistol-range that Lieutenant Horton poured into the enemy his well-prepared dose. It instantly brought them to a halt, yet they had the temerity to exchange shots for a few minutes longer, when the largest cried for quarter, and the other five made for the shore, chased by the two cutters, and keeping up a fire to the last. The prize taken possession of by the pinnace proved to be a prahu mounting three brass guns, with a crew of thirty-six men, belonging to the Rajah of Rhio, and which had been dispatched by that chief to collect tribute at and about the Natunas islands. They had on board ten men killed, and eleven (four of them mortally) wounded. They affected the greatest astonishment on discovering that the boats belonged to a British man-of-war, and protested that it was all a mistake; that the island had been lately plundered by Illanun pirates, for whom they had mistaken the English; that the rising sun was in their eyes, and that they could not make out the colours. Lieutenant Horton, thinking that their story might possibly have some foundation in truth, and taking into consideration the severe lesson they had received, directed Dr. Simpson, the assistant-surgeon, to dress their wounds; and after admonishing them to be more circumspect in future, restored them their boat, as well as the others which belonged to the island. The surgeon then went ashore, and dressed the wounds of the others. The natives, however, appeared to bear the English no ill-will for the injury they had inflicted on their countrymen, but loaded their boats with fruit, goats, and everything they required. It afforded some amuse-

ment to find that among the slightly wounded was Mr. Brooke's old, wealthy, and respectable friend already alluded to, who was not a little ashamed to be recognised; but piracy is so inherent in a Malay that few can resist the temptation when a good opportunity for plunder presents itself. This only proves the more the necessity for some establishment on the spot.

We would now turn to consider the future prospects of Labuan, and the advantages of its occupation as a naval station and commercial emporium. The China seas are constantly swept by dreadful hurricanes, called typhoons. There having been up to the present moment no station between Hongkong and Singapore, ships disabled by them had no ports in which they could refit, and easily fell a prey to the pirates. It is impossible to know to what extent these misfortunes have occurred, but that they did so is certain. On searching the strongholds of these marauders, European anchors, decks, chains, were constantly found. Now that Labuan is ours, every vessel that requires either victuals or stores, spars or coals, can be well found there; steamers will have a plentiful supply, and have but little occasion to trust to their sails. It appears that it is the intention of government to erect merely a fort and the other necessary buildings for a small establishment. However, as soon as all these matters are settled, there is no doubt but that the merchants of Singapore, Manilla, and Hongkong, will speedily establish branch houses. These will be followed by other mercantile firms: the Chinese, secure of protection, will re-open that vast trade which they formerly carried on with Pulo Kalamantan; their settlement there will quickly follow. At the period of our first occupation of Singapore, the island contained but six hundred persons; it now possesses upwards of sixty thousand—the consequence of British rule and the free trade that has been established there. We see no reason why Labuan should not rival, or even exceed, Singapore; it is nearer China and Manilla by seven hundred miles, and Sarawak by four hundred. The Buggis traders will resort thither; the merchants of the Sooloo group of Mindanoo, and even Gilolo, will quickly follow. The forest will speedily disappear, and smiling gardens and noble villas will supply its place.

The climate is beautiful, the temperature seldom exceeding 84 degrees. What renders its situation the more healthy, it is constantly swept over by a sea-breeze, which prevents all dread of those malignant fevers so prevalent in many parts of the east. At present the island abounds in wild boars and stags, which furnish amusement to the officers who visit its beautiful bay. The coal-bed that harbour discovered here will be an inexhaustible source of wealth, but even should it fail plenty is to be found in the neighbouring island of Pulo Chermin, and also on the main land.

It has been suggested by an eminent political writer, Greville Brooke, that the new settlement should be styled Fort Palmerston: in this we heartily concur, for to him we owe all the advantages which will accrue from the acquisition of such an important point, and also for the commerce that may be carried on. The merchants and manufacturers may depend upon it that the Indian Archipelago may be made the best field for the indefinite sale of British goods. There is no telling what population might be supported there, but we apprehend that it may be increased tenfold; no country at present known equals these islands in fertility. It is ascertained that the labour of five men, in the art of cultivation, will support a hundred; they require but one in twenty to work, to what a pitch of perfection might not agriculture arrive at were they stimulated by the desire of possessing the gaudy and showy British goods which they even now highly prize? It has been very unfortunate for the aborigines that nature has been so bountiful in her productions; enervated by the easy, quiet life they led, they forgot the arts of war, and lost that courage inherent to human nature; they were consequently reduced to slavery by a handful of Malays and Arabs, and lastly by the phlegmatic Dutch, and the proud and idle Spaniards and Portuguese. The tyranny exercised over them is dreadful in the extreme; carrying on trade without the permission is punished by the Hollanders more fearfully than murder. On some future occasion it is our intention to point out the mischievous effects of Dutch government, particularly in the Eastern seas. To enumerate their crimes and their processes of punishment for trivial offences would but disgust and offend the reader without producing any beneficial result.

The Dutch were hailed with joy: the first frank advances of the natives were met with blood and slaughter. When the aborigines held out the hand of good-fellowship, they were treacherously assailed by the sword. We trust that a new event is approaching for the islanders, and that they will hail with fervour the establishment among them of the white man and come to us, as they have done to Mr. Brooke, and express with their naive simplicity of language, that the Dyaks have heard, the whole world had heard, that the white man was a friend of the Dyak. That feeling they have at present toward us; let it not be our fault that it does not

continue so; let us not imitate our dull neighbours in their government, and think that to quiet the natives the best and the only way is to kill them. The islanders detest the Hollanders, and justly so; let us learn from their vices how to regulate our own conduct.

We earnestly hope that a bright day is about to dawn on the benighted Dyak; that commerce, with her unconquered hand, will lay open those hidden spots, will tame, as she has ever done, the natives; and thus offer noble fields ripe and ready for the harvest—a harvest that requires labourers to gather it in, who, we trust, will not be found wanting; and we feel sure that there are hundreds who only require the means to hurry to the scene.

In conclusion, we hope that no exclusiveness will be attempted; there can be no fears from rival nations. We firmly believe that, give the English free scope, and then no nation in the world will equal our manufactures either in elegance of pattern, goodness of fabric, or cheapness of cost. Though constantly blundering, the English have ever overcome obstacles by that enduring perseverance, that daring spirit, and, above all, by that honesty, equally displayed in commercial and private affairs, that so proudly distinguishes our countrymen over every other people in the habitable globe.

An Hour with Old Rabelais.

BY E. B. COWELL.

"Shake and laugh in Rabelais' easy chair."—*Pope.*

Readers, it is more than three hundred years since Rabelais, in this above mentioned "easy chair," wrote and sent forth into the world's Vanity-fair a book that was, at his time, and has been ever since, one of the greatest enigmas in literature. Some have called him a madman, others the wisest of mankind, and he has oscillated between Lord Bacon's "great jester of France," and Coleridge's "fellow to Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare;" and to tell truth (for as Father Gerundio says in "Isla," "que provecho sacará el curioso lector de que yo infierne mi alma," "what advantage would it be to the curious reader if I were to hurt my soul by telling a lie") his book amply merits all that we can say of it, either in the way of praise or blame. It is a perfect mirror of this mad world of ours; and its absurdities and sublimities, its follies and its wisdom, are all equally reflected in the history of Gargantua and Pantagruel. He tells his reader, at the very outset, that in the work they are about to peruse, they will find but little perfection except in matters of laughter; and, accordingly, we might prepare ourselves for all that is grotesque; but who could have ever expected that the Silenus who comes upon the stage, with his ass and bottle, and train of drunken satyrs, would at times forget his frolics, and utter sentences that are imperishable from their eloquence and depth? And yet this is literally true. The germs of the finest thoughts in French literature lie concealed in the buffoonery of these pages, and side by side with their wildest fun will be found veins of philosophy that one can trace afterwards, *ad libitum*, in Montaigne, Pascal, and Voltaire.

"Mieux est de ris que de larmes escripre"—"it is better to write laughter than tears," he says in his introductory verses; and we cordially echo the sentiment, and join in the reason that he adds, in the following line, "Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme."

We would rather hear Democritus than Heraclitus, and truths lose none of their importance by being uttered with a brave honest heart overflowing with fun. Sir Thomas More could afford to make jokes even in the most serious hours of his life, for, in sooth, *Pantagruelism* (to use Rabelais' own word, which he defines as "une certaine gayté d'esperit, conficte en mespris des choses fortuites,") in some form or other, lies at the bottom of all true greatness, as we shall show hereafter.

When we enter into the little world, which Master Alcofribas (as he originally called himself in the first edition) has created, we find ourselves at once in an atmosphere of fun. No sentimentality, no affectation, no misanthropy (such as we meet with in Sterne or Swift); every person that accosts us wears an open honest face, and fights his way through life, like Cocles in the Tiber,

"Bravely borne up
By the brave heart within."

Such in fact was Rabelais himself; he had many difficulties and many enemies to contend with, the monks and the Sorbonne laboured hard to crush him, and twice he had to fly for his life from France; but his gaiety of heart never forsook him, and volume after volume of his romance came out in the midst of all his troubles, each more humourous than the last. In the latter years of his life, when he had settled down in quiet retirement at his village cure of Meudon, the eye of history can see him dispensing physic and advice gratuitously to the sick, teaching the poor to read, and the little village children to sing. People flocked from all parts, during the summer, to hear him preach,* and long after his

* Bernier, *Jugemens.*

death, even in the seventeenth century, his Meudon was a favourite place of resort to the Parisians. So true it is, that like Midas, a man of genius turns everything he touches to gold, and hallows all the haunts of his daily life, which, but for him, would have seemed prosaic and dull.

His book contains the veritable chronicles of the lives of Gargantua, and his son Pantagruel, who reigned in Utopia and France, in the time of *the Greek Calends*, and are universally esteemed the best kings that have ever reigned, since kings first came into fashion. Some commentators have toilsomely endeavoured to prove that their reign is an allegory, and contains a secret history of the times; and many are the keys (as they are called) which these learned locksmiths have made to unlock the riddles of the book. Alas! after all their well meaning efforts, the key of the romance (like Tristram Shandy's key) lies, with truth, "at the bottom of the well!" (Tristram Shandy, ch. 119.) Rabelais has ridiculed such mystery-hunters in his first chapter, and we will quote the passage, as even commentators of the present day are still rather prone to love these *mister*ious explanations.

"'Do you believe, on your faith, that ever Homer, when he wrote the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' dreamed of the allegories which Plutarch, Heraclides, Eustathius, and Phornutus have stopped up his chinks with (calfeutré), and which Politian has so cleverly stolen from them?' If you do believe it, you will not hold up either hand or foot for my opinion, which decrees that Homer never dreamed of them at all, any more than Ovid in his 'Metamorphoses' thought of the sacraments of the gospel, as a lubberly friar,* a true *crocquelardon*, has tried hard to prove, if by chance he meets with readers as foolish as himself, and, as the proverb says, 'a cover worthy of such a pot.'"

Let us at any rate be content with the book itself, and laugh heartily at his fun, and gather and preserve what instruction we may find therein; but maintain a salutary horror of all mysteries and allegories, and (in revolutionary phrase) hold them '*suspects*.'

Rabelais laughs unsparingly at all the abuses of his time, no "sham" escapes his searching eye, but he at once detects and lays it bare. And it is singular to see how every honest man, whatever his opinions may be, is still always found at his post, aiding humanity onwards; all earnest hearts unites in this, however in other things they may dispute; and Rabelais with his mad earnest jests, fights in the same ranks, for the Reformation, as strong serious Luther, whose very words, they say, "were like battles."

Rabelais laughed in fact at everything that deserved to be laughed at; and since Plato says well, that "only vice is supremely ridiculous," we may well expect that the hypocrisy of his age most especially excited his satire. He aims his shafts at every abuse, from the *decretalist preachers* who say, "that whoever sees his neighbour in danger of death, ought, on pain of triple excommunication, to admonish him concerning confession and absolution, in preference to aiding him;" (book i. c. 42.) and the monks, who confess that "they never sleep so well as at sermon or prayers;" (i. 41.) down or up to the lawyers, whom he satirises in the mock trial before Pantagruel, when the parties retired, after the verdict, "toutes deux contentes de l'arrest, qui feut quasi chose increable;" and the judges, who are represented in the person of Bridoye, who "decides causes by throws of the dice, and has given more than four thousand such decisions, two thousand three hundred and nine of which have been appealed against, but confirmed and ratified by the high court of parliament" (iii. 36.). Nor is his satire merely general, it descends into the lowest particulars, and in book ii, c. 6, we find him lashing the pedantic style of latinised French, which Ronsard had brought into fashion.

But not only are we to admire the satire; the abuses that he laughed at are now mostly overthrown; but as a work of humour the book is as admirable as ever. Dr. Johnson said of "Hudibras," that if any one wished to learn what wit was, he could find examples of every sort there. This is quite as true of Rabelais. There are all varieties here, from puns, and these too of the worst kind,* to the airest jokes of Sterne. And not only is there *wit* with all its sparkling vivacity; the whole book overflows with deep strong *humour*, which is the essence of all Partagruelism.

But our readers shall hear the old curate speak for himself. We have taken our copy and opened at a venture (as the ancients did in their "sortes Virgilianæ"), and we give them the benefit of our "voyage of discovery." Open where you will in this book, and it will be strange indeed if the eye does not light upon some flash of humour that it had never seen before.

We have opened on the following passage, and as we have found it only by chance, we, at any rate (if our readers do not relish it), have an excuse ready made, as we can always say, like the school-boy when he shows you his copy-book, that "it is not the best."

Pantagruel and his friends Panurge and Frère Jean des Entommeures (this latter is a dissolute monk, and would alone immortalise Rabelais' powers of invention, as there

* Alluding to a work written by Thomas Walleys, an Englishman.

* Thus he laughs against fortified towns, "on y a *mur*, et devant et arriere, y a force *murmur*, envie et conspiration." i. 52.

is more wit in this character alone than in all the parasites of Plautus), with a host of other companions, are gone on a voyage in quest of the oracle of the bottle. Various are the countries that they visit (most of them are to this day invisible on our maps, in the present defective state of geographical science among us!); and, at last, they arrive at the island of Cheli, and pay their respects to the holy king Panigon, who reigns there. Frère Jean, however, is absent from the party, to their great surprise; but he meets them on their return to their ships, and narrates to them his adventures in the kitchen of the palace. "Is it not better," he cries, "to consider the movements of the spits, the harmony of the andirons, the position of the bacon-slices, the temperature of the broth, the preparations for the dessert, the order of the 'service du vin'" (a wicked pun for "service divin")? Now comes our extract:

"CHAPTER XI.—WHY THE MONKS ARE ALWAYS WILLINGLY IN THE KITCHEN.

"'It is well spoken for a monk,' said Epistemon. 'Truly, you remind me of what I heard and saw in Florence about twelve years ago. We were a goodly company of studious folk, lovers of peregrinity, and fond of visiting the learned men and antiquities and curiosities of Italy. And we happened to be then admiring the situation and beauty of Florence, the structure of the dome, and the splendour of the churches and palaces. And we were vying with each other as to which of us should praise them most worthily, when a certain monk of Amiens, named Bernard Lardon, cried to us, as if he were quite wearied and disgusted, 'I know not what you find here that you can praise so much. Why, what are they? They are only pretty houses. That's all. May our holy patron, St. Bernard, be with us. In all this city I have not yet seen one single cook's-shop, though I have carefully looked about and examined, aye, I tell you, though I was ready to count and number, on my right and left, to see how many cook's-shops there were, and on which side the most. In Amiens, in three or four times less distance than we have walked in the course of our examinations, I could show you more than fourteen cook's-shops of old standing and good odour. I know not what pleasure you can have in looking at these lions and tigers by the Beffroi, or at the porcupines and ostriches in the palace of Signor Philipo Strozzi. By my faith, my trusty friends, I would much rather see a good fat goose on the spit. These porphyries and marbles are fine. I have got no harm to say of them; but the custards of Amiens are more to my taste. These ancient statues are well made, I dare say; but by St. Ferreol of Abbeville, the girls of our country are a thousand times better looking.'—'What does the proverb mean and signify,' demanded Frère Jean, 'that you always find monks in the kitchen; do you never find kings, popes, or emperors there?'—'Is there,' answered Rhizotome, "any latent virtue * and specific property hidden in the andirons and pots, which attract the monks, as the magnet attracts iron, and does not attract emperors, popes, and kings? or is there an induction and natural inclination, adherent to the habits and cowls, which, of itself, leads and draws the good pious men into the kitchen, although they may have no choice or intention of going thither?'—It means,' said Epistemon, 'forms following matter, as Averrois calls them.'—'Aye, aye,' said Frère Jean.—'I will tell you,' answered Pantagruel,* 'without replying to the proposed problem, for it is rather a thorny question, and you could scarcely touch it without pricking yourself, that this reminds me of having once read that Antigonus, king of Macedonia, entering one day into the kitchen of his tents, and meeting there the poet Antagoras, who was frying a conger eel, and was himself holding the pan, asked him, in a joking manner, if Homer fried eels when he described the prowess of Agamemnon?' 'But,' replied Antagoras, 'do you think that Agamemnon, when he performed the deeds of prowess, was curious to know whether anybody in his camp fried eels?' The king thought it unbecoming that a poet should fry in the kitchen, but the poet remonstrated that it was still more unseemly for him to meet the king there. 'I will crown that story,' cried Panurge, 'by telling you what Breton Villandry answered one day to the Duke of Guise. They were talking about some battle of Francis I against the Emperor Charles, in which Breton had appeared splendidly armed, and well mounted, and yet had not once been seen in the fight. 'By my faith,' answered Breton, 'I was there; I can easily prove it; aye, and in a place where you would never have dared to be.' The duke bore this taunt ill, and was beginning to raise his voice, when Breton easily turned the rising storm into a laugh, by exclaiming, 'I was with the baggage, where your honour would never have dared to hide, as I did.' In the midst of these little stories they reached their ships."

Here is another joke which has been diluted and reproduced as genuine some thousands of times; and see how it bears the stamp of originality on it, fresh from the mint as it is.

"Supper being finished, they consulted concerning the present business, and it was resolved that about midnight they should sally out for a skirmish, to learn what watch and guard the enemy kept; and that, in the meantime, they should lie down for awhile, to be more fresh. But Gargantua could not sleep, in whatever fashion he lay. Then said the monk to him, 'I never sleep at my ease, except when I am at sermon or prayers. Prythee let us commence the seven psalms to see if you will not soon fall asleep.' The invention pleased Gargantua mightily, and beginning with the first psalm, at the point of *beati quorum*, they were both fast asleep."—Book I, 41.

Can our readers solve the following problem, or Sphinx-riddle, or can they only wriggle about the horns of the dilemma, in the "epoche" of the old sceptic schools.

"Which came first, thirst or drinking? *Thirst*; for who would have drunk in the days of innocence, unless he was thirsty? *Drinking*, for *privatio præsupponit habitum*."†

Here is l'anurge's definition of the *summum bonum*, in the midst of a storm at sea, which distresses him very much, in spite of his declaration, "qu'il ne craint rien que les dangers!"

"Oh, thrice and four times happy are they who plant cabbages! Oh, ye Parcæ, why did ye not destine me for a planter of cabbages! Oh! how small is their number who have been so favoured by Jupiter as to have been destined for planters of cabbages! For they have ever one foot on land, and the other is not far off! Dispute of felicity and the *summum bonum* who will, but whoever plants cabbages, I at once, by my decree, pronounce most happy."

* All this is, of course, in ridicule of the scientific terms that were used so foolishly by the schoolmen of the day.

† Pantagruel, throughout the book, is continually introducing odd bits of classical learning. Thus compare iv. c. 24.

† This was an axiom of the schoolmen.

We will give one or two more extracts, and shall then conclude. Wherever we turn there is matter for laughing. Thus Panurge consults Rondibilis, the physician, and after receiving his advice,

"He went up to him, and without saying a word, put into his hand four nobles *à la rose*. Rondibilis took them very readily, and then said hurriedly, as if indignant, 'He, he, he, *Monsieur*, there was no need of anything. However, many thanks, nevertheless. I never take anything from wicked folks. I never refuse anything from honest folks. I am always at your service.'—'If I pay you,' added Panurge.—'That's understood, of course,' answered Rondibilis!—Book iii. c. 34.

In the fourth book, in the course of the previously-mentioned voyage "pour visiter l'oracle de la dive Bacbuc," Pantagruel and his friends meet with a ship returning from Lanternois, on board of which is a *marchand*, with a flock of sheep. They hail each other, and a dispute arises between Panurge and the merchant, which leads to a quarrel. At length the former prevails on the latter to sell him one of his sheep; and the sequel shall be told in Rabelais' own words; as it is the finest specimen of his humour that we know of:

"Suddenly, I know not how, the event was too sudden, and I had no leisure to consider it. Panurge, without saying a word, casts his sheep, crying and bleating, into the sea. All the other sheep, crying and bleating with similar intonations, began to throw themselves and leap into the sea, in a line, one after another; and they all crowded together, and vied which should be the first to leap after their companion. As you know it is the nature of sheep always to follow the foremost wherever he goes, and for this Aristotle says (Hist. Anim. b. ix) that it is the most stupid and foolish animal in the world. The merchant, terrified at beholding his sheep perishing and drowning before his eyes, used every effort to hinder and stop them. But it was all in vain. One after the other, they all leaped into the sea and perished.* Finally, he seized one of the biggest and strongest by the fleece, on the deck, intending to hold it back, and thus, consequently, save the rest. But the sheep struggled so hard that it carried the merchant along with it into the sea, and he was drowned, just as the sheep of Polyphemus carried Ulysses and his companions out of the Cyclop's cave. The other shepherd did the same, and some seized the sheep by their legs and others by their fleeces, but they were all similarly carried into the sea and miserably drowned. Panurge on one side of the cook's room, holding an oar in his hand, not to aid the shepherds, but hinder them from climbing upon the ship, and escaping shipwreck, preached most eloquently to them, as if he had been a little Friar Maillard, or a second Friar Jean Bourgois, remonstrating with them by passages of rhetoric on the miseries of this world, the felicity and bliss of the other life, affirming that the dead were more happy than those who still lived in this valley of tears, and promising to each of them to erect a fine cenotaph and honourable sepulchre on the highest point of Mount Cenis, on his return from Lanternois; wishing them, nevertheless, in case life should not yet have tired them, and such a death was not exactly their desire, a good adventure and rencontre of some whale, which should carry them safe to shore, like Jonah. The ship being thus cleared of the merchant and his sheep, Panurge exclaimed, 'Is there any shepherd's soul left?' Where are they all gone? It is an old trick of war. What do you think of it, Frère Jean?'—'All's well for you,' replied Frère Jean. 'I have found nothing wrong with the matter, except that it seems to me, that just as they used formerly, on the day of a battle or an assault, to promise the soldiers double pay that day; if they gained the battle, they had plenty to pay them with; and if they lost, they were ashamed to ask for it; so you ought to have reserved payment, and your money would be still in your purse.'—'A fig for the money,' cried Panurge, 'I have had pastime enough for fifty thousand crowns. Let us be going. The wind is fair. Listen a moment, Frère Jean. Never man did me a good turn without my giving him a recompense, or showing gratitude, at the least. I am not so ungrateful, and never was, nor shall be. And never man did me an ill turn without repenting of it, either in this world or the next. I am not such a fool as that.'"

* Jean Paul says, that if you make the foremost sheep of a flock leap over a stick, and then withdraw the stick, every sheep of the whole flock will leap over the identical place just as if the stick was still there. —See "Carlyle's Essay on Johnson."

Here we close our extracts, and bid Master Alcofribas adieu. France has never seen his equal; he can still say, like Corneille's Cid,

"Mes pareils à deux fois ne se font pas connaître,"

and we have a suspicion that he will be able to say it as long as France has a literature. Such mingled humour and philosophy have rarely been seen in any man, for, though we have confined our attention to the lighter parts of his work, let not our readers think that these are his highest efforts. Thoughts lie wrapped amidst the buffoonery which throw gleams over centuries, and perhaps in a future paper we may try to develope these more fully.

Let it not seem strange or incredible, that Rabelais should have such a double nature, like the original man of the Platonists, and be thus (to use his own words) "Heraclitus Democratising." A brave cheerful heart lies at the bottom of the clear seeing head; and, Homer in the midst of his epic, could afford to make a pun about Ulysses in the Cyclop's cave. To confirm our point, and also close our paper, we subjoin the following from "Plato's Banquet;" it is strictly true of all great men, and especially true of Rabelais.

"Aristodemus then said that Eryximachas, Phædrus, and some others, rose up and went home to bed, and that he himself fell asleep and slept a long time, as the nights were long, but that he woke towards day when the cocks were beginning to crow; and, on his waking, he saw the others were either asleep or departed, and Agathon, Aristophanes, and Socrates were the only guests still awake, who were drinking out of a large cup, and Socrates was talking to them. And as for the rest Aristodemus said he did not remember their discourse, (for he was very sleepy, and had not heard the beginning), but the sum was, that Socrates was forcing them to confess *that it belonged to the same man to understand tragedy and comedy, and that he who was made for a tragedian, must also be a comedian.*"

Piquillo Alliaga;

OR, THE

MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SCRIBE.]

Book I.—Chapter XIII.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

The principal court was surrounded by sculpture, in transparent marble, of the most delicate workmanship, and supported by slight white marble pillars; the air was filled with the sweetest perfumes from various flower beds; and the view, through the porticos of the court, disclosed gardens to the eye in which the aloe, the palm, and various other trees, were seen in the most flourishing condition. In the left of this court, a richly ornamented gate opened into a large hall, paved with white marble, an open cupola served to admit the air and the brilliant light of the setting sun. Here young girls, habited in the Moorish costume, had assembled to present to the queen rare flowers, new to her, which had never been seen in Germany, such as the red and white camellia Japonica.

Margaret viewed all around her with mingled feelings of pleasure and astonishment, and with an infantine curiosity which she was at no pains to disguise. In this ancient dwelling she felt as if she belonged to a bygone age—as if she was no longer queen of Spain—but simply an ordinary traveller in the country, and in the line of the Moorish kings. In the banquetting room the lower part of the walls were lined with fine Moorish glazed tiles, on which were emblazoned the arms of the Abencerrages—the top was crowned by the most beautiful stuccoed work, and the walls were covered with verses, signs, and inscriptions, written in the Arabic characters. The cupola and the ornaments of the walls were gilt, and the interstices filled up with lapis lazuli; and sofas and ottomans were placed at various places around the room. A limpid stream of water, running through marble basins, cooled the air, while the young girls presented the guests with sweetmeats, sherbet, and iced fruits. Everything in this dwelling showed the good taste as well as the wealth of its proprietor: there was no vulgar display of luxury, but everywhere elegance and good taste seemed to justify the splendour which was apparent.

During the evening, Margaret, who was more eager for information than was consistent with the customs of Spanish queens, chatted with Alberique, not about the glorious feats and victories of his ancestors, but of what they had done to enrich Spain, and to make the people happy; of the wise and just laws they had given them; of learning and the arts protected by them; and of the encouragement given to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures.

He spoke to her also of the chivalrous gallantry of the Moors—of their love of poetry and music. In this manner the time passed away so pleasantly, that the lady of the bed-chamber had, by the signs of impatience which she manifested several times, warned her sovereign that it was time to retire to rest. Margaret at last understood her meaning, and rose. Above the inner porch of the dwelling was a gallery which led to the ladies' apartments, the distribution of which had been lately changed by Alberique; and the best, most commodious, and elegant room, which was usually occupied by himself, had been given up for the queen's accommodation. As soon as she was alone, and had dismissed her ladies in waiting, she began to ponder upon all she had seen. At daybreak the queen rose, according to her previous intention, to view the beauties of the scenery of the country of Valencia by the rising sun from her window. While thus occupied, and before any of the household had risen, she heard a noise in the wainscoting of the room, and a golden panel having been slid aside, a young man quickly and unconcernedly entered. Struck with fear and astonishment, Margaret had not even strength left to call out.

"Father, father, wake," cried the young man; "it is I who have just arrived, and I must speak to you before my return is known;" saying which he approached the alcove, and drew aside the bed curtains.

"Risen already?" he exclaimed; and, turning round, he perceived a young lady, who appeared in the greatest confusion.

The two words which the young man had just uttered had explained everything to the queen, and she hesitated whether she ought to punish or pardon an accident which, though no one was to blame, yet had placed her in so awkward and extraordinary a situation. Nevertheless as she was not deficient either in resolution, intelligence, or judgment, she saw in a moment that the only real danger consisted in making the incident known; and that they who might be able to ruin her character, were not the young man, but those who acted as spies on her actions. Immediately her resolution was taken. Meantime Yezid remained motionless, contemplating her with a look which betrayed something more than astonishment, for the sudden apparition of a young and handsome woman seemed to him magical and supernatural.

"Are you a prophetess or a fairy?" said he, trembling.

"No," replied Margaret, with dignity. "But I am thy queen, the queen to whom

thy father has granted his hospitality for this night."

Yezid fell on his knees.

"Pardon, madam, pardon me," cried he.

The queen motioned to him to speak in a lower tone; and, approaching him, asked what brought him at that hour to the apartment?

"I have travelled all night from Cadiz; and while all the household were asleep, I slipped into my father's room by a secret passage, which is only known to us."

"Where is this secret passage?"

The young man hesitated a moment; then perceiving a frankness and kindness in the looks of the young queen which banished all distrust, he said to her, "The secret is a family one—my father told me not to reveal it but to the angels;" casting a look of admiration on the queen, he said, "I think I can reveal it to your majesty."

"Well, then, proceed," said Margaret, with curiosity.

"This passage conducts to a spot where the treasures of our ancestors are hidden, treasures bequeathed by them to us, and which we have by our labour increased, to enable us to assist our brethren when persecution or misfortune overtakes them. I am about to entrust all their future hopes, and even perhaps their very existence, to your majesty; but I shall not regret having done so. I shall not hereafter be punished for having had confidence in my sovereign."

"And you are right. You and your father hitherto possessed this secret, and now there shall be three, and no more parties to it." Then raising her hand, she said, "I swear that the king, my husband, and none of his ministers, shall ever be acquainted with it. And now that I have satisfied you on this point, can you not show me the room where the hidden treasures are concealed."

"Show it to you, madam," exclaimed Yezid, in evident astonishment.

"Yes," replied the queen, with much *naiveté;* "I am dying of curiosity to see it."

"Follow me, if your majesty deigns to trust yourself to Yezid d'Alberique."

"Oh, Yezid d'Alberique, that is your name."

"Yes, madam."

"Is not that the name of one of the descendants of the Abencerrages."

"Yes, madam; he who was dragged by order of Bobadil into the Court of Lions, and the first who was beheaded near the fountain of L'Ambra; but be not alarmed," he added, on perceiving the emotion of the queen, "we are here at my father's, in the midst of his servants, and in the subterranean chamber, to which I am about to conduct you—here is not the remotest danger to be apprehended."

"Oh," said the queen, smiling, "I should not have cared if there had been a little, just enough to give a romantic zest to the expedition."

Yezid led the way through the secret passage, and Margaret followed, but she had scarcely advanced a few paces than she began to reflect for the first time on the rashness of the step she had taken; but she thought she had now gone too far to repent of her resolution, and that moreover several hours must elapse before her attendants would have to enter into her apartment in the course of their duties; besides, to show any hesitation now would be to throw a doubt on the loyalty of an Abencerrage. Yezid had shown implicit confidence in her, and she thought she might therefore place the like trust in him—she therefore continued her walk. Yezid had said truly there was nothing dangerous in the route, the path was made of a fine light sand, which did not hurt in the least the delicate feet of the queen—presently they saw a light from an opening above penetrate their passage. On their arrival at a rock covered with flowers, which closed the passage on entering through an opening to the cavern, they came to a large chamber lighted with numerous silver lamps. Even in these, our times, stories of buried Moorish treasures are generally prevalent among the lower orders in Spain, which is very natural. The Moors of Grenada, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, held the conviction that sooner or later they would regain possession of this fine country, which they had gained by conquest, and which they had unjustly been deprived; and, in consequence, many before their departure had buried their most valuable possessions. Many of these treasures had been found by the Spanish peasants; others had escaped their most diligent search, and the treasures of the family of Alberique were among the latter number. True it is that precious stones, and bars of gold and silver, were considered by Delascar a species of wealth of less real and certain value than riches produced by industry and daily labour; thus, as Yezid had said, it was a resource not for the present but the future. At the view of this subteranean chamber, supported by eight black marble columns, where gold and precious stones sparkled on all sides, the queen began to think herself transported to the scene of one of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," and it brought to her mind the "History of Abel Kasein;" and of a truth, it might well be said of the rich merchant, skilful manufacturer, and intelligent agriculturist, Delascar d'Alberique, that he realised by his labours the ideas formed of such a character in the tales of his Arab ancestors.

In marble basins placed between each column were to be seen golden pieces of money, bearing the effigy of the first caliphs of Cordova or kings of Grenada; in boxes of cedar wood were rich costumes, ornaments, and honorary decorations set in precious stones. Another basin was filled with bars of precious metals, as also masses in the state taken from the earth; and in cups of rock chrystal sparkled diamonds, emeralds, topazes, and rubies. The queen regarded all this with much astonishment, she was afraid either to walk or to speak, lest the noise thus occasioned might dispel the charming illusion—the fairy dream in which she fancied herself, and which she was anxious to prolong. She sat down on a marble seat musing on the surrounding scene.

Yezid respectfully falling on his knees before her, said, "Will your majesty grant to her faithful subject, his last prayer—the greatest boon that he can ask."

"Speak, Yezid."

"I shall never forget this day, the most glorious and brilliant of my life, and nothing would be wanting to fill the cup of my happiness if I might venture to hope your majesty would deign to remember it."

"I promise to do so, Yezid."

"Let your majesty not be offended at my boldness, in asking you to give a proof of your intention;" in saying this he emptied the diamonds and precious stones from one of the chrystal cups into the queen's lap.

Margaret at first thought of showing her displeasure at this act, but perceiving an affected alarm at the idea of his having offended her in the countenance of Yezid, whose manner besides exhibited the most profound devotion, she could not make up her mind to inflict such a punishment upon him, as her censure would bestow. Among the precious stones she choose the one which appeared to her of the least value—a turquoise with an inscription: she said, on taking it, "You see I forgive you."

Yezid's joy was at its height, and he threw on the ground the remainder of the jewels.

"But it must not be said that the queen of Spain has received a present of the Moor Yezid, without giving him something in return. What can I present you."

Yezid remained silent.

"Are you then so happy that you want nothing from your sovereign?"

"Nothing for myself, but too much, perhaps, for another."

"For whom?"

"For a friend of my father's, a brave nobleman, whom it is wished to deprive of the most prized of all his possessions—his honour."

"And it is on his behalf you wish my good offices."

"Yes, madam, I demand justice."

"And you shall have it," said the queen. "I pass my royal word for it," she added with animation. "Speak, Yezid."

Yezid then related to her the whole history of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who, with a view to his defence, was neither permitted to see his sovereign, nor to forward to him the proofs of his innocence.

"I will place them in his hands myself," said the queen. "Where are they?"

"Here they are detailed in this memorial, which his enemies would hinder the king from receiving, much more from reading."

"Well, I myself will read it to him."

Yezid expressed his gratitude to the queen, and handed to her the paper, "not knowing," added he, "how to gain an audience of Philip III, and hearing that Lord Montjoy, viceroy of Ireland, was to be accredited by queen Elizabeth to the Spanish court, I went over to England, and I am but just returned. I addressed myself confidently to Lord Montjoy himself, for he had fought d'Aguilar, and knew better than any other person his noble conduct and bravery. I had hoped this memorial would be given by him into the king's hand, but I was deceived, peace is a long way off yet, the Duke de Lerma is averse to it, and Lord Montjoy, who had prepared to come to Spain as ambassador, will not now come. Thus I had arrived overwhelmed with sorrow at the failure of the object of my journey, I was the messenger of trouble and despair to my father and d'Aguilar, and one word from your majesty is about to restore to all joy and happiness."

"I am ignorant of what influence I may possess, not having yet made a trial, and perhaps I may be unable to struggle successfully against the power of the favourite."

"Can that be so," said Yezid, with indignation.

"I will see what I can do; meantime, I enjoin you to keep a guarded silence, and not even speak on the subject to your father."

"I swear to obey your injunction, your majesty; not even to d'Aguilar will I open my lips, nor to any living creature: I shall be but too happy to share the secret with your majesty."

"You have asked me, Yezid, to save d'Aguilar. I will use my best efforts to accomplish it; but what shall I do for you?"

"Ah! if I dared to make the request to your majesty to restore to me the companion of my youth, Don Ferdinand d'Albayda, detained in prison at Valladolid. Yes, madam," he added, with much warmth, "for having dared to make the same effort that I have made to defend his uncle, Don Juan

d'Aguilar, he has been deprived of his liberty, and of the honour of serving his king; let them but restore his sword, and I promise it will only be employed in the defence of your majesty."

"Well," said the queen, smiling, "you always ask favours for others, but none for yourself; the queen of Spain is not powerful enough to grant any to you worthy your acceptance."

"The honour I have received to-day is enough to satisfy my most ambitious desires."

"Nothing else?"

"Unless," added he, in a tone of deep melancholy, "it were, that this too happy day might be my last."

"And why do you wish that?"

"Of what value will any subsequent days be to me?"

"Future times," said the queen, with emotion, "will be those of happiness and success."

"No, madam, they will only be valued as they bring to my recollection the past."

Yezid walked by the side of Margaret to show the way, but she did not take his arm; they went through the sombre passage which led to the queen's apartment. It was still early, and everybody was yet asleep. Margaret said, turning to Yezid, "You who have proved to me so faithful a guide, I thank you. I will keep my promise to you. I will think of Don Juan d'Aguilar and of Ferdinand d'Albayda." She spoke of no one else; but as Yezid was about to retire, she said, smiling, "We have accepted at your hands this turquoise, on which an unknown character is written; suppose it should turn out some talisman—some evil spell."

"No, madam; I assure you."

"Well, then, explain to me what is written on this stone?"

Yezid, hesitating, and looking at the queen, said, "It is an Arab word, which means, 'always.'"

"Ah, it is Arabic. Adieu," she added, in a firm voice, "perhaps I may never more see you, but rely *always*," and she laid great stress on this word, "on my royal protection. As to us, we rely on your devotion to our service, and to your discretion."

"Always," replied Yezid.

The panel of the door of the apartment was shut, and the young Moor disappeared.

An hour afterwards the ladies in waiting woke. The first lady of the bedchamber entered the queen's apartment, who appeared to have just risen. The escort was ready, and all prepared to set out on the journey. The old Delascar d'Alberique and his whole household were assembled in the gardens when the queen entered them. The day was celebrated as a holiday—all work was suspended. All the Moors, male and female, in their holi suits and national dress, formed the m picturesque and pleasing scene imagine On the appearance of the queen, Dela presented to her all the overseers superintendents of his manufactories; overseers presented Margaret and the l of the court with shawls, in which it difficult to say whether the richness of materials or the skill of the workman were most to be admired. Then Delas taking by the hand a fine young man erect stature, and of a noble and intelli countenance, said to the queen, "This Yezid, my son, who has just arrived fr a long voyage, and has come to thank y majesty for the honour conferred on house. At the sight of Yezid murmurs admiration were observed to proceed fr the noble ladies, attendants on the quee

"These Moors are not so ugly, a all," said in an under tone the Cou d'Altimira to one of her companions, " Philip II had especial reason for forbidd them to wear this graceful and eleg costume, so much more becoming than collars and cloaks of our young nobil which makes them resemble the st statues of our cathedrals."

"True," responded the young M chioness de Medina; "this young man a chivalric and romantic appearance."

Thus chatted the ladies till the ti arrived for the queen's departure; queen's carriage approached, and inst of being drawn by mules, as on the pr ous day, six superb Arab horses were tached to it, whose long manes were d rated with flowers, and their magnifi harness studded with precious stones. T were a present from the king.

"Is this then the much vaunted ho tality of the Moors!" exclaimed the que in a tone of astonishment; then, smili she added, "we should have been right to have partaken of it, for we are likely ruin our host;" then, graciously turnin the old man, "I trust Don Delascar d' berique" (this word Don coming from mouth of the queen conferred the titl nobility for ever after on Alberique his descendants) "I trust Don Delascar d' berique will come to pay us a visit at palace of the Escurial, or of Aranjuez, thus to enable us to return his hospitali but I will not quit the threshold of mansion without having granted him s especial mark of our royal favour, an beg of him to say what he wishes me grant to him."

Delascar, overcome by the kindnes the queen, looked at his son as if he wis to consult him; the young man whispe in Arabic a single word.

The queen had worn since the morn a beautiful red flower, which she had

hered from the rock in which was the entrance to the subterranean chamber.

"Then," said d'Alberique, in the most respectful manner, "I will ask your majesty to give me the flower which she wears at present?"

The queen and all present were astonished at the request, and, after some hesitation, she presented it to the old man. In an instant after the six Arab horses carried away the queen of Spain into the midst of the fertile plains of Valencia.

Chapter XIV.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

The king having fulfilled his vows, and terminated his pilgrimage to St. Jago de Compostella, had at length returned, accompanied by the grand inquisitor and the Duke of Lerma, to Madrid. From his infancy the king had been taught to avoid all serious occupation which required thought; and with these indolent habits, it became necessary to have somebody always at hand, to think for him. To do so, was to render him the greatest service; and he who did this the most often, became in his eyes the most indispensable to him; hence the sole cause of the influence of the prime minister, which Margaret had now resolved to combat. On the king's return, a privy council had been summoned to fill up certain vacant appointments, among the rest that of viceroy of Navarre, the Count de Lemos having himself asked to return to Madrid; but Philip, labouring under the fatigue of his journey, had postponed the meeting till the following day, and Margaret took the opportunity which was afforded by their being alone to draw his attention to the case of Don Juan d'Aguilar, and to read his memorial, with great earnestness making, as she proceeded, numerous comments on the facts, explaining to the king that even Lord Montjoy and his enemies had done him the justice which was denied to him by his country, proceeded to explain how this faithful servant, who had been accused of treason, had saved for the king an army which all had given up as lost, and which, but for his prudent firmness, would have been so; and that he ought not to be handed over to the Inquisition, to be punished for having treated with heretics, but ought rather to have the reward of good service bestowed upon him; for the same reason the king ought to set at liberty his nephew, Don Ferdinand d'Albada, whose only crime was having taken part in the defence of the unfortunate—a crime so rare as to have no fear of the contagion of the evil example spreading. Philip, whose character was both just and benevolent, and who generally saw things in a right light when properly explained to him, said: "You are right, madam; Don Juan d'Aguilar is a loyal and faithful servant, who ought to be rewarded. What shall I do for him?"

"Let your majesty deign to write."

The king, seated, wrote, under his wife's dictation, as follows:

"In acknowledgment of the faithful services of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who maintained in Ireland the honour of the Spanish arms against superior numbers, and who has saved the army which we entrusted to his command, we name him viceroy of Navarre."

The king paused. "Have you reflected on what you are doing? So important a post as that?"

"Yes; doubtless it has been vacant too long, by having such a person as the Count de Lemos there; and in nominating Don Juan d'Aguilar to it, you do him justice, and render at the same time a service to the country."

The king wrote, and said, "Are you satisfied now, madam?"

"Not yet;" and she continued to dictate:

"Further, we appoint his nephew, Don Ferdinand d'Albayda, captain in the queen's regiment. Given at our palace at Madrid, 24th September, 1599.

"I, the King."

The queen took up the royal decree, carefully folded it, and despatched it the following day. The king, on reflecting afterwards on the bold step he had taken, became alarmed and disquieted at the probable consequeuces; he countermanded the order for the assembly of the council, and had just resolution enough to avoid meeting the Duke de Lerma. He was even two days without either giving him an audience or speaking to him—a circumstance unexampled since he came to the throne. Already for several days past sufficiently uneasy, the favourite became still more alarmed when he learnt what had passed; he hastened to the grand inquisitor, and they consulted as to what was best to be done. The danger was great, and might be renewed. They had in the queen a formidable enemy, whom moreover they could not remove from her situation, and whom they must therefore endeavour to conciliate, whilst they put it out of her power to interfere with their plans in future. After much thought, they hit upon a scheme which appeared so absurd and impracticable, that had we not the assurance of contemporary historians of veracity to vouch for it, it would appear scarcely credible; it proved, however, the species of dominion which the Duke de

Lerma exercised over his master, and how intimately acquainted he was with his character. He sent friar Cordova, the king's confessor, to him, who endeavoured to persuade him that, being king of Spain, it was his duty to govern; and that by delegating that duty to the queen, by allowing her to meddle in affairs of state, he committed a great sin, and became answerable, not only for his own offences, but for those acts which the queen committed in his name; and he then induced him to swear on the Bible never again to allow the queen to interfere in matters of state.

This oath was kept by him; and when, sometime afterwards, Don Juan d'Aguilar and Don Ferdinand d'Albayda came to thank the king, in whose favour they thought themselves reinstated, they were greatly surprised and grieved at the evident embarrassment which their presence occasioned. They found, though without understanding the reason, that their company was disagreeable to the weak monarch. The one went back to resume the duties of his government, and the other to rejoin his regiment, without having it in their power to thank the queen, their generous protector, and of the extent of whose services to them they were yet in ignorance. One alone, whose heart overflowed with gratitude, undertook to return thanks for them; this was Yezid. The Duke de Lerma, to whom this event was never thoroughly explained, vainly endeavoured to arrive at the true cause; he suspected that it was connected with the sojourn of Margaret at the mansion of Decar d'Alberique. In vain he had recourse to the services of all the spies in his employment; he could find out nothing to throw a light on the queen's secret; but he felt persuaded he should find in her an obstacle, or at least a powerful opponent, to the projects which himself, together with Sandoval and Ribeira, had not abandoned, but only waited a fitting opportunity to put in execution. Thus from that day they were occupied with the project of a *coup d'état*, on which, according to their account, depended the fate of Spain. Such were the events which had preceeded Piquillo's entry into d'Aguilar's mansion, the account of which we will relate to our readers before we resume the sequel of our history.

Chapter XV.

THE TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

Since Don Juan d'Aguilar had been named to the chief command in Navarre by the king in spite of himself, he usually lived at Pampeluna, except during the summer months, when he occupied a small country mansion near Tudela. His presence at Madrid, at his sister the Countess d'Altamira's, being indispensable upon affairs intimately connected with his daughter Carmen's fortune, he had obtained, though not without difficulty, a fortnight's leave of absence. He was unwilling, even during this short journey, to separate himself from his child, who again was equally loathe to be parted from Aixa, her companion; thus it was that these two young girls had arranged to accompany the old man, and it was on their return to Navarre, on the borders of Old Castille, between the mountains of Oca and Moncayo, that their travelling carriage had been stopped by the bandit Caralo, and Piquillo had dropped from the branches of an oak-tree so opportunely to their assistance. On his arrival at Pampeluna, the governor's first care was to equip his new page, and Piquillo, more than ever ashamed of the delapidated state and the scanty nature of his apparel, saw a man enter his room whose grave aspect caused him to be mistaken by him for a counsellor. This was our old friend Truxillo the tailor, with whom we became acquainted at the first breaking out of the tumults at Pampeluna. One might easily have imagined at first glance, on recalling past history to our recollection, that domestic troubles had stamped upon his countenance that appearance of gravity which was so remarkably depicted therein; but we should have been mistaken; his demure look bore anterior date to the event of his marriage. Truxillo had the same appearance when a child. This man reasoned with as much earnestness and gravity about the fashion and cut of a doublet, as a general would about the plan of a campaign. Hitherto, never having had to make a dress for a page of the viceroy, he wished to gain credit for his first essay by producing something worthy of his study and skill; and with this view he proceeded in his work with a tardiness and deliberation which quite exhausted Piquillo's patience, the state of whose clothes and whose temper were neither of a nature to endure this delay. Beguile away the time, and with the foresight of a prudent youth who wished especially to get at a knowledge of those with whom his future fate was bound up, Piquillo put numerous skilful questions to Truxillo, to worm out his opinion of the viceroy, and of the inmates of his house.

"I wish I had nothing but good to say of him," replied gravely the tailor; "he is a brave soldier, a good master, never wrongs anybody, and is an especial good paymaster; but, to speak frankly to you, he is not particularly agreeable to me; his taste is opposed to the development of my

rt; my shears are often as paralysed as imself; and I have never been enabled yet turn out for him a suit which was likely add to my reputation."

"And his daughter?" said Piquillo, who omprehended very little of the preceding iscourse.

"Carmen is a very different personage; er milliner, Joanna, may well be proud f her. Monseigneur is not rich, for he as nothing to depend upon but his appointment, the duties of which he fulfils rith credit; but if only his own taste were onsulted, neither his daughter nor Aixa ould have more than a single cloak or ress at a time."

"Is Aixa another daughter of his?"

"No, truly; but people might well suppose she was, as he anticipates her merest whims; he dotes upon her, signor page, nd with reason; it would be impossible or any dress not to become her. Such a superb form! such a graceful figure! Worn by her, what notoriety and what credit will not redound to the milliner who invented her costume; and yet she is scarcely twelve years old. She will become the pearl of Navarre; all her lovers will quarrel amongst each other about her, and all the milliners will be willing to furnish her with dresses for nothing."

"What is the name of her family?"

"Nobody knows," said the tailor, continuing to measure his customer; "it is thought her father was some poor brother-officer of Don Juan d'Aguilar, killed in his presence in Ireland. This much, however, is known, that returning last year from a watering-place in the Pyrenees, where he had been for the benefit of the waters, to cure the gout and his wounds, he brought this young girl with him to Pampeluna, who has never since left, and whom Carmen looks upon as a sister. Many persons," said the tailor, whispering, "say she is so in reality."

"Indeed!" said Piquillo, whose curiosity was much excited.

"They found their opinion," continued the tailor, "on the fact that the viceroy, who dotes upon his daughter, is not in the least jealous of her, though she is much prettier; but those who are well acquainted with the goodnature of d'Aguilar say he is only the more attached to this young girl because, being poor and an orphan, he has sworn to supply the place of a parent to her. This is what makes me believe," added he, gravely, "in the truth of the story of the officer who was killed in Ireland, and the more so as the viceroy himself related the circumstance."

"It is then doubtless the truth."

"That is what I say," rejoined the tailor, with a penitent look. "I have finished, signor page; I will keep you no longer waiting. In return, I venture to hope that I may rely upon your custom, and that, for my sake, you will wear more clothes than Signor d'Aguilar, your patron, whose suits seem to last him for ever."

Piquillo promised this, and he was not a person to fail in his word, though his early education gave him but few notions of order, and made him care little about his appearance. Charmed with the pretty figures, with the gaiety and conversation, of the two young girls, who had kept up during the journey an incessant chat with him, Piquillo easily persuaded himself that his situation would be always as agreeable, and that he would be thus pleasantly occupied in the hotel d'Aguilar, a most charming prospect for him; but the old general, naturally laborious and active, could not understand why anybody belonging to his household should wish to remain idle. With a view to the advantage of the young Bohemian whom he had just received into his family, he handed him over to master Pablo Cienfugos, his major-domo, recommending him to give him instructions as to the duties he was to perform as page, and giving him an absolute control over the youth, on condition, however, of his exercising his authority with moderation and kindness—a condition which is always the first to be forgotten by those in whose hands despotic power is lodged, and is but too apt to be forgotten by everybody. Pablo de Cienfugos was the more disposed to do so, as the arrival of Piquillo interfered with a project he had for a long time cherished of introducing as page in the household of the viceroy a protégé of his, whom he stated to be a cousin-german, but to whom report gave a nearer relationship. This circumstance was not calculated to diminish his habitual severity; on the contrary, he, together with the whole household, felt their domestic dignity offended at seeing preferred to this office, without any previous trial of his fitness, a vagabond found perched upon a tree in a forest—a little ragged beggar-boy. Forgetting the adage that the livery covers all faults, they saw only in the new comer a slave placed entirely at their disposal. Everybody acted on this notion, and Piquillo found in a few days that he was the servant of all in the mansion; he, who was both proud and unaccustomed to work, soon got tired of this unfair division of labour, and took the earliest opportunity which presented of escaping from it.

The house-door being left ajar, he ran out to breathe the air of liberty—that is to say, the air of the streets. He had already gone to the hotel of the Golden Sun, to seek his first friend Pedralvi; but he was no longer there, and it was not known what had become of him; more fortunate, however, in

another respect, he recognised, or fancied he did, some of the young soldiers who three years before had served under his orders, on the occasion of his first campaign in the streets of Pampeluna; and he looked upon their society as much more honourable and amusing than that of the servants of the inn. Often Master Pablo had on his return scolded him for his absence; but neither his reproofs nor even more severe arguments had produced any effect; on the contrary, Piquillo felt indignant at this tyranny, exercised by a Jack-in-office, and would have preferred the severity of the viceroy, which he would almost have considered legitimate. One does not easily change one's nature, and Piquillo's was that of a pure Bohemian, who found the open air necessary to his existence. Certain talents, like certain trees, flourish only in the open air; and Master Pablo had drawn up a memorial for the viceroy, in which he declared that Piquillo's insubordination and erratic disposition prevented him making anything of him; that there was no means of detaining him in the house, and that he had determined on his dismissal. The viceroy was at breakfast when this thundering report was made, which the young girls could not credit.

"Well, girls, what do you think of this?"

"That we must hear the culprit."

The bell rang for Piquillo. But the weather was delightful; the sun shone brilliantly; the young page could not overcome his desire to take a walk on the banks of the Arga, and on the heights of St. Christopher. Master Pablo looked at the judges with a triumphant air. The chief delinquent choosing this moment for his absence gave an overwhelming force to the accusation. On his return he was told that the viceroy and his two young mistresses had wanted him. Piquillo turned pale, and run to the door of their apartment, to await their coming out. More than an hour passed. At last Aixa rang the bell; he entered the room; she saw him, and continued to write, without, however, addressing to him a single word of reproach. He remained motionless before her, awaiting his doom; when he was roused from his stupor by the angry voice of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who had just entered the room, leaning on his daughter's arm. Far from imitating Aixa's contemptuous silence, he entered abruptly upon the business in a preface the most violent, and which threatened to be still more serious in the sequel, for his excitement had just caused him to raise a cane he carried, when Carmen, who had the sweetness and goodness of an angel, held back his arm. Aixa remained mute and immovable; and Piquillo, throwing himself on his knees before the enraged old man, cried out: "You are right, monseigneur. I am guilty; but the fault, however, is not entirely to be attributed to me." He related in a few words the unjust treatment he had been subject to, and which had driven him to revolt.

"Father," exclaimed Carmen, "I beg you will forgive him."

Aixa did not utter a word.

"Forgive him," repeated Carmen, "and he will act more prudently in future."

"I promise to do so," said Piquillo, with an accent of apparent truthfulness and sincerity.

"And," added Carmen, "in future he will be submissive and obedient to Master Pablo."

Piquillo made no promise on this occasion, but held down his head in silence. D'Aguilar took no heed of this species of absence of mind. For some time he fixed his looks upon the culprit, while a low, indistinct murmur escaped from him, which gradually diminished, like the half-suppressed growl of the mastiff, which makes itself heard even after it has ceased to show fight. Then lowering his voice and his cane, he uttered these words: "Well, be it so; but let him not act in this manner again, otherwise——" words which, in the mouth of a brave nobleman, were equivalent to a full and free pardon; and he went out with his daughter.

Piquillo, left alone with Aixa, would willingly, had he dared, have spoken to her; at last, raising his eyes towards her, he said, timidly: "You have not deigned to intercede for me, signora; you have not even deigned to scold me."

"Of what use would that be? My hopes in you have been cruelly disappointed."

"How so, signora?"

"I thought you would have been devotedly attached to the service of Carmen and myself—always; that we might have relied upon you in life and in death."

"I swear to serve you."

"And you pass your time as a vagabond in the streets of Pampeluna. You are never in the house; and if I were in any trouble or danger, I should be under the necessity of applying for aid to Master Pablo."

"Never! never!" said Piquillo, throwing himself at the feet of his young mistress.

From that day he no longer left d'Aguilar's mansion; renouncing his vagabond propensities, he became prudent and circumspect in his conduct, offering his ready services to all, and obeying even Master Pablo de Cienfugos from time to time; but nothing equalled his zeal in the service of his two young mistresses. Standing at the

table before them, he seemed to anticipate from their looks their wishes and orders. He was the first at hand to open the carriage, and to let down the steps. He was everywhere ready to obey their commands; he felt pride in following them in their walks, and carrying their cloaks and unbrellas; and every day Carmen and Aixa perceived in their room perfumes and flowers which they mostly prized. One day, however, notwithstanding his good intentions, a great misfortune happened at d'Aguilar's mansion. A drawing-room was being held to celebrate the king's fête day; but spacious as was his palace, it was not capacious enough to hold all the nobles of the vicinity, for in Spain the nobility is a very numerous body. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to make a selection—a work of great delicacy and difficulty, of which the old nobleman acquitted himself as well as he was able, with the aid of his two privy councillors Aixa and Carmen, who were already considered persons of sufficient importance to be consulted on matters of etiquette and propriety. To Piquillo, whom they thought they might trust, had devolved the duty of delivering these letters of invitation; but he committed the most unfortunate mistakes and blunders in executing his commission. Some noblemen who had been invited had not received their invitations, while, on the other hand, many ladies of title received letters that were not intended for them, and who thereby became informed of the preference given to others. This was a great event in the town of Pampeluna, and was that act of Don d'Aguilar's administration which was most blamed, every body being pleased to admit the wisdom, justice, and integrity, which generally characterised it, but every government is liable to errors, especially when aided by its minister, and on this occasion Piquillo had caused all the mischief. The young page, formerly a Bohemian, could not read, and it would have been difficult, in fact, from what we are already acquainted as to his past career, for him to have devoted the smallest portion of it to study. This was a misfortune arising from the temporary circumstances in which he had been placed, but, perhaps, the most imprudent act of which he was guilty was to consult Master Pablo de Cienfugos, relative to the directions of the letters; he who saw in the daily increasing favour of Piquillo at the mansion d'Aguilar, all chances removed of establishing his cousin therein. To whatever cause, however, this mishap might be attributed, there was now no remedy for it, but it was necessary that measures should be taken to prevent its renewal, and the viceroy, in a towering rage, ordered his page to learn to read in a month at furthest, or to resign his post. Next day Piquillo saw a man with a gay and smiling countenance, Signor Gerundio, whom he mistook for a dancing-master, he was a teacher of grammar, one of the most distinguished literary characters of Pampeluna, who had composed fifteen poems, two hundred tragedies, and gave lessons in reading at the rate of fifty maravedis each lesson. Up to that period of the history of Spain, talent was badly paid. Poor Piquillo had experienced many hours of trial in his life, but no torture equalled that which he endured at the hands of Signor Gerundio, when under his tuition, who, too proud to descend to the level of his scholar's understanding, wished from the first day to raise it at once to the same high standard as his own, and for this purpose endeavoured to point out to him all the niceties and beauties of the Spanish language, instead of at first beginning to teach him his alphabet. In vain Piquillo listened and strained his faculties to the utmost; he could understand nothing, and the more eagerly he endeavoured to comprehend the more confused and unintelligible the matter became to him. This drove him almost to madness, and the fatal period approached, and not only he yet knew nothing, but, alarmed and discouraged, it appeared to him impossible to accomplish the task upon which he had entered, "And monseigneur will dismiss me in a rage," he soliloquised, "and notwithstanding my zeal and attachment, I must leave this mansion because I cannot learn grammar or understand the foul sorcerer who has been engaged to teach it to me," and in the fury of the moment he had seized Signor Gerundio by the collar, and had half strangled him, while he threatened to finish his purpose if he ventured to return again. Now as Piquillo began to grow up a big and powerful lad, and his professor was unwilling in this manner to have disgraced in his person the literary character of Spain, or, in future, to teach literature with the accompaniment of fisty cuffs, he took the word for the deed, and remained at home. Thence arose a new difficulty in which Piquillo found he had placed himself; how was he to excuse, in the eyes of Monseigneur, this renewed misconduct, this new act of insubordination; how was he, at the end of the month, to excuse his ignorance, which was becoming greater than ever, and then to have to leave this palace of a house, where he was so well off, and to quit his two young mistresses! Never, even during the trying period of his stay with Captain Juan Baptista, had Piquillo felt so unhappy. One evening, before bed-time, Aixa and Carmen were walking arm and arm in the palace gardens, exchanging their girlish thoughts on the subject of the

old general, the past, and the future, and especially of their sisterly friendship, which nothing was to alter, they perceived a light in a small building in a secluded part of the grounds, which reflected through the trees. Who could that proceed from at such a late hour. This was a mystery. Carmen, alarmed, wished to retreat; Aixa, on the contrary, advanced forward.

"Remain here, my sister; I will go forward and see who it is."

"No; if you go I will accompany you."

And both holding each other tightly, approached the post of danger. They walked on tiptoe, holding their breath, and felt much annoyed by the noise which their gowns made in rustling against the trees during the silence of the night. At length they reached the dreaded spot, where appeared a rural cottage, with a single window; Aixa raised her head, looked through the window, began to laugh, then beckoned Carmen to approach, and what a scene presented itself to their eyes. Piquillo, not to be disturbed, had chosen this cottage for his study; there he was, in a violent rage, tearing his hair, tearing the leaves of his Spanish grammar, then trampling the book under his feet, till he fell on a seat exhausted, while tears of grief and rage rolled down his cheeks, finding that to be so easily learnt which had hitherto appeared surrounded with insurmountable difficulties.

It must be owned that Carmen was always the first to be tired with acting the part of teacher, and to seek to shorten the lesson, to laugh and joke with his sister; while Aixa, always displaying the same cold, severe, and patient disposition, never for a moment relaxed in her exertions to accomplish the object she had in view. With an ivory wand she pointed out on the book letters, syllables, and words, which Piquillo followed with his fingers, and spelt as well as he was able, confident that a severe rap of the knuckles would be given as a punishment to the scholar for any blunder committed. Far from complaining, Piquillo was almost pleased with the punishment, and was quite enraptured with the words of approval bestowed by his only remaining teacher; for at length Carmen, perceiving that her sister best understood how to give lessons, yielded the task to her, and was content only to interfere from time to time to intercede for their scholar when Aixa appeared to her to be about to punish him too severely. But this pardon was now seldom required by Piquillo. Aixa was right in her predictions about him; far from being unintelligent, his intellect was lively, quick, and searching, and only required due cultivation to expand, and to show its superiority. In a few days he could read fluently, and already alarmed at his success, he feared they might think he knew too much, such was his dread of an end being put to his studies; but his two young mistresses held their credit at too much stake to perfect the good work they had begun to think of giving it up while anything remained to be done.

"Here," said Aixa, one morning, "study your lesson in this book, and afterwards read it aloud to us." And Carmen, on her knees before the fire, was attending to something she was boiling.

Piquillo looked at the book given to him, and read in large characters the following title: "'Conquest of Spain by the Moors.' Ah, the Moors! I know who they are."

"You, Piquillo! and how came you to know?" said Aixa, fixing her looks attentively upon him.

"I saw one with such a fine and noble aspect! He uttered to me some words which I never shall forget. And then the first friends I met with were Moors; and, moreover, I was assured by them that I belonged to their race, and was of their blood."

"That is true," said Aixa, coldly, "but I thought that you were ignorant of the fact."

"And how did you yourself become acquainted with it?" said Carmen, without, however, ceasing to attend to the occupation in which she was engaged, and to which she seemed to attach much importance.

"I knew it very easily," replied Aixa, "the first day of his appearance. The branches of the tree had so torn the sleeves of his coat that it was very easy to distinguish the brand on his right arm; you yourself remarked it."

"Truly, without my knowing what it was," said Carmen.

"Well," replied Aixa, "it's an Arabic sign."

"You understand Arabic, sister?"

"Yes; only a few words learnt in my infancy."

Then turning to Piquillo, she said: "Read your task in a lower tone, so as not to interrupt us, as we are very busy. Well, Carmen, have you done? is our breakfast ready?"

"Yes, sister, and prepared exactly according to your instructions;" and she poured into a porcelain soup plate, from a silver saucepan, the mess she had been cooking.

"It is excellent," said Aixa. "I am quite an epicure when there are mushrooms."

"And you never ate any fresher, or of more exquisite flavour."

And both, delighted with the repast, which they had frequently been forbidden

to eat, set to work with a childish joy on the dainty dish which had been secretly prepared by them, with the assistance of Pablo, who supplied the ingredients.

"It is delicious," said Carmen.

"I believe you," said Aixa, "it is an excellent ragout; and as I can distinguish good mushrooms from bad, I will go in the park and gather some to-morrow for your father at the same spot where I found these, and we will prepare a treat for him."

And sitting facing each other at a lacquered china table, they continued to eat their breakfast; while Piquillo studied to himself, in a corner, "The Conquest of Spain by the Moors," and having made himself master of his task, was prepared to repeat it to his young mistresses as soon as they had finished their breakfasts. Suddenly, however, the door was abruptly opened.

"Who has dared to intrude upon us without our having rung the bell?" asked Aixa; and both she and Carmen rose with indignation, while Piquillo hastily threw down upon a sofa the book which he held in his hand. The intruder was no other than Pablo de Cienfugos himself, who, pale and trembling, cried out, "Don't eat them! don't eat them! I have just come up from the kitchen, and the mad cook says they are toadstools of the worst sort, and that to eat them would be certain death."

Carmen shrieked, then staggered, and would have fallen senseless on the ground, had not Aixa, with a steady arm, supported her with all her might; and pressing her to her bosom, she said: "Courage, sister, courage."

In an instant, Piquillo rushed to the table, and seizing hold of the remains of the half-eaten mess, eagerly partook of it.

"Piquillo!" exclaimed Aixa, "think what you are about!"

"I do," coolly replied Piquillo.

And Master Pablo, who had perceived what he had done, cried out, in an enraged tone, "Did you see, at such a moment! the glutton, the thief, the scamp! But Providence is thus instrumental in making his own crimes carry their punishment with them."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Aixa, interrupting him, "think only of your mistress; run for help."

"All assistance will be useless, in the opinion of the chief cook; nothing can save your lives, and death follows so rapidly after partaking of the poison, that in an hour all will be over!"

"That is true," muttered Aixa; "I have heard so myself."

"No matter," said Master Pablo, perceiving, though rather late, the folly of his proceedings, "no matter. Perhaps there is yet time, signora; tell me what I am to do."

"Nothing, nothing," replied Aixa, hearing at the moment the noise of the carriage-wheels, on the return of Don Juan d'Aguilar; "leave us, and do not say anything to monseigneur. You understand?"

Master Pablo made his bow, and retired, and Aixa, while rubbing the palms of Carmen's hands, who began to recover from her fainting fit, wishing to inspire her with a hope which she herself did not possess, exclaimed: "They are mistaken, I am sure; I hope so."

"Do you really think so?" said Carmen, with animation.

"Yes, yes, I give you my word; but even should they have spoken the truth, don't let your father know anything about the matter; if we have yet an hour to live, that hour belongs to him—do not let him pass it in agony, when heaven suffers us to afford him yet some moments of joy and happiness."

"You are right," said Carmen, endeavouring to keep up her spirits. "I have shown weakness hitherto, but I shall do so no longer. But to die so young, my sister!"

"You complain," answered Aixa, with stoical firmness, "and you have the embraces of a father to console you in the hour of death; while I—," and she raised her eyes to heaven.

"True," answered Carmen, and she held out her arms, and Aixa eagerly embraced her.

After this last farewell, the two young girls wiped away their tears, and with a serene aspect, and a smile on their lips, approached the old man, who was about to enter the room.

"Ah, here you are both," he exclaimed, in a gay tone, "I am delighted to see you. I bring you news which has quite put me in good spirits, and will amuse you likewise. A folly, an extravagance, which I never should have expected! Who do you think I have just met? The son of Matthew Vasques, who was formerly secretary of state to Philip II—'faith, he is immensely rich—who spoke of Carmen, my daughter, in such terms! Yes, truly!" and the old man laughed with such hearty goodwill that Carmen was quite startled.

"What!" said the old man, who perceived this, "do you smell a rat? I looked upon you with a father's regard, but others entertain a different feeling towards you. Matthew Vasques, it appears, wishes to become your husband! Don't be alarmed, don't tremble so. I thanked him for the honour he intended us, but I had other views; and then, thank heaven! I do not yet wish to part with my child. She will remain a long time with me, I hope, as well

as my beloved Aixa. Thus I would not hear of husbands who wanted to withdraw either of you from my affectionate solicitude. What would become of me without you, children? If I lost you, I should die."

Carmen uttered a cry of grief, and Aixa smiled, while she held out her hand to the old man.

"Well, well, what's the matter? How foolish to be grieved at such a chimerical project! Look how pale Carmen is; tears in her eyes, too! Now, by St. Jago, follow the example set by myself and Aixa. Let us laugh at this foolish affair; let us all three laugh at it;" and the poor father good-humouredly displayed his feelings of joy.

Carmen wished to imitate him, but had not power to act the part she assumed, and, crying, dropped down her head on his arm.

"What is the matter with you?" said he, with astonishment.

"Nothing, father; forgive me. I wanted to embrace you."

"There is no necessity for asking forgiveness for that;" and Carmen pressed him to her heart with such convulsive sobs and earnest kisses, that Don Juan began to be uneasy.

"Can you explain all this to me?" said he to Aixa, who, pale, but preserving throughout her *sang-froid*, had for some time past her eyes fixed on the clock.

"Nothing, monseigneur, I assure you; only a headache which has suddenly attacked Carmen. Don't let that alarm you. She will yet have a shivering fit; that will be of no consequence."

"Nothing!" said the old man, in evident alarm.

"You will see her become pale, and—even this has sometimes happened to both of us—become convulsed; only a nervous motion."

D'Aguilar called out, and wished to have his arm-chair, but was kept back by Aixa, who said: "Be not alarmed; she has no fit now, as you see. She is pale, it is true, but she is not insensible, and is in no pain; are you, Carmen? You are not in a fit?" and she took her hand. "And yet," she said to her, with earnestness, looking at the clock, "the hour advances, and you feel no bad effects, nor I either."

"Yes," cried Carmen, her eyes sparkling with delight, "I told you they were mistaken, that there was room for hope, otherwise it would have been all over with us by this time; and listen—do you hear the clock strike? The hour has elapsed!"

They were safe; with a cry of joy, the two young girls threw themselves at the old man's feet, and then rising, and each joking with the other on account of their unfounded alarm, they began to dance, laugh, and clap their hands. It was now Aguilar's turn to be frightened; he thought they had become mad.

"Have you lost your senses?"

"No," replied Aixa, "we love you better than ever, and have just spared you the mental sorrow which we ourselves have experienced."

"What is it you mean?"

"We would rather you would not ask us. However," she added, "I was sure I was right, and could depend upon my judgment; nevertheless, you will scold me, and her also. It will, therefore, be better not to question us on the subject."

"But I wish to know all about it," said the old man, impatiently.

"Then," added Carmen, "take my arm, father, and I will tell you all in your room, if you promise not to be frightend now that I am safe."

"Not be frightened! I will be frightened, if I please!" replied the father, with more alarm than anger. "Come, signora, come;" and they both left the room.

Aixa then advanced a few paces, drew back the curtain behind which Piquillo was hidden, and said: "Why did you take what remained in the dish?"

"To remain with you if you were destined to remain, and to share my fate with you both if you were doomed to die."

Aixa then gave him her hand, saying: "Henceforward I trust you!"

Chapter XVI.

SAINT CARMEN.

Aixa, the only one who had maintained her self-possession, was quite right not to allow the old man to become a participator in the painful emotions she had just experienced. He could not withstand the shock; and when his daughter gave him a recital of the imprudent step they had taken—the mere idea of the danger which they might have incurred brought on a shivering fit, from which he had great difficulty to recover. At last, when he was fully convinced that there was no danger to be apprehended, he summoned Master Pablo, to remonstrate with him on the cool and imperturbable manner which he had evinced under the alarming circumstances of the case, and made him repeat, in detail, all the particulars. It was evident that the cook was mistaken, that he was no connoisseur, had occasioned a false alarm, and that there was no real danger in the matter; but Pablo, who had been called in to make a report, did not wish to come for nothing, or to leave his master without saying something. In pursuance of this idea, and with a view to stir up what still

remained of anger in the breast of monseigneur, he mentioned, with indignation, the little respect Piquillo had for the *belles lettres*, and his conduct towards his professor, whom he had maltreated and driven from the house, thinking that in such a case the *lex talionis* was a law of clemency, and that it was impossible for monseigneur to retain in his service an insubordinate and ungrateful urchin, who would neither do anything nor learn anything. As Pablo anticipated, his master felt it a relief to vent on somebody his long pent up ire. The following day the fatal period would arrive, the month would have expired. On that very day the major-domo ran up to Piquillo, with a feigned alarm in his countenance that ill-concealed his real delight, "Go, quickly, monseigneur wants you; he is at the table with the two young ladies." Piquillo appeared at the family breakfast with downcast eyes, and in the most unassuming manner, while Pablo, who directed all the preparations for the repast, from time to time smiled sarcastically at Piquillo, while he placed over his left shoulder the napkin he held in his right hand with an air of triumph.

"It appears," said the viceroy, gravely, to the young page, "you have dismissed your tutor—can you deny that?"

"No, monseigneur, that is true."

"And be so good as to inform me of your reason for so acting?"

Piquillo hesitating what to reply, Aixa laughingly replied for him, "Because he no longer needed his assistance."

"Ah! the young gentleman has become learned already."

"Not too learned," modestly replied Piquillo.

"But sufficiently so," added Carmen.

"I don't ask you, girl," said the viceroy; "and since this youngster can dispense with a tutor in one month, he has become so deeply imbued with learning and science. That fact can easily be ascertained—give me a book?"

"Here is one," said Aixa, taking a volume of Quevedo from her pocket, and giving it open to Piquillo.

"Well," said Aguilar, throwing himself back in his arm chair, "read—read quite loud."

All listened attentively, Pablo in particular, and Piquillo read not only fluently, but with a clear accent and in a firm voice, the verses in the prologue to Quevedo's work. The verses were quaintly figurative of the gratitude which the harvest owed to the sun, which ripens and brings it to maturity, and could easily be made to apply, in the most flattering manner, to d'Aguilar's benevolence towards Piquillo. The old man exclaimed in astonishment, "What is the meaning of all this?"

"That Piquillo is the harvest," replied Aixa.

"And that he is," now added Carmen, "through your benevolence, in a flourishing condition, which is all the recompense you require for your kindness.

"Allow me to see," said d'Aguilar, looking alternately at Piquillo and the book he had just taken from him, "perhaps there is some trickery at the bottom of all this; perhaps these girls (it would be just like them) have made him learn by heart the lines, or rather the flatteries, which he has been uttering towards me."

The two young girls were ready to split their sides with laughter.

"I shall soon be enabled to judge," said d'Aguilar, drawing from his pocket a portfolio, and taking out of it a pencil and a sheet of paper, "I shall soon see whether this young servant's learning is confined to printed books," and he gave him the sheet on which he had just written.

Piquillo read with much emotion the following words, "I give Piquillo an annual salary of fifty ducats, and I attach him henceforth exclusively to the service of Carmen and Aixa."

From that day Piquillo had nothing further to desire, and the two years that followed were, perhaps, the happiest of his life.

Piquillo was their page, and their pupil, and then he had shown himself so devoted to their service; he seemed as if he only lived to study their wishes—as if the whole object of his existence was to love and serve them. Piquillo was becoming every day a more enlightened, as well as a better and more amiable youth (for one of the blessings of education is not only to change and correct a bad disposition, but to inspire its object with exalted notions). Admitted, as he was, to the closest intimacy, he had an opportunity of seeing their most undisguised actions, and to be a constant observer of their good qualities, as well as of their faults, and he had become too shrewd and intelligent not to understand the characters of his young mistresses as well as he understood his own. Carmen's most inmost thoughts were easily read by her friend. With Aixa it was otherwise. She appeared, from time to time, to have some idea, some remembrance of the past, which caused an abstraction of mind, a melancholy smile passed over her lips, some dream appeared to haunt her imagination, but the impression was not lasting—still, however, it did exist. Carmen had never remarked this; and Piquillo, though more observant, or more shrewd, had not been able to divine the cause, unless it was that Aixa, notwithstanding her youth, possessed some profound secret which she considered it her bounden duty to keep

inviolate. Aixa was scrupulous in the discharge of every duty. Carmen displayed the same good-nature towards everybody. Aixa was very particular in the choice of her friends; her manner was proud and haughty towards those she disliked, but prepossessing, kind, and amiable to those who managed to get into her good graces, and Piquillo was now, happily, in favour with her.

The anniversary of St. Carmen approached, and the viceroy was desirous of celebrating the fete day of his daughter with unusual pomp. In the first place, because the child of former years had grown to be a fine young woman, and, also, because d'Aguilar had his heart bent on the plan of causing this display to efface from the memory of the inhabitants of Pampeluna the recollection of the unfortunate entertainment which, owing to Piquillo's blunder, had, two years before, caused so much displeasure. The first thing to be done was to purchase a splendid present for his daughter: he bought a china vase of so wonderfully fine and scarce a description, that nothing like it had before been seen at Pampeluna. The workmanship was exquisite, and the colours most splendid. The shopkeeper who had shown this vase to him had another to match, and d'Aguilar wished to purchase both, the cost was one thousand ducats, and the old gentleman had, greatly to his regret, been obliged to restrain the inclination to which his parental affection prompted him. The vase, for which he had paid 500 ducats, and which was to be filled with flowers for his daughter, he intrusted to Piquillo's charge, who placed it in a hidden corner of the library. But this purchase was not all that was necessary to be done—the details of the fete were to be arranged. Aixa promised to take upon herself its entire management; and without speaking on the subject to Carmen, who was to be kept in the dark on the matter, she summoned Piquillo in secret conclave with her, who was but too proud of the confidence placed in him, and was especially delighted with the mystery about the proceeding. How beautiful and how delighted Aixa appeared; with what a lively animation did she discuss all the proposals of her young counsellor. At length, after long and mature deliberation, an idea struck her, which, for many reasons, was a favourite one with her, among others, if we must confess it, one was that her ball dress would be charming. Her idea was to perform in Pampeluna what have since been called historical quadrilles —fancy dress balls; a species of entertainment which, in both France and Spain, were quite the rage in the succeeding reigns of Philip IV and Louis XIV. Piquillo, employed in assisting his young mistress in all these preparations, displayed extraordinary zeal and activity; he ran to all the shops and outfitters, and on such an important occasion, Master Truxillo, the tailor, was not forgotten. The eventful day approached. The ball was to be on the following day, and Aixa, who had both designed and chosen Moorish costumes for herself and Carmen, fearful that they might not be in strict keeping with the characters intended to be assumed, said in the evening to Piquillo, "Did you not tell me that there was in the viceroy's library a book of engravings relating to the antiquities of Grenada?"

"Yes, signora, I have seen it, a large volume in the upper shelf of the library. You may depend on having it to-morrow."

The following morning, in the midst of her preparations for the ball, Aixa saw Piquillo enter the room; he appeared pale and distracted, with an indescribable look of despair depicted in his countenance. Twice he presented himself at the entrance of the room, and seemed more dead than alive.

"Goodness, Piquillo, what is the matter?"

"The greatest possible misfortune has happened. Nothing remains now for me to do but to destroy myself. I wished first to see you."

"Kill yourself on the day of the ball! Come, come, let me know what has happened, and I promise you I will find a remedy."

"Impossible! such a disaster is irremediable. The fine china vase intended as a gift to-day by the viceroy to his daughter——"

"Well!" exclaimed Aixa, impatiently.

"And for which he paid five hundred ducats——"

"Well!

"No longer exists; it is smashed—broken to pieces."

"By who?"

"By me."

"And how was that done?"

"I was at the top of a high ladder in the library, endeavouring to reach from the highest shelves the volume you required me to get, when the book with its brass clasps dropped from my hands (Aixa shrieked) and fell on the china vase on the floor; and I would rather," continued Piquillo, in despair, "have been myself smashed to atoms, than for the accident to have happened to the vase, for I am convinced I never shall have the face to inform monseigneur of the disaster. I shall be said to spoil every festival which he gives; this is the second time I have done so; but my awkwardness on this occasion is much greater, much more terrible in its results, than on the first."

"Calm yourself," said Aixa, who was as much concerned as himself at the catastrophe.

"No, signora, I must fly from this mansion, in which I am the constant cause of loss and ruin."

"But stop a bit," she replied, detaining him; "if I could but contrive to conceal this awkward accident of yours from the viceroy—if I could but manage to keep him in ignorance of it. Let us consult how this can be accomplished. Can no means be devised to do this?"

"None whatever. This very morning, in a few hours' time, monseigneur will ask for the vase to fill it with his choicest flowers, in order to be himself the bearer of his nosegay to his daughter's room. He wishes to surprise her, and it will be he himself that will be surprised with a vengeance. How furious he will become! how will it be possible to assuage his anger? What can you say in my excuse?"

"Wait a moment," said Aixa, who, without suffering herself to be disheartened by the unpromising aspect of affairs, set her wits to work to find out the means to extricate them from their difficulties. "I know now what to do! I have thought of something at last! Did you not say that the shopkeeper from whom the china vase was purchased wanted to sell one to match?"

"Yes, signora."

"He has, therefore, the other still on hand."

"What does that signify? Were I to sell myself as a slave, the money produced by this means would be insufficient to pay for such a treasure. If I were to work all my life, I should not earn enough to pay the purchase money; you see then it is only left for me to die; that the matter is without remedy—utterly hopeless; and that even you, my guardian angel, who can accomplish almost anything, are quite powerless of the means to extricate me from this difficulty."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," coolly replied Aixa. She opened a rosewood secretary which was by her bedside, took from it five rouleaux of gold, which she put in a purse, and said with a smile to Piquillo: "Before monseigneur discovers the accident that has occurred, hasten to the shopkeeper; there are the five hundred ducats to replace the vase."

Piquillo, with uplifted eyes, and his mouth open with wonder, looked at the money in mute astonishment; he could neither believe his ears nor his eyes, nevertheless he found there was no mistaking the weight of the purse he held in his hand. "A young girl like you, signora, how is it possible for you to become possessed of such a large sum?"

"Don't alarm yourself," said Aixa, smiling at the look of fear in his countenance; "it certainly belongs to me."

"But then it must be your whole fortune. I can't—I don't wish to take it."

"I have it in my power to be more generous than I am; but to do away with your scruples, look here." She then reopened the drawer from which she had just taken the gold, and pointed out to him that it contained a great many more similar rolls. "You see," said she, "that I have plenty of money which I do not expend; if it were not for some secret poor pensioners of mine, I should have no occasion to lay out any in this town; and I am delighted that my best friend shall receive from me a present without suspecting from whom it comes, and thinking it to be her father's gift. I shall owe this happiness to you, Piquillo," she added, with a fascinating smile; "and then do you think there is no pleasure in obliging a friend, and preventing him killing himself?—for I hope, Piquillo, you do not now intend to kill yourself, or to quit this house on a day on which there are two fetes. This was appointed as Carmen's fete-day, and now it is also mine."

At these words, so good and generous, uttered with a childish levity and gaiety of manner, as if willing to lessen their gravity and thereby make them more pleasing, Piquillo could make no reply; and overcome with gratitude and respect, he fell on his knees, and pressed Aixa's hand to his lips. She added, in a more serious tone: "The secret I am about to entrust to Piquillo must be revealed to nobody, not even to Carmen." And as he gave her a look of surprise, she placed her finger over her mouth, and said: "And Piquillo must ask me no questions."

"I will obey; but," added he, with a sigh, "I thought you a moneyless orphan, and you are so rich."

"Suppose I am," said Aixa, surprised at his grief; "it is not on that account that you have devoted yourself to my service."

"No, doubtless."

"Well, then," said she, offering him her hand, "that ought not to prevent your esteem." She then shut the drawer, saying: "Be gone quickly; let no one have occasion to suspect what has occurred." She then joyously prepared to dress for the fete. Piquillo left in astonishment; his mind, still occupied with reflections on what had just happened, could not tell how it was that, in the midst of so much joy and happiness, there was still lurking a feeling of fear and regret in his bosom. He ran quickly; and proceeding along Isabella Street, in which the shopkeeper to whom he was going lived, a person asked charity of him. While musing on the events of the day, he had not heard her,

and went on; he then heard these words: "They are all alike, without any compassion." Turning round, he perceived an old woman with downcast looks holding out her hand towards him for alms. Any one but Piquillo would have noticed her grey dishrevelled hair, her palsied hand, and her pinched and fevered countenance; but he saw nothing of all this—another idea was in his mind—he recollected the day when he held out his hand in a similar manner in the streets of Pampeluna—the day when he was likely to die of hunger, when Juanita came to his assistance. "She is hungry likewise," said he; and not noticing the half-threatening, half-supplicating manner of the woman, gave her all he had about him. It was half a ducat!

"A half ducat!" exclaimed the beggar, in raptures. "Thank you, my young signor, thank you!" she added, with much emotion. Then suddenly she dropped down her arms, her manner became greatly depressed, and she muttered, in a half whisper, "No matter—it is not sufficient; it will not save her."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of whom?" said the beggar-woman, wildly. "Of her, of my daughter, who is attacked with fever, and we shall be turned out of our little cabin, and she will die in the streets; and notwithstanding she would not ask charity, it is I who have sallied out to ask alms. It was but right for me to do so, since I am alone to blame. I have caused all the misfortune that has happened; and yet heaven can bear witness to the love I bore my child."

Piquillo was about to question her further, but she continued, with a wild laugh, "A half ducat given to me who have scattered them by handfuls! Half a ducat to us who owe so much. I ask if that be just."

"Hold your tongue, woman," said Piquillo, interrupting her. "I have nothing with me, now, but however I promise to do my best for you. Where is your dwelling?"

"True, our dwelling—that must be told quickly, for to-morrow we shall have none to talk about. It is situate in Fig-tree Street, at the house of the Jew Solomon, the dyer."

"And your own name?"

"Ah! our name—do you wish to know our real name?"

"Certainly."

"Alliaga," she answered, and then ran away.

Piquillo proceeded on his route to the shopkeeper's, paid him, and brought away the precious china vase, returned again to the mansion, and placed it in its proper place, before the viceroy had inquired for the present he intended to make to his daughter, and which was afterwards received by her with feelings of the liveliest joy and gratitude.

"See," said she to her adopted sister, "what follies my father commits in his fondness for me."

"And here is what Piquillo and I intended to surprise you with," said Aixa, embracing her. "He was my counsellor, and I put his design into execution." She then displayed a Moorish dress, similar to her own, which she had ordered to be made unknown to Carmen, and which fitted her admirably. "But the hour approaches," exclaimed Aixa, gaily; "we have no time to lose." And then addressing Piquillo, "Recollect what I told you. I leave you to procure the band, to superintend the decorations of the sideboard, and to take the charge of providing the refreshments."

Her faithful servant promised to do her bidding so as to give satisfaction.

Already the sound of numerous carriage wheels was heard in the court-yard of the palace. All the *élite* of the nobility of Pampeluna and Navarre had flocked to the assembly, trying to outvie each other rather in the splendour and richness than in the elegance of their costumes. Silk dresses, covered with diamonds and loaded with gold embroidery, were everywhere displayed; and the spacious rooms, glittering with crystal lamps, offered the most singular and varied spectacle to the eye of the beholder. In the quadrilles were represented the costumes of the inhabitants of every part of the globe. The viceroy, who was now quite in his glory, had hardly time to answer all the congratulations that he received on all sides. There was but one opinion as to the good taste, the originality, and the admirable regulations which prevailed at the fete. The same murmur of applause was heard simultaneously from each of the apartments, and the echoes reached even to the hall where Piquillo modestly remained unheeded by any one; and he, who had ordered all these marvellous arrangements, attentively contemplated the manner of their being carried into execution. Suddenly there was such a great movement, accompanied by boisterous applause, in the grand saloon, that Piquillo, giving way to a feeling of curiosity, approached the glass doors that opened into the larger room. This sensation had been created by the appearance of Carmen and Aixa, who, chaperoned by their partners, were led across the ball-room. In the midst of such a numerous display of heavy and tawdry dresses, the chaste and elegant costumes of these young ladies, which were in perfect keeping with their assumed characters, occasioned a cry of astonishment

and admiration. They wore robes of figured Persian silk, trimmed with gold and silver braiding, clasped with a girdle, which displayed to full advantage their elegant and flexible forms; their sleeves were covered with precious stones; they had red morocco slippers on their pretty feet; their long tresses fell in ringlets over their shoulders from under a rich cap placed carelessly on the top of their heads. This costume admirably suited Aixa—her long ebony tresses served so well to set off her clear white complexion. Animated by the motion of the dance, the noise of the music, the gratification she experienced at being so much admired, and the pleasing consciousness of her beauty, she smiled around in the most condescending manner, and seemed ready to thank beforehand the host of admirers who cleared the way before her.

One alone of all the spectators remained pale, motionless, with a cold perspiration running down his cheeks, his eyes fixed on the glass doors. Aixa had passed without seeing him, and he still continued to give a lingering look. It was Piquillo. At sight of Aixa, radiant with beauty, and in the full pride of dress, he ought to have gloried in her triumph, and have been glad of the admiration she excited. Far from it. He experienced a painful sensation, a feeling of sadness, for which he could not account; it was soon explained to him. Dancing had commenced; a handsome partner led off Carmen. Piquillo asked Pablo, who was beside him in the ante-chamber, his name.

"Don Carlos, nephew of Don Balthazar de Zuniga, ambassador at Vienna."

"A nobleman?"

"Yes, doubtless."

"And who is that young man with a golden chain, who is dancing with Signora Aixa?"

"He is son of the Duke d'Ossuna, viceroy of Naples."

"A handsome nobleman — is he very rich?"

"I believe you."

"All noblemen, rich men, sons of people of the highest rank in the kingdom," he soliloquised, with bitterness; "and I don't even know the names of my parents: for who knows if Piquillo be really my name? They can offer their hands to beautiful and noble ladies! they are in the saloon, whilst I am in the ante-chamber! they appear in splendour, whilst I must hide my diminished head!"

"See," said Pablo, "how gallant and attentive Count d'Ossuna is."

Signora Aixa had let her nosegay fall to the ground; he had just picked it up and restored it to her, after pressing it to his lips.

"Holloa, Piquillo, what are you about?" said Pablo, holding him by the arm. He had rushed forward into the saloon.

"Nothing," replied Piquillo, stopping; "I was going to see if I was wanted."

Fortunately at this moment the dance was over, and returning to her seat, Aixa perceived him; she gave him one of her sweetest and most condescending smiles. Piquillo's heart was ready to burst with joy and happiness. She rose, and went straight up to him: all his gloomy thoughts vanished in a moment. He had no longer any ill-feeling against a single mortal; he thought himself now the equal of Don Balthazar de Zuniga and the viceroy of Naples.

"Everything is well managed, excellently, Piquillo," said she, in her kind soft voice; "but hand about the refreshments."

Piquillo was quite overcome; he walked a few paces with a tottering gait towards the ante-chamber, and said to Pablo, "Superintend all the arrangements, I beg, for I feel myself unwell." He rushed into the garden, fleeing from the bustle of the ball, the noise of the music, and the light of the chandeliers, which was reflected on the flower-beds; he went straight on to the end of the park, till he reached the little cottage in which Aixa and Carmen had before come to console him in his tribulation, and then, overcome with a deeper and more poignant grief than on that occasion, he stopped, and was melted to tears.

Ah! the rash youth loved—he was desperately in love! This passion was the sole object of his life! He had never ceased to love this young girl, though, unfortunately, he did not himself suspect this fact. Having no knowledge of the world, except that derived from books, Piquillo saw enough to be fully aware of his great folly, and to be able to see the dark abyss on the brink of which he stood. He suffered the most horrid torments, such as Dante has so fearfully depicted; and on whichever side he turned to view his position, he could only repeat these words, "Without hope! without hope!"

And, in fact, this was but too true, but in love affairs truth is no reason. If it overwhelms us with its evidence, we turn away our eyes, and prefer to cling to an error or an extravagant idea which is agreeable to us. All night Piquillo reflected internally that Aixa was probably of high birth, but why then should she be anxious to conceal from everybody who her illustrious parents were? There was something encouraging in this notion—a mystery which allowed him to hope some humble match, some blot on the escutcheon of her ancestors. She was rich, no doubt, but how many people had risen from nothing to great wealth. His books were filled with

accounts of successful adventurers who had risen to posts of the highest eminence. Might not that occur again? Aixa often told him that with courage and perseverance anything might be accomplished. He then arose, strutted along, filled with dreams of ambition, which a moment of calm reflection was quite sufficient to chase away and destroy. Thus he passed the night.

(To be continued.)

Essay Writers and Style.

BY F. J. CAPE.

There is a species of cunning among the present periodical writers, very like the artifice of managers in giving effect to their stage scenery. The gaudy colours and tinselled finery of the one, by a skilful observance of light and distance, practise a similar deception on the superficial to that which is produced by the affected ease and mastery of effect, the suddenness of remark, and bold unlogical disposition of sentences, abounding in contrasts and commonplaces, so artfully made use of by the other.

The very masterpiece of style is the apparent want of any; and the beauty of sentiment consists altogether in a laborious unconsciousness of it. There is now much greater effort made to avoid the *utterance* of a moral, than was used by the essayists in Johnson's time to deduce one, when scarcely a wheelbarrow could be upset without some grave lecture on the instability of things immediately following upon it. This studied omission, however, by no means proves the present race of writers to be less regardful of their moral duties than were the "Spectators" and "Guardians" of former days; it is only a feature of style; for not until a few years past was the Shakespearian perception of sentiment properly appreciated and received, and which alone has taught us more truly to estimate the human heart, and develop its moralities, than all that the dull phlegmatics have done since the world was made. Yet this coyness of speaking out is to be deprecated, for although moral declamation is oftentimes mere cant, and betrays an alloy of insincerity at the bottom, the perniciousness of which is the greater from its very situation, still that mode of writing is a very dangerous one, which requires the moral to be conveyed covertly and in an indirect manner, since it gives the vicious an advantage they could never otherwise obtain, by being able to insinuate their contaminating productions the more easily into our libraries, from the difficulty of immediately detecting them in this new-fangled and specious garb.

FEE-FO-FUM!

A FAIRY TALE.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

There was once a wicked giant, who, if I'm not far wrong,
Was the terror of the neighbourhood, he was so very strong;
He devoured both men and women, young children by the dozen;
And when hungry, he wouldn't spare a natural born first cousin:
Like most folks when he wasn't pleased, he looked uncommon glum;
And when he swore, his favourite oath was always *Fee-fo-fum!*
Now these strange words his fancy seem'd uncommonly to tickle,
For the meaning of them was, "There's a rod for you in pickle!"

Of his family connections, all history is mum;
So as his name was never known, I'll call him Mr. Fum.
His neighbours didn't visit him, for reasons that were plain,
He ate up those who call'd, of course they couldn't call again.
And scandal too would whisper, that when grinding of his knife,
He'd cast his hungry glances e'en upon his lawful wife,
Though sighing he would ponder still, as oft as he did look,
How he should miss that matchless wife, who was so good a cook!

One darksome night—a little boy—one Master Thomas Thumb,
Had lost his way, and found himself at the gate of Giant Fum.
"Ah, hapless child!" says Mrs. Fum, "these tears for you are shed,
Fum's not at home, but soon will be—here, hide beneath the bed."
Tom Thumb obeyed; the giant came, and sniffing soon began,
"Fee! Fo! Fum!" he growled, "I smell the blood of a bold Englishman;
And whether that he be alive, or whether he be dead,
I swear I'll grind his marrow-bones to make my household bread."

"Oh, nonsense," Mrs. Fum replies; "you smell the apple-sauce;
If 'tisn't served with roasted goose, you know you're always cross."
"Think not," he roared, "with apple-sauce your wedded lord to hum,"
As, trembling, from his hiding-place, he dragg'd poor little Thumb,
Who, being not enough a "stout gentleman" to dine,
Fum put him by as a *bonne bouche*, to nibble with his wine.
"He is," said he, "uncommon small; and nothing much to boast;
But still he may not eat amiss if served on butter'd toast."

Now as the "temperance" system folks didn't then adopt,
The dinner-table under, old Fe-Fo-Fum soon drop't:
So little Thumb took courage, then, about the room to creep,
And at the snoring giant, too, he took a little peep;
Then silently and slily did all softly make his way,
To where he saw Fum's monstrous boots stand ready for next day;
And these boots were wicked fairies, a most notorious pair,
While Fee and Fo were their two names, that Fum so oft did swear.

So as they stood conveniently upright against the wall,
Thumb climb'd unto the very top of these same boots so tall;
Which being made in fairy land, they fitted to a T,
And manfully he drew them on, and who so proud as he?
Then he cut the giant's head off, which short doth cut the tale,
And apologised to Mrs. Fum, who was looking rather pale:
For the secret of Fum's consequence lay in his polish'd boots,
A circumstance that to this day with many a boaster suits.

The Poor Artist.

A Tale of Marseilles.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter I.

A FAMILY DIFFERENCE.

"Two is company—three is none:" so says the adage; but, as is often the case, the adage is in error. There are occasions when certainly nothing can be more delightful than for two people, of course of different sexes, to find themselves alone, and interchange all those sweet vows and soft nothings which make up the sum-total of a declaration and an acceptance. But still, there is often a better number for enjoyment far than two. Even a pair of lovers are more at their ease—especially if the one who is generally considered *de trop* is a talkative and companionable person. The progress of flirtation is nowise stopped. As stolen kisses are said by the poet to possess additional charms, so we may reasonably suppose that furtive glances, and smiles given with some little shyness in them, have an additional zest arising from this very circumstance.

Less than two years before the memorable Three Days of July, there sat in one of the ancient houses of a French town, a trio of sufficiently remarkable character, or, at all events, of such importance in this narrative, as to require some description. The most prominent personage of the group was an old man, thin, spare, and rigid, but with sufficient of nature in his face to denote that age had not dried up every channel of sympathy, and made him utterly callous to the feelings of the younger and more buoyant beings; but that, though hardened and dried by time, a remnant of "long ago" still lingered round his heart—the one green spot that smiled upon a dreary desert. Antoine Grummet was a rich old money-lender, who, having amassed great wealth by his transactions, and fattened upon the extravagance and wants of his fellows, had the good sense to retire to his native town ere the capital had quite ruined his health, where the ex-usurer endeavoured, as far as possible, to be happy, and enjoy the ripe autumn of a long life. Used as he was to the bustle of Paris and of business, and still feeling all the anxious doubts with regard to his cash, kept on his premises, which used in his *comptoir* to assail him, Antoine would have been unable to bear the tediousness of a country life, had he not brought with him to his retreat a little merry laughing creature, that made his old empty house a little paradise. Marie La Tour was an orphan adopted by the usurer; and when he transferred his residence from Paris to a flourishing and healthy sea-port, the change was generally ascribed to her. Not that Marie disliked Paris—for what French girl fond of pleasure and amusement can do so?—but Marie was deeply grateful to the old usurer for the kindness he had ever shown her; and, as the best evidence of her devotion to his interests, had persuaded him to leave Paris, and take possession of his father's mansion in the outskirts of the town of Marseilles. Here, with two domestics, the usurer dwelt: it was an old house—a very old house, with a large hall and rude stone staircases, with vast rooms and suites of rooms, few of which were occupied. A dreary old place it would have been but for Marie; but where she was there could no dullness dwell. A dear little Marie she was indeed; so merry, so jocund, so free from care—a perfect little angel of light in that darksome abode. At morn, her clear voice was heard carolling like a bird; all day, she busied herself about the garden, the dairy, or practising music in her own boudoir; then she would put her hat jauntily on her head—and a wicked little gipsy she looked in that hat!—and, summoning the old usurer from his study, where he read the daily journals, and watched therein the progress of commerce and trade, would hurry him out for a rural walk that would bring him home again with an appetite for dinner, which in Paris he had never known. During these walks, Antoine and Marie had for the last few weeks constantly met a pale, slender youth, whose dark moustache and peculiar features gave him the air of a countryman. He was always found in unfrequented and sequestered spots, where a scene of picturesque beauty afforded materials for the artist's pencil. If an old farm-house in a romantic situation lay anywhere within reach, there the pale youth was to be seen; if an aged and knarled tree rose frowning over a *bosquet* of younger growth, there the student of nature would often sit for hours wrapped in the practice of his art. If a ruined wall, covered with ivy, and affording shelter to the owl that hooted grimly at nightfall, lay on the outskirts,

it afforded sure work for days for the artist.

For some weeks the old man and Marie were interested spectators of his labours; but at length his pale face and silent occupation, pursued so patiently every day, so won upon the young girl, that Antoine was induced by her to accost him. The artist appearing gratified by their notice, conversation ensued, and it soon turned out that he was a young Englishman on his way to Italy, there to study his art. For reasons which he kept to himself he had been detained at Marseilles.

It was these three who, one winter evening, sat round the usurer's fire, enjoying the pleasure of sociality and converse, whose zest was heightened by the rough weather which prevailed without. It was a windy night: the blast blew in sharp fitful gusts round the house—the heavy rain pattered rudely against the windows of the large parlour; up the vast chimney could be heard the noise of the storm, as it rumbled over the roof and growled, and seemed to be rushing down to invade the blazing hearth where huge logs lay mouldering and blazing. On one side of this warm and pleasant fire-place sat the old man, opposite to him Edward Raymond, while between was the lively and lovely Marie, a trifle nearer to the artist than to the usurer, it seemed—but this may have been an error. Antoine spoke not much, the conversation being chiefly carried on between the young folks, who, in six weeks after their first meeting, had grown wonderfully intimate. The usurer had been pleased with the unassuming mildness of the Englishman; and he now every evening formed a welcome addition to their little circle.

"Come, sir," said Marie, gaily, after a slight pause in the dialogue, "my father is going to have his nap, so now for the chess. You beat me shamefully last night: I must have my revenge."

Edward Raymond cheerfully and readily assented; the board was moved by him between them, and the men placed. Marie played her pawn. For a few moments the game proceeded in silence.

"You must be very fond of your art," said the girl, thoughtfully, almost immediately forgetting her merry challenge, "for you are unwearied in your study of it."

"It is my profession," replied the young man, a faint tinge of red passing over his pale cheek; "on success in my art I depend for a livelihood. If I succeed, I shall be in comfort; if I fail, mademoiselle, I shall be a beggar."

This was said with a startling emphasis, and a wildness of manner, which half alarmed Marie, who gazed curiously and with evident pain at the speaker. He continued—"We English are not all milords," he said bitterly; "I for one, though born and bred a gentleman, have nothing but my pencil to depend on."

"Then how——" inquired Marie timidly, but her question was left unfinished. What she would have said seemed to her impertinent.

"I understand your question," said the artist, with a bitter smile; "you would ask how I live now that my efforts are vain as means of obtaining a livelihood. I live by robbing my widowed mother. Yes! start not, mademoiselle: I have a fond and devoted mother; she, out of an annuity, but a poor pittance for herself, gives me wherewith to travel and study. And I do study; day and night I am at my easel—a few years in Italy, and then perhaps I may be able to reward her who deprives herself of health and comfort to give me an honourable profession. Italy! yes, there I must go; I should be there now, but reasons have detained me in Marseilles—mad, foolish reasons, but still reasons."

Marie's eye fell before the young man's wild and impassioned glance, and anxious to change the subject, she spoke: "You will succeed, I doubt not, and live to reward your noble mother. Your industry and talents are sure to make way."

"If hope brought not this illusion to my soul, I would enlist as a common soldier, and rid my mother of her burden. Having been bred a gentleman with expectations, I am, of course, fit for nothing."

"But apart from your desire for success," continued the young French girl, "you must love your art, for it is the study of the beautiful?"

"I love the beautiful and the good but too well," exclaimed the young man, his face paler than ever, while his lip quivered and his whole frame shook with emotion. "Yes, Marie, why did I ever see you? To me, a month since, my art was an adoration: success at the end of years was my calm hope. I was patient and content. Now I loathe my profession: I would be a vast speculator—a gambler—anything that might make me suddenly rich, and give me some claim to lay myself at your feet. Speak not, Marie: I love you—but I know the distance between a poor artist and the ward of a rich banker. Forgive me if I have dared to tell my love—I can bear this intimacy no longer. In telling my unspeakable affection, I bid you an eternal adieu. To-morrow I go to Italy; and all I ask is forgiveness and to be remembered in your prayers."

With a frenzied air that but ill bore out his assumed calmness, Edward Raymond rose as if to seek his hat. Marie had never lifted her head during his hurried declara-

tion: it was now raised radient with tearful smiles and blushes.

"Stay, Edward Raymond. Were you a rich and happy suitor, I might speak less frankly. Why do you consider your avowal an insult? Perhaps my uncle might —I mean, if he would listen to you. I do not see at all—"

Marie could not say any more. Her blushes and tears were a better answer than any set speech could have been. Edward Raymond fairly staggered to his seat overcome by the excess of his emotions.

"Marie," said he, in a husky voice, "I conjure you on your soul not to trifle with me. Where I less poor, might I hope—"

"Speak not of your poverty," cried Marie, warmly. "And as to leaving us, your society is, I am sure, too pleasant to Monsieur Antoine."

"And to Marie La Tour?" said the still bewildered artist, without obtaining any answer.

There was a period of silence, at the end of which Marie's head, by some mysterious process, rested on the young artist's shoulder, while her little white hand lay in his —scarcely less marble in its colour.

"And I dare hope to gain your dear affection," said the young Englishman—before so poor, now so rich in unalloyed happiness.

"Hope everything," whispered she, in tones so low none but a lover could have caught their import.

"And with Antoine's consent will be mine?"

"I will!"

"Never, beggar, scroundrel! Out of my house! from which you would steal all that I have dear to me in this life. Away, serpent, leave my house!" and the old man stood before the astounded couple like the destroying angel, crushing in one instant the fond and happy hopes which had filled their bosoms, and made that room a paradise.

"Uncle!—father!" said Marie, imploringly.

"Sir, a word!" exclaimed Edward, calmly and respectfully; "I will explain."

"Not one!" thundered the old man. "Away—leave my house—or I call my servants to thrust you forth."

"Go!" said Marie, imploringly, "I beg of you;" and she added, in a whisper, "He will think better of this—I will soothe him."

"Sir, are you going?" continued Antoine, his passion increasing every instant.

"I am," replied the artist, with a furtive look of deep affection at Marie; "but hope you will never have cause to repent this violence. Good night, sir; and you, mademoiselle, good night."

With a low bow to Marie, and a bosom swelling with varied emotions, the poor artist left the room, and the house.

Chapter II.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

When Edward Raymond left the usurer's house, the wind still blew in low fitful gusts, the rain fell in heavy sheets, rising from the ground in dashing spray, and making gambols in the gutters. It was a night when not even a dog would have ventured forth willingly, much less a human being. But the young artist, wrapping his cloak around him, and pulling his hat over his eyes, strode for some time along the road without knowing in what direction. At the end of perhaps an hour, during which time he had several times stood still, Raymond raised his head, and found himself on one of the quays in the lowest quarter of the town of Marseilles. At the same time he discovered that he was soaked to the skin, and turned to see where he might dry his garments, and obtain some refreshment. Hard by sounds of merriment and revelry issued from the lower part of a house, towards which he turned his footsteps. That it was poor, and even low, it recked him not—it was better suited to his purse.

Entering a long passage, and stooping as he reached a doorway at its extremity, Edward Raymond found himself in the general room of a sailor's *cabaret*, where was congregated a group of men of varied and rough exterior. A huge fire-place was amply provided with blazing logs of wood. Towards this Edward advanced, amid a dead silence from the whole throng, who curiously examined the new comer, as if fearing him to be an *agent de police*. Removing his cap and cloak, and standing before them in a dark frock buttoned to the chin, his form and face appeared strange to all. The conversation he had interrupted went on. A little table and a chair were near the fire-place; these Edward occupied, and then, to assimilate himself as much as possible to the manner of his new associates, who, with an artist's quick eye, he saw were worth studying, ordered an omelet, a bottle of wine, and a cigar. The order was given in pure and unforeigner-like French, of which nation all present supposed him.

This done, and resolved to wait the issue of the morrow ere he desponded with regard to his new passion, Edward began a curious examination of the varied company before him. It was a motley group. At one table sat a party of noisy Frenchmen, who, smoking, drinking, laughing, and singing, seemed to think that time was a thing which, to them, could never run out.

At another, a knot of Spaniards gravely smoked and gravely drank—and, in fact, in all things conducted themselves with gravity. Italians, Greeks, Germans, were also present; but two men, occupying a box cut off from the rest of the room, at once attracted Edward Raymond's attention, and after a while completely absorbed every faculty of his mind. One was old, the other young: they both wore the costume of sailors, much the worse for service. The old man was in his face a rascal—the lines of villany and depravity were so clearly marked in his countenance no man could mistake their meaning, unless when for some purpose he would assume a meek and subdued expression, which in part concealed the natural bent of his inclinations. His face was small, thin, and hard; his forehead low and retreating; his nose hooked and sinister; his chin long, and covered with a coarse scrubby beard. His eyes, however, were the most noticed of any feature of his face. They were small, grey, and bony in appearance; but with so suspicious and keen a glance, few men could bear to meet their gaze. His companion was a bull-headed, stupid-looking young man. They had neither eatables, drinkables, nor tobacco before them.

For some time neither said a word, appearing to eye the new arrival with considerable suspicion. At length the old man, after a knowing nod and wink at his younger companion, said in English, but in English which bespoke his transatlantic origin. "Well, I do conclude, Tom," he said in a hoarse, croaking tone, "it's rather above the common for two first-chip fellows like you and I to be stumped in this sort of way. Why, here are all these Frenchmen, and other savages, eating and drinking like mad, and we are left to suck our fingers! It isn't above a bit pleasant."

"Lord bless you," said the other, simply, "it is nothing when you are used to it. I have known the time when I've sucked my fingers, as you call it, for a week."

Edward Raymond, resolved not to claim kindred with this couple, moved not an inch, and seemed utterly deaf to their appeal by a side wind. The old man saw this with evident satisfaction, for, thrusting his tongue in his cheek, and winking at Tom, he said, "It's all right, but I'll give him a touch of his own lingo."

"*Mon brave,*" exclaimed he, pointedly addressing Edward Raymond in French, "a word with you."

"*Plait-il, monsieur?*" replied Edward.

"Why here are a couple of hungry seafaring men, your honour, and not a shot in the locker. Tom, there, and I, would have squared our mainsail and made straight for Supper Cave long since, but when a man is jammed up hard on a wind, it is no time for stowing his hold."

Edward smiled, and replying in French which the sailor spoke badly, and in which language it was not likely he would carry on a long confabulation, said, "Here are a couple of francs: if that sum will procure you a supper, you are welcome to it."

The two men were profuse in their thanks, which Edward cut short by applying himself diligently to his supper, in which the English sailors imitated him. The *garçon* hesitated at first about supplying them; but a display of the two francs, and a wink at our artist, explaining the renovated state of their finances, a couple of bottles of wine, with an ample supply of eatables and tobacco, spoke volumes as to the cheapness of provisions in that house.

Edward Raymond was thinking over the various events of the evening, and looking forward under the soothing influence of his cigar to the morrow with hope and joy, when his ear, at first unwillingly, and then with avidity, caught the following snatches of a conversation between the two English sailors. They spoke in their own language without reserve, all suspicion with regard to the stranger having long since vanished.

"In an hour it will be time for business," said the old man, with evident glee; "it's a magnificent night—such rain, such wind! No one will hear us—and to-morrow morning we shall be the richest men in Marseilles."

It was the superior language and tone of the speaker which at first caught Edward's attention.

"We may," said the young man, with something of a shudder, "and we may go to the galleys for life. Is the reward worth the risk?"

"Tom, don't be a coward," said the old rascal, his grey eyes glaring like hot coals. "You know I am utterly ruined—that every play-table is closed against me—that for days we have wandered in this disguise a prey to hunger and insult. The gold of Antoine Grummet must repair all."

Had the two men seen Edward's face they would have read his secret; but his back was to them, and he moved not—flinched not.

"And how know you, Henry, of this fellow's wealth?"

"All Marseilles rings with it. He *lends* and *rents* his wealth is enormous; in ready cash, enough to start us for life, even in Paris. I have learned all. The old usurer lives in a large lonely house, a mile from Marseilles; his gold is ever kept in his own room; there are none in the house save a boy and two women. I have these last three nights examined the window of the old man's room, and the shutters can

easily be removed. I have already loosened the hinges."

"Why was I not told of this before?" said the young man, moodily.

"Because you want pluck, Tom," said the other, quietly. "And now to business. The pistols and masks we must put in a bag, with the crowbar and other tools. But first we must to bed—the room is easily left and easily entered: we shall thus avoid suspicion."

With these words the two men rose, thanked Edward as they passed, and taking a candle, moved off to their bedroom. The artist remained petrified with astonishment. He now recognised both the men as two London men about town, who had for some time disappeared—nobody knew where, nor did any one care, save their tailors. To find them in this dreary *cabaret*, and planning burglary, perhaps murder, was inconceivable; while that the usurer was the object of attack, added not a little to his confusion. Edward Raymond was, however, a man of decision, and his plan of proceeding was at once taken. Calling the waiter, he discharged his bill, and left the *cabaret*. His first act was to go to his lodgings, gaining admission to which, he took his travelling pistol and dagger, intended for use in Italy, and fastening them in a belt, again wrapped his cloak round him and gained the streets.

It was pitchy dark, and neither moon nor stars shed the faintest lustre on the scene. Hurrying on, Edward soon reached the high-road, along which he walked with rapidity, pausing now and then to listen if he were followed. By keeping on the grass, he so deadened the sound of his footsteps that any one behind could not have heard him; a circumstance which caused him to proceed with more rapidity than he would otherwise have ventured on. Presently his ear caught the distant sound of two men walking behind, and Edward Raymond congratulated himself on his activity, for that the burglars were advancing to execute their daring enterprise he guessed full well. At length the house was reached, and the bell communicating with the maid-servant's room rung with violence. Edward knew her to be a girl of spirit, and devoted to her mistress. Besides, she was French, and would but suppose he sought a secret interview with his mistress. In about five minutes a little wicket in the hall door was opened.

"*Qui est là*," said a not unpleasant voice, "at this time of night?"

"I—Monsieur Edward: let me in immediately," he exclaimed.

The girl readily opened the door, upon which the young man entered, and before he said a word, refastened the heavy door, and bolted and chained it. Julie looked surprised, and even felt so, that in her *jolie costume de nuit*, Monsieur Edward, ever so gallant, should not even pay her one little compliment. The hour and position would have excused even a kiss. But Edward Raymond was moved by very different feelings.

"You must awake your mistress, and I must see her," he exclaimed, "and that immediately."

"*Comment, monsieur!*" said the girl, "wake my mistress up at this time of night? Never!"

"I tell you, Julie, you must; you awaken her, and she will awaken Monsieur Antoine. But let me see her first. You will understand better," he added, grasping the girl's arm, "when I tell you that in five minutes robbers will be effecting an entrance into the house. Be therefore quick and determined."

Julie, who half believed the young man mad, hesitated no longer, but leaving the artist in the dark, hurried to her mistress's chamber. Edward Raymond remained alone in the dark hall, pacing up and down with slow and measured steps, and listening with avidity for any sound which might proclaim the approach of the burglars. He was now in his element, for he, with many other ardent spirits, knew the entrancing delight of active excitement: and so constituted is the mind of man, that never is this excitement so pleasurable, so capable of moving every energy, as when caused by the prospect of deadly struggle with his fellows. There is a savage exultation at the bare thought of coping with our like, and dealing desolation around, which fully proves us all combative animals in a more or less degree. Edward Raymond was poor—had been insulted—and insulted before and concerning the woman that he loved. He had been called a beggar! Grim and retributive thoughts flashed across his mind—it was in his power to deprive in a passive manner the usurer of wealth—perhaps of life. The poor artist held the rich man's fate in his hands. The thought passed meteor-like over the surface of his brain, but left no trace. Revenge, the Englishman knew, was sweet; but though feeling the full force of the old man's taunts, he felt no real bitterness towards the guardian of Marie.

Marie suddenly, while he was deeply buried in thought, stood beside him, and touched his arm with her little hand. Edward turned eagerly to accost the bewildered girl: she, however, was beforehand with him, and spoke first.

"Monsieur Edward, what is the matter? Surely something terrible must have made you rouse me at this time of night! What will my uncle think?"

"I should have awoke Monsieur Antoine," replied Edward Raymond quickly, "but I knew how prejudiced he is now against me."

"But why?"

"I have not come here at dead of night without good cause," the artist replied, taking his mistress's hand, and looking, as Julie afterwards declared, as *amoureux* as a *poule*, "as you well know, dear Marie—"

"Nay, call me not dear Marie," said the girl, withdrawing her hand as if in recollection of some powerful reason, "it must not, cannot be."

Raymond cast a scrutinising glance at Marie; but well aware of the importance of decision, made no inquiry at the time. In a few words his mission was explained.

"Great God!" cried Marie, turning pale, "we should have been murdered but for you! Stay here, while I hurry and awake my uncle."

Snatching the candle from the maid, Marie left Julie and Edward alone in the hall. Julie emphatically declared that she was now convinced Monsieur Edward was not a gallant man.

In a few moments the old man, a dressing gown wrapped loosely around him, appeared in the hall, preceded by Marie. In the costume he now wore, Antoine Grummet looked hideous. The time was one, however, not much conducive to reflection, and Edward advanced rapidly to meet him.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Antoine, querulously, "are you hoaxing us to gain admission to our house?"

"Sir, I am a man of honour and a gentleman, and not in the habit of hoaxing," said Raymond, haughtily; "return with me to your bedroom, and you will be soon convinced of the truth of what I say. I would advise the ladies remaining here, to give warning of an attempt on the hall-door."

Antoine quailed before the young artist's eagle eye, and acquiescing in his directions, returned to the old man's bedroom. As they passed the threshold, a harsh but low and grating sound caught their ears—it was the burglars at their work.

"Hush! for your life," whispered Edward, "these scoundrels must be trapped: one of them ruined my father."

Grummet started at the peculiar intonation of the young man's voice, and actually trembled in his grasp—for the artist held his arm with the grip of a vice. He would have given much to have seen his face: having no light this was impossible.

"Have you inside shutters?" whispered Edward, after a brief pause.

"I have."

"Are they closed?"

"No."

"Then stand beside them, and when these villains enter, close them gently behind. But mind, bar their progress out."

The usurer obeyed mechanically, having first armed himself with a huge horse-pistol that always hung at the head of his bed. Edward meantime obtained a light, which he directed the boy, now also risen, to conceal in a cupboard, and bring forth only when the robbers were fairly trapped. These directions given, the inside party became silent as the grave. Edward listened with avidity for the sound of the burglars' voices. A wild unearthly feeling actuated his bosom. One who by vile arts and base intrigues had ruined his father now stood within a few yards, engaged in an act which gave his life a forfeit to the laws. He knew not what might come, but he felt a strange presentiment. All his parent's wrongs—his own poverty—caused by the very man who in a few minutes would be confronted with him, rose before his eyes, and his hand rested feverishly on the butt end of his pistol.

Chapter III.

A DISCOVERY.

After a pause of ten minutes, the voices of the burglars were plainly distinguished—they had removed the shutters.

"Now then, Tom," the older sinner whispered, "stick a pistol in your belt, and have your knife ready. Put on the crape too, for who knows the old hunks may not have to be killed after all, and might know us again?"

Edward Raymond now knew for the first time that Antoine Grummet understood English, for as these words were uttered, he shuddered perceptibly, and shrunk behind the heavy window curtain. But what caused the peculiar look of wild horror with which he glanced at Raymond as these words were uttered, the artist could not then explain to himself.

"Now for the window," continued the burglar, as the sharp cut of a diamond slit the pane down; "and now," as with artistic skill he withdrew this impediment, "for the latch and bolts!"

Next instant two heads peered in through the window overlooking the garden, which the men had reached by climbing the wall. The light of a lantern fell across the room, discovering however none of the preparations which had been made. All were concealed.

"All right," whispered Henry.

"Are you sure?" said Tom, in a husky, hesitating voice; "it would be a dreadful thing to be caught!"

"Peace, fool! and follow me," replied

the other, advancing into the room, followed by the confederate. Antoine Grumnet, at a sign from Edward, closed the shutters noiselessly. In letting down the bar, he was discovered.

"Henry Bellingham! villain! murderer!" exclaimed Edward Raymond, advancing in the light of the candle held by the trembling boy, "you are my prisoner. Surrender quietly, or you die!"

The burglars stood petrified before the young artist, who, his brow contracted, his dark eye swelling with passion, and a brace of pistols in his extended hands, awaited their reply. Antoine stood, pale, horror-struck, confused. his mind evidently agitated by some wild memory, presenting his old pistol at the robbers, ready to fire at a moment's notice. It was singular with what pertinacity he kept his aim fixed on the heart of him called Bellingham—a fiendish glow of anxiety in his face. Oh! he seemed to hate that man, and to burn for the instant when he might slay him! It was not the present fear which could rouse him thus: there was a memory of the past in that look of bitter hatred!

"So!" said the older villain, recovering himself, beside whom the bull-headed young man stood pale and trembling, "trapped, by God!—and by the very last man in the world I could have wished to meet! Cleverly done, too! That French masquerade of yours at the inn was beautiful. Couldn't have done it better myself. But to business. Of course we go out of here quietly, Sir Edward Paulet?"

"Sir Edward Paulet!" thundered the old usurer, with a look of feverish horror.

"Were you not aware of the gentleman's name? Has he been masquerading with you too? How very singular! But I say, Sir Edward, I am rather anxious to move."

Sir Edward Paulet, Bart., for such was the artist's name, recovering from his stupefaction, into which the old man's surprise had cast him, spoke with renewed severity. "Henry Bellingham, the term of your crimes is over—you leave this house in the hands of justice, or you leave it a dead man."

"Together, then!" cried the burglar furiously—and both fired.

Sir Edward knew no more—a pain exquisite and wild shot through his whole frame, and he fell to the grouud. How long he remained in a delirious state he knew not until long afterwards. When he awoke, it was to find himself in a large and capacious bedroom, furnished in a peculiar and antique style, while he felt so faint and exhausted as to be unable to move. He would have instantly closed his eyes again, but that near a large window he discovered two figures standing and conversing in whispers.

"Marie!" he cried faintly, "where am I?"

"Heaven and the Virgin be blessed!" shrieked Julie, "he is alive again!"

"Thank God, Edward—Sir Edward, I mean," said Marie, hurrying to beside his bed, "hush—do not speak until you have taken this draught."

Sir Edward obeyed, and instantly felt the beneficial effects of the compound.

"Where am I, dear Marie?" he then hurriedly demanded.

"In your own house," replied Marie, gaily. "You have been for three weeks between life and death—and delirious, talking of things you don't mean, and vowing to do things you never mean to do."

Sir Edward guessed by the coquettish manner of his dear Marie what this meant; but, curiosity overmastering every other feeling, said, "But explain to me all."

"I must explain nothing; but here comes Monsieur Antoine: he will tell you all."

Marie and Julie now retired, and the usurer advanced slowly to the young man's bedside. His face was pale and scared: he looked ten years older than a month before.

"I hope you are better?" he said.

"I am, much," replied the young artist, "but"—

The usurer had seated himself in an arm-chair before a small table, on which he spread some papers.

"You are Sir Edward Paulet?" he said, interrupting the young man.

"I am."

"And poor as you have represented yourself?"

"I could not well be poorer."

"What caused your poverty?'

"My father was ruined when I was an infant, by connection with a gambler."

"Bellingham?"

"The same. What has become of him?"

"He died by your hand, but the law exonerates you from blame. His companion serves in the galleys for life. But of them later. Young man, I have deeply wronged you. Interrupt me not, but listen calmly. In early life I was not a money lender, but the banker of a gaming-table: sometimes, as I was a good and fortunate player, I played. It chanced that one evening, Bellingham, who was a satellite of mine, introduced me to a young Englishman, just of age, whose property, immense in value, having been made by his father during the war, was wholly invested in the funds. This was Sir Thomas Paulet: he was invited to my private house. Bellingham was my tool and scapegoat. He had no money to lose, and played for me. He paid not when he lost, and had his reward

when he won. Suffice, in one night your young and experienced father lost to me three hundred thousand pounds sterling; and died by his own hand, leaving you and your mother enough, when I was paid, to buy an annuity. The money was fairly won, and I chuckled over it. It was an enormous gain, and I neither played nor abetted playing more. I became a legitimate banker and usurer. From that hour, however, I have known no peace. I see before me your father—young, handsome, hopeful—dying by his own hand—the effect of my avarice; and now I meet his son, poor and struggling. That son saves my life. Sir, I have never done but one act in my life that gives me real pleasure, and that was the adoption of Marie, the orphan child of a reduced noble family."

"Marie is no child of yours, then?" exclaimed Sir Edward Paulet, eagerly.

"None," replied the old man, bitterly: "I understand the reason of your question. But, Sir Edward, listen to the penitent voice of an old man who for twenty-one years has loathed the light, and been saved only by the patient affection of my adopted child. Let the son forgive what the father cannot; and let my tardy justice in some measure repair the evil I have done. Take the wealth which is justly yours, and restore your widowed mother to the position I robbed her of. If your sudden change of position has not altered your feelings, you will with my child take all. If you refuse her, here are *actes* which will put you in possession of all that I deprived your father of."

"Had my father died by your hand, old man, there had been from me no forgiveness; but as it is, it is not for me to judge you. I forgive you; and may He whose mercy is infinite do the same. As to Marie, if she will have me, no king will be prouder than I."

A smile of pride and deep gratification swept over the old man's face as he heard these words.

"Your mother will be here in a few hours," he replied: "I have written for her. As soon as she arrives, let the wedding take place. I must have that done, and then I shall die in peace."

Before Sir Edward could reply the old man left the room, to which Marie and the nurse, with all the freedom and ease of French manners, immediately returned. The explanations which took place between the lovers may be readily imagined.

In a few hours Lady Paulet arrived—a half-sorrowing, half-happy mother; so proud that her son might venture to call himself Sir Edward—so sad to see him ill. She was soon, however, re-assured, when she heard him talk of marrying on the morrow. And on the morrow they were; and Marie nursed her husband with such tender care, that ere the month he was quite well, though still pale and thin. The day he rose from his bed finally, old Antoine Grummet died, deeply repenting, and forgiven for his crime by both mother and son.

Sir Edward and Lady Paulet, with his Lady Paulet, are still very happy. They live at a fine old place not a very great distance from London, where, over the bottle of port, Sir Edward, the now half-thoughtful, half-jolly host, tells with zest of the days when he was a poor artist. Lady Marie, or Mary as she is now called, vows always that were he to be again Edward Raymond, with not fifty pounds a-year, she should, after nearly twenty years of experience, choose him before any man she ever met. Can I say anything more for their happiness? They love one another, have a large and handsome family, delight in doing good, and have the means to do it. What more can they desire?

THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

A TALE FROM THE MESNAVI OF JELALEDDIN RUMI.*

BY E. B. COWELL.

There once was a merchant, and he had a parrot,
A beautiful parrot, confined in a cage;
And one day he made preparations for a journey,
And resolved to go towards Hindustan.
And to each of his servants and handmaidens in his liberality,
He said, "Tell me what I shall bring thee home as a present?"
Every one told him what he most desired,
And that generous master promised to bring it.
Then he said to his parrot, "What present wishest thou
"That I should bring thee from the realms of Hindustan?"
The bird replied: "When thou seest the parrots there,
I beseech thee, inform them of my condition.
Say to them, 'such and such a parrot, who was once a friend of yours,
Through evil fortune, is confined in my cage,
He sends you his good wishes and salutation,
And seeks for some remedy for his ills.'
He says, 'Is it right that I, in my longing,
Should languish and die in my separation?
Is it right that I should be here in this cage,
And you should dance on the grass and on the trees?
Is this then the fidelity of friends?
I in a prison and you in a grove?
Oh, remember our ancient friendships,
Our former feasts and society.'"
The merchant received this message,
Which he was to bear to the bird's companions,
And when he arrived at the borders of Hindustan,
He saw a multitude of parrots in a wood.
He stayed his horse and lifted his voice,
And he gave the message and salutation.
And one of the parrots trembled, as it heard,
And fell to the ground, and died.
The merchant repented of what he had said,
And he exclaimed, "I have killed a living creature!

* The following tale is from a Persian work which Sir W. Jones declared to be the most surprising production that he was acquainted with. It is a kind of allegory of the human soul, and is universally admired in Persia; and the author is accounted one of the greatest oriental poets.

Perhaps this parrot and mine were one,
Perhaps they were two bodies and one spirit.
This tongue of mine is like flint and steel,
And whatever comes out of it, is like fire."
He then departed, and finished his traffic,
And he returned in joy to his home.
To every servant he gave a present,
To every handmaiden he gave what she had desired.
And the parrot said, "Where is my present?
Tell me what thou hast seen and heard?"
The merchant replied, "I repent me of what I said,
For when I told thy message to the parrots,
One of them, as it heard thy misfortune,
Broke its heart, and trembled, and died!"
And when the parrot heard what its fellow had done,
It too trembled, and fell down and died.
When the master saw it fall down and die,
He sprang up and threw his cap on the ground,
"Alas!" said he, "my sweet-voiced parrot,
Alas! my companion, and the sharer of my secrets!
Oh, alas! alas! alas! alas!
That so bright a moon is hidden in the clouds!"
He then went and threw it out of the cage,
And, lo! the little bird flew to the top of a tree!
The merchant stood astonished at the sight,
And he asked for a solution of the riddle.
It answered, "That parrot spoke to me thus by its action,
'Oh, thou that hast opened thy mouth and learned human speech,
Since it was thy voice that brought thee into the cage,
Die, that thou may'st escape from its oppression.'"
It then gave its master some good counsel,
And then wished him prosperity and farewell.
"Farewell, my master, thou hast done me a kindness,
Thou hast freed me for ever from my captivity.
Farewell, my master, I fly to my home,
One day thou wilt be free like me!"

New Zealand.

The value of this important British colony has been greatly underrated, in consequence of which it has been almost entirely neglected by the British government. The first establishment of a settlement was carried out by the members of the present ministry, we therefore have great hopes that they will regard it with more tenderness, like a fond parent watches over an ailing child. We very much fear that it has been too often the custom to spend more time in discussing whether there should or should not be a colony established on any point, than in endeavouring to form correct opinions concerning the proper manner of carrying it out, or of consulting with those whose local information would entitle their advice to great weight. We are led to believe that the present colony was formed, and then the question arose, how is it to be governed? That this was the case we feel certain from its subsequent history.

New Zealand is situated in a very important position, both as regards our political and commercial relations. These islands lie to the east of our most important and rapidly increasing Australian capital. They are placed in a good situation for commanding influence throughout the numerous groups and scattered islands of the vast Pacific ocean; and we have no doubt that they will shortly be enabled to carry on a very extensive trade with China and India, and also with those magnificent islands in the Indian Archipelago. The climate of New Zealand is admirably adapted for the English constitution, the heat being seldom excessive, and the winters resemble our own moderate cold seasons. Indeed, if we compare productions, we find that they are very similar to our own; corn is at present grown in great quantities, and the cultivation may be indefinitely extended according to the demand. Potatoes also flourish, the flax is excellent, and the country is admirably adapted for cattle, horses, sheep, and goats. Hides already form a very considerable article of export, and the sheep produce excellent wool, well known as long in staple and uniform in strength of fibre, and as the pastures are improved so will the quality of the beasts.

The value of what is at present known of the productions of New Zealand is immense. Its excellent timber presents every variety, from wood as tough and durable as the British oak or Indian teak to the lightest and most convenient for general purposes. The collection of the gum affords employment for hundreds of natives, who carry on a thriving trade with the result of their labours. Bark is plentiful, and so are dye woods. Its mineral wealth is extraordinary, consisting of copper, sulphur, magnesia, iron, china clay, fuller's earth, coal, limestone, silver, lead, alum, ochre, pumice, and volcanic earths. We have enumerated the principal; but the islands have been so little explored, that it is impossible to judge at present of their capabilities, or to what purposes they may be applied. Coal has, however, been found near Nelson, and some other magnificent beds have been discovered, among which we may mention one near the Waikato river; also excellent coal, situated remarkably convenient for lading, is said to be found in Preservation harbour.

As these islands are very favourably situated for whalers, there is no doubt but that many more than at present arrive will be tempted there, when provisions become more moderately priced. We were credibly informed by a gentleman recently arrived, that all provisions, with the exception of corn, were much dearer than in England; that he had constantly paid a guinea for a couple of very indifferent ducks. We are told, however, that corn can be procured from the natives in some parts as low as sixteen shillings the quarter. The aborigines have not yet discovered the real value of time; and so long as they are provided with necessaries, care but little how cheap they vend their goods. The whalers have already tried the na-

tives, and find that they make excellent sailors. They are but little used by the settlers in coasting voyages, as they are found exceedingly troublesome on account of their having so many family connections. Many are, however, rapidly becoming proprietors of coasting crafts, and these are entirely manned by their own countrymen.

We will now endeavour briefly to give a sketch of the country and of the aborigines. New Zealand is composed of two large islands, with several smaller ones lying along the protracted coast-line, which extends for about three thousand miles. The country is in many parts exceedingly mountainous, rising sometimes to the height of from ten to twelve thousand feet, while the rest is generally hilly, varied, however, with extensive levels. The surface is loaded with jungle and magnificent trees. In some portions of the country the scenery is exceedingly beautiful. The traveller, after forcing his way through the dense thickets, frequently comes on extensive lawns, bounded by brushwood, over which the magnificent trees flourish in the richest luxuriance; while here and there rivulets and mountain streams find their way through the country, and, after spreading the greatest fertility throughout their course, join the numerous rivers which render these islands so well adapted for every variety of cultivation.

The soil in general is of a light sandy loam, though rather clayey beneath; but deep ploughing is found to entirely change its nature, and render even the poorest fields capable of yielding much. In the valleys the land almost produces spontaneously, the lots merely requiring to be cleared, when surface soil ploughing would be found sufficient to ensure the most plentiful returns. Industry and steady perseverance are the qualities requisite for every settler in a new country.

To give a correct idea, a just appreciation, of the character of the New Zealanders, is extremely difficult. It is too much the custom among all civilised, or rather European nations, to treat the aborigines of every country as mere savages, incapable of reason, or of any appreciation of the rules of justice. Now this is by no means the case with the New Zealanders. They are an extraordinary race of beings, possessing some of the finest qualities that ennoble the human species; and this great fact is to be attributed principally to the unwearied perseverance and untiring energy of those missionaries who have risked their lives so nobly and so well in the service of God. When these enthusiastic clergymen, whom we proud to call fellow-countrymen, first set their foot upon these shores, they found the natives in a sad state. In perpetual strife, their mutual endeavours at aggrandisement, their quarrels about even a barren tract of land, for which they have a most devoted affection, devastate the country, and we have no doubt that the scarcities produced by these frequent wars gave rise to that dreadful and revolting custom of eating their prisoners. This loathstome practice, we fully believe, has not yet entirely disappeared, for within the last five years, Archdeacon Brown "saw thirty native ovens in one row, all filled with human flesh." But still we cannot sufficiently admire the courage and intrepidity of those men who place themselves in such a critical position. But however much this may call forth our applause, we consider that they deserve still greater commendation for their subsequent conduct. Throughout their whole intercourse with the natives, they appear to have acted up to the true spirit of their religion; in all ways have they transgressed the commandment, to live a good fellowship with all men. Intrigues, and schemes, and expedient injustices may for a time succeed, but the New Zealanders furnish a bright example of the effects of a uniform excellence of conduct displayed by their teachers. They have, by their praiseworthy endeavours, been enabled to put a stop, in a great measure, to that curious failing of wishing to dine off one's neighbour's arm or leg; they have implanted in the natives, particularly in the chiefs, the most religious and sacred regard for truth. In proof of this we have the authority of Captain Robert Fitzroy, the late governor, who positively states, in an excellent pamphlet he has lately published, that during the whole course of his professional career, in which he received numerous letters from the chiefs (indeed so many as to require the constant labour of two men to translate them for his use), that he never found one single instance of falsehood, or any attempt to conceal the truth. This was further exemplified during the late transactions, when Heki gave previous notice when he intended to attack, and faithfully kept his word. And with this noble quality they possess the most indomitable courage; patient under hardships, capable of withstanding, for a length of time, the effects of hunger and thirst, with a wonderful quickness and activity that render them more than a match for a white man in contests among their own woods, where their local knowledge adds greatly to their confidence of victory. Their greatest fault is want of cleanliness. There is, however, no telling to what a height of perfection they might be brought by a careful and vigorous system of justice and protection.

Settlers are too apt to view them in the light of inferior beings, if not of people who are in their way; for whatever amount

of energy they may possess, and do usually, those who form the groundwork of the structure of a colony are generally composed of men totally unable and unwilling to allow the claims of the aborigines. This was particularly shown by the conduct of many towards the late governor, Captain Fitzroy. His chief fault, in their eyes, appears to have been, that he had too great a partiality for the natives; that he objected to see them imposed upon; that he was unwilling they should be defrauded of their rights in their own land; and that he thought there were other ways besides the bayonet by which the New Zealanders might be taught to listen to the overtures of government.

In the pamphlet to which we have already alluded,* Captain Fitzroy has, as far as we can at present judge, fully and ably answered all the accusations that have been brought against him both by the local press and by parties here in England. If the late governor has perverted facts, if he has not fully stated what did occur, if he has misrepresented the New Zealand Company, his remarks call imperatively for a reply. If the whole following account of what actually took place at a purchase of land in New Zealand by the company above alluded to be strictly true, we are not surprised at the conduct pursued towards them by Captain Fitzroy, who tells us that certain persons (Messrs. Wakefield and Dorset) went in a vessel to the roadstead off New Plymouth, and landed an illiterate whaling master, who had a mere smattering of the native language, to negotiate the purchase of the whole adjoining district. With about forty men, women, and children, an arrangement was made, and goods were given to them in exchange for the whole district, as the company's agent said; but in exchange for those natives' lands, or parts of them only, in the nearest district alone, as the natives understood. The interpreter was incapable of explaining correctly what the natives meant. They were asked the names of places where they had lands, and the names of all the principal points and hills then in sight; these were written down as the places purchased for the New Zealand Company. The deed, a document quite unintelligible to the natives, was signed by the natives because they were told to do so before they could receive the goods; and thus, on a small rocky islet, Outer Sugar-loaf, or on board a vessel, Guide Brig, was a nominal purchase of more than eighty thousand acres of land assumed to have been made in a few days. This is monstrous. We trust that if the company can prove that Captain Fitzroy has received incorrect information, that they will satisfy the public on this point. To us it appears incredible that any English company should afford its countenance to such iniquitous proceedings. It would seem that no inquiries were subsequently made whether these few people were the rightful owners of all this immense tract of nearly one hundred square miles, or whether they only meant to dispose of that portion which appertained to them. We, however, would follow that glorious maxim of our law, "*Audi alteram partem*;" we would gladly hear the announcement that the New Zealand Company intended to defend their proceedings. We had ourselves previously entertained the idea that Captain Robert Fitzroy was completely in the wrong, but after carefully perusing his able defence, we are compelled to acknowledge we were mistaken, and that the gallant governor acted in the most honourable way. To those who demand the reason of the want of adequate force being posted at the different and most exposed stations, we would ask what could a governor do, who ruled a vast and important colony, surrounded inland by powerful and warlike tribes, with a military detachment of *seventy-eight men*? *Seventy-eight men* to protect the lives and properties of our fellow-countrymen who had settled in New Zealand under the sanction of the British government! Sensible at last of the weakness of the force, the government forwarded another detachment to the amount of fifty-six men. We have no doubt that there was some good object in thus keeping but a small force there. The intention of our home authorities was no doubt to keep the governor too weak to be enabled to carry on any extensive military operations against the natives. But this force was ridiculously inadequate even to the bare defence of the towns, particularly with settlers reluctant to assist a government whose policy was to endeavour to win the natives over, rather than to subdue them with the sword. To fight, to slaughter, are easy tasks, compared with the endeavours of a just governor to preserve the well-being of the infant state entrusted to his care. To win victories, to overthrow tribes and nations who wantonly attack you, are worthy of any rulers; but that any set of men should be shot down for merely asserting their right to live on their own property, is a proceeding that we cannot understand. But it appears nevertheless true that there were numbers, both here at home and at New Zealand, who reproached the governor for refusing to drive away the natives at the point of the bayonet. But had the Captain wished to have done so, he had not the power;

* Remarks on New Zealand, in February, 1846. By Robert Fitzroy. London: W. and H. White, 24, Pall Mall.

but of this we feel certain, that had the governor possessed the power, he would have used it with all due discretion. It has always been a maxim, and we believe a true one, that money is the sinews of war, and we may add, of government likewise; but of this necessary article our home authorities happen to have kept their official servants sadly in arrears, by allowing them to depend on the precarious receipts from local taxation. With all Captain Fitzroy's attempts to reduce the expenditure, he was unable to make the customs' duties, &c., pay the expenses of government. We think it not only a ridiculous, but we may add, a cruel economy, to thus almost stifle the prosperity of an infant colony in its birth. For if any place or set of people require cherishing, it is a settlement and its inhabitants. Traders should be encouraged to come, by the facilities afforded to commerce; and the mother country would be amply repaid by the amount of home productions that would be consumed by the settlers. We have ever considered it to be a most unaccountable and monstrous system to reduce the practice of home everywhere abroad, regardless of time, place, or people. But we would not by any means be confounded with those who vehemently oppose the extension of our colonial empire. With proper management our foreign dependencies might be extended to every unoccupied corner in the habitable globe. Nothing is too vast for us. We are the great pioneers of civilisation, and are therefore called upon to act with the utmost vigour, and to show that we are worthy of our high position.

After carefully considering the conduct of the English towards the aborigines of every country, we find that they have seldom, if ever, pursued a truly honest and straightforward course; there has always been something of which we have felt somewhat ashamed; but regardless of this, we can confidently affirm that no nation on the globe, either in ancient or modern times, ever treated those who were their inferiors in civilisation with so much consideration as the English. We could collect numerous facts, we could point out numerous instances of the dreadful conduct pursued by foreign nations to those whom they have conquered. We will, however, mention but a few. Let our readers remember the transactions of the Spaniards in America; of the Dutch in Amboyna, the Spice Islands, and Java; the conduct of the French in Louisiana, St. Domingo, and even at the present day in Algeria; not to mention those scourges of Europe, those most barbarous and savage Goths, the Russians, whose crimes and cruelties, in every spot where their withering foot has trod, are too dreadful even to contemplate. After mentioning these, and calling to mind other transactions, we shall not, we trust, be considered unjust or partial if we affirm that our misdeeds have been a drop in the ocean; but we would see our institutions perfect. We would that in every transaction with the natives of foreign states, the same honesty which has rendered the word of an Englishman as secure as his bond, should be rigorously displayed. We are confident that the British would be gainers in the end. Let them be influenced by that spirit of true religion which their missionaries are endeavouring to inculcate to the aborigines of so many tribes or nations of the globe; and then, instead of bitter regrets and fierce heartburnings at the establishment of our rule, we shall be received with the hearty congratulations and the fervent blessings of those whom it has pleased Providence to place under our sway.

A RHAPSODY.

BY C. T. B.

A captive sat within his cell,
Silent and sad was he,
And he listened intensely as on his ear fell
The echoing tones of the vesper bell.

Silent and sad was he,
Wrapp'd in a reverie,
For his heart was touch'd, and his mind was wrought
To a terrible height of frantic thought;
And every sound that reach'd his ear,
Seem'd a delirium of joy to bear,
For it whisper'd of scenes of voices dear,
And he sank on his side,
And could have died,
For the conflict of passion his bosom did share.

Silent he sat and sad,
As the moonbeams fell
On the floor of his damp and narrow cell,
'Twas all the space he had;
And he trac'd with his hand,
On the clammy sand,
The flowers that he once in his garden lov'd well.

And he lov'd to see
(For some art had he),
How they grew into form with his magical touch;
And every shrub and every flower,
That had graced in its time his fairy bower,
The rose, and lily, and leafy vine,
The violet blue, and the eglantine,
All graced his wreath, for he loved them much.

Silent he sat and sad was he,
Tho' he watched with delight
The magic sight,
Nor knew that it all was a mystery.

Mournful he sat, and long and oft
Watch'd with intensity
The colours of beauty, so strong and soft,
That seem'd to be
Wrought in his nosegay most vividly.
The moonbeams fade and the light that fell
Softly and cheerily into his cell,
No longer play on his sunken floor,
Or glance from the rust of his iron door:
Yet it is not dark,
For he well can mark

The figures that dance thro' his window bars,
Softly they glide,
And merrily ride,
Like spirits of gladness on golden cars.

Sprightly they spring
In many dance,
And on fairy-like wing
More lightly advance.

Laughing they come by his couch so lone,
And sing to his spirit in joyful tone;
They dance o'er his wreath that he made for love,
And he shriek'd as they passed, though they softly move,
For he fears lest their step should tread on the wreath,
That blooms in its pride in the sand beneath.
And see how it crushes with grief his heart,
As they tear its petals and blossoms apart.
But no! in its stead,
From the flowery bed,
Uprises a maiden of beautiful mien,
And the fairy sprites dance round their elfin queen.

Nor silent nor sad was he,
For he boundeth forth right joyfully,
And the clank of his chains rattled loud in the cell,
As he bounded to her he loved so well.

The moonbeams fade and the light no more
Falls with its silvery ray on the floor;
Silent and sad sits he;
Darkness envelopes his dungeon-room,
And sorrow enhances the cheerless gloom,
But where is his company?

The chilly blasts begin to blow
In his mansion of sorrow, tho' sunk so low;
And tho' coldly it meets him, yet welcome the gale,
It refreshens his forehead so feverish and pale.
He knows by the purple and rosy-hued streaks
That line all the sky, that the morning light breaks
O'er the mountain and hills that rise far away,
And he hails in bright visions the bright god of day.

Sadly and silently trembled he,
As he started again at the sound that fell
Heavy and deep from the matin bell,
He was roused from his reverie.

And what was the vision he saw I ween,
Of the fairy troop and their lovely queen,
And the wreath of flowers that he traced on the sand
With magic hand?

It is more than at present I dare to tell,
Yet know I this truth, and know it full well,
That ere o'er the mountain had risen the sun,
Or the bell of the convent had ceased its tone,
That the captive was free;
And the spirit of gladness that heads the band,
Which merrily play'd
In the dungeon shade,
As tho' it had been,
Some hallowed scene,
Where the spirit of freedom delighted to be,
Was the first to receive him with full heart and hand.

The Attorney's Daughter;

OR,

My Second Episode.

BY FELIX AUGUSTUS BUGGINS, ESQ., OF GRAY'S INN.

Tuesday was quite a lost day to me. Soda was plentiful, sermons scarce, I having no affectionate wife, mamma, or aunt to operate upon me; but if virtue be its own reward, certainly dissipation is its own punishment, for what with the excusable anxieties of hungry Monday, the extraordinary supper, or rather breakfast, still excusable, and the inexcusable orgies of the night—orgies quite Bacchanalian—I was in a state of headache, repentance, and moral intentions quite promising: "the devil was sick, the devil, &c.," "the proverb is somewhat, &c." This state of feeling was not to be effaced, like the dirt from my face, by a swill and a towel; no! I paid the penalty of whiskey toddy and extra 'baccy. And yet—shall I confess it?—Tuesday evening saw me not at home. I took a quiet stroll with O'Shine, got a box ticket from "The Slasher," lounged about the lobbies, quizzed the dress-circle with my three-and-ninepenny, adjourned to a public, pipes and cold without, and then, at the dead hour of midnight, sought the sanded floor of the ———, in ——— Court, where a debating society, of which I was an unworthy member, were in the habit of assembling, to relax after the labours of the evening. I shall not here descend to particulars; the ethnology of the Lyceum demands separate attention, which, please Providence and the pachas of the periodicals, it shall have one of these sunny months. It was three when I reached home, considerably lightened of my loose cash. O'Shine had left me at an early hour to call on a hopeful relative fresh from the Emerald Isle, and I was alone. After some quarter of an hour's coquetting with my key-hole, during which time I went through a variety of strange and novel manœuvres, I succeeded in gaining the interior of my mansion, and "sloped right away" to bed, as Jonathan has it—"to sleep, perchance to dream." Rising on the morn with heated brow and unfit for anything save pleasure, I determined to accept an invitation to breakfast which I had received from Alphonse Jujube, who came across me at the theatre on the previous night. This decision once come to, I sprang from my bed, and rapidly made my toilet. Anything to pass the time until Julia summons to love and tea.

In a peculiarly narrow, dismal, dark street, in the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester-square, is situate a house tenanted by so vast a diversity of human beings, that an inquirer into the various races of man need scarcely have voyaged further to commence his researches. As to myself, to this day, despite some five-and-twenty visits, I know not the real, true, and original country of certain of its inhabitants. Each pilgrimage places me more in doubt than ever; French, Spaniards, Italians, Poles, and Turkish Jews, have certainly emerged from this great bee-hive, and I live in anxious expectation of bowing out, some fine morning, a great-grand-nephew of Confucius, a scintillation of Alcibiades, a twin-cousin of Romulus, a Chi-

nese mandarin, a Pawnee-loup, or, at all events, one of Captain Marryatt's Shoskonés! The great wonder to me is, where they are all stowed to; and I have several times revolved in my mind the probability of their being put away in boxes every night, like boa-constrictors in menageries, and let out again at feeding-time. It appears to me a moral certainty, when I hurry through London streets, and see the awful multitudes with which they are crowded, that some such contrivance has been hit upon, for, towards midnight, when every house is closed, and apparently crammed full, are not the thoroughfares alive with human beings? The theatres disgorge their thousands, the public-houses their tens of thousands, the *cafés* their myriads, especially of moustached foreigners — and pray where do they all go to? I should very much like to know. Perhaps the Ethnological Society can enlighten me on this point; if they do, I'll become a member. Perhaps the house under notice might have assisted in answering the question; and a queer, dirty, old-fashioned house it was. A shop, in the windows of which are some tin cases of blacking fabricated by a defunct company, and certain boxes of lucifer-matches, which look so damp they could not be even imagined to ignite, which said shop reveals no particular trade or calling, but raises very great doubt in the observer's mind as to the fact that the door is ever darkened by a customer—this formed the visible substratum of the mansion. Beside this was a greasy-looking door, with unnumbered key-holes, and brass plates as numerous. On each side were four bell-handles, and under each bell-handle another brass plate, some ancient and venerable-looking, others newly screwed on. About half an hour after my mind had been made up with regard to a visit to Jujube, I stood before the said door at about half-past nine of the clock, my toilet duly attended to; for my £3 10s. had released certain articles from the care of that relative for whom, in common with the North-American Indian, I ever entertained the profoundest veneration, though I contented myself with politely consigning my superfluous goods and chattels to the excellent care of his three golden globules, while the Red Man shows his avuncular duty by braining his representative, the bear, and then asking his pardon. I had, to tell the honest truth, been unusually attentive to my outer man, as Jujube was said to have an interesting wife, and one never likes to look *négligé* before a Frenchwoman. True it was said she was an Alsatian, more Germanic than Gallic in her character, but I thought that perhaps this might be a libel. I knocked; no answer. I knocked again; and this time the door was opened by a dirty, half-naked child, some eight or nine years old.

"Monsieur Jujube at home?"

"*Plait-il?*"

What! French, too! thought I, and I then repeated my question in that language, which, thanks to my early residence on the continent, and my numerous town acquaintances, I spoke rather fluently.

"I don't know, monsieur," replied the child, carelessly, "but knock at that door, and you will see," pointing to the back parlour, and then, as if satisfied that it was none of her business, she ran down stairs.

I tapped at the door.

"*Endrez*," said a low female voice, substituting a *d* for a *t*, and speaking as if her mouth were buried in a muff, or perhaps a pot of ale.

I lifted the latch, stepped forward, and then started back in astonishment, Had I been a Frenchman, I should have been as cool as a cucumber, but we English have such very strange notions of what is fit and proper, such very grandiose and stillified kind of ideas.

The room was small, and, saving your presence, had a strange odour about it, half of stale tobacco—Jujube was an inveterate smoker—one half as one had fallen, as you may say, into Falstaff's buck-basket—"a very ancient and fish-like smell," conveying an idea of grand washes once a year, and no change in the mean time. The apartment contained a truckle-bed, a table, and one chair. A fire burnt brightly, and a kettle was steaming on the hob. This looked comfortable. On the table were spread the breakfast things; the chair was unoccupied, but in the bed was a young woman, pale, thin, but still cheerful-looking, a huge night-cap on her head, and her hair in curl-papers. I thought I had made a mistake, having had some dim notion of a carpetted room, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, elegant Frenchwoman, and all that sort of thing. I was dumb-founded.

"Monsieur Buggins, I suppose?" said the fair one, raising herself on her elbows, and arranging her cap, speaking in a rich Alsatian French, in which *p*'s were ever substituted for *b*'s, and *t*'s for *d*'s; "my husband is out, but will be back directly. He went out very early, but said he would be back time enough for breakfast."

"I *am* Mr. Buggins," replied I, filling somewhat uneasily the only chair in the room, and not quite sure I had not been led unawares into a man-trap; "you are not very well, Madame Jujube?"

"*Bas drop; je me suis borté pien mal*," she responded; and then, taking up her English, she said, "put I ket bettére."

"I am very glad to hear it, madame."

"*Fiou! Fiou!* Yes, yes! I ket hup dis morning, and ket te *téjeuner*."

I thought this no great stretch of labour even for a sick lady, as I could see but very shadowy results of her *cuisine;* opining, however, that probably the cupboard could tell another story, I made no remark. A minute or two of silence passed, when the door opened, and in walked Jujube. In his right hand was a bundle, in his left a basket.

"Alphonse," said his *cara sposa*, when he had shaken hands with me, "*tonnez-moi ma tapatière.*"

The husband gave her the snuff-box, which he had been replenishing, and then commenced a long series of excuses for not being at home to receive me, and for having kept me waiting, giving as a reason for his morning absence that he had returned home too late on the previous night to effect the necessary purchases. I begged he would not mention such a trifle, vowed the errand was quite excuse enough, when in the midst of my speech a knock was heard, giving notice of other visitors. The door opened, and in walked my two very particular friends, Septimus O'Shine and Pierre Florval, an excellent and worthy Frenchman, almost the only one of his countrymen in London whom I really liked and respected through all times and troubles. Mutual greetings were soon over, and Jujube busied himself in preparing breakfast. Coffee, ham, rolls, and fresh butter, were speedily displayed. In ten minutes more, the fumes of some excellent coffee saluted our nostrils, and we were summoned from a consultation round madame's couch to fall to.

"All very fine, Jujube," said I, in English, in which language the conversation was carried on, out of compliment to O'Shine, "but—excuse me—I should like to know where we are going to sit."

"Ver true! my Got! Ah, you, Buggins, take de chair; Svine and Florval vill sit on de head of de bed, and so vill hi."

The matter being arranged with satisfaction to all parties, in half a minute more we were ready for action.

"Help yourselves, messieurs; perhaps you Hinglish gentlemen will take a leetle of dis beef."

"*Che pien pon,*" said Madame Jujube.

"Why, the fact is, I prefer the ham, thank you," replied I, glancing suspiciously at the plate, which, I knew not why, wondrously reminded me, with its heavy, sodden look, of a certain Indian stew, in which *skekum*, or horse, was the principal ingredient.

Conversation now became general, and various speculations were entered upon for making our fortunes, over some first-rate cognac and equally excellent pipes. Some of these suggestions were the most extraordinary in the world, though Jujube inclined to the opinion that wood-pavement companies were the things to set the town on fire, and produced several ingenious models cut out of cork with a pen-knife, for which he proposed obtaining a patent. Perceiving that this did not find favour in our eyes, he argued in support of a Japan Colonisation and Commercial Company, which distant colony he selected in the hope that a year's salary would at least be due ere the failure of the affair could be definitively settled. O'Shine urged two objections, to which no one listened; the first, that the Japanese don't trade—secondly, their population, he suggested, was rather over numerous already. At this period of the conversation I arose, and mentioning that I had business to attend to, at which sally the whole party winked, motioned to O'Shine to follow. He did so, and we turned our footsteps in the direction of the Strand and Fleet-street, as in those quarters I had a trifling account or two to collect from the Sunday papers.

"A Frenchwoman is a quare artichal, now," said my friend Septimus.

"Queer indeed," said I.

"I whonder now," continued he, "if dey all lhie in dhirty beds, curl pap'hers, and nhight-caps, and ate their breakfast therein?"

"Can't say, Sept.," interposed I; "by the way, that 'brek'ust' was a pretty tolerable foundation; but it's now two o'clock—could you manage a steak or chop?"

"Well, if you vex me nhow, I whill," observed my companion, screwing up his face into a most ludicrous picture of distressed innocence; it's mhighty airly, but raly, that woman tuk all my appetite away this same morning, and a trifle of mhutton chop, or a steak, or, maybe, a phound or so of fine rashers, wudn't be at all out of the way jist nhow."

As Mr. Septimus O'Shine had ate about as much as the whole assembled company put together, I could not help laughing; but saying nothing, I led the way into one of the bureaus of the numerous professors of the gastronomic art which lie scattered about London. Here on roast mutton, murphies, and stout, we dined, and ere we emerged into the house again, it was nearly four o'clock.

"Now," said I, energetically, turning my back upon the region I had intended to visit, "it is too late to collect my bills. I am to meet Julia at five. I have just time to be home, wash my hands and phiz, and otherwise titivate myself."

"Och, is it Jhulia you're afther tonight? och, I olfhacterate a rat. Now, Falix, don't make an hass of yourself."

"What do you mean, Septimus?"

"Now dhon't mharry, my honey; you'r too juvenile, Falix. Is it for you, my dare

lin', wid your prospects, to throw yourself away on a woman?"

"Sept., my Julia is an angel; you shall judge for yourself; you shall accompany me this evening."

"Is it me? in de ould frock, and the boots, and the trousers? Shure you're phoking fun at me, man! It can't be done; it's quite out of raison."

"It must be done — you must release your best suit. Here, be smart; collect these bills, while I go home and dress, and get your things out of pop. Have you the tickets about you?"

"Have I my head, Falix? Sure you know I don't thrust them in my carpet-bag, seeing its liable to be seized for a small thrifle of rint."

"Well, then, look alive, my good fellow. Be with me as soon as possible. This very evening you shall be introduced to Julia. Ah, Julia!"

"There nhow, you're off again wid your shentiment. Will you nivir larn raison?"

"Yes, yes! I must, alas, of necessity do so. But time presses—the tea and toast will have disappeared."

Septimus O'Shine himself disappeared in a twinkling, while I pursued my way towards the humble tenement of which certain square feet called me lord and master. Once arrived here, I commenced my Adonisian operations forthwith, and did not at first notice a letter which lay upon the table. I caught it up; the handwriting was that of Julia. My heart misgave me—a put off—I opened it.

"Dear Felix,—Don't disappoint us. No excuse will satisfy me if you don't come. I have much to tell you. Be not surprised if I say nothing of your misbehavings; I wish to believe you innocent.

"Your's sincerely,
"J——."

"Divine girl!" exclaimed I, digging a hole in my chin with a blunt razor in my energy, "so tender and forgiving. D—— the beard! I wish I were a Jew, a Frenchman, or a Pole, and could wear it all."

I began to be nervous. Like an ass, I had been shaving in my only clean shirt, and three drops of blood had fallen upon the centre of the breast. "Long stock or a dickey?" that was the question. There was no alternative, and I chose the former. Luckily it was a very handsome concern, a present from Julia. In a quarter of an hour I was quite dressed, ready, and O'Shine not returned. I walked impatiently up and down the room, I looked at myself in my apologetic mirror, I pulled my gloves off and on one hundred-and-four times, when just as I was on the point of boiling over, Septimus made his appearance.

"You're a nice young man for a small tea-party," observed I, forgetting in my anger my decided antipathy to vulgar common phraseology.

"Very nhice," replied my friend, quite innocently, "but be aisy nhow; in half an hour I'll be all right."

"Half a devil!" exclaimed I; "why man, it's half-past five now, and at six the will be cleared."

All this time, Mr. O'Shine was divesting himself of his ordinary habiliments at a rate which would have done credit to an Indian warrior stripping for battle, while I sat down, like a plaster "Patience on a monument," to watch his toilette. Oh, ye who have loved—every one *has* loved, everybody loves in these days—oh, ye who have known what the tender passion is, imagine the racking pains I felt, as, with the gravity of a Chinese mandarin at the exhibition, Septimus O'Shine proceeded, slowly and methodically, not to dress, but to mend. Never was there such a conspiracy of broken braces, buttonless waistcoats and waistbands, never!

"Shure, Falix, my boy, there shud be a nhew act av parliment agin these unhanged washer-famales; dey take a shinful delight is ninding your bhuttons to auld Nick."

"Yes, Sept., very true, quite correct."

"Yer mhighty shart wid your ansir, man. Och! mhurder! a sphlit in my best pantalhoons!"

"You can't stop to mend that, Sept., it's quite impossible; no one will notice it—no one will be so rude."

"Are ye quite shure av that, man?"

"Quite, so on with them, and we'll be off."

Septimus very unwillingly laid aside his needle and thread with which he had armed himself, donned his pantaloons, and in ten minutes more was ready for a march. I seized his arm, hurried down stairs, called a cab, was driven at a rapid pace, and in ten minutes more was thundering at my friend's house.

Mr. Jocastus O'Leary, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, was a "gent." some six-and-thirty years of age, who had married early, obtained more children than briefs, and who yet lived in an elegantly-furnished house of his own in the New Road, gave occasionally very agreeable *soirees*, out of what client's funds was never known, since Jocastus was, it was whispered, not honoured with above two briefs in the course of a year. Some said he had married a fortune; he had need have done so, I think, since ten years of matrimony had brought him eight little children, all living—and likely to live. The only thing I disliked about Julia was her relationship to the lady. I was told these things run in some families, and I began to feel alarmed.

The guests were numerous and gay;

amidst all, however, I singled out my Julia at a glance, but receiving an admonitory look not to make myself particular, I abstained from showing my transports, and contented myself by sitting down next her on a chair which doubtless it had cost her vast trouble to keep vacant.

"You are late, Mr. Buggins," observed Mrs. O'Leary, who, with her youngest baby pressed close to her bosom in a most mysterious fashion, was preparing to dispense the tea, while a cousin superintended the coffee.

"Why, Mrs. O'Leary, the fact is, my friend Mr. O'Shine was so very much engaged in attending to certain little rents of his, he could not be early, and I having to introduce him ——"

"Mr. O'Shine was quite right," interrupted O'Leary, who, having little business to attend to, always respected those who had; "business before pleasure always. Do these rents, sir, lie anywhere in this neighbourhood?"

"Faith they're quhite handy now," replied Septimus, who, feeling I was revenging myself for the delay he had occasioned, looked imploringly towards me, at the same time hastily assuring himself that a pin which connected his coat-tails had not disappeared; "but shure they're thrifles not worth talking abhout."

"You don't look very well, Mr. Felix," said Julia, tenderly; she never would call me Buggins, nor, for that matter, did I ever say Miss Caggs.

"The gentleman doesn't look very well, that's a fact; pray, sir, what may be your complaint?" inquired a tall, gaunt figure in black, who sat next me.

"Why, sir," replied I, glancing first at Julia with a grateful smile, and then turning somewhat coldly at the stranger, "the attacks to which I am most liable are bilious; eh, Sept? you know, for you've prescribed for me?"

"Thrue for you, and awful unplashant attacks they are—there's but one aunly remedhy; taking plenty of rest, and not having yer name in the 'Court Guide.' It saves calls, shure."

"Many people die of it, many," remarked the stranger, shaking his head.

"And pray, Mr. O'Leary," said an elderly lady opposite, "where are little Julia and William—I hope they are not unwell?"

"Not seriously," replied the mother; "I really don't know what they have got, but they seem poorly."

"Typhus fever, perhaps," observed the stranger, "it's awfully about. I buried three cases only to-day."

I could not help starting, and looking with some disgust at the speaker.

"La! Mr. Churchyard," exclaimed Mrs. O'Leary, turning pale, and casting her eyes round the room to see if any of her children were in proximity to the undertaker, "you always talk so. Jocastus," whispered she to her husband, "tell Mary to take the children to bed. Why will you have that horrid man here?"

"It's wonderful," mused the grave man, condescendingly, "it's wonderful, now, what a many children die from teething."

Mrs. Leary put six lumps of sugar in an old gentleman's cup who did not use the saccharine juices, and sent milk instead of tea to a young lady who never drank the produce of the dairy.

"Colds too," continued he, addressing an elderly lady near him, who was coughing terribly; "colds, Mrs. Stratton, take off a wonderful number in the course of this month. November is a very trying month.

"Tea or coffee, Mr. Churchyard," interposed Mrs. O'Leary rather faintly, but regaining her composure by degrees.

"Tea, if you please; coffee 's nothing but slow poison—slow but sure as arsenic."

Three young ladies let drop their spoons, picked them up again, and drank desperately, as if to get rid of the noxious liquid.

"Why is that man allowed here?" inquired I of Julia in a whisper.

"Why, Felix, he is some sort of a relation of O'Leary's, a cousin; he is a single man, rich—"

"And O'Leary wants his money; is therefore quite willing to suffer his wife, friends, and acquaintance to be frightened out of their wits in the hope of being his heir!"

"Fie, Felix—the man is his cousin. Would you have people shut the door against their relations?"

"No! but were I O'Leary I would beg him to be a little less professional. But, dear Julia, will you give me no hope?"

"Papa will never consent—besides if he would"—here my fair Julia cast her eyes uneasily on the ground—"I am not quite sure that you would not have my consent to gain."

"Miss Julia," said I, seriously, "what is the meaning of this? Where are your promises?"

"Really, Mr. Felix, you must not be surprised. I have heard such sad accounts of your mode of life. It quite frightens me. I am sure a wild young man will not make a good husband."

"I don't know that," thought I; and then I added aloud, "Falsehoods invented to turn you against me—can you believe them?"

"If I could think them falsehoods," replied she, looking at me tenderly.

"You must—you shall," said I; "they

are the shafts of malignity intended to wound your heart, and to induce you to reject me."

"Well, I will think so—let me never regret my confidence. Now talk less particularly, you will be remarked."

"It's mhighty fhine, ma'am," said O'Shine to Mrs. O'Leary, "a mhighty fhine babby. Shure it's yer fhrist."

"No, indeed. It's the youngest of eight, sir," replied Mrs. O'Leary, quite delighted with Septimus.

"Och, Falix, I'm kilt intirely; this yhoung lady, the mhistress of the house, is phokin' fhun at me by de whaggon load. She is, says she, the lawful mot'her of eight babbies."

"True, Sept; but Mr. O'Leary was married young—very young.

"At tin, I s'pose; shure yer not twinty, Mrs. O'Leary.

"Indeed, sir, I'm twenty-nine," said the pleased lady, who, however open to flatteries, never strove to conceal her real age.

"But, Sept., allow me. Miss Julia Caggs, my most particular friend, Mr. Septimus O'Shine—a gentleman from Ireland—you wouldn't think it though, would you, to hear him talk?"

Septimus bowed and smiled. This was his weak point; he thought no one could have told him from a Londoner.

"An excellent young mhan is Mr. Falix, miss" —

* * * * *

What arguments I used; how I succeeded in overcoming the scruples of my Julia it matters not, suffice it to say that ere we parted that evening we were resolved on immediate marriage. Everybody opposed our union, and we resolved everybody should be baulked.

I believe it is an irrefragible law in nature, that whenever any two given young persons have, of their own accord, resolved on entering the holy state of matrimony, everybody else, parents, guardians, friends, relations, and acquaintances, make a dead set against them, and decide that it shall not be. Now what more delightful than to be victorious over everybody. Napoleon or Alexander never did more. So it was in my case. All parties were agreed the match was not a fitting one. I thought different, that was enough. On the third Monday from the date of the party at O'Leary's, we were to be wed. Licenses were out of the question, as too expensive, and banns were decided upon. Accordingly I put them up in the most out of the way church I could think of. It was the fault of her friends if they didn't hear them, not mine. No one hindered Caggs from going to that particular church. O'Shine, I verily believe, was vexed; perhaps he thought I had no right to marry, and yet he was to give away the bride, enact the papa. Julia I did not see again, we, however, corresponded, and by dint of three ardent, fiery letters each day, I kept her in the same mind. She confessed did talk in her letters a good deal about how wrong it was, and all that, but never positively said, "No!" I took matters granted she meant "Yes," and acted accordingly. My first care was to provide suitable lodging, which I did with some difficulty, as I would not go higher than ten and six for two rooms and attendance. I did, however, at last find one, and took it from the Monday which was to make Julia mine. I then commenced calculating my revenue, and now I began to feel rather qualmish. I added, multiplied, and subtracted, compared one week with another, and the fairest and most satisfactory conclusion was, that I did not come within the operation of the income-tax by £110 per annum, or, in other words, my yearly receipts were about forty sovereigns, being a weekly stipend of — say sixteen shillings, leaving for clothing, washing, firing, eating, drinking, &c., the sum of five shillings and sixpence, after my rent was paid! But then Julia had £90 in the savings's bank, "and surely," resumed I, "old Caggs will find his daughter's husband something to do." If the truth, however, must be told, I did not think much of the question how we were to live; I was too happy at the thought of the union with the girl of my heart to calculate and reckon.

Were you ever, dear reader, about to undergo the process of strangulation, or any other similar mode of ending existence, such as drowning, for instance; if you are aware of the delightful state of suspense one is in on such interesting occasions, you can have some idea of the state of my feelings during the three weeks which preceded the eventful day which was to exalt me to the rank of a Benedict. Had I been going to be suspended upon a "hanging wood," as George Robins once called Tyburn tree, it would have been something tangible to look forward to. But matrimony—Julia—the thing seemed so dreamy, so unreal, so beyond all my hopes, that my senses were fairly bewildered. I know not how the days past. I eat, drank, slept, walked about, attended to my duties as usual, under the guidance of O'Shine, so I was afterwards told, but how is more than I can now explain. I must have been under mesmeric influence, for my recollections of these three weeks are of so vague and indeterminate a character that I will swear to nothing that happened. I quite remember all my friends questioning me as to the cause of my excessive paleness and dejection, but what cause or reason I assigned for it is more

n I can tell. I wandered about alone f my time, thinking, day-dreaming. at my dreams were happy I am sure, but at they were I know not.

At length came Sunday—the eve of my dding. On Saturday, O'Shine and I had de every preparation; there was not ch to make, it is true, since a pair of ite gloves a-piece was the whole of our wardrobe. We had, however, warned clergyman, the new landlady, given ice to my own, &c., brushed and re-shed our best suits, and in every way ready for the eventful occasion. Sun-y was spent in-doors, to save dressing; were *passablement* sad, as it was proba-the last night of our bachelor *réunions*. wards evening, however, several young des dropped in; we gradually became rry, the glass went round, and I inadver-tly told my secret. Merciless was the zzing I received, but I stood it like a n, turned my visitors out early, and nt to bed. I rose at eight—my head s in a perfect whirl. I could not break-t—scarcely could I dress.

" Arrah, mhan, is it hanged yer afther ng? Shure yer as sad as ungrased cart-eels!"

" Septimus, this is a very serious under-king. The happiness of a young and der female is about to be confided to my eping. I have little means ——"

" Do you repint, thin? Shure it's never late till it's dhone, mhan."

" Repent! when Julia is about to be me! Never! Will she not regret the xuries of her home?"

" Oh, mhan, she's a whooman; they're fhules. Lhove her, and I'll sware she'll satisfied wid a chrust and could wa-er."

" I wish I could think so, Sept. But teen shillings a week, with a half-guinea nt, is a very poor look-out."

" Borrow from yer whife, shure, a small rifle a wake until yer betther off. It will no great harm. Och! be aisy, man; e childer will be afther coming, and thin il a fear but a whooman will be happy, ye don't bate her too often."

" Beat Julia! Septimus, are you cracked?"

" It's metaphorically, mhan, I would be aking, d'ye see? I don't mane ye'll be wid de shillala, but thin ye mhight bate r wid yer tongue, mhan."

At ten we were ready, and we issued th into the streets. It was a fine day r December—a very fine day; but had it en an Esquimaux morning, I would not ve cared. I seemed to tread on air—my art beat violently—my head swam—had t the arm of O'Shine supported me, I ould never have walked. We neared the urch—we separated; he entering to sum-on the parson, I to find my bride. The church looked inconceivably calm; everybody looked calm, except a man and his wife who were quarrelling in the street as if they had never had a wedding. But there, coming up the street with a female friend, was Julia, dressed as for a morning walk, to avoid exciting suspicion.

" Julia!" said I, passionately, " and Miss Turner, too — how very kind! Give me your arms, ladies."

" Why, Felix," said the latter lady, " you are ill. You look like a ghost."

" Indeed he does," added Julia, raising her eyes for the first time; " why, Felix, what is the matter?"

" Nothing," replied I, smiling; " anxiety of mind about you, Julia. My happiness has been too much for me, that's all."

" Well, Jule," exclaimed Miss Turner, " he does deserve you, upon my word. How very romantic, to be sure."

Neither I nor Julia replied. We were entering the temple of God. In the vestry we found the clergyman, the clerk, and Felix. A brief conversation passed, when Mr. Crozier summoned us to advance to the altar. Felix took Julia's arm, I Miss Turner's; the priest walked before. At this moment, the church door flew open with violence, and in walked — two gentlemen. Julia screamed, the clergyman stopped short, I turned paler than ever.

" D—— you, sir," cried Mr. Caggs, furiously, for it was he, " have you married my daughter? because if you have, I'd have you know you've married a beggar, sir. As for you, sir," addressing the parson, " if you've married them I'll have you prosecuted, sir. She's my daughter, sir, and she's under age, sir."

" You need not put yourself in a passion, sir, because your daughter's not married. Your threats are very ill-placed."

" Oh, very well. Jones, you conduct Miss Caggs to the coach. As for you, Miss Turner, you go home to your friends this very day—a pretty cousin, you. And as for you, pitiful scoundrel ——"

" Mr. Caggs," said I, fiercely, " take care what you are saying. Have a mind, sir. True I intended to marry your daughter, and will marry her this moment, and you can keep her fortune, if you will withdraw your objection. This I will say: I may perhaps be baulked now, but, sooner or later, wed her I will."

" I will never marry any one else," sobbed Julia.

" Take her away, Jones, take her away," cried Caggs, furiously.

Jones obeyed. Caggs packed Miss Turner before him, and they drove off, after a parting glance between me and Julia, which meant eternal fidelity.

" These banns stand good for three months, I believe?" inquired I.

"They do," said the clerk.

"Then in two months Julia is of age; we'll have the wedding then, by Jove. Good morning."

With these words I and O'Shine sallied forth into the street, rather below zero, and wondrous crest-fallen.

"And that's an at'horney," said Septimus; "shure I mhight have known de ughly oghre."

Thus ended my first attempt at matrimony with the attorney's daughter.

Musings of a Musician.*

It is of every day occurrence to hear sad and lachrymose wailings as to the poor state of music in England. We are told that we are not a musical people—that the art is placed in an inferior and degrading position, while many comfort themselves by bright anticipations of what the future will produce. Mr. Lunn goes so far as to remark that "a library of music will become, in time, as necessary as a library of books; Beethoven and Mozart will become as much our household gods as Shakspeare or Milton; and our children will be taught to love and venerate them for their genius, and to long for the day when they can both study and appreciate them." When Beethoven and Mozart are placed on a pedestal anywhere within the reach of Shakspeare or Milton, it will be high time to look on our nation's glory as gone. We shall have passed the rubicon, and be rapidly on our way to that bourne from which nations never return. Rome and Greece both fell amid the sound of fiddling and songs—we hope a brighter fate is reserved for England. It is a prevailing error of musicians, composers, and students of the art, to rate music far too high. This is a grievous error. Music, except where it is a profession, and then we expect a man to devote his time and attention to it with courage and enthusiasm, as a carpenter to his work, is the occupation only of men fit for nothing else. Except as an occasional relaxation, it never was the occupation of any men who were fit for anything otherwise. In society a musical man, removed from his fiddle or his piano, is, in nine cases out of ten, a mere stick; and were every instrument, opera, air, note, to be wiped from the face of the earth, we should regret the departure of a pleasant recreation. It is with indignation then that we hear your Mozarts and Beethovens, great as was their *talent*—depending much upon some peculiar aptitude of the ear—compared to Milton or Shakspeare, the genius of the world's history. The source of human progress, the enlightenment of kind, the well whence springs all that great and good, the medium whereby religion, piety, science, and every useful agreable thing is diffused over the universe, to be placed in comparison, hypothetical, with an art which is the collection of certain sounds, is irresistibly comic. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not wish to degrade music, nor the study of it. We would merely teach it to keep its place far below literature, painting, and the noble arts of accomplishment, of eloquence, statesmanship, medicine, &c. Let it be satisfied with glittering society, with reaping golden honours, with being cried up and fed with Potosian ingots at the boards of opera-houses, and let it not seek to raise itself to a level with things which are beyond its comprehension. In society music is a pleasing accomplishment if the amateur devotes his or her whole thoughts to perfecting themselves, and as this we hold to be almost criminal, while so many nobler occupations offer themselves to grasp, it is best left to professionals, while private individuals should be *satisfied* with playing sufficiently well to please the easily satisfied relative or near friend. Mr. Lunn says music "has been too long regarded as a mere showy accomplishment, and takes its place at school with dancing and oriental tinting." The young lady who lays more stress, or devotes more time to music than she would to dancing, holds out but a poor promise as a wife or mother; and we opine, the school which would act as Mr. Lunn says they do act, would be supported by every sensible parent. Differing strongly as we do with Mr. Lunn as to the importance of his art, we yet must advise the perusal of his very pleasing and agreeable little volume, abounding as it does with anecdotes and sketches of a most amusing character. We shall briefly draw attention to some chapters, and note our opinions as we proceed. We are asked, "Let us now turn to our own islands and see why England great in literature—great in arms—great in almost everything—has never, until lately, really taken a prominent position in music." We can answer Mr. Lunn: because the people of England, less frivolous than those of Italy, Germany, and France, have had something else to think of. A fiddling and dancing nation will never be a great one. In arms, despite the morbid fear of war, so prevalent in literature, in science, in the development of our commerce and industry, we have nobly developed our energies, and when we have required a little relaxation have paid Italians and Frenchmen to give it us.

* Musings of a Musician, a Series of Popular Sketches, by Henry C. Lunn. Simpkin and Marshall. 1846.

It is our pride that England has not resounded on the world's history as a great musical country, and we hope not to live to blush at the epithet being hereafter justly applied. Let England remain pre-eminent in power, learning, and in the happiness and prosperity of her people, and we can afford to be called an unmusical nation. We, who go into society for the purpose of agreeable communion with our fellows, to exchange thoughts and ideas, to learn the opinions of others on men and things, and to promulgate our own, fully appreciate the following: "It appears an understood thing that every young lady shall be seated in turn at the pianoforte. What she may do when she *is* there, matters not. Sometimes she will timidly attempt an abstruse composition, and possessing no feeling, divest it of that very eloquence and vitality which are its chief characteristics. At other times she will venture a song, remembering but half the words, and forgetting all the accompaniment. To these several inflictions, the poor victim prefers to submit, rather than undergo the repeated solicitations of her friends. In the meantime the hostess is delighted. She knows that she is following the fashion, and that, accordingly, her guests must be (or ought to be) amused." Passing over the March of Art, Gentlemanly Ignorance, a Letter from a Lover of Music, the Crowd at the Pit-door, the Pictorial Style, the Old Violin, a very dramatic sketch, we quote what is not at all musical. It is, our author assumes, allegorical but the solution must be sought in the book itself! It is a little sketch of real life, well told: "In passing along the banks of the Serpentine at that early part of the morning when the rules of the Hyde Park authorities allow all persons to peril their lives for the sake of temporarily refreshing their bodies, and to show their contempt of cold springs and the Royal Humane Society, by swimming, if they please, fairly across to the opposite shore, I have often been amused by the half courageous and half frightened manner in which the youthful bathers usually commit themselves to the tender mercies of the stream, which apparently runs so invitingly before them. It is evident that they have risen in the morning with the prospect of a delightful swim before them, and having provided themselves with a towel, and called upon some companions, who have signified their intention of sharing in their enjoyment, have proceeded in the best possible spirits to the bank of the river. Arrived there, however, they are instantly seized with the conviction that in remaining where they are, warm and comfortable, with their clothes on, they were really consulting their personal comfort much more than they would be by stripping to the skin and madly plunging into a stream of cold water. Were they entirely alone, they would, no doubt, quietly return to the place whence they came, and congratulate themselves upon having escaped a great deal of unnecessary misery—but companionship is everything, and few persons will have the courage to question the rationality of anything which is daily taking place around them. Having advanced so far, they dare not now retire, and seeing that many are already in the water, and no doubt enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, one of the party, in a fit of desperation, casts off his clothes and plunges in head foremost. Now his companions rush to the brink, and, as he rises, trying to look happy in spite of the water in his mouth and ears, they anxiously inquire how he feels—whether it is very cold, and whether it is warmer than it was yesterday; to all which questions the martyr answers in the affirmative, feeling assured that it is the only mode by which the others can be induced to follow him. At length another of the party, taking courage by the example of his friend, proceeds to imitate him, and leisurely undressing himself (which is usually a work of great time), he walks to the edge of the water, and first putting in one foot and then the other, to try the effect of the sudden change, he collects all his energy to the task, and then plunges in—then panting, blowing, and struggling, he calls to his companions at the top of his voice; and whilst he would often give up the whole of his personal effects to be once more on dry land, he declares, upon his honour, that it is the 'most delicious bath he ever had in his life.'" Remarking that the ancients considered music and dancing the fit occupation of slaves—and applying the illustration to EVERY musical nation of modern times (and Italy and Germany are alone characteristically so), we recommend to all, and especially to all musically inclined, the little unassuming volume which has called for these remarks. It is because we wish England well, because we would ever see her pre-eminent in honour and renown, leading the van in high art, literature, statesmanship, and arms, that we now thus seemingly condemn the endeavour to erect music-worship.

Prison Discipline.

A Sketch.

We hope that prison discipline has been greatly improved, and rendered at once more efficient and more merciful within the last few years. The tragic occurrence which we are about to relate, is not given

with any intention to cast odium upon the present system. The event, indeed, happened before public attention had been called to the subject of re-modelling prison discipline, at a time when enlightened ideas began to be propounded, but before practical experience had tested the various ameliorations proposed, or given those lessons to which theory must always recur for completion and correction.

Lest we should wound any individual now living, we shall neither mention the name of the gaol nor of the gaoler connected with the occurrence, but simply inform our readers that we had the relation from one of the doctors called in on the occasion.

A man whom we will for convenience sake call John B—— had been convicted for assault and theft to a considerable amount. The evidence had been clear, the verdict had been immediately returned, and the sentence pronounced was three months' imprisonment, closing with one week of solitary confinement.

John was no hardened ruffian, though he had been found guilty of this act of violation of the laws. He was a superstitious man, and ideal terrors had strong hold upon his mind. He possessed a Herculean frame, and robust, unbroken health, but in the dark he would quake like an aspen leaf. In the days of his liberty, no bribe would have tempted him to pass through a churchyard after dark, or to sleep in a room said to be haunted. Had he been a soldier, he would have rendered himself distinguished among his comrades and precious to his generals. In Ephesian days, he might have fought with wild beasts. In brute courage he could hardly find his match; but from the time when, walking in the dusk by the side of carter Gibbins, he first heard a ghost tale, ideal terrors took such hold upon his imagination that his knees would tremble if he found himself alone in what he esteemed a suspicious place.

During the three months of his imprisonment, it was not the hard labour, or hard food, or close confinement, which constituted his main punishment, but it was the terrible anticipation of his week's solitary imprisonment. Again and again he said to his fellow-prisoners that he should never live through it; he woke at night, and pictured himself in his solitary dungeon, and his flesh crept upon his bones; and as he longer and longer contemplated the dreaded week, it gained in terror to his imagination.

Many a time he implored the turnkeys to obtain a change in his sentence—a change, any change—though it should impose upon him what they deemed a more severe expiation of his guilt. They assured him that they had no power, but reported his state of mind and the extremity of his terror to the gaoler. He, a stolid man, and somewhat obtuse, thought only of the literal execution of the orders of the court. A breach of the usual discipline of the gaol never occurred to him, nor did the idea of taking medical advice or making representations to higher powers present itself to his mind.

At length the week arrived. The turnkey appeared, and ordered John B—— to follow him. Terror made the man refractory; a sufficient force of turnkeys was summoned, with the gaoler at the head, and the man was placed in his solitary dungeon.

It was round—the form, of all others, most same; no angle, no prominent object appeared to catch, and for one moment the rest, the eye. Stone after stone, damp and moss-grown, fell upon the vision; a modicum of light and air was admitted through a hole in the roof, over which a grating was placed, and which was far above all hope of being reached by any occupant of that sad cell: a wooden bedstead, with some bedding, formed the only furniture. It was full day when John was led to the cell, but little of the light of day could creep in through the small grating at its central summit.

The turnkeys forced him in, thrust his day's supply of food in after him, and retired.

To decrease his sense of solitude and terror, John sang and shouted, and shouted and sang again, leaving no momentary interval of silence. He shouted prayers for release, piteously earnest, but no answer came; sometimes he sang snatches of ballads and hymns that his boyhood had learned! the walls of his dungeon rang back with the sound of his own voice, and when exhaustion caused him for an instant to desist, his terror seemed to gather strength from the momentary stillness, and he would dispel it with a shriek.

As the turnkeys went about they heard the piteous sounds, and reported again to the gaoler; that functionary, however, felt no disposition to modify the proceedings. Still the tenant of the cell shouted, prayed, sang, howled, whistled, and emitted every sound that the human lungs can frame; heart-rending were his entreaties that some voice would answer him from outside—but no answer came. At length his own grew hoarse; still he continued to sing with all the power yet left him, but shrieks and screams were mingled with his snatches of song.

"Poor wretch!" said one turnkey to another, as they passed along, "his mind is surely gone. I wish we had been allowed to let him out."

"Or but to speak a word at his door," returned the other.

"It is too awful to hear—I cannot stay near," said the first; and they hastened onwards.

At a very early hour the next morning, four or five of the most eminent medical men of the town of ——— met together in the cell of John B——, to pronounce that life had left the body, and to give their opinion as to the cause of the decease. That opinion was unanimous. It was proved that an owl made the grating at the summit of the cell his nightly haunt; it was proved that suddenly the shrieks, and snatches, and prayers screamed forth in agony from the solitary cell, had ceased. At that moment, it was supposed, the owl had made her visit to her quarters for the night, and probably, from hooting and flapping her wings above him, had caused the poor captive to imagine her some unearthly visitant. Always a prey to superstitious fears, and now excited to the highest degree of terror, this had been too much; he had sunk back fainting upon his bed, and the head having fallen low, he being a man of full habit, and no assistance having been rendered, apoplexy had supervened, and occasioned death.

The death of John B—— was attended by a sense of mental horrors more aggravated and more protracted than that which attends the forfeiture of life at the gallows in almost every case.

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL,

ON HIS

RESIGNATION OF THE PREMIERSHIP OF THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND.

I.

Hail, hallow'd statesman! glorious in thy fall,
As sets the sun while light is over all;
The fruitful seed He calls to birth,
Thou spread'st in harvests o'er the earth.
He sinks—but not in radiant grave to die.
And as thy course is run
Like to the bless'd sun,
Each morrow both arise in immortality.*

II.

Plenty and riches now our country hails,
And wins to all our ports the crowd'd sails,
With od'rous spice, and the cane's honied fruit,
The needful corn, and luxuries to boot,
That ev'ry poor man's palate glad shall taste.
These, with a frozen eye,
Protective Lords deny,
But these the Lord of Lords ordain'd should never run to waste.

III.

By thee the mighty steam bark's dashing prow
And swelling sails bring in the fibrous snow,
Merry to make our million wheels to fly,
With laughing groups of infant industry:
Six days of cheerful labour, while they feel
The coming seventh, by God design'd
For sweet refreshment* of all living kind,
Making each little bounding heart an altar rais'd to Peel.

IV.

That sacred day, railway and Thames behold,
Carriage and deck all filled with young and old:
Peasant from cot—from home the artisan—
Both, from blest meal, that God design'd for man,
With all their happy children round their knees,
They whom sour preaching knaves
Would turn to starving slaves,
While their own "capon lin'd round bellies" swell with ease.†

---

* "Weekly Dispatch," August 23, 1846:—"The closing session will be remembered in history. And the popular triumph, in the repeal of the corn-laws, by which it is distinguished, will be even less remarkable than the new light it has thrown on the character of Sir Robert Peel, and the new position in which it has placed him. At the beginning, or a brief time previously, he was apparently the permanent premier, with a stronger party at his back than ever before supported a minister; at its close, he is a private gentleman, without office, power, or party. At its commencement, he was the object of public distrust; at its close, he commands the national respect and gratitude. For the first time in political history, we have beheld a statesman in the plenitude of authority and influence, making a deliberate sacrifice of power and patronage to the rights and wants of the people—sacrificing even his own character in the estimation of those by whom he had been raised to the summit of his ambition. We have seen the man whose course had been the crookedest made an outcast from his party on account of his integrity, and exposed to the bitterest vituperation. Sir Robert Peel has fallen from power, and risen in greatness. He lost a faction, and gained a nation. Accusations of treachery evince his integrity. Scornful assaults illustrate his dignity. Desertion only leaves him in unapproached grandeur. There is no similar instance on record of a party leader, and the tool of an aristocracy, foregoing all the advantages, and resisting all the temptations, of his position, to become the man of the people, and work out their deliverance from the most oppressive and pernicious monopoly ever devised and upheld by the sinister interests of class legislation."

* "Six days shalt thou do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest, that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed" (Exodus xxiii. 12). "Refreshed!" Let un-christian and un-English partisans pause on this intelligible, significant, and happy expression, and then ask their gloomy and unsocial minds if it be not possible that their Saviour would, with the same inspiration that prompted his answer to the Pharisees in the cornfield, confirm the right of the poor man to sit with the partner of his labours and his cares, with their children around them, at a hot dinner, on the Sabbath; and if the same benevolent and merciful Spirit would not exhort them to give thanks to their bountiful Creator in the fields and on the waters, with their happy children in their hands, for the sunshine and fresh air, as the blessed "refreshment" that he has bestowed on them after six days of hard labour in the mine, or at the forge, or at the loom, breathing for six days a corrupt atmosphere. God Almighty allots them rest and refreshment; the hypocrites deny them both. The rank farce of the present saints is but a resuscitation of the same dastardly oppression of the poor fifty years ago. The author of these lines remembers about that period the upright, liberal-minded, and English magistrate, the late Mr. Kinnaird, whom he was in the habit of occasionally meeting at the table of a literary friend. This worthy magistrate thus expressed himself on hypocrites:—"These un-Englishmen send before me poor old apple-women for getting an honest livelihood on Sunday—I send them back. The hypocrites wish to deprive the poor hard-working man of a hot dinner on Sundays, but I hope I shall never see the day when that right shall be taken from him and his humble family about him."

† Shakespeare—"As You Like It."

V.

Thy change! 'twas that which call'd the guilty from
their rest,
And threw the seeds of pity in their breast.
Thy change did like an angel lead their way
From Greenland night to sudden glorious day.
And then thy hand in mercy grasp'd the rod,
While Slander turn'd her page,
And Malice foam'd with rage,
Thou smot'st the sordid crew, and then allied'st with
God.

VI.

Thou spurn'st the base who heartless from their den,
Saw the pale victims of the marsh and fen,
Wan remnants—half unclad—less fed,
While shatters roof'd each hopeless head!
Thus daily doom'd to waste, to totter, and to toil,
Who saw the victims die?
Who heard the infants cry?
And who the fever fiends?—the Lords they of the soil.

VII.

Thy *change* the dastards yell, who still uphold
The boyish Pitt, who freedom bought and sold.
He whom each patriot hail'd "just," "noble,"
"free,"
Till riper manhood brought apostacy.
Thou, purer Brutus, without murd'rous blow,
Thou fled'st their vices, e'en while they
Had better made thy virtues with them stay;
Thou exild'st, but not stabb'd, thy country's cruel foe.

VIII.

If tainted men to change their thoughts are free,
Sure to the good—the right belongs to thee,
Thou glorious contrast to the Pitt and Burke,
Whose brightest skill was darkest work.
Like thine, ambition did their steps entice;
Thou with court-doctrine didst begin—
Ending, a virtuous crown to win;
While they began with good, to end in vice.

IX.

What though not thine a coronet of guilt,
Like that acquir'd when Sidney's, Russell's blood was
spilt?
What though thy veins can boast no regal flood,
Commingled with polluted Gallic blood?
With honey rich thou left'st the hive, to stand
Where—as thy sire will'd,
With fair ambition fill'd—
Amid the flower—the nobles—of the land.

X.

There sprung young friendships, and there mortal man,
Self-love with them carv'd out thy future plan,
And round about thee thine attachments drew
The trammels of a selfish crew.
Proud and indignant now, they hear thee cry,
(While low their heads they bow)
"The time is alter'd now;
Your av'rice is in dust, my charity on high."

XI.

By thee shall wars depart from ev'ry land,
And each to each bring plenty in her hand;
No stain of blood is in thy victory;
No reft one's tears to dry;
No shrunken outstretch'd hand of toil unfed;
No moans from hungry infants break;
But the smile speaks from ev'ry cheek,
While parents bless the hand that gave their children
bread.

XII.

As from some humble, lovely, shaded spot,
Where laurels and the myrtle crown a grot,
Springs the live crystal from its fountain pure,
Bringing its life and light from the obscure,
Till through green meads and flowers it reach the sea,
So on in shining course,
Gathering its noble force,
CORDEN, the fruitful source, brings light and life to
thee.

XIII.

His name shall live, while our dear land shall last;
And link'd with his in all his glories past,
Villiers and Bright, and he of manly sense,
Allied alike in name and eloquence
With him who stood 'mid freedom's rudest shock,
And from base hands enslaved
His country saved—
The name to Britons dear—immortal Fox.

XIV.

Thy mission closes with benignant grace,
And with a double triumph* ends thy race;
The one—all shining with humanity;
And one—a master-stroke of policy,
That won a conquest—mask of braggart fears,
Where rude Republic yielded to thy sway,*
While mercy wing'd her way,*
To soothe a breaking heart, and dry a widow's tears.

XV.

Go—and how sweet, when after set of sun,
Reflecting on thy laurels nobly won,
Thy worthless foes and arduous task to leave,
All sooth'd to sit, while crown the tranquil eve,
Suns, that alone in a calm splendour play,
And to her peaceful noon,
Like thy own conscience, climbs the moon,
Worth all the golden glitter of ambitious day!

**

Reviews.

The Works of G. P. R. James. Vol. IX.—Darnley; or, The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Smith and Elder.

We once remarked, that had Mr. James always produced such romances as "Mary of Burgundy"—equal to any historical novel we ever read—he would have been on a level almost with Sir Walter Scott; and in "Darnley" he has almost, if not quite, brought himself on a level with the above admirable production. "Darnley" is one of those fictions which will interest and please both old and young. The opening is striking and effective. We are at once, by the meeting of the hero and Sir Count, cast into a very cauldron of mystery, in which we continue to seethe and boil until the very last page be reached. This character is perhaps one of the best in the book—at all events, it is the most striking. We find the astrologer at every turn. He is ever ready at the nick of time to serve those whom he patronises. In conversation with our hero, in pretended league with the villain knight his enemy, in his magic and secret chamber, showing the wonders of the fortune-telling mirror, he is ever the same philosophising, sarcastic, and marked character. Indeed, the work abounds with a perfect galaxy of portraits, brought out with a vigour and power rarely equalled in fiction. The character of the usurper of Darnley's place and estate is well conceived, and ever in keeping. Utterly regardless of any one thing except the acquisition of wealth and power, he is described as working out his plans with a cool and deliberate villany, which, let us hope is less true to nature now than it was in ancient days. But we believe that once the boundary mark between vice and vir-

* Settlement of the Oregon question, and the benevolent care of Haydon and his family.

tue irrevocably passed, man revels in his own wickedness, and forgetting immortality, hardens his own soul, and looks but to the end regardless of the means. The wicked thus plunge deeper every day. So is it with this character, who, as the villain of the piece, plays no mean part. His attempted murder of Darnley, his opposition to the rights of Constance, and his treason to his king, are displayed with unusual power. The two heroines are admirable sketches. The quiet, dignified grace of sweet Constance is admirably relieved by the playful skittishness of her friend and companion Katherine Balger. Perhaps the best drawn and most natural scenes in the work are those in which Lady Katrine, while affianced to one she truly loves, still roguishly coquets with Darnley. The journey they perform together is admirably described, and enables Mr. James to give some exquisite pictures of English scenery and manners. This is also prominently the case in the description given of the munificent establishment of Buckingham's ambitious duke, at whose table dined such vast numbers every day, and where rare old English hospitality was kept in grand and magnificent style. In fact, there are perhaps more distinct pleasing pictures in this romance than in any from the same writer's pen. Henry VIII is introduced, and treated somewhat gently. It is true he is drawn at a time when he had not become the bloody and sensual tyrant which history has proved him; but we opine the nature of the beast must always have been the same. His butcher-cardinal Wolsey, fit minister for such a king, is powerfully drawn, and good use is made in the story of both king and prelate. It would be idle, in the instance of a work which is so well and so favourably known, to pursue our remarks further. But we are quite sure that, in recommending every family to procure this admirable collected edition of Mr. James' works, we are performing a duty which everybody who takes our advice will own to be a pleasing one. The series is admirably printed, neatly bound, and is quite as cheap as such books ought ever to be. A new novel by Mr. James, in three volumes, is this day published, of which we shall give an elaborate analysis next month. The title is "Heidelberg."

The Tudor Sisters; a Story of National Sacrilege. Newby.

This is one of those novels which, taking rise in a morbid state of religious feeling, fully justifies the saying that its author's tone is that of a parish scold, and his taste that of a strolling manager. It is a mystery to us how any man can write, any publisher publish, or any reader read, such monstrous attempts at historical narrative. It is lamentable to think that our circulating libraries are filled with such trash. One extract, already more than once quoted, will illustrate our views:

"Alas, poor Jane! the embrace was cold to her: for he from whom she sought it unclasped her twining arms; and, though there was tenderness in her manner in which he seated her, and screened the from the night breeze, he spoke no word of comfort; but, retiring from her contact with more than conjugal respect, leaned over the gunwale of the boat, apparently more sorrow-stricken than resentful. Jane was touched; but when she fancied she saw a tear trickle through his fingers, glisten in the moonlight, and drop into the water—overcome by that which woman cannot resist, much less so gentle a creature as Jane, she could forbear no longer; but rising from her seat, made a step forward, exclaiming: 'Guilford, dearest Guilford, share with me thy sorrow. Thou wert but now, to all seeming, joyous, and sang'st right merrily. Sure, sight of thy Jane hath not made thee sad! Think not, Dudley, how we parted—all is, long ago, forgotten.' 'Peace, peace, oh! peace!' cried a voice, in which sympathy struggled to be harsh, 'or let thy words scotch in the deep damnation of my guilt. Thus gently, they are adder-stings.' The head of the speaker was raised a little—but other motion he made none; and that voice, oh! how changed from the Dudley of happier days! A peremptory cry of 'Woman, be still!' uttered by a tall, gloomy-looking figure, who stood in the stern of the boat, with arms, authoritatively folded, watching and controlling all, struck Jane down into her seat—in a panic of surprise and apprehension. Whose was the voice, at the command of which her breath was to be still? Whose the compelling power that urged the oarsmen to strike so rapidly, and strain the bark so swiftly through the waters? Why did not her Guilford assume the command? But could he be there, and brook that his Jane should be tongue-tied by an unfeeling ruffian, with 'Woman, be still!' Why, indeed, was she thus torn away from the protection of one whose home and heart were opened to her, and who would have sheltered and shielded her Dudley too? There is a feeling without a name which creeps over the heart and brain, tingles in every drop of blood, trembles in every nerve, and shakes in every limb, when first the sense becomes conscious of a harrowing pang, but before the thrill is given. Jane felt that feeling now, and looked desparingly around her. Could she have been betrayed? it was his bird-call, his well-known wooing song. She felt the voice was changed: could sorrow thus have changed it? No! it was a heartless mimicry, or why the submission to that insulting mandate, 'Woman be still!' and oh! that cold caress! Conviction came like a flash, something cracked in the recesses of her brain, her heart thumped against her side, and, half-leaping with the shock, she fell senseless at the feet of her mysterious betrayer. The long-loved lure had beguiled her to her undoing. It was the mother calling her lamb over a precipice!"

Belford Regis. By Miss Mitford. Bentley.

This work is too well known to require any comment. It is quite sufficient to remark that it has been just published by Mr. Bentley in a cheap form, and that its high and noble aim must secure for it in this form an extended circulation.

Charlotte Corday; an historical tale. By Rose Ellen Hendricks. Groombridge.

The press generally asserts that this young lady has improved. We certainly acquiesce in the statement; for, from writing a volume of the very worst poetry we ever remembered to have read, our author

has advanced to the composition of a very pleasing historical tale, of which more next month.

Lost or Won, or the Love Test. By the author of the "Maid's Husband." Colburn.

This is one of those tales in which the writer endeavours, by improbable incident and distorted passion, to make up for want of inventive powers and true knowledge of the human heart. The tale is so ill managed, and the catastrophe so absurd, and so strangely brought about, that we abstain from further notice. The writer is not without ability, and should he succeed in conquering his ambition for straining after effect would produce, we have every reason to believe, a somewhat pleasing work. At present he is too partial to the striking and the *outré* to be either pleasing or profitable,

---

The Wild Irish Girl. (Colburn's Standard Novels.)

This is also a new edition of a work so popular as to require little notice from us. It is a tolerably faithful copy of human nature, and contains nothing that can be considered as objectionable.

The Topic. Parts III and IV. London, Mitchell.

This publication has fully justified the good opinion we expressed on the appearance of its earliest numbers. The idea is an excellent one, and requires only that the plan proposed should be adhered to closely, with such an amount of talent as we find already enlisted, to ensure a successful result, though perhaps to be attained only gradually. It is important however that the real topic of the week, so often as the public mind is occupied by one engrossing subject, should be seized upon without delay. When the nine days' wonder have gone by, it may be vain to attempt to resuscitate public interest. The parts before us are devoted to the following questions — "Railway Liabilities," "The Poor and the Poor Laws," "Humboldt's Kosmos," "Mexico and the United States," "Art Unions," "Flowers and the Flower Shows," "Continental Travels." On the question of the "Poor and the Poor Laws" there is much in detail from which we dissent; but many of the suggestions are excellent, and particular with regard to the employment of paupers. The review of the "Kosmos," though necessarily, within such limits, giving but an imperfect analysis of the work, is by a writer familiar with its "great argument," and may be read as a good introduction to the book itself. There is a very full and statistical notice of Mexico and its resources, and a view of its present position as regards the American States, closing with a reference to the prospect of the English holder of Mexican bonds, whose position is certainly not improved by the war, nor likely to be by its almost certain result. The paper on Art Unions takes up their defence against the opinions of Sir Robert Peel and other influential patrons of Art, that they operate unfavourably as regards the advancement of true taste. They have not certainly done much hitherto to promote that; but the taste they create or sustain is better than no taste at all; and if any other course shall be set in operation tending to give a higher direction to popular feeling in the matter of Art, the Art Unions will be directed by the current; it is impossible that they should effectively offer any resistance to its onward way.

The Dream of the Opium Eater. By Owen Howell. Matthews, Warwick-lane.

There is much originality and force in this wild little poem, mixed with much that is quaint and overstrained.

Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Stickland. Vol. IX. Colburn.

This is a delightful volume, to which we purpose next month devoting an especial article. The subject is Mary Beatrice of Modena.

Father Darcy. By the author of "Mount Sorel." 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

From the two old men's tales to "Father Darcy," we have carefully studied this much bepraised writer in the earnest endeavours to solve a riddle, which seemed so easy of solution to every one else, viz. where the great merit lay. Ability, much power of description, a minute picturing of character, we allow to exist, but these qualifications do not make up for a somewhat questionable morality—all who have read the two old men's tales will fully coincide in this—nor for want of nature in the men and women who are introduced; for ourselves, we know of no fictions less pleasing to read than these. There is no sustained interest in the story, and the only attraction appears to be in the profusion of pointed sentences, which read like profound truths, but which are oftener but tinsel sentiment. The style is undoubtedly good, as style is now received, but as novels, as true descriptions or pictures of life, as books which may do us good, or even amuse us with any accompanying advantage, we cannot see the purpose. For our own parts we never can sympathise with a writer whose sole purpose seems to be to lay bare the sombre, bleak, and bad side of human nature. It is but just to add that while opening up to us scenes of vice,

crime and immorality—murder and adultery for instance—the writer's aim is always to show the evil of these things. God knows the world is bad enough, but the avocation of literature should rather be to lead to virtue by pursuasive arts than to terrify by minute dissections of crime and evil. We here give an extract:—

A CATHOLIC GRANDMOTHER.

"Tall and rigid in her figure; her hands thin and delicate, veined and sinewed in large knots and tendons, were clothed with a sort of black velvet mitten, which displayed one morning ring upon the right hand, and a small one encircling the wedding finger on the left. She was sitting in a large chair covered with black leather by the side of the window, reading, in a book bound, as such books then were, in black, richly ornamented with gold. From time to time, the book, and the hand which held it, would sink into her lap—while her large melancholy eyes were fixed upon the dark heavy plumes of some immense and gloomy fir-trees, swaying and heaving in the wintry wind. The two little children that were in the room with her were two little boys, her grandchildren. Their mother was dead; their father, the son of this lady, was Robert Catesby. The little creatures looked pale, and their features were sharp and sickly; their large eyes were encircled with that dark black ring which is a symptom of early suffering and decay; they were not clothed in black as was the lady, but in little coats of dark maroon colour, ornamented with silken fringes; and their small open collars were of rich needle-work. Their appearance was that of children carefully attended to; but their looks were dull and almost terrified. They sat crouching together in a corner of the room, near the fire-place, playing at some little quiet game they had found for themselves; whispering to each other when they spoke; and every now and then casting a sort of fearful glance at the lady, and round the room, which was now being wrapped in the fast closing shadows of the dark and dismal evening."

The Gastronomic Regenerator, a Simplified and entirely new System of Cookery. By Monsieur Alexis Soyer. Simpkin and Marshall.

From the portrait of the author in the first, to that of his deceased wife in the last, part of the book, this work is replete with amusement and instruction. There is more, indeed, than meets the eye. We are persuaded that, apart from his gastronomic genius, M. Soyer is a decided wag, and that while treating his subject with solemn gravity, he is laughing in his sleeve at the inanity of mind in such of his patrons as seem to make eating the business of life, the god of their idolatry. The bit of "distinguished personages who have honoured the author with their approbation," is curious. We find the Duke of Cambridge at the head, and we know not whom behind, being, however, but patrons of the author's extreme cleverness, and not making eating the *summum bonum* of existence. But we have not now to write a homily on the sumptuary vices of the age, but to notice the most remarkable cookery-book ever published. M. Soyer's preface is a curiosity:—

"At the request of several persons of distinction, who have visited the Reform Club, particularly the ladies, to whom I have always made it a rule never to refuse anything in my power, for indeed it must have been the fair sex who have had the majority in this domestic argument to gain this gastronomical election. 'Why do you not write and publish a cookery book?' was a question continually put to me. For a considerable time this scientific word caused a thrill of horror to pervade my frame, and brought back to my mind that one day being in a most superb library in the midst of a splendid baronial hall, by chance I met with one of Milton's allegorical works, the profound ideas of Locke, and several chefs-d'œuvre of one of the noblest champions of literature, Shakespeare; when all at once my attention was attracted by the nineteenth edition of a voluminous work; such an immense success of publication caused me to say: 'Oh, you celebrated man, posterity counts every hour of fame upon your regretted ashes.' Opening this work with intense curiosity, to my great disappointment what did I see?—a receipt for ox-tail soup! The terrifying effect produced upon me by this succulent volume, made me determine that my few ideas should never encumber a sanctuary which should be entirely devoted to works worthy of a place in the temple of the muses. But you must acknowledge, respected readers, how changeable and uncertain are our feeble ideas through life; to keep the promise above mentioned, I have been drawn into a thousand gastronomic reflections, which have involved me in the necessity of deviating entirely from my former opinion, and have induced me to bring before the public the present volume, under the title of 'The Gastronomic Regenerator,' throughout which I have closely followed the plain rules of simplicity, so that every receipt can not only be clearly understood, but easily executed. I now sincerely hope, ladies, that I have not only kept my promise, but to your satisfaction paid tribute to your wishes. You have not forgotten, dear reader, the effect that monstrous volume, the said nineteenth edition, produced upon me; therefore, I now sincerely beg of you to put my book in a place suited to its little merit, and not with Milton's sublime 'Paradise,' for there it certainly would be doubly lost."

The next page unfolds to us a matter which is headed "important," and which is certainly so, being "a description of the composition of the work;" this should be read, and its facts digested with becoming gravity. To this succeeds "Soyer's New Mode of Carving," *à propos* of which we have the following:—

"To illustrate this just question I will relate a curious and historic anecdote. Having one day served a 'petit diner tres recherché' for five persons, in which was 'poularde à l'ambassadeur,' a new and rather voluminous dish of mine. After the first course, a message was sent me that the gentlemen had found that dish so good, they regretted I had not sent two poulardes instead of one. At first I took this message for a pleasantry, but a short time after three parts of the poularde came down in a state that if exposed over a laundry door would have served for a sign, without having recourse to those popular words, 'mangling done here.' The sight of a dish so greatly disfigured made me collect a few of my little culinary ideas. Nature, says I to myself, compels us to dine more or less once a day; each of those days you are, honourable reader, subject to meet 'en tête en tête' with a fowl, poularde, duck, pheasant, or other volatile species; is it not bad enough to have sacrificed the lives of those 'animaux bienfaisans' to satisfy our indefatigable appetites, without pulling and tearing to atoms the remains of our benefactors?' It is high time, for the credit of humanity, and the comfort of quiet families, to put an end to the massacre of those innocents."

It would be impossible to follow the whole of the series of recipes which suc-

ceed. By glancing our eye over them, we, however, see clearly that no head of a family should be without this book. It contains a vast body of information which will enable both middling classes and rich to give at a moderate cost such dinners as they never before laid on their tables on state occasions. The eye revels, indeed, in a series of foundation sauces, thin sauces, *potages*, fish, *hors d'œuvres*, removes, pork, flanks, *entrées*, &c., which seem never to end; indeed, the index of names alone occupies sixteen pages. So far so good, and we can cordially recommend the work to the matrons of England, quite sure that M. Soyer is not exaggerating when he says, "I have made the whole contents of my book one regular bill of fare, which will enable the most inexperienced cook, or young lady just commencing housekeeping, to compose a *recherché* or economical bill of fare at will." We, however, who look around us, and see, as we do, so much to pity and deplore in the condition of the English poor, cannot but read with disgust such statements as the following. As far as M. Soyer was concerned, the matter was one of business, and he was quite right to exert his peculiar and really admirable talents to the utmost; but the Mr. S—— is a modern Heliogabalus for whom we have a thorough contempt. We opine he is some *nouveau riche*:—

"'Diner Lucullusien à la Sampayo.'—I beg to present my readers with the copy of the bill of fare of the most 'recherché' dinner I ever dressed, which the liberality and epicurean taste of the gentleman, who gave it to a select party of connoisseurs, enabled me to procure. He wished me to get him a first rate dinner, and spare no expense in procuring the most novel, luxurious, and rare edibles to be obtained at this extravagant season of the year. I had also proposed the following dish to the party, which was accepted, but which I was unable to obtain from Paris, on account of a change in the weather preventing their arrival, the articles being two dozen ortolans. Having already procured twelve of the largest and finest truffles I could obtain, it was my intention to have dug a hole in each, into which I should have placed one of the birds, and covered each with a piece of lamb's or calf's caul; then to have braised them half an hour in good stock made from fowl and veal, with half a pint of Lachryme Christi added; then to have drained them on a cloth, placed a border of forced meat upon the dish, placed the truffles in pyramid, made a 'purée' with the truffle dug from the interior, using the stock reduced to a demi glace, and poured over, roasted the twelve ortolans before a sharp fire, with which I should have garnished the whole round, and served very hot. Note.—The tradespeople received their orders a week previous to the dinner. The finest mullets I ever saw, as well as the Severn salmon, were obtained at Grove's in Bond Street; the remainder of the fish was from Jay's, in Hungerford Market. At seven o'clock the live Severn salmon was brought to me, it having just arrived from Gloucester, and was boiled immediately, being just ten minutes before the dinner was placed upon the table, and was eaten in the greatest possible perfection. The finest of the poultry came from Bailey's, Davis-street, Grosvenor-square, and Townsend's, Charles-street, Haymarket. The 'foie gras' and some fine fresh French truffles came from Morel's; the lamb came from Newland's, Air-street, Piccadilly; the Welch mutton from Slater's, and the young green peas and a very expensive dessert from Solomons, Covent Garden."

The rest of the work is taken up with a description of the kitchen of the Reform Club, and with "My Kitchen at Home;" receipts adapted as well for the table of the wealthy as for those of more moderate incomes. The work concludes with an account of Madame Soyer, her portrait, and a specimen of her great artistic talents. We again say, this work *must* supersede every established cookery-book. The following recipe for making our favourite beverage is admirable:—

"After constant supplications to my 'mémoire,' I have obtained at last a valuable receipt of the method of making my coffee at home, which I must say she may well be proud of, having been continually complimented by my guests on account of its excellence. It was only by touching her vanity, and assuring her that it was not to oblige me, but the public at large, that she permitted me to give it publicity, on the condition, however, that her name be appended. Buy your coffee not over burnt; have a middle-sized filter like ours, which holds a little more than a quart, and came from Jakes or Benham, I forget which, (but that is of little consequence, as you merely want the receipt); pour about a pint of boiling water into the filter to heat it through, then empty it, and put a quarter of a pound of ground coffee on the filter, then put on the presser, and lastly the grating; then pour about half a pint of boiling water over it, put the cover on, and let it drain through. After three or four minutes, pour by degrees a pint and a half of boiling water, and when well passed through pour it through the filter into a very clean stewpan; set it on the corner of the fire, and when a little white scum rises to the surface (not letting it boil) pour it a second time over the filter, and when passed through pour either into the cafetière or the cups. Serve boiling milk or cream in two small jugs, and white or brown, or sometimes candied sugar. After promising her a fine gown for her kindness, I gave her a pen to sign her name. 'But stop,' said she, 'I forgot to tell you for your breakfast the next day I use a system of economy which I think will please: as soon as I have the coffee from the coffee-pot, I put another quart of boiling water over it. This, I find, saves me an ounce of coffee by boiling it instead of water, and pouring it over as before.—Irma de l'Ombre.'"

A Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon. By William Edward Surtees, D.C.L. Chapman and Hall.

This work has been already published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and therefore requires but little notice from us. It is, however, a very useful and excellent work, which will correct many of Mr. Twiss's errors in his life of Lord Eldon. We give, however, a few extracts:

LORD ELDON AS A THEATRICAL CRITIC.

"It is stated by Mr. Twiss that Lord Eldon was so indifferent to the sweetest warblings of Italian song, that he humourously declared the Opera House to him was 'opera atque labores:' but I could wish that the letter from which is extracted the following passage, showing that he was not equally insensible to the triumphs of the histrionic art, had fallen into the hands of Mr. Twiss; since it might, on family grounds, have afforded him a justifiable pleasure and pardonable pride to record the instance by which it is ours our lot to illustrate the early admiration for the theatre entertained by the hero of his narrative. 'You will see,' says Mr. John Scott in a letter, written about December, 1782, 'the papers very full of accounts of a Mrs. Siddons [sic] a new actress. She

is beyond all Idea capital, I never saw an Actress before. In my Notion of just affecting Action and Elocution, she beats our deceased Roscius all to nothing.'"

A DOCTOR AT FAULT.

"When he was a junior in his profession, Mr. John Scott, with his wife, accompanied his eldest brother-in-law, Mr. William Surtees, and his wife, in a tour to the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. While the party were at the inn at Keswick, Mrs. Scott became ill. The medical man of the place was superannuated: for him, however, Mr. Scott sent. On his arrival, he begged Mr. Scott to retire, as he wished to question the lady when alone. When Mr. Scott had left the room, he said, 'Madame there is something on your mind. Probably you do not live happily with your husband?' Mrs. Scott, one of the most attached of wives, unable to bear this, fell into hysterics, rang the bell, and ordered the doctor out of the house. In the early part of Mr. John Scott's professional life, the health of both his wife and himself appears to have been very delicate."

REX v. PITT.

"In allowing the resignation of Pitt rather than concede to his requirements, the king had made a great sacrifice of his personal attachments to his conscientious opinions. He was now attacked by a feverish disorder; and his mind was for a short time affected. In the early part of March, when somewhat convalescent, his majesty desired one of the Messrs. Willis, his medical attendants, to write or speak to Pitt. 'Tell him,' said the king, 'I am now quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for who is the cause of my having been ill at all!'"

THE JUDGE'S DOOR PLATES.

"Sir William Scott removed from Doctors' Commons to his wife's house in Grafton-street; and, ever economical in his domestic expenses, brought with him his own door-plate, and placed it under the pre-existing plate of Lady Sligo, instead of getting a new door-plate for them both. Immediately after the marriage, Mr. Jekyll, so well known in the early part of this century for his puns and humour, happening to observe the position of these plates, confided with Sir William on having to '*knock under*.' There was too much truth in the joke for it to be inwardly relished, and Sir William ordered the plates to be transposed. A few weeks later, Jekyll accompanied his friend Scott as far as the door, when the latter observed, 'You see I don't knock under now.' 'Not now,' was the answer received by the antiquated bridegroom, '*now you knock up*.'"

Revelations of Austria. By M. Koubrakiewicz. Newby.

This work will afford us, next month, subject matter for an article on Austria. In the meantime we must caution our readers against too implicit a reliance on the author's assertions.

Bordeaux and its Wines, and the Claret Country. By C. Cocks. Longman.

A very interesting account of Bordeaux and its drinkable productions.

Works and Remains of the Rev. Robert Hall. New Edition. 1 vol. Bohn.

We have already noticed this cheap and excellent edition of a good book; we now give an extract in connection with the Corsican ogre, pp. 367, 368, 369: — "In other wars we have been a divided people; the effect of our external operations has been in some measure weakened by intestine dissensions. When peace has returned, the breach has widened; while parties have been formed on the merits of particular men or of particular measures. These have all disappeared; we have buried our mutual animosities in a regard to the common safety. The sentiment of self-preservation, the first law which nature has impressed, has always absorbed every other feeling; and the fire of liberty has melted down the discordant sentiments and minds of the British empire into one mass and propelled them in one direction. Partial interests and feelings are suspended; the spirits of the body are collected at the heart, and we are waiting with anxiety, but without dismay, the discharge of that mighty tempest which hangs on the skirts of the horizon, and to which the eyes of Europe and of the world are turned in silent and awful expectation. While we feel solicitude, let us not betray dejection, nor be alarmed at the past successes of our enemy, which are more dangerous to himself than to us, since they have raised him from an obscurity to an elevation, which has made him giddy, and tempted him to suppose everything within his power. The intoxication of his success is the omen of his fall. What though he has carried the flames of war throughout Europe, and 'gathered as a nest the riches of the nations, while none peeped, nor muttered, nor moved the wing'? He has yet to try his fortune in another field; he has yet to contend on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders, with a people who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal for their laws and for their prince, are armed in defence of all that is dear and venerable—their wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God and their fathers. We will not suppose there is one who will not exert himself in such a cause by a pusillanimous regard to his safety, when he reflects that he has already lived too long who has survived the ruin of his country, and that he who can enjoy life after such an event deserves not to have lived at all. It will suffice us if our mortal existence, which is at most but a span, be co-extended with that of the nation which gave us birth. We will gladly quit the scene with all that is noble and august, innocent and holy; and instead of wishing to survive the oppression of weakness, the violation of beauty, and the extinction of everything on which the heart can repose, welcome the shades which will hide from our view such horrors. From the most fixed principles of human nature, as well as from the example of all history, we may be certain the conquest of this coun-

try, should it be permitted to take place, will not terminate in any ordinary catastrophe, in any much less calamitous than utter extermination. Our present elevation will be the exact measure of our future depression, as it measures the fears and jealousies of those who subdue us. While the smallest vestige remains of our former greatness, while any trace or memorial exists of our having been once a flourishing and independent empire, while the nation breathes, they will be afraid of its recovering its strength, and never think themselves secure of their conquest till our navy is consumed, our wealth dissipated, our commerce extinguished, every liberal institution abolished, our nobles extirpated, whatever in rank, character, or talents gives distinction in society called out and destroyed, and the refuse which remains swept together in a putrifying heap by the besom of destruction! The enemy will not need to proclaim his triumph; it will be felt in the more expressive silence of extended desolation. Recollect for a moment his invasion of Egypt, a country which had never given him the slightest provocation—a country so remote from the scene of his crimes, that it probably did not know there was such a man in existence (happy ignorance, could it have lasted!); but while he was looking around him, like a vulture perched on an eminence, for objects on which he might satisfy his insatiable thirst for rapine, he no sooner beheld the defenceless condition of that unhappy country, than he alighted upon it in a moment; in vain did it struggle, flap its wings, and rend the air with its shrieks; the cruel enemy, deaf to its cries, had infixed his talons, and was busy in sucking his blood, when the interference of a superior power forced him to relinquish his prey and betake himself to flight. Will that vulture, think you, ever forget his disappointment on that occasion, or the numerous wounds, blows, and concussions he received in a ten years' struggle? It is impossible. It were folly to expect it. He meditates, no doubt, the deepest revenge. He who saw nothing in the simple manners and blood-bought liberties of the Swiss to engage his forbearance; nothing, in proclaiming himself a Mahometan, to revolt his conscience; nothing in the condition of defenceless prisoners to excite, nor in that of the companions of his warfare, sick and wounded in a foreign land, to prevent him from despatching them by poison, will treat in a manner worthy the impiety and inhumanity of his character, a nation which he naturally dislikes as being free, dreads as the rival of his power, and abhors as the authors of his disgrace."

Flora Calpensis; Contributions to the Botany and Topography of Gibraltar and its Neighbourhood. By E. F. Kelaart, M.D. Van Voorst.

Few men have more leisure or ability for the pursuit of natural history than the officers attached to our army medical staff,—yet we are indebted for only a small proportion of our literature and science in that department to this class. Dr. Kelaart has produced an interesting book on what might be regarded as the most sterile of all subjects—the rock of Gibraltar. Viewed from a distance, this rocky mass, so important in a political aspect, might be supposed to afford no point of scientific interest beyond the character of its strata. Dr. Kelaart gives a geological description of the rock; which consists of secondary limestone, calcareous spar, breccia, clay-shale, and sandstone. In the formation there are several remarkable caves: "The largest, called St. Michael's Cave, is situated about the middle of the rock, and nearly eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea; perhaps there are few caves in similar formations equal to this in picturesque effect, though there are many of larger dimensions. The interior is shown to the public when the rock is visited by some distinguished personage, or a particular friend of the colonels of artillery or engineers; it is then seen to the best advantage: a host of people is assembled near the entrance of the cave at the hour appointed. Martial music sounds. The gates are opened and the cavern is entered with the utmost degree of caution, the ladies of course assisted by the gentlemen, the descent being very slippery from the accumulated moisture. Wax tapers burning at distant intervals, cast a dim light all around; as you proceed, a little stream is passed, and you enter a beautiful grotto sixty feet high, adorned with many sparry petrifactions, and supported by colossal stalactite pillars resembling the most elaborate architecture; the splendid roof looks as if it were chiselled by the hand of the finest sculptor, the whole illumined by coloured lights. Within the last few years this cavern has been explored by several enterprising gentlemen; and I gathered from some of them that the party penetrated the cavern to more than three hundred feet below the level of the grotto just described, and that in their progress they went from one cavern into another, passing thus a series of caverns of various dimensions till they arrived at one, in the centre of which was a small pool of water. Aided by candlelight, they saw stalactite formations very far surpassing in beauty those of the grotto above; the specimens they brought up were almost of a pure

white, the atmosphere's action darkening the shades of those found in the upper cave. The tortuous narrow passages through which the explorers had to pass, rendered the adventure rather dangerous; ropes and ladders were in requisition, with the help of which, and stout hearts, they accomplished what few would like to try." The popular impression is, that Gibraltar is a barren rock; and its appearance, on entering the Mediteranean Straits, appears to confirm that impression—which a nearer approach, however, tends to destroy:—"Gibraltar can boast of its gardens and walks, lined with beautiful shrubs and plants, and shaded by stately poplars and 'bella-sombras.' Even as early as December, the colour of the rock is varied by luxuriant vegetation, though of a diminutive description, which, with magical rapidity, changes its summer dress and arid appearance, immediately after the first falls of rain; masses of green of every tint, harmonising beautifully with the yellow bloom of the spartium and genista, and the fragile umbels of the oxalis cernua, which grows here almost wild. The whole appearance of the rock, near the Alameda, is charming, and one who has not seen tropical vegetation, would scarcely believe that at such a season nature could look so beautiful. On a fine sunny day these attractions tempt every lover of nature to quit his home for a ramble over this picturesque ground, or to saunter in the gayer parts of the Alameda gardens, where, with 'fairer flowers' of all shades and figures, he may breathe the air scented by a thousand blossoms; these are the beauties of the 'sunny south' found even on this small rock. Earlier in the spring, before other brilliant flowers can draw one's attention, the promenade in these gardens is rendered captivating enough by the thousand gorgeous chandelier-like groups of the Barbadoes aloe, mixing its red pine-shaped blossoms with pelargoniums of every tint, while the graceful 'silver broom' waves its delicate foliage and white flowers over the sides of the narrow and tortuous paths, leading to charming alcoves and silent retreats." As we proceed in the work, we find descriptions of the geological characters of the rock, a particular account of the town, its inhabitants, and their occupations and habits. Few English comparatively reside there, and the officers of the garrison must find that time hangs heavily on their hands, their only relief being the routine of military life—the same day by day. We cannot refrain from expressing our pleasure to see a medical officer employing his leisure moments so usefully and so advantageously for the advancement of natural history—an example which we recommend the medical officers of the army to follow wherever the call of duty may place them.

The Florist's Journal, or Gardener's Record. No. 6. Groombridge.

A very useful number, containing a well-executed coloured plate of *Bomaria acutifolia*, articles on the vegetable products of the garden, and a useful one on bees, the culture of which we shall be glad to see extended, both because they are valuable, and because of the agreeable classical recollections connected with them.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. Nos. 136, 138.

Our readers will observe in these numbers two tales from our pen, illustrative of American negro slavery, a subject on which we feel most warmly;—in No. 136, "The Whip and the Wish;" in No. 138, "Scipio Crackles." Amongst the papers which adorn the pages of this journal, and are peculiarly interesting this month, are, "The Strawberry Girl," "A Pilgrimage to Selbourne," and a most admirable one on "Bakers," which should be studied by all in that line of business.

An Affectionate Appeal. By Archdeacon Jeffreys. Edinburgh, J. Dickson.

Six Sermons on Intemperance. By Lyman Beecher. Edinburgh, J. Dickson.

Elegantly printed pamphlets, at a penny and one half-penny, advocating total abstinence. They are so eloquent and well-meaning, that we like not to treat them rough. But the cant of total abstinence is going too far. Temperance no good man can oppose; but a refusal ever to touch anything but water is a wilful rejection of God's good gifts.

A Handbook for Bathers. By a Medical Member of Her Majesty's Household. Churton.

This little work is a perfect vade mecum for bathers, though the swimming part be inferior.

Music.

"*May'st thou love.*" (Fanny E. Lacy's reply to "Love not" by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.) Leoni Lee. Coxhead, Albemarle-street.

The Orphan Boy to his Mother. Ditto, ditto.

Lilian. Ditto, ditto.

Juvenile Songs. Ditto, ditto.

These are pieces of that pleasing character which must command a steady and continued popularity. The words are graceful, elegant, and appropriate; indeed,

we are quite sure that Miss Fanny E. Lacy will prove a very considerable favourite as a song writer; while that she is capable of much higher things the public at no distant period may have an opportunity of discovering. "May'st thou love" is very pleasing; The Orphan Boy, sadly sweet; Lilian is founded on the words in Boz's *Chimes*—"but the spirit of the child had taken its flight—was gone." The Juvenile Songs, of which we have No. 4 before us, are admirably adapted for young persons commencing the study of music. They are written and composed by Miss Lacy. The present subject is "The Children in the Wood."

PHENOMENA OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A very extraordinary phenomena was recently observed on the line of the electric telegraph between New York and Baltimore. Three thunder-storms, each some thirty or sixty miles from the other, were all coming east on the telegraphic route about the same time, and every discharge of electricity from either was duly recorded by the lightning itself, in the telegraphic office at Jersey city, Philadelphia, Wilmington, or Baltimore. The wires became altogether unmanageable, and the operators being obliged to withdraw the batteries used for writing, the electric fluid had the field quite to itself. The letters of Morse's telegraphic alphabet which this natural lightning seemed te be most partial to, were L and T; but occasionally it went at the numerals, and dashed off 1's, 50's, 500's, and 5000's, in its own rapid style. We learn that, when two or more thunder clouds get in the same vicinity, and discharge their electricity at each other, or receive the fluid from the earth and return it again, or when ground lightning prevails, the effect on the telegraph wires is to produce a strange and original language, which may yet be made intelligible. In fact, each kind of lightning speaks for itself, and writes what it says.—*New York Paper.*

HILL'S PRINTING PRESS.

This is a very ingenious invention, by which, by means of hard labour, and without the aid of steam power, a hand printer is enabled to produce impressions with a rapidity far beyond anything that the hand-press, or any press not worked by steam, has hitherto produced. The hand-presses hitherto in use have done comparatively very little to expedite the printing and multiplying of copies, and the hand printer has not progressed much beyond the state in which he was placed at a very early period of the art of printing. Those who have made printing, and the machinery by which it is worked, their study, affirm that although, within comparatively few years, mere than thirty patents have been taken out to secure inventions connected with the machinery of presses, and to enable hand printers to increase the celerity of the process, they are still, so far as speed is concerned, no nearer to the attainment of the object than they would have been had the old German press been still continued in use. The small printer cannot use the steam-press; the machinery, from its bulk, complexity, and great expense, is beyond his means; any invention, therefore, which tends to facilitate and expedite his labours, is important. . . The dimensions of Mr. Hill's machine, though it can multiply copies in the ratio of four to one over the hand-presses in general use, do not exceed those of the common press. Its simplicity of construction is also a great advantage over presses worked by hand generally in use; for it has neither the toothed wheel, rack, or pistons for giving motion; neither has it the tapes for conveying the paper, so that the inconvenience and trouble of those portions of a press getting out of order are avoided altogether. A strong lad can work off from 1,200 to 1,500 impressions per hour, with less labour and exertion than is required by the common hand-presses to work off 300 impressions. The invention is, of course, secured by patents, and the inventor therefore makes no concealment, but are anxious that the public should see it and judge for themselves of its merits.—*Times.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE

IN THE NEO-HELLENIC.

BY PERICLES R. ALEXANDRIDES.

We gladly give publicity to this excellent undertaking of a very worthy and excellent Greek friend of ours, and hope that it will be eminently successful. The following is the translator's prospectus: "The learned Coray, to whom the Neo-Hellenic literature is so much indebted for its rapid approximation towards the ancient, has remarked, in one of his works, that the Young Greeks, acquainted with European languages, could confer no greater benefit on their regenerated country, than by transferring into their vernacular tongue the treasures of European literature. Encouraged by this recommendation, I have been induced to translate into the Neo-Hellenic language a book which has, from

its first appearance, exercised the most powerful and enduring influence upon the youthful minds of England, namely, 'The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.' Blessed as this country is with innumerable and inestimable works, which have conferred so many benefits on the minds of the young, that once famous nation in which the arts and sciences were early nurtured, which diffused the light of literature all over the then known world, and in which the language of the muses and graces was spoken, owing to the long and iron bondage it suffered under the Turks, is now altogether deprived of such auxiliaries to improvement and popular education. And would it not be a meritorious undertaking to assist in filling the void which so many years of slavery have created? Would not the translation of modern works, and especially those with which the English language is adorned, tend to promote knowledge, civilisation and happiness in that

"'Land of lost gods and god-like men?'

Yes! sure am I that every British Philhellene will concur with me in this respect. To place in the hands of young Greeks a book at once attractive, instructive, and moral, is the object of my present undertaking; but to attain this end I humbly solicit the subscriptions both of Greeks and the friends of Greece, who I hope and trust will readily render me their aid and co-operation in defraying the expense of publication, which is considerable, and thus enable me to send five hundred copies of this edition to be distributed gratis amongst the indigent children of unfortunate Greece. This edition will be embellished with illustrations, the price being fixed at five shillings each copy."

Our Tattler.

London Pennyworths.

Having occasion, on a late return from a railway trip, to take the first penny boat which left London Bridge for the West End, we were much struck by the value and importance to the poorer classes of this novel accommodation. Some of our readers may have seen, if they ever indulge themselves in the luxury of early rising, the number of persons engaged in the business of selling fish in the streets, sitting at corners and crying live soles, and toiling from Billinsgate to their respective walks and stations under a load which tires them long before their regular and more profitable work commences. Now, we have a regard for fishwomen! They are a hard-worked and much abused race; but if their language be at times of a very ancient and fish-like character, the fault is to be attributed to anybody but themselves. Ragged schools are, under Ashley patronage, the order of the day; why not "fish-fag" schools, where the juvenile vendors of lobster, salmon, eels, and shrimps, may learn the proper use of the queen's English, and such other accomplishments as are, or ought to be, comprised in a good English education. But we digress. Making our way from the railway station, and rushing wildly through the various lanes, dark entries, and alleys that led to where the penny boat was wrapped in a wreath of sombre smoke and white vapour, just about to start, we succeeded in effecting a footing on its circumscribed deck as the moorings were cast loose. Having recovered breath, we looked around, and found ourselves the centre of a singular group, the only black-coat amongst fifty passengers. Without an exception, save ourselves, the boat was occupied by fishmen and fishwomen, returning from effecting their purchases at Billinsgate, and who availed themselves of this new mode of transit to reach the West End, without having the barriers of Fleet-street, the hills of Holborn, or the other localities which have to be traversed to reach from the city to the quarters where they had their business and connection.

Now it was this picture, and a curious one it was, which suggested to our mind the subject of "London Pennyworths." Here was a large body of industrious working people, performing a journey which would otherwise have fatigued and harassed them considerably, not so much from the distance as from the crowded state of the thoroughfares, easily, comfortably, for the small sum of one penny; by which means they not only saved the labour of carriage by land, but were enabled to rest from the hurry and bustle of the market. Here was a class brought within the reach of public conveyances that never before, perhaps, thought of using other than that which nature afforded them. Thus it is with everything. Come down to the level of the multitude in price, and the multitude will support and patronise.

In no other metropolis can so much be done for a penny as in London. We will say nothing of penny publications, generally penny rubbish, we are sorry to say, since the "Penny Magazine" is dead. And here let us pause a moment, and say a word on cheap literature. There is, perhaps, no medium equal to it for educating, civilising, and improving the people. By means of cheap publications, great and lofty truths, a knowledge of men and things, of

thousands of facts and axioms, invaluable in life, can be carried into the meanest hovel; and the poorest may know things which, until of late, were within reach only of the rich. But like everything else, cheap literature is abused. While it confines itself to mere amusement, we have no right to quarrel; but when it is made the medium of infusing moral poison into families, it behoves every friend of religion and common decency to meet it with severe reprobation. We are quite satisfied that heads of families are acting with culpable and criminal negligence, who allow any work, however its cheapness may tempt, to be in the hands of their children, which, for the sake of pandering to depraved tastes, diffuses such vile and dangerous reading as the novels of Eugene Sue. In the "Mysteries of Paris," and "Matilda," this writer is immoral; in "Martin" he is disgusting; and yet, in order to gain an additional sale, this moral poison is crammed into we know not how many penny publications, into one, in particular, which ought to know better, and if it does not, ought to be at once taught, by being excluded from every decent family. Such pennyworths as the "Penny Magazine" we are sorry to see replaced by mere repertories for trashy and immoral French novels.

How many a thing for consumption in the eatable and drinkable line can be found for the poor man for a penny in London! A loaf, a pennyworth of many a meat and pudding, a cup of coffee, and, despite the outcries of rabid temperance conventions, a half-pint of porter. A word with temperance. Its advocates talk, agitate, and preach against intemperance in the use of malt and spirituous liquors, nay, against any use whatever of God's good gifts; but they have yet to learn temperance in language and argument. No irate fishwoman could hope to equal their choice vocabulary, in which "hell" and "the devil" are words used when they "draw it mild." The foul abuse which is launched forth by these clerical and lay firebrands upon anybody presuming to differ from them, has disgusted every sane and sensible man. We all know, none more than ourselves, that temperance is essential to the prosperity of every community, but we have yet to learn that total abstinence is the distinguishing mark of a temperate man. Nor would we, did we believe in the wisdom of the doctrine, recommend any man to make common cause with a society which is represented by men who have not the decency to control their intemperate tongues, nor as much charity to their neighbours as would fetch them a pennyworth of coffee.

Talking of charity, amongst the London pennyworths we may obtain a pennyworth of satisfaction at every turn; for despite much that is false and hollow in mendicity, we know not how much of happiness, and satisfaction, and comfort we may drop into the lap of poverty, with our little round piece of copper representing a coin of the realm, and so many of which go to form the sovereign. Perhaps we might find many another pennyworth to dwell on, but with this we are satisfied for the present.

Italian Opera.

A brilliant and successful season of this fashionable place of public amusement has just closed, and though there might have been some improvement in the way of singers, on the whole the result has been most satisfactory both to the subscribers and the manager. Mario, Grisi, Lablache, are of course unrivalled, but many other names might fitly have graced the operatic boards. The novelties of the season were "Nino" and "Lombardi" by Verdi, and "Don Gregorio" by Donizetti, while, in the ballet line, "Catarina," "Lalla Rookh," and "The Jugement de Paris." The stock operas and ballets would occupy too much space to notice, but this we must say — that everything has been done by Mr. Lumley to draw support, both in singers, chorus, and music; and we are quite sure [illegible] by procuring a few good novelties [illegible] men and music, the next season [illegible] equally remunerating and satisfa[illegible]

St. James's Theatre.

The French plays at this theatre deservedly met with a most unpr[illegible] success. We wish Mr. Mitchell [illegible] fortune on his next trial.

Drury Lane.

Mr. Bunn opens on the 30th with a strong and effective company, and with promises of much novelty. We shall see.

Madame Tussaud's.

Few exhibitions in London present so many varied attractions as this. The figures are so life-like, the costumes so splendid, the groups so interesting in subject, that we are by no means surprised at the great success which it has met with. Mr. Macready has been the recent addition.

Strand Theatre.

Henry Russell is, without exception, the most original vocalist of the day. His anecdotes of negro life are perhaps the most richly comic things we ever remember to have heard.

F. A. B.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 3.] OCTOBER. [Vol. 2, 1846.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter VII.

THE LIVE OAK CREST.

EPULSED once, the gang, which lay in the woods seeking the destruction of the Eagle's Nest, was little likely to attempt any renewal of the attack, until favoured by the dark canopy of night; and the garrison of the stronghold having, as stated in the previous chapter, taken every important precautionary measure, occupied themselves in the minor details of backwood warfare—casting bullets, preparing patching, filling powder horns, &c. As Edward had none of these duties to perform, and was, moreover, anxious to continue his acquaintance with Alice, he strolled towards the little garden, and stood at the gate.

It were idle to say that Edward loved the young girl, whom he had but seen for the first time that morning; no such feeling or sentiment actuated his bosom. Far from the haunts of civilisation, it was deeply gratifying to be thrown into the society of one so very different to what backwood life generally affords, and Edward appreciated the opportunity. He was however heart whole, though he had been much interested both by the pleasing manners, graceful mind, and lovely form of the outlaw's daughter.

Love at first sight is to us an imaginary creation of a poetic mind, or if not, it is one of those freaks of the human heart which should be indulged in as little as possible. No love can lead to happiness which is not founded on mutual esteem and knowledge of one another's character. A solitary meeting will at best tell us, if the lady have pretty ankles, or what is the colour of her eyes or hair, with a glimpse of her nose and chin, and such like small circumstances, which have a very trifling effect upon the whole.

Edward paused when about to raise the latch, as he heard voices, but recognising them as those of the fair Mexican fugitive, whose dazzling beauty had not escaped his notice, he hesitated no longer, but pushed the gate open, and entered.

On a seat near the lower stone wall of the block — above fashioned with huge wooden logs—the two young girls were seated side by side, presenting one of those marked contrasts which are most pleasant to the eye. The human head and human heart delight in the variegated tint. It is not the delicate bloom on the roseate peach which pleases, it is the contrast it

presents to the straw-coloured tints of the white—it is not the golden streak of day, at early dawn, which captivates the senses, but its beauty as relieved against the dull sky above—it is not the mere lovely and delicate hue of the blushing rose, but the contrast which its petals bear to all around—it is not brown or black, auburn or golden hair—it is not the blushing charms, rosy, pink, and lovely, which burst on woman's cheek, but the gentle contrast to the marble brow which excites so much of pleasing emotion in our bosoms. So with woman on the whole. It is the comparison of one style of beauty with another—it is the fact, that no two of God's fairest creatures are alike, that makes the whole so bright and beautiful.

As he caught sight of them, Edward hardly knew which to admire most—the gentle, fair, and lovely Alice, all retirement, modesty, and blushing beauty; or the proudly handsome and womanly Mexican, who moved with the majesty, which, on paper, is usually given to queens, but which belongs, without regard to station, to peculiar form, figure, and feeling. They were conversing in Spanish, a language which, in its corrupted form, is familiar to every good Texan.

"I hope, signora, I do not intrude?" said Edward, approaching.

"Say rather that you feel you are doing us a favour, in deigning to throw away your time upon two forlorn damsels," said Margaretta, such was the Mexican's name—in a gay and open manner, such as an English woman would scarcely have assumed after seven years' intimate acquaintance.

"Mr. Brown is a visitor like yourself," interrupted Alice, quietly, making way for him at the same time upon the seat, "and hospitality requires that we make him free of our castle; the favour, however," she added, with a smile, "is on our side, as this garden is rarely open to visitors."

"Perhaps I am intruding now," exclaimed Edward, rising, with a slight crimson flush on his face.

"Nay you are quite welcome; indeed I am very glad you have come," replied Alice, laughing, "for we were just talking of the strange chance which had made the silent Eagle's Nest suddenly become so gay and bustling."

"Gay I should hardly say, since we are in a state of siege which I can scarcely see the end of."

"Indeed," said the Mexican somewhat eagerly, "shall we then be kept here so long. Do these terrible outlaws seem so determined?"

"Were we beleaguered a week, aye, a month, it would little surprise me," replied Edward.

"Nay, perhaps, three months," exclaimed Alice, "for though the gang may not be in sight all the time, they may prowl about until the depth of the winter drives them to the lower settlements."

Margaretta took no notice of these replies, and it was impossible to tell whether she were pleased or not at the prospect of being shut up for so long a period in this wild and sequestered spot.

"But," said she, after a pause, desirous to change the conversation, "what of my party, where is Don Juan?"

"The old gentleman, your worthy father," replied Edward, "was taken very unwell just now. He has, apparently, overexerted himself."

"Then show me where he is, I will go to him," said Margaretta, rising.

"Nay, he sleeps, and 'twould be pity to disturb him. Let us rather discuss how we are going to employ ourselves. I suppose if not fighting all the time, we may manage to have one or two dances, and as you ladies sing, and there is a guitar, a little concert may be expected. I, faith, do not think we shall do so very badly. We poor sailors are exposed to much more hardships than that."

"You are naval then," said Margaretta, raising her eyes inquiringly.

"I hold a commission in the navy of the young republic, for which I was foolish enough to give up one in the British service."

"A—a—an officer, of course?" remarked the Mexican, hesitatingly.

"Of course," replied Edward; rather glad in his somewhat rough costume to be able to explain his rank. "I have the honour to be an officer, and a gentleman, though but a poor one."

"In Texas that is the case of too many to be any drawback," observed Alice; "and as long as you can sport, hunt, and fish, for your own existence, you rank equal with the president himself."

"But we are wandering from the ques-

tion," said Edward, gaily, "I was planning amusement for you, and you run off to discuss the economy of Texan life."

"Allow me to run a little farther," added the Mexican; "I wish to understand the probabilities of our sojourn, and, in the first place, would ask who is Blackhawk?"

"A who indeed," said Edward, becoming suddenly grave.

"I can give little explanation," answered Alice, who saw that she was appealed to, "save that less than a year ago, a band, composed of the refuse of the white and Indian population, appeared on the frontiers of the country, doing deeds of robbery and murder. This chief, whose name is Blackhawk, is said to be a terrible fellow, without heart or conscience."

"Have you ever seen him?" inquired Edward.

"Nay, heaven forbid," exclaimed Alice.

"I have, twice," added Edward, somewhat gravely.

"When?" exclaimed Alice.

"Where?" cried Margaretta.

"Once, a year ago, and again last night. On the first occasion, as Captain Harry Coulter, he robbed me of all I had, while insensible, and in the felon chief I recognised the same personage."

"Captain Harry Coulter!" said Alice, in a faltering voice. "I have heard him spoken of. When we were in New Orleans, Mr. Stevens, that is, my father, had some connection with him, but they quarrelled, he having tried to rob my father. I never saw him, however."

"Strange fatality," exclaimed Edward; "but that man's face is as familiar to me as a youthful dream. I know not why it is, but I often catch myself dwelling on his face, in your presence more than at any other time."

"Surely I am not like the monster?" said Alice, with a laugh.

"Mr. Brown is very gallant," added Margaretta, merrily, "to say that the presence of a lady reminds him of a bandit."

"Mr. Brown," exclaimed the full rich voice of Philip Stevens, "dinner is ready; if the ladies be at hand tell them as much."

The summons was obeyed, and the whole party were speedily congregated together, with the exception of Don Juan, while Cephas Doyle and Jones stood apart as Blake entered, eyeing him with a scowl which showed how little favour he had found in their sight. He heeded them not however, being fully occupied in seating his fair companions. The dinner was profuse and excellent, as usual in the backwoods, indeed more so than seemed wise with a siege before them.

"I think, Mr. Stevens," remarked Edward, "that considering we are likely to be confined here some time, this ample store would have been better somewhat husbanded."

"Nay, you would not have me stint my guests," rejoined the other gaily, "especially with such a store as I have to back me. Think not I have been taken unawares; I have foreseen some such contingency, and provided for it."

"There! there!" cried Jones, with a scared countenance, "what business have the gentlemen to know that you expected anything of the kind."

"Don't talk at random," replied Philip, with ill-disguised irritation, "mind your dinner, and leave us to converse as we please. You must excuse him, Mr. Brown, but in his youth he had a fright which he has never recovered. It has rendered him timid ever since."

Alice turned pale at these words, which were said with a calm and bitter sarcasm, which Jones quailed before, and he continued his meal without further remark.

"To the walls!" shouted a sentry from without at this point of the meal, which cry being followed up by a discharge of gunshot from half a dozen commanding points, the whole garrison rushed to defend the works, leaving the women sole tenants of the apartment.

On reaching the open air, Blackhawk and his gang were found to have occupied every available position round the Eagle's Nest. Behind the smouldering trees—on rocks around, seemingly inaccessible, it was clear they had crept, for though after the first discharge, not a living being could be seen, yet the body of a sentry, riddled with musket shot, showed how near and how numerous must have been the volley.

Blake gazed with horror on the bleeding corpse. It was his first sight of blood, and his impression was of a character, which at once raised his feeling to a pitch of wild excitement that he had never known before.

"Keep close every man," said Philip, sternly; "this bloody work is begun in

good earnest, and with the extermination of one party, will alone end."

"You Jones and Doyle keep the block," he added after a pause, "and let not a head be seen without a shot. They must be met warmly, or we shall have them charging to our very gates. You, William," addressing a tall youth with a huge rifle, "take the Mexicans and scatter them at the loops around the gate. You," this was said to the rest of the party, "except Mr. Brown and Chinchea, post yourselves as best you may. First, however, remove the body where the women may not see it—we will bury it to-night.

"With others, perchance," said Brown, in a low, but firm voice.

"Perchance not one may remain to do it," answered Philip, with emotion; "but come, I will take you to my council-chamber, and there, while we guard that side, we can discuss our plans of defence."

Creeping cautiously along the wall of the Nest, Philip Stevens, followed by Edward and Chinchea, passed the door of the room where they had been dining, and entering a passage, soon found themselves in a rude bed-chamber, that where Don Juan slept.

It had two doors, while as many had been passed in the passage. One to the left led into the garden, and could be seen from the common room, while the other, which opened into a small apartment, was entered by the party, and Blake now found that he had reached the very edge of the cliff on that side, and that a small and narrow window looked out upon a singular and striking scene.

"Here we are, Mr. Brown, on the summit of the Eagle's Nest," said Stevens; "look out and you will gaze upon a view rarely surpassed in this part of the world."

Edward obeyed, and at the first glance grew dizzy. Sheer perpendicular down almost two hundred feet went the rock, with a piece shelving outwards, about a dozen yards below, while a gushing stream came tumbling from the opposite side, and fell in white mist into the depths beneath, running round the Nest in two branches, like a ditch.

About a hundred yards across, but towering fifty feet above the little fort, was the summit of the opposite rock, crowned by a covert of live oak and pine that waved majestically in the breeze.

Scarcely had Edward put his head outside the loop, and taken a hasty view, than Stevens called him away.

"A rifle carries far and true," he said, "and if the vermin are not already on yonder rock, they soon will be."

"A lovely scene, truly," mused Edward; "pity that it should be marred by crime and the struggles of man against man."

"Blackhawk on rock," said Chinchea; "him gun point at Nest."

"Say you so!" exclaimed Stevens, and running to the side, he threw open a window overlooking the garden. "Jones," he cried, "stoop low, and keep so. The vermin are on the Live Oak Crest—make it too hot to hold them."

"I see you are fully prepared for every contingency," observed Edward; "but, seriously, this contest grows warm, and to be candid, are we strong enough to keep this place against so many."

"We are not," replied Stevens, coldly.

"Then you expect defeat?"

"Were we all men I would defy the rogues. We would fight to the last gasp, and then blow up the Nest, and escape by the stream below. But there are women here."

"Then what propose you?" inquired Blake, eagerly.

"I propose to gain assistance. We can hold out some days. Camp Comanche is within thirty miles, and if they but knew of our position, we should next day be free."

"But how is it to be done?"

"Chinchea will go," said the Indian, quietly.

"Of course," replied Philip, still addressing Brown, "the Indian alone could be of use. This, however, must be a secret with us. At nightfall Chinchea will depart, and on the third day we shall see him return, backed by a hundred warriors."

"And how will he escape?"

"By this window. Until black night he would be discovered. At an hour after dark we will be here to aid him, until then he will remain here alone."

A loud report, a second, then a third, now proved that the carronades were at work, while the crashing of boughs, and falling of stones, dirt, and fragments of wood, proved that the balls struck the summit of the Live Oak Crest. As fast as they could load, Jones and Doyle kept up their volley, making the echoes rise from

every nook and cranny round about. They ceased, and all was still as night. A silence sad and melancholy brooded over all, not a sound or trace of the enemy could be heard or seen.

Chapter VIII.

A night with death.

It was two hours after sun-down, and Philip, accompanied by Edward and Chinchea, stood again in the chamber described in our previous chapter, preparatory to the departure of the latter. He was stripped, and stood erect in his hideous war paint, while a short knife and tomahawk were suspended to his waist. In his hand was a short and light fusil. His demeanour was calm and passionless; not a motion, not the faintest contraction of a muscle, betrayed his sense of the perilous enterprise in which he was engaged. He was rather in that dim light the motionless statue of an artist's hand, than a human being.

Near him stood Philip Stevens, holding a dark lanthorn, with the light so directed as to stream upon the ground, without showing any sign to those without, while Edward Blake knelt at his feet, knotting firmly together the ends of two coils of rope.

"You are an apt hand, I perceive," said Philip, with a smile.

"I should be, having been a British sailor," replied the other.

"And you are sure it will bear his weight?"

"It will bear many times as much; and did you not want me here, I would gladly make the trial by descending with him."

"No," said the Indian, bluntly, "pale face like bear in the dark—no use."

"I knew you would rather not have me," continued Blake, with a laugh; "but would gladly share your peril. Believe me, Indian, I shall have a load off my mind, when I see you return in safety."

The Indian made no reply, but holding out his hand, took that of the young man, and clutched it with a gripe like that of the animal he had just compared him to.

"And now to see that the coast is clear," said Stevens, depositing the lanthorn on the ground.

Blake followed him to the window, and looked out.

The night was dark and tempestuous. The wind whistled round the building, as if about to commence operations for the evening; the fitful gusts which bowed the trees on the crest of the opposite rock were frequent and violent, while the whole sky formed one huge canopy of black vapour. No ray of the moon, no stars twinkling in the loopholes of the clouds—inky masses, that drove with impatience along—spoke of light and life. There was a settled gloom on all nature, while the depth below presented the appearance of a bottomless gulph, save when the tinkling sound of the waterfall came melodiously on the ear.

About twenty feet beneath the Live Oak Crest, however, was one evidence of cheerfulness and animation. A faint tracery of light there rose from behind a ridge of rock, betraying the presence of a fire. It looked the mouth of a witch's cauldron; though but the glow of heat, the light from below was visible; not a flame was to be seen. Now and then a shadow passed before it; some one was slowly walking up and down.

"This is unpleasant," said Philip Stevens; "the Indian must pass yonder by the fire, and how he is to do so unobserved I cannot tell."

"Chinchea will go—he is ready," replied the Indian.

Without remark, Edward Blake and his companion proceeded to attach the rope by a loop to the Indian's waist, who, as soon as this operation was performed, quietly walked to the window, and commenced his perilous descent. His fate was not trusted to one rope alone, for Blake and Stevens held one a piece, which they gradually lowered. The rock shelved slightly inwards at the summit, and the young warrior, therefore, swung wholly in the air, oscillating fearfully, and performing gyrations which would have turned the head of many a less nerved man. Those above were carefully to lower him as slowly as possible; but presently Stevens, who was looking out to catch a glimpse, nearly overbalanced himself, and for a moment Blake felt the rope running through his hands with fearful rapidity.

"Pull back," cried Stevens, "or he will be dashed to pieces. Curse the rope; if he had trusted to me, he would have required not Blackhawk to finish his career."

They both now proceeded with the ut-

most caution; and after the lapse of about ten minutes, came to the end of the two ropes; but the weight was as great as ever. The Indian had not reached the shelving rock above mentioned.

"He must be drawn up again," said Stevens, moodily; "we can never let him hang there while I find another cord."

"I will look and endeavour to see how far off he is from his journey's end," replied Blake.

The night was still dark, though a few breaks in the dismal wreaths of cloud permitted a faint breath of light to pass; and, straining his eyes to the utmost, Blake could nearly discover the Indian's position.

"His feet are about a yard from the shelf, and were it wider, we might trust to his fall."

"Not there," cried Stevens, "the shelf slopes downwards, and he would fall a hundred and fifty feet into the black abyss."

"Merciful God," exclaimed Blake, as the rope hung loose in their hands, "he is off."

Both thrust their heads through the narrow aperture, listening, with blood that iced in their veins, for the sound which should bear tidings of the Indian's destruction. No sound came, and a second glance showed him standing erect and motionless on the very edge of the terrific precipice. Next instant he disappeared.

Drawing a hard breath, like men who had witnessed a wonderful and providential escape, they drew up the rope, and found the ends cut by the sharp steel of the Indian's knife.

"I have seen many an act of Indian courage and sagacity," cried Stevens, with earnestness, "but never did I see that surpassed. On the brink of a fearful gulf, he preferred risking all to delay."

"He is a bold fellow, truly," replied Blake, "and this beginning augurs well for the result."

For about an hour they kept their now silent watch, listening with keen and practised ear for any sound which might guide them as to the envoy's progress, but in vain. Not the faintest footfall could be detected, and still they moved not, for apart from the gallant Indian's own safety, their own, in all human probability, depended upon his success. At length, after straining their visual and hearing faculties to the utmost, they caught sight of a dark form, which for an instant showed itself near the fire on the opposite rock, and then high on the night air rose an awful sound to which nothing human could be compared. It was a shriek, and yet so mingled with the howling of a panther as to be scarcely distinguishable. They listened again. But all was still.

The two men then retired from the window, but, anxious to know the fate of Chinchea, we prefer following in his footsteps.

We take up our narrative at the moment when, by those above ceasing to pay out any more rope, he discovered that by that means he could descend no lower. Glancing his eye downwards, the Indian saw that the shelf of rock below him sloped downwards, and that, though its surface was uneven, and afforded purchase to the foot, yet that a fall would almost of a certainty precipitate him into the gulf beneath. The smooth face of the hill against which he swung was, however, broken in one or two places, and jagged. A rapid glance showed him a hole within reach, at which he grasped with his left hand, and quick as lightning severing the cords round his waist with the knife which he held in his right, he stood securely upon the shelf, for though the rock he grasped crumbled and gave way, it still sufficiently broke his fall to enable him to rest his feet in security.

A natural path, narrow, sometimes almost imperceptible, sometimes a mere shelf of shingle, now lead downwards; and this the Indian slowly and calmly followed, taking every precaution against any false step. The descent was laborious and fatiguing, but at length was accomplished, and Chinchea was at the foot of the diminutive Niagara which formed the stream running round the Nest.

Without a pause, except to drink a draught of water, he commenced an ascent as painful and full of danger as the descent, but which continuing with that indomitable perseverance so native to his character, he completed, so as to stand within a few yards of the fire beneath Live Oak Crest, in less than an hour after his departure from the window. Dangers, however, appeared to multiply rather than decrease.

The fire was built on a platform, near the mouth of a cavern, with a screen of

rock protecting it from the gaze of the Nest. It was composed of small branches of the live oak, which emitted a crackling sound, with much smoke, thus aiding the Indian in his stealthy progress towards the solitary man who now occupied a seat near at hand. His occupation was somewhat singular for one alone in the wilds. He was busily engaged in cooking, not such a meal as one man would reasonably be expected to consume, but a supper for a whole platoon.

Half a dozen ducks upon a ramrod, a huge earthern pot, from which something sent forth a most savoury odour, a pile of sweet potatoes cooking in the embers, with a vast turkey turning upon a rude spit, formed the groundwork of the repast.

The cook, whose face was plainly visible to Chinchea, was an Indian of his own tribe, in whose utter absorption in his task, in his vacant eye, luxurious chuckle, and heavy air, the half idiot was plainly to be traced. His nostrils snuffed the steam which owed its origin to his own gastronomic ability, with intense satisfaction, while his two eyes glistened with an almost irresistible longing to fall to. Prudence or fear seemed, however, to restrain him, and he pursued his task with patience and gravity.

Suddenly Chinchea was upon him, with a howl like that of the famished panther; the other, in his terror, emitting a shriek which filled the air, and, though smothered by the wind to any one above, was plainly heard at the Eagle's Nest. Chinchea had wound his arms round the startled cook, and cast him to the ground, ere he was scarcely aware of his enemy's presence, and in a moment stood over him, with waving tomahawk, and a mien which froze the very heart of his victim.

"The Leaping Panther," said the other, who was not so great a fool as he was cowardly and gluttonous—qualities which had caused his expulsion from his tribe—"is very brave; he will not take the blood of a slave."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the other, with ineffable disgust. "Chinchea wants not his blood, he would not stain his axe with so muddy a stream; the Leaping Panther is a man, and takes the life of men. But Anton must be dead until morning."

He then explained to the trembling cook that he must enter the cavern, where, gagged and bound, he was to pass the night; while he, the Leaping Panther, assuming his costume and mien, took upon himself also his duties and office. Anton, or Antonio, as the other had been called, finding that his life was to be spared, freely acquiesced, and after greedily devouring some food, entered the cavern, at the very mouth of which he lay, gagged and bound, Chinchea having given him plainly to understand that, on the slightest sign from him of mere existence, though he himself perished, he would first meet his reward.

This done, the Wacco proceeded to conceal his arms, and so to disguise himself as by that light to deceive those for whose eating the sumptuous woodland supper above described had been prepared. He even, on seating himself, assumed the very look and expression of the unfortunate cook. Not too soon, however; for scarcely had he done so, ere several footsteps were heard descending from above, by the rude path which led to the summit of the Live Oak Crest. Chinchea gave a guttural hiss, to remind Anton to exercise prudence; and then busied himself in laying the well-cooked viands upon the rude dishes prepared for their reception.

"Well, Anton," said the foremost of the party, the renowned Blackhawk himself, "are you quite ready, for I am. This besieging is hungry work."

"Ready," replied Chinchea.

"Then, gentlemen, be seated," exclaimed Blackhawk, addressing his companions, two white men and a young Indian chief.

The party obeyed.

"I do think, Pedro," remarked the chief, "that after the busy cares of the day, nothing is more delightful than to retire from one's position as a chief, and, with a few friends around, to enjoy the sociality of the supper table."

"Si! si!" replied the Mexican bandit, with a grin; "supper is a very pleasant meal. It has one great merit."

"And that?" inquired Blackhawk.

"Is, that as there is no exertion required after, one can eat one's fill, without fear of its incommoding."

"*Ma foi!*" said the third, a Frenchman, "quality, not quantity for me—though I must say I have never had better fare than in Texas."

"Because, Carcassin, in Texas one lives in the open air, one takes ample exercise,

and, thunder!—why one can eat anything, from prickly pears to a wild mustang."

"Horse very good," said the young Indian chief.

Chinchea quivered in every muscle.

"Why, that is as men think, Long Arm, for myself, I never could try it; though you savages are partial to the animal."

In conversation such as this about an hour was consumed, during which the greater part of the fare provided followed the example of time, Chinchea contriving to come in for his share, despite his wonder and anxiety at the presence of the young Wacco chief, Long Arm. At length, however, even Pedro the Mexican seemed satisfied.

"And now Anton, the whiskey, and we will initiate our friend, Long Arm, into the mysteries of punch."

This was a puzzler, as Chinchea was quite ignorant of the place where the liquid fire was kept. He, however, acted with his usual decision, and clutching his knife, with which he never parted, he advanced to the mouth of the cavern.

"Where?" said he, in a low moaning whisper.

"Inside."

Chinchea groped his way along, and following a passage some twenty yards long, suddenly came upon a kind of room dimly lightly by an oil lamp, and in which were deposited several jars of various sizes, stolen from neighbouring planters and settlers.

But why pauses Chinchea? Why does his gaze become fixed, impassioned, stern? Why does he clutch his knife, and grind his teeth?

On a rude pallet, having cried herself to sleep, lay a young, beautiful, and exquisitely formed Indian girl. The tears were yet standing on her cheek, while her swollen features showed how violent had been her sobs and grief.

Chinchea took one glance, and snatching up a jar hurried back towards the festive party.

Chapter IX.

AFTER SUPPER.

When the Indian regained the fire, the company had armed themselves with the usual after supper pipe, and were apparently quite ready to enjoy the bacchanalian hours. Indeed Chinchea received a polite intimation that if he did not make haste, he should go more rapidly down hill, and alight in a warmer region than he had any taste for; threats and menaces were, however, alike to the Indian, who rapidly prepared the required beverage, and handed mugs all round, taking care that very little water entered into the composition.

"That's a regular stinger," said Blackhawk, having drained his goblet; "but go on, Long Arm, don't be afraid of it, it will do you a wonderful deal of good."

"Ugh!" replied the young chief, who appeared to entertain considerable doubts on that point, having caught a violent fit of coughing consequent of his inexperience. Determined, however, to be nowise behind the other, he forced himself, though with an ill grace, to swallow the fiery decoction.

"Now, Long Arm," said Blackhawk, with an almost imperceptible wink at his companions, "about this love affair of yours—are we to hear the whole story?"

"Ugh," grunted the Indian, savagely, "you have heard. The Rose of Day is the fairest girl in all the wigwams of the Waccoes, and Long Arm loved—he would have given his life for her. He said in her ear, that he would hunt the bear to bring her furs, the deer to supply her with venison and mocassins, the mountain sheep for cloaks—but all in vain. She was betrothed, and the face of him she was to marry was ever before her."

"And who was this fellow?"

"The Leaping Panther, a great warrior."

"A braggart whom I long to punish for filling the world so much with his impertinent name."

"He is a brave," replied the Indian, with a smile of pride, which he could not forbear, though speaking of a rival.

"Well, and where is he?"

"He is gone to see the land of the paleface; his mother died on the field of battle, and he found friends in the whites."

At this point in the conversation Chinchea having replenished the mugs out of which the party were drinking, rose and left the platform, making his way along the path by which he had arrived. On his upward journey he had seen the bright shining leaves of a plant, the stalk of which

was invaluable to him now, and he was determined to seek it.

In ten minutes he returned, and passing the merry party—none of whom, wrapped in their calumets and drink, noticed his proceedings—moved on one side with the whiskey jar. He had stripped the stalk of its leaves, and bore the plant like a cane in his hand. Taking his knife he made several incisions in the side of the weed, and gently pressing it, a light frothy liquid poured in a little stream into the spirit.

It was a deadly poison, but mixed with the alcohol, became merely a powerful and rapid acting narcotic.

This done, Chinchea rose, and as he did so met the cold grey eye of his rival fixed upon him.

The recognition was mutual, but by no outward sign did the Long Arm betray his discovery, though it was clear he was much the worse for the amount of drink he had imbibed.

"More drink, Anton, my boy," cried Blackhawk, "more drink. Fill high. Long Head—Arm, I mean. Pull away, the liquor is immense. It is nectar, ambrosia"—

"Never heard of those names before, signor; what are they?" asked the Mexican.

"They are the Greek for gin and whiskey," replied Blackhawk, in a rich Hibernian accent, his native dialect, though he assumed Indian and Yankee at will.

"Now Pedro and Carcassin, and you, Long Arm, ready with your bumpers, while I give a toast. You, Anton, blow your cloud a little farther off."

Chinchea had lit a pipe, and was calmly smoking, gazing on the scene with certainty as to the result.

"Fill, I say, and I'll conclude to give a toast, which you're all bound to drink."

"Its *diablement fort*," said Carcassin, who had sipped.

"So much the better, the subject is a strong one."

It was pure whiskey.

"Ready!" cried Blackhawk.

"Ready," replied Pedro.

"*Bon*," said Carcassin, making a desperate plunge forward, and in the act of picking himself up, half spilling his glass.

"Ugh," observed the Indian.

"Here is to the Rose of Day, and he who wins her."

"Hurrah!" cried the two whites, and the toast was drank with bumpers.

Chinchea ground his teeth, and swallowed a pint of tobacco smoke.

"Ugh," growled Long Arm, exhibiting sundry signs of drunkenness, which were not far from precipitating him wholesale into the arms of the god.

"It works," whispered Blackhawk.

"Good," thought Chinchea.

Long Arm rolled backwards, gave a huge sigh, and was fast asleep.

"He is got rid off," muttered Blackhawk. "Did the fool think to bring that sweet girl among us and keep her to himself? Psha!"

"Certainly not," growled the Mexican, who could scarcely keep his eyes open.

"*Parbleu, non!*" muttered the Frenchman.

"Carcassin, you are drunk!" said Blackhawk, who was unsuccessfully endeavouring to insert the end of his pipe into his mouth.

"*Et vous?*" asked Carcassin, slily.

"Oh, me, I am all right, by St. Patrick, *mavourneen*," said Blackhawk, whose eyes were half shut.

"And what is the meaning of *mavourneen?*" asked Carcassin.

"Its Latin for my dear," replied the outlaw, raising himself, "and that puts me in mind of my little dear that's waiting for me in the cavern yonder.—Tell me, Carcassin, why it is, that when hardened as we may be, we are about to commit a great crime, that we feel a physical pain here—a dilatation of the heart, a swelling of the muscles of the *throat?*"

"It is the working of conscience," said the Frenchman, drily.

"Of what?" inquired Blackhawk, as if he had never heard of any such appurtenance.

"Of conscience," replied Carcassin, who had been educated for a priest; "which never departs from even such men as you and I, Blackhawk."

"You think then," continued the outlaw, moodily, "that our acts are of such a black die? Why so? We are freemen; we roam the world, and take what chance gives us; what more?"

"But chance neither gives us the lives of others, nor woman's honour," said Carcassin, sarcastically, "and we take both."

"You are growing moral," sneered the other.

"Not I, but it is the whiskey," replied

the Frenchman; "it opens the heart, and wrings truth from the bottom of the well."

"Hear the philosopher, Pedro, what think you of him?"

The Mexican was fast asleep.

"The drink works potently to-night," mused the outlaw; "it stupifies Pedro and the Indian; it weighs on my spirits, makes me sad and gloomy, and takes all heart away; the Frenchman it sets philosophising. Egad, there's something in it after all."

"So there is," muttered Anton.

"Who spoke?" said Blackhawk, looking towards the entrance of the cavern.

"I," replied Chinchea, waving his hand menacingly at Anton.

"I say, Carcassin," continued the chief, "will you have another glass? Gone too!"

Carcassin lay beside Pedro, both seemingly vying with each other in their attempts at nasal music.

"Well, sleep your fill. One more glass, and I go," and Blackhawk, despite himself, shuddered.

"You have had enough," said Chinchea, gruffly.

"Speak for yourself, Anton—by the way, does the Rose still weep and deplore her fate? does she still refuse the honour of mating with the Wolf of the Prairies?"

"She sleeps."

"Thank St. Patrick," replied Blackhawk, drawing a long breath; "and now, Anton, fill high another bumper, and mind you what I said about Long Arm; pitch him over the rocks; everybody will believe he stumbled in a drunken fit. I say, Anton, I feel as if I were at home; my eyes shut of themselves. It's very dark; ah!"

The outlaw had fallen beside his companions.

Up rose Chinchea, his arms in his hands, and a stern purpose in his eye. He clutched the knife which he had not parted with all night, and approached the sleeping robber. He knelt and gazed on his sleeping countenance.

"Bad paleface," he muttered; "the Manitou has given me your life; but Chinchea scorns to take it away from a sleeping man," and he took in his hand a long tress of the robber's hair, cut it, and laid it on his breast.

"Chinchea," hissed a voice in his ear.

The warrior turned slowly round.

The Long Arm stood before him, pouring out upon the ground the drugged liquid which his rival had given him.

"Chinchea is a great brave," said the young warrior, sadly, "and Long Arm is a boy, a squaw. The Rose of Day loves the Leaping Panther—the Leaping Panther has saved her; let him keep the life which is his."

"And the Long Arm?"

"Will Chinchea call him friend?" continued the youth, thoroughly humiliated at the risk which his inconsiderate conduct had caused the woman he loved to endure, simply because she could not return his affection.

The hands of the two warriors were at once clasped in amity, and they entered the cave, from which in ten minutes they again emerged, leading forth the bewildered and half-sleeping Indian girl, whose joy and delight on being reunited to him she loved, was plainly visible in her whole demeanour.

With a parting warning to Anton, Chinchea turned into a narrow way, which led round the bottom of the Live Oak Crest, and, about two hundred yards distant, lay down with his companions to snatch a few hours' rest, in a thick and almost impassable grove of trees, where a bubbling spring burst forth, and by many a winding way, some secret, some open—and by many a leap and fall, with here and there a smooth glide along a rock—went to swell the cataract below.

Chapter X.

The Conference.

On the evening of the escape of Chinchea the storm continued its violence for some hours, and yet Edward, from causes which will hereafter be explained, preferred the open air in the little garden to which Alice had introduced him, to the comforts of the parlour of the Eagle's Nest, where Jones, Philip, Cephas Doyle, and the other tenants of the locality, solaced themselves for some hours in conversation over the usual Texan evening amusements.

At length, however, the Mexicans and the usual inhabitants of the Nest, wearied with the excitement and fatigues of the day, retired to rest, leaving Stevens and Jones alone in the chamber. They, how-

over, moved not, but after closing the doors, drew near the huge and cheering fire, refilled their glasses, loaded a fresh pipe, and made every preparation for a private carouse.

For some time neither spoke. Their thoughts were evidently busy on some subject which was deeply interesting to their minds, and there they sat drinking, smoking, and holding no communion. At length, after about half an hour had elapsed, Stevens spoke rather in an audible whisper, addressed to himself, than with a view to be heard by his companion.

"It must be ours."

"At any price," added Jones, with an approving nod.

"What?" said Philip, raising his head, and gazing fiercely at the dwarf.

"Of course you know. If men will tempt their fellows, why they must pay the penalty."

"Who is tempting, and who is tempted."

"Don Juan de Chagres comes here for shelter, nobody asked him to. His servants let out that he has a mine of wealth with him, nobody asked them to."

"Well?"

"Why, of course, he having brought this money here, here it must stay."

"Jones, I will blow your brains out one of these days."

"No you won't," replied the dwarf, sneeringly.

"Why?"

"Because you are afraid."

"I afraid——"

"Afraid of ill using a friend who speaks for your good. The fact is, Philip, I am tired of this wild life. It doesn't suit me at all, and I would have you think with me. Break up the Nest, realise all we have, and with as much as we can make, retire into the centre of Mexico, and there live among our fellows."

"I too am weary of this life. It is too lonely—it leaves too much time for thought—too many memories are stirring in the stillness of night. Yes! could I see Alice but mated, I would gladly leave here for ever."

"As to Alice," said Jones, with his usual hesitating manner, "I have often told you."

"Then tell it not again. You! by whose hand——"

"Well, what?" said the other, fixing his little grey eyes on the speaker.

"Nothing—but you are the last man who should dare to have such a thought. This young sailor now——"

"You think so," replied Jones, savagely. "I hate the fellow, from his very face, and this would be another reason."

"I know not why," half mused Stevens, "but I feel an irresistible longing towards that youth. His face softens me as I look upon it."

"He is the very image of——"

"Jones," thundered Stevens, rising and grasping the other by the throat, "breathe but that name, and I cast you dead at my feet."

"Fool that you are," cried the dwarf, who was half choking, "I will drop the subject."

"Jones," continued Stevens, loosening his hold, "I have warned you before; let me not have to warn you again."

"Enough. Let us speak of the Mexican's gold."

"Go on."

"Well," said the other, speaking slowly, firmly, and distinctly, "this money must be ours. We take it; there is at once an outcry; Don Juan insists on searching the premises; his followers join him; Cephas Doyle and your young English friend join him, and so will our own people."

"Perfectly true," replied the other; "and by your own showing, it is best left alone."

"Not at all," continued the other, coldly.

"What then?" said Stevens, his face half livid with emotion, while avarice glistened in his very eyes.

"If Don Juan were dead, no outcry would take place against us. He is near the outer window, he leans out, he overbalances himself, and is killed."

"Speak plain," sneered the other.

"Then I say, he must die."

"Who is to kill him?"

"*We must.*"

"*We!* why not you?"

"Because, my dear friend, it is quite necessary that in all matters of this kind we should both be fully equal."

"Idiot," said Stevens, "why should I betray you?"

"Why not?" replied the dwarf; "the reward is tempting."

"Jones, this man shall not die. He has claimed my hospitality and protection, and he shall have it."

"You grow moral, Philip," said the other, sullenly.

"No!" cried the other; "but enough blood has been shed. Sleeping or waking, the gory flood is before me. When I rise at morn, and gaze out upon the sky, I see blood in the very tints of dawn; the setting sun crimsons all nature with gore. I sleep, and I swim in oceans of the accursed——"

"I never dream."

"'Tis well for you—but I do, and voices, as of the past, come peeling to my ears; and *he* cries, 'Give me back my life.'"

"*He* is very troublesome to you, Philip."

"'Tis twelve years ago, and I have seen and endured much since that day, but not one moment, one second, has he been from my side. At meals, he sits by my side; walking, he walks behind; hunting, he runs to the death; fighting, he shields me from harm, that my torture may be longer. Jones, if I could recal that day, if I could be what I was up to that hour—though then not innocent—I would gladly suffer every misery of poverty, of starvation, of woe."

"Regrets are useless. All we can do is to try and make life while it lasts as pleasant as possible."

"How?—by repentance and restitution?"

"I have no wish for a trial and halter," replied the dwarf, with a contemptuous scowl.

"Then how?"

"By adding to our means of enjoyment."

"And what means is there left us?"

"Gold," said Jones, calmly; "gold, that buys every enjoyment."

"We have enough."

"Enough for here, but not enough to hold our heads high in towns among our fellow-men. Come, Philip, be advised; listen to an old friend."

"I listen too often."

"We have sunk ourselves deep enough in guilt; we can go no deeper. Blood is on both our hands; but we have been scarcely repaid for the trouble. A mine is now within our reach; should we not be fools to refuse acceptance? Besides, recollect how we were compelled to leave New Orleans for want of money. There we were happy, joined in every amusement, and held our heads high. But money failed, and we were compelled to fly."

"We were, and I hope yet to be revenged on those who shunned us when our poverty became apparent."

"You can at once. Possessed of this Mexican's gold and jewels, we return to New Orleans, no longer with a mere pittance, but with a fortune. What pride to overtop those who turned us from the hazard table, who shunned us in the street, and called us adventurers and poor devils!"

"Curse them. Remind me not of those damned days; I would give years of my life to punish those scoundrels."

"Money will do it."

"It will."

"And money alone."

"This Mexican is rich."

"Very rich."

"He is old."

"But a few years, perhaps months, to live."

"He will be missed by nobody."

"No man that dies is. A nine days' grief is all the best of us get from widow, children, mother."

Too true, in part. We grieve for the absent, for the away, but not for the dead. We do for a short time, for a few months, perhaps a year; and then one who was perhaps the living joy of a vast circle, the cherished soul of near and dear ties, is forgotten, is unremembered, unchronicled, except upon a cold stone. Death effaces memory. His place is empty, and his name is known no more. Perhaps in a mother's heart a corner, ever during, everlasting, may be found for a departed child, but nowhere else. The sorrowing widow, choking with grief—the grieving brother—the pitying friend—alike, in this busy world, forget, forget, forget.

But he who has taken life remembers for ever.

For an hour the conference was continued, and after almost giving way to the insiduous persuasions of his friend, whose avarice and love of pelf had evaded every compunction, whose soul was dead to remorse, whose mind was as distorted as his body, Philip exclaimed, "I will decide nothing to-night. All shall depend on this young Englishman. If he shows any signs of paying earnest attentions to Alice, and there be a prospect open of their union, my fate is decided. We part—I go to live in peace where they dwell, for heaven will have taken pity on me, and Alice will——"

Never consent."
We shall see. If you be right, then
oul shall be in your hands, you shall
me where you will, for heaven will
closed its portals against me."
ith these words they parted. Philip
eam of a vision which hope had con-
l up; Jones to lay his plans, so as,
out fail, to bring about his companion's
ent to the murder.

(To be continued.)

The Poets of the People.

II. ROBERT BURNS.

BY D. M. M.

; is to Scotland also that we owe the
)nd in succession of these poets of na-
e, and the greatest of them all—Robert
rns. When far lower in worldly station
n even Allan Ramsay, inspiration dawned
)n him. To use his own words: "The
:tic genius of my country found me as
prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at
e plough, and threw her inspiring man-
over me. She bade me sing the loves,
e joys, the rural scenes and rural plea-
res of my native soil, in my native ton-
ıe; I tuned my wild artless notes as she
spired."
Burns' history is too well known for us
enlarge upon it. The son of an Ayr-
ire farmer, he has made sacred by his
onderful genius every place where his
fe was spent. Mossgiel, Alloway Kirk,
oila's hills and dales, are names familiar
the ears of those far distant from these
allowed spots. Who has not sighed over
Burns' first love—Highland Mary? and
et it was hardly sad to die the object of
uch fresh young love, the memory of
hich remained in the poet's heart until
eath.

'Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry,
'Twas there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

"How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorns blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom.
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

"Wi' many a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.

But, ah! fell death's untimely frost
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now, green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"Oh, pale, pale, now those rosy lips
I oft have kissed sae fondly;
And closed for aye, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that loed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

We ask no excuse for quoting this exquisite song, though it be so well known. Let those who by chance have not read it, delight in it now; and those who know it will not murmur at the hundredth reading, if they are like us, who as deeply feel its beauty in writing it out now as when we first heard it from the lips of that sweetest of Scottish singers—John Wilson, and the frost of national prejudice in our heart melted away like ice in the sunbeam.

Robert Burns was born January 25, 1759, the year after Allan Ramsay's death. His love for Highland Mary appears to have opened the well-spring of poetry in his soul, as he mentions the song, "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary," as one of his earliest writings. He was wont to compose his verses while at his daily employment as a farmer's labourer; and many of his most beautiful poems were began and completed while Robert was holding the plough or weeding in the kail-yard. So says his brother, Gilbert Burns. Often many days would elapse before Robert could find opportunity to write down his verses, and he was in the habit of repeating them from memory to his brother. Gilbert gives a pleasing account of the origin of that noble poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

"Robert," he says, "had frequently remarked to me, that he thought there was something particularly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this feeling the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' . . . . . Robert and I used frequently to walk together on the Sunday afternoons. It was in one of these walks that I first heard the author repeat 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' I do not recollect to have heard or read anything by which I was more electrified."

This is a charming picture. We can fancy we see the young poet rambling along his own beautiful braes, and reciting to his proud and happy though less gifted brother, the verses which were one day to echo in the hearts of thousands. Burns' first published poems appeared at Kilmarnock, by subscription. Fame and praise followed the poet everywhere. In course of time patrons appeared, and the

humble ploughman trod gilded drawing-rooms, and was caressed and lauded by the fair and noble of his country. His ever prolific muse made his name known far and wide, while the poet himself was suffering often both outward poverty and inward sorrow of mind. But such is no new tale of genius.

Of Burns' many loves, real and imaginary, whose names are enshrined in his poetry, the truest and dearest, save Highland Mary, appears to have been Jean Armour—"Bonnie Jean"—whom, after much sorrow which clouds the history, he at last married. He celebrates her in several beautiful songs, which have a loving earnestness that is superior to many of his more passionate strains.

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly loe the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I loe best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers flow,
Wi' mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet an' fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

In 1792 Burns agreed with Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, to write songs for a volume of Scottish airs, which the latter proposed to publish. To this happy idea we owe the exquisite ballad minstrelsy by which Burns has hallowed the melodies of his own land. What Scottish heart is there has not glowed at the spirit-stirring "Scots wha hae," or melted at "John Anderson, my Jo." Such songs have made Robert Burns essentially the poet of the people—the living voice of their hearts—the consecrater of their simple loves and unnoticed griefs; and this will ensure him an altar in every breast that responds to the feelings of nature. Burns is the most perfect song writer we have. His strains—though often deficient in refined language and rhythm, and never what is called classical poetry—go lilting along to the measure, with a never failing music, which is like the fresh rippling of a brook; the words seem to sing of themselves. There is no ballad music—which, as the voice of a nation, is the first style of melody and poetry—there is no ballad music equal to that of Burns.

We are scarcely so much alive to the charms of Burns' longer poems as to those of his songs, always excepting "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It may be that our delight in his ballads makes us thus insensible even to the renowned "Tam O'Shanter," and "The Twa Dogs." Acknowledging this, we will not [illegible] them. For the same reason we pass [illegible] his clever satirical poems, which drew [illegible] the offending author the wrath of [illegible] kirk. Yet the poet, sorrowful and [illegible] sinless as his life was, had strong [illegible] of piety. None can read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and say that Burns was a man without religion. There is something that evidently bursts from a suffering heart in this "Prayer in the Prospect of Death."

"Oh, thou unknown Almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear.
If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;
Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong,
And, listening to their witching voice,
Has often led me wrong.
Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do Thou, all-good, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide
Where with intention I have erred—
No other plea I have.
But Thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive."

May this sorrowful hymn be an [illegible] over the latter days of the poet. In [illegible] ways he was exposed to sore temptation, and genius is not seldom reproached [illegible] contemned for its frailties, when [illegible] should be wept over with loving [illegible] Robert Burns died July 21, 1796, at [illegible] early age of thirty-seven. Little did [illegible] poet think, when dying in want and [illegible] mental anguish, that fifty years would [illegible] pass before almost all the noble and gifted [illegible] of the United Kingdom would gather together in his native place to do festive honour to the memory of Robert Burns.

The Preacher's Arrest.

It was the sabbath, and most of the [illegible] habitants of the county town of Bed[illegible] were proceeding either to the church [illegible] meeting-house. Those who advanced [illegible] the latter, however, were but scanty [illegible] number, for since the Restoration the [illegible] of displeasing the great people, and bring[illegible] ing themselves into trouble, had consi[illegible] rably thinned the ranks of the dissenters. Those few, for the most part, deeply religious, comprised perhaps the great majority of the thinking inhabitants of the town. As the preacher's time of [illegible] had not yet come, they collected in [illegible] verse around the plain entrance of the house of God. Leaning against the door post were two men, whose looks seemed anxiously directed towards several [illegible] looking fellows who had mixed with the

crowd, and seemed to be on the watch for some person.

"Ah!" exclaimed the elder of the twain, as the number of the malignants increased more and more, and they had now separated from the rest, and stood in knots around the house: "ah! there is Allison, the constable, among them. I trow they mean to prevent our meeting."

At this his companion turned pale, and looked about to observe whether he could slink away unseen. The other, grasping his arm, said in an earnest, impressive tone, "What, neighbour Simpson, art afraid? the sight of these fellows works a marvellous change in thy complexion, man. But cheer up, we are Britons, and therefore not to be cowed like slaves. Why should we fear such as these? I remember well the time when Oliver led us at Marston Moor against ungodly Rupert. That was fighting, man. But such things are over now."

The speaker was a tall, thin, bony-looking veteran, some few years on this side seventy, but still retaining much of the vigour which had eminently belonged to him in youth. He was clothed in a plain suit of grey cloth, and had on his legs a pair of enormous wrinkled boots, such as were used by the Parliamentarians during the civil wars. At his side, supported by a broad cow-skin belt, hung a long iron-hilted sword, a relic of by-gone days, which, however, bore evident marks of having long rusted in its scabbard. Like the celebrated weapon of the doughty Hudibras, it had

> "Eat into itself, for lack
> Of somebody to hew and hack."

Its owner's long hair, whitened by age, hung in scanty locks beneath his broad-brimmed hat; and, whilst he spoke, his countenance seemed to be suddenly lighted up with ancient enthusiasm, but when he added, "such things are no more," his eye grew dim, and an unbidden tear stood upon its threshold.

"But what if they use force?" observed Simpson.

"We have swords," laconically returned the other.

A pause ensued, until Samuel Harvey, for so was the veteran called, again addressed his associate. "It would ill become one of Cromwell's Ironsides to yield without a blow, especially in the cause of such a godly preacher as Mr. Bunyan. No, my friend, I will not tamely submit to behold him dragged to prison."

The word prison seemed to act like an electric shock upon his timid neighbour; for starting from him, he, without more ado, shuffled through the crowd, and took the direction of his own house. Harvey turned upon his heel with contempt, and was about to enter the meeting-house, when he perceived his son approaching. David Harvey was then in his twenty-fifth year, tall, well made, and of a handsome countenance. He, too, wore arms, and seemed to notice the constables, for as he passed he cast upon them looks of no very amicable import.

"Well, David," said the father, "is Master Bunyan coming? Here be gentlemen," pointing to the constables, "who it seems would have some talk with him."

"He is not far behind; I have just quitted his cottage."

"I doubt not that," replied the old man; "but think you, if these malignants intend to use force, we shall be able to cope with them."

David looked slowly around, and shook his head; then laying his hand upon his sword, he replied, "We will try."

"Well said, and like an Ironside; but here comes the minister."

And the future author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," issued out of a narrow lane leading from Elston, and advanced slowly towards them. His commanding figure was drawn up to its full height, and in his hand he carried a small Bible, secured by antique clasps. His hat was pulled down over his brow, and he looked sternly around. As he approached, the Baptists closed about him, casting fierce looks upon the constables, who as yet however said nothing; and, surrounded by his flock, the apostle of Bedford entered the house of prayer. He ascended the pulpit, opened the Bible, and was about to commence the service, when a gentleman, whose air of authority proclaimed him to be a justice of the peace, entered with Allison, the constable, and unawed by the sanctity of the place, they clattered along with their heavy boots towards the desk.

"Hush! hush!" was uttered by several voices at once.

"They had better," exclaimed Harvey, rising; "or I will teach them the respect due to God's house."

"Do your duty," said the justice to his officer; and the latter ascended the pulpit to pull the preacher from where he stood, while his associates appeared in the doorway. Disregarding the menacing looks of the congregation, who were waiting for some act of violence, Allison was about to drag away Bunyan, when the latter turned suddenly round, still holding the Bible in his hand, and looked him fixedly in the face. The constable turned pale, and retreated. Then Bunyan, regarding the spectators, said, "Behold, how this man trembles at the word of God!"

But the magistrate, reiterating his command, the whole congregation arose as

one man. Swords were drawn, and the two Harveys, with naked weapons, placed themselves at their pastor's side. As the minister of peace, the good man exhorted them not to oppose the law, but to sheathe their swords, and depart to their several habitations, it being far more desirable to suffer wrong from the ungodly than to imitate their evil works. "Behold, my friends," continued he, "I yield myself into their hands. Constable, I am ready to go with you."

Thus saying, with a firm step he descended from the pulpit, whilst the rest of the officers proceeded rudely to eject the congregation, and secure the doors of the meeting-house. With a glance of defiance, Harvey quitted his seat, and David hurried towards the preacher's dwelling, with the intention of revealing as delicately as possible the news of the calamity to Mrs. Bunyan and her daughter, who had been prevented from attending that morning's service by the sudden illness of a young and sightless babe.

It is well known that Bunyan, after a mock trial, was convicted and thrown into prison, there to remain until he should give his promise to abstain from preaching the Word. But the good man was not to be daunted thus. He continued firm to his purpose, from which nothing could turn him. He told them, that far from preaching the Gospel, he would, as soon as he obtained his freedom, return to it with redoubled vigour; and he abided by his resolution.

Some weeks after this transaction, David Harvey was again seen hastening towards the house of Bunyan, at Elston. It was early in the morning, and the sun had not yet risen. The air felt cold and damp, and a thick haze covered the earth. Not a soul besides himself appeared to be stirring; the hind had not yet risen to his daily toil, and he silently proceeded along the high road, occupied by his own thoughts. But as he was about to leap over a stile into a field, across which lay the path to Elston, a gruff voice hailed him; he turned, and saw a tall figure swiftly approaching.

"Your business, and quickly," said David; "time presses. I am not used to loiter and bandy words with every stranger who accosts me on the way."

"I want nothing but company," replied the other, evidently mortified at this rebuff; "and as we appear to be travelling the same way, I sought to join you."

Harvey was greatly vexed at this intrusion on his solitude, not only because he wished to be alone, but because the person that now walked by his side, and whom he had by this time recognised, was by no means on friendly terms with him, and he feared a quarrel, should much conversation take place between them.

"Well, young man," said the unwelcome intruder, "you seem to have fallen into the deuced dumps again to-day, or else you have a fit of the locked jaws." Finding he received no answer to this brutish sally, he went on, "Going to Bunyan's, eh!"

"I am."

"Hum! how long is't since you've seen Mary."

"I see her nearly every day."

"I thought so; you and she are a match it seems."

"It seems to me," retorted the young man, "that you ask very impertinent questions, Mr. Monk."

"Oh! very much obliged to you, Mr. Harvey; but come, be not so peppery tongued, my young one, or we must part."

David muttered something, and seemed half disposed to burst out into a quarrel; but he restrained himself and was silent, still continuing to advance at a brisk pace. Monk followed for some time, but when they came to the next field left him, and walked along by the side of the hedge, whistling the "Rogue's March," and Harvey hurried forwards glad to be quit of his troublesome companion.

When he reached the humble dwelling of the preacher, he found all the house asleep, save Mary Bunyan's eldest daughter, who had risen long before the approach of day to wait for David. She had for nearly a year been betrothed to him, and their nuptials were fixed for that day twelve months. A mutual affection subsisted between them, and Bunyan considered David Harvey as a young man worthy of the hand of his daughter, and as one able to support her by his industry.

But perhaps the reader will wish to know what brought David thither at such an early hour, and it is right that he should be satisfied. The gaoler being of the same creed as Bunyan, and relying on his honour, had often allowed him to quit the prison, and pass whole nights with his family. During one of these visits, he had arranged that his wife should present a petition to Justice Hall, which she had done, and that day was going to learn the result. And David having volunteered to conduct her, had now come to redeem his promise.

It was not long before Mrs. Bunyan arose. She was extremely glad to find David there; and after all had partaken of the morning's meal, they both departed towards Bedford. The sun had risen, but was "shorn of his beams" by the thick fog, and gave no perceptible warmth. In about half an hour she reached the place called the Swan chamber, to the door of

which David Harvey accompanied her. It was a large old-fashioned apartment, hung round with pictures of fox hunts, portraits of dogs, horses, &c. At the further end, on raised benches, sat Justices Hall, Chester, and Twisdown. The first, a benevolent and mild-looking personage, was at that moment listening to a Quaker, who appeared to be preferring some request. Chester was a tall big man, with a most contemptuous expression of countenance; while Twisdown, short, fat, and with an enormous wig perched upon an equally enormous head, was so mercurial and fidgetty, that he seemed scarcely able to sit quiet for a single moment. They waited until the Quaker had done speaking, when Mrs. Bunyan advanced with a trembling step, and said to Justice Hall, "My lord, I make bold to come again to your lordship, to learn what may be done to release my husband."

"Woman," replied he, "I can do thee no good. Thy husband is convicted by his own admissions."

"My lord," exclaimed she, solemnly, "'tis falsely done; he pleaded not guilty; and merely replied to their questions, that he had been to several meetings for prayer and preaching, but he confessed not to the indictment."

"Brother Chester," said the chief-justice, addressing his stern and haughty looking associate, "speak to her, thou sattest with me upon the bench, and didst hear the verdict of the jurymen."

"Return whence you came, and trouble us not; thy husband shall pay the forfeit of his crimes; he hath broken the law, and is moreover a restless and dangerous plotter," said Chester, addressing the suppliant in an insolent and supercilious tone.

"Thou art a foul slanderer to speak thus of my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Bunyan, thrown off her guard by this intemperate sally.

"Hearken, woman," observed Twisdown, who appeared to enjoy the rebuff his legal brother had received at the hands of the justly irritated wife; "will you engage that your husband shall henceforward refrain from the conventicle?"

"To preach the word of life to them that are athirst, is his bounden duty; he dares not abstain as long as he can speak."

"See there," cried Chester, "you hear what she says. Truly, I marvel that your lordships can sit patiently, and suffer her to prate thus. I tell thee again," he continued, turning fiercely towards her he addressed, "the man is a notorious peace-breaker."

"He merits not the title," again answered Mrs. Bunyan, in a firmer tone, "he desires but to live peaceably, and molests no one; moreover, if he is taken away, our support is gone; and I have four children, one of whom is blind. If my husband be not restored, we must live by begging."

"And hast thou four children?" inquired the lord-chief-justice; "thou art but a young woman to be the mother of four children."

"My lord, I am but their mother-in-law, and yet I love them exceeding well; and if, as I told you before, he be kept in prison, we must beg or starve."

"Alas, poor creature!" said the judge.

"Fiddlestick's end!" said Twisdown.

"Don't mind her," said Chester, "but send her away."

Then the chief-justice, apparently influenced by their advice, declared his inability to serve her, but advised either that application should be made to the king, or that she should sue his pardon, or procure a writ of error. Whereupon, she left the room disconsolate, and as she was going out, leaning on David's arm, the Quaker before-mentioned stalked up to her, and said: "I have heard thy troubles, and truly I grieve at heart for them. I would willingly do something for thee now, but cannot; I will see thee again."

With these consolatory words he left them, and they hastened homewards. The same evening Joshua, the Quaker, bent his way towards the prison of Bedford, which stood near the centre of the town, and was accessible only through a number of narrow streets and lanes. When Joshua reached the gaol, he was readily admitted, and led by the turnkey to a small cell in a distant part of the prison, where they found the preacher reading out of a large black-letter Bible.

"Friend," said the Quaker, on seeing him, "the Lord hath sent me hither. I have sought thee through many parts, and have at length found thee."

"I fear thou art mistaken, friend," said Bunyan; "for the Lord knew very well where I lay, and if he had sent thee, he would have guided thee hither forthwith."

"Nay, friend," quickly resumed the Quaker, "thou wrongest me. I mean that the Lord incited me to come and visit thee, for I hear that thou art greatly afflicted, and thy family, as I have heard from thy wife, is very much straightened. Therefore I am come that we may share like brothers."

"Ah! pardon, my dear friend," said the good man; "my word was hasty, and slipped unawares from my mouth, for—"

"Nay, leave thy excuses for another time. I verily believe all thou sayest. I hear thou hast four children. How are these to be supported?"

"I know not, unless by the charity of their neighbours. I am going down to

them this evening, for this good man," said he, pointing to the gaoler, "allows me oft to quit the prison, and pass the night with them."

"Very well," said the Quaker, "I will accompany thee."

And they were soon upon their way. Arm in arm, and very affectionately, did they quit the prison, discoursing all the way of matters of religion, and by their pleasant conversation making the way appear short, which else might have been tedious.

On the same evening, at a short distance from the prison, two men were lurking by the way side. They stood beneath a little shed, erected on an embankment, which by day served some poor industrious woman to display her store of fruit to the passers-by. But now, being dismantled of all its canvas covering, the only shelter it afforded as a hiding-place was the dark shadow it cast upon the ground. The moon was up, but it seemed too feeble to throw any light upon the earth, and swam in a dark hazy sky. The road, where this shed stood, rose so as to form a small hill in the direction of Bedford, and then descended abruptly into a dark hollow. Around lay a thickly wooded country, now buried in silence, and about a hundred yards further on, in the way to Elston, was a low cottage.

"Monk," said one of the men to his comrade, "this fellow comes not. Perhaps, he hath already past, and we shall wait here in vain."

"No, no," replied Monk, in a hurried tone, "he has not passed. I know it—I am sure of it. Let us strike a light."

And he took a flint from a pistol he wore at his belt, and began to strike it sharply with his knife, whilst his companion gathered a few leaves to serve as tinder. After several efforts the leaves took fire, and gave sufficient flame to enable them to light a lanthorn, which Monk produced from under his cloak. The light cast by the blazing leaves discovered the figures of the two men. The first speaker appeared to be the person who had retreated from Harvey's side when the constables surrounded the meeting-house; the other was the man who had accosted David Harvey in the fields that morning. He was tall, about forty years of age, wore a coarse suit of grey cloth, with a leathern apron and a campion cloak. His head was covered by a kind of leathern skull cap; and his swarthy complexion and soiled hands seemed to imply that he was a tinker, though the brace of pistols in his belt scarcely agreed with so peaceable a calling.

"Ah, Monk!" said Simpson, whilst his voice faltered as he spoke; "I think we had better give up the affair altogether, and retire before it goes further."

"Fellow," said Monk, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking fiercely at his associate, whilst the light of the lanthorn discovered his pale face and frightened look; "talk not to me of giving up. Say the word again, and I will brain you with this pistol; but come," continued he, darkening the light, and assuming a coaxing tone, "you remember the reward I have promised, and on the faith of a club man, you shall have it."

"Well, well, say no more," answered Simpson, although his trembling voice and clattering teeth belied his assertions. "Let the young fellow approach, and my hand will not fail."

"Come then, let us conceal ourselves, and wait."

The heavens above them were now clouded, and soon a drizzling rain began to fall, and a stiff breeze to blow across the plain. By degrees, the moon was entirely hid, and darkness reigned supreme over all the earth. For some time they waited, and no one approached. At length, however, they heard voices in the hollow advancing towards them; upon which Monk grasped a pistol, and crept near the edge of the embankment, with one hand drawing the unwilling Simpson after him, and with the other holding his weapon.

"Fool!" muttered the tinker, "what is it you fear? are we not two, and well armed."

"But you hear they are many," replied the other.

"Nonsense, one shot will do the deed, and these bushes will afford a good covert for retreat."

Simpson assented in silence, though still fearing, and wishing himself safe out of it. In fact, he had been drawn into the meditated outrage, not by his own hatred of the person expected, but by the malicious suggestions of the tinker. Simpson was a man of small courage, small means, and, we may add, small brains. Misfortune had driven him to the commission of several villanies, in which Monk had been his associate; and now each became such a check upon the other, that their mutual hatred was most cordial. Simpson, fearing to quarrel, lest Monk should disclose his villany, or punish him himself, wanted the courage necessary for dissolving the connection. Monk, on the other hand, hated and despised Simpson, and was often tempted in some of their excursions to knock him on the head, and leave him; but still, as he desired his co-operation in certain emergencies, he deferred his murderous resolution from day to day, though the coward's existence was incompatible with his own safety.

The assassination he was about to per-

petrate took its rise thus. Being a neighbour of Bunyan, and following the same trade, he had been one of his associates, and before the conversion of that good man, one of his companions in wickedness. Not long before he had lost his wife, and wishing to supply the deficiency, had graciously fixed upon Mary Bunyan, whom he thought his neighbour would make no difficulty of granting him. But the preacher, knowing the man's dissolute character, had refused, upon the plea of his having promised her to David Harvey. This difficulty Monk had resolved to remove, by ridding the world of his rival. He had engaged Simpson in the plot the more to involve him in the chains he had wound round him; and also, being very doubtful whether he would not seize upon that opportunity of murdering him, and leaving his body on the spot, thus to make the guilt of the action fall upon the unfortunate tradesman.

Leaving these two, however, waiting for their prey, we will follow Bunyan and his worthy friend the Quaker on their way towards their home. They had not long left the prison ere the rain began to fall, and enveloping themselves in their cloaks, they advanced at a brisk pace. The Quaker was a man of understanding, and loved to discourse with any christian, although he differed with him respecting the forms of religious worship, and they beguiled the way with pious conversation. On reaching a spot where two cross roads met, their steps were arrested by one crying out, "What ho, there!"

"Who calls," inquired Bunyan; "methinks I know that voice"

"We seem to be going the same way," said the other, approaching, "and may as well join company."

"Most willingly," remarked the Quaker; whilst David Harvey, for it was he, was shaking hands with Bunyan, whom he had recognised.

"How came you to give the slip to the old gaoler?" said he; "he is not wont to be so careless."

Bunyan explained, and they proceeded on their way. As they walked fast, it was not long before they approached the place where Monk and his companion were stationed. The former, who had marked their approach, raised his pistol, and hearing the voice of David, was about to discharge it, when Simpson held his arm.

"Stay," said he, "it is not young Harvey, we must not discover ourselves until we are sure."

"I heard his voice," replied Monk; "let me go."

A gleam of moonshine bursting through a cloud, now fell full upon the face of David. It was but for a moment, yet it served to direct the tinker's arm, and he fired. Then rushing out, he raised the discharged pistol, and struck Simpson upon the temple; after which, springing into the bushes, assured by a cry from the young man that the ball had taken effect, he hastened from the place, and was never seen more. Simpson staggered forward, and fell with a groan into the road, whilst David, who had been severely wounded in the breast, sank into the arms of the preacher.

"Run," exclaimed Bunyan to the Quaker, "run to yonder cottage, awake this unfortunate young man's father, haste."

The Quaker lost not a moment in obeying his injunctions, and soon brought Harvey to the window.

"Who is there?" he exclaimed gruffly, "and what means that pistol shot."

"Come forth," said the Quaker, "there is one wounded in the road, even thine own son."

"What mean you, I know you not."

"Verily, if thy name be Samuel Harvey, thy son David is there. Haste thee, then, for perhaps even now the life is not in him."

The door was soon opened, and the old man rushed forth, and held his son within his arms. He was followed by an old woman, bearing a candle, which she shaded with her hand.

"Deborah," said the father, "bring hither the light. David, my son."

"I am not hurt," replied the young man, faintly. "I can walk to the house."

"What's the matter?" inquired a horseman, who had rode up.

"A young man wounded by ruffians," said Bunyan.

The horseman turned sharp round as if he knew the voice. At the same time, the moon broke from behind a cloud, and shining full upon his face, discovered Mr. Cobb, the clerk of the peace. At this, Bunyan, who knew him, retreated to the shadow of a tree, and the suspicion of the horseman seemed to pass from his mind.

"Ah!" said he to the Quaker, "these roads are much beset with ruffians and robbers, and such events are of no uncommon occurrence. But what do I see there?" exclaimed he, as his eye fell upon the body of Simpson, "another murdered man! Let us examine into this."

And advancing to the corpse with the Quaker, after gazing on him for some time, he said, "I know this man. His name is Simpson, a shopkeeper of Bedford town; but how he came hither, and what he has to do with these firearms, I cannot tell. I charge every man of you to bear witness to this fact. I must go and fetch the officers."

He then rode away. By this time David was got into the house, and put to bed. His brother went for the doctor, and after awhile, Bunyan and the Quaker resumed their way to their original destination, which they reached without further danger.

The family was just collected for prayer after the labours of the day, previous to retiring to rest, when the latch arose, and Bunyan and his companion entered. As soon as tender embracements had passed between the preacher and his wife and children, the former was about to introduce the Quaker to them, when Mrs. Bunyan repeated her thanks for his kind offer that day. The Quaker did not tarry long, but having given Bunyan's wife all the money he had about him, he left them without waiting for their thanks.

Then Bunyan, again embracing his wife, said, "Dearest woman, I am once more allowed to see thee in health, blessed be the Lord; and you, my children, embrace your old father, and retire to rest. There, thank Heaven for the dangers he has escaped."

He said not a word to them of the catastrophe which had occurred to David Harvey; but when he and his wife were alone, he related to her what had happened, charging her to keep it a secret from Mary until the result should be known. While he spoke they heard the youngest child cry out from the cradle where she lay.

"Poor Lizzy," said he, "she is awakening."

And then the child cried out again.

"Take her up," said he to his wife.

The child was now awake, and hearing her father's voice, stretched out her little arms, feeling for him, for as we have once before stated, she was blind. Then he took her in his arms, and said, while the tears flowed from his eyes, "Poor child, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou shalt be beaten, must beg, must suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure that the wind should blow upon thee. Oh! what pangs, what misgivings, what sorrows of heart, have I endured on account of thee, when reflecting that I must one day leave thee, and I grieve like the two milch kine which carried the Ark of God into another country, and were forced to leave their calves behind them. Oh—"

He could not proceed, sobs checked his utterance, and he could only murmur, "Take her away."

The mother stretched forth and received the babe within her arms, where it soon again sunk into a tranquil slumber. Then said she to her husband, who still continued in grief, "Oh, my dear husband, I prithee lay thee down to sleep. The night is already far advanced, and it behoves thee to depart early in the morning."

Bunyan lay down upon his poor pallet, and endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but a weight seemed to press upon his bosom; care denied that his eyes should close. Now he would start up and cry, as if labouring under some bodily fear; then again, his thoughts reverting to his blind child, tears would trickle down his cheeks, and he would groan heavily. At length, starting up, he said to his wife, "I can stay here no longer, something tells me I ought to go. Farewell, commend me to my children. These pieces of money will keep you from want. Once more, farewell."

In spite of the entreaties of his wife, he left the cottage, and wrapping his cloak around him, for the rain still continued, he hastened towards the prison, which he soon reached dripping wet. Knocking loudly he at first received no answer, but at length the drowsy gaoler opened a little wicket, and, looking forth, said rather sulkily, on seeing Bunyan, "What brings thee back so soon?"

"Open," said Bunyan, "seest thou not that it rains very fast, and that I am exceeding wet."

"Come in," said the gaoler, throwing wide the door, and leading him back in silence to his cell, evidently very angry at being roused from his bed; but scarcely had he locked him up, when a second knock summoned him again to the wicket. It proved to be an officer, sent by Cobb, the clerk of the peace, to ascertain if Bunyan was safe.

"Are all your prisoners in their cells?" said he.

"Yes," replied the gaoler.

"Is John Bunyan safe?"

"He is."

"Let me see him."

"Follow," said the keeper, and he led him where the preacher lay, upon which the man looked amazed, but said not a word, and departed.

"Well, neighbour Bunyan," observed the gaoler when the officer was gone, "you may go out again just when you please, seeing that you know when to return better than I can tell you."

Let us now say a word respecting David Harvey, whom we left, like the reader, uncertain as to the nature of the wound, and being ourselves ignorant, previous to the surgeon's arrival, whether it was dangerous or not. However, when he did come, he relieved the anxiety of all present, by declaring that the injury would not affect the life of his patient.

Mary Bunyan could not long remain

ignorant of what had happened, and by her he was often visited during his illness, but at length being declared convalescent, he was allowed to walk out. The first time he quitted the house was a fine summer's day, and, leaning upon Mary's arm, he proceeded with her towards Bunyan's dwelling. As they went, many affectionate speeches passed between them, and at length it was agreed that as soon as Mary's father was freed from prison David should ask his permission to become his son. This put them in spirits, and it seemed that his deliverance was by no means so to be despaired of as they were wont to think, for hope is near akin to love, and is often summoned to his aid. When they reached the house it was near sunset, for David, being yet weak, could walk but slowly, and they had often stopped on the road to listen to the birds singing in the trees, or to rest beneath the spreading branches of some oak by the wayside. The sun's rays, now cast upon a little stream that ran before Bunyan's door, made it appear as if of molten gold, and every leaf seemed to partake of the same glorious hue. Mrs. Bunyan gladly welcomed young Harvey, and they sat down in an arbour before the house to discourse of pleasant things both past and to come, and to watch the sun sink beneath the horizon. Whilst they were thus occupied, a voice exclaimed, "My wife, my dear children!"

It was Bunyan, who, rushing towards them, sank into a seat, overpowered by excess of joy. He soon recovered himself, however, sufficiently to relate in a hurried manner that he was free, principally through the intercession of the Quaker. Need the joy of all present be described. We leave it to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say that David Harvey and Mary Bunyan were soon joined in marriage, and were a blessing ever after to their parents.

The coroner's inquest upon the body of Simpson gave the following verdict: "That the deceased died in attempting the life of David Harvey, but under what particular circumstances, the jury were unable to decide."

Some Remarks on Hatifi.

BY E. B. COWELL.

"Leggiadri amanti, e donne innamorate,
Vaghe d'udir piacevol cose e nuove,
Benignamente, vi prego, ascoltate."—*Berni.*

It is now nearly four hundred years since a young man named Abdullah Hatifi went one day to his uncle, the renowned Persian poet Jami of Khorasan, then in the height of his glory, and with much trepidation put into his hands the rough sketch of some episodes of a poem on the old legend of Leila and Mejnoon, the "first birth of his Minerva" (as Massinger would say), and asked permission to continue it. Jami knew from the specimens, that the trembling youth before him had poetic power, and he at once gave him full leave to proceed, and also dictated the opening stanza, expressive of an assurance of future fame. To this poem we purpose devoting a few pages.

Leila and Mejnoon, the two lovers, whose sad tale is so often the theme of the Persian muse, are no fictions of a poet's brain, but real characters, who lived in the first age of the Mohammedan empire. The very names of most of the stern warriors who fought then, have faded away into the eternal stillness of the past, and the din of their valour and battles has vanished like the shadow of some dark dream in childhood; but the tale of these two lovers, with their joys and sorrows, has a living power and significance for us, even at the distance of twelve hundred years, for the records of *the heart* never grow obsolete:

"—— Age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds,"

but amidst all the change and confusion, "as in water face answereth to face, so *the heart* of man to man." Amidst the dry, barren wilderness of forgotten mythology, the legend of Cupid and Psyche lives and "blossoms like the rose." The battles of the Iliad fade like a picture through time, but the domestic love of Hector and Andromache wears a bloom, which no cloud of age shall ever overcast. The chronicles of the heart are like Rabelais' almanac, "certain, véritable, et infaillible pour l'an perpetuel;" no language in which they are written can be "dead," but its driest 'sticks' at once bud (like Aaron's rod) into poetry. A Persian poet says well:

"If Mejnoon had never drunk from this cup,
Who would have ever borne his name through the two worlds?
Thousands of wise and learned men have departed,
But they went away strangers to love,
They have left no name, no footstep behind them,
Their history is not in the hand of Time."

But perhaps no tale has ever so deeply taken hold of a nation's mind, and so widely diffused its influence through its poetry, as the "sweet, glad, and sad"* legend of Leila and Mejnoon. There is not a poem in the Persian language that does not allude to it; and some authors have applied it in a mystical sense, like the ancient myth of Cupid and Psyche, to express the progress

* Chaucer.

of divine love in the soul. But the work of Hatifi which we propose to glance at, confines itself (wisely, in our humble judgment) to the *literal* part of the tale, leaving others to hang their mysteries like poppy-wreaths over its *columns*, and find *esoteric* meanings where none such were intended. The tale itself is too simple to need any such meretricious ornaments. It is written from the heart, and that is a sufficient passport to the heart:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;"

and abolishes distinctions of nations and centuries, and the soul recognises its brother and sister even on the sands of Arabia in the first age of the Mohammedan empire.

The poem consists of rather more than two thousand couplets, at least such is our idea; but MSS. vary considerably. The metre in which it is written is admirably adapted for the subject, and has a "dying fall"* like the Duke's music in "Twelfth Night. Rhymed translations, however, of Persian poetry are invariably unfaithful, the genius of the language is so entirely different to our own; and in our extracts from our author we intend to adopt Sir W. Jones' recommendation, and give "modulated but unaffected prose in preference to rhymed couplets."

After the usual intensely uninteresting introduction (the established fashion in the Persian Parnassus, which invariably attempts to follow Horace's rule, "ex fumo dare lucem," though, alas, too often they only realise Dickens' description of Italian fire-places, "that all the fire goes up the chimney except the *smoke*") the poem opens with the great joy of Sid Omri, a chief of Arabia, at the birth of an only son. The festivities at this event, and the childhood of the subject thereof, may be conveniently omitted. Kais (as he is named) is sent to school, and there meets with the daughter of a neighbouring chief, of peerless beauty, named Leila:

Her cypress form and rosy cheek
Stole peace and patience from Kais' breast.
She too gave up her heart to him.

* * * *

Love came and found a place in their bosoms,
And made for himself a home in the two lovers.
They gave up their hearts to each other,
And built a temple of love together.

Then follows a pretty description of the two young lovers at school, from which we extract the following:

All the children turned their faces to their books,
But these two read only each other's eyes.
The others were murmuring the words of their lesson,
But these were ever turning over the pages of love.
And when they were parted at nightfall,
Kais ever wrote her face on the tablet of his heart.
And often did he go to her house on a pretence,
And asked if the tablet that he had taken, was hers.
And he gained a sight of her by the errand,
And then he returned to his home.
This poor forlorn one, unlike other children,
Rejoiced when the time came for going to school.
Yet his heart was not set upon reading,
His desire was all for the presence of Leila.
Every day when school was over,
As he wandered home with a heavy heart,
He walked along with his young companions,
And told them old tales of love.
The others went sporting in the road,
And they called him to join in the play,
But, alas! his heart was not for play,
For him the game of love was enough, and more.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth," and its stream, which had borne them on in sunshine for a year, now entered a darker channel amidst the shadows of the rocks. "One by one all the children learned their case, and the hidden secret became a general tale, and the story of those two sorrowful ones was spread through street and market, and every child, when it came home at evening, told the story to its mother." Is not all this beautiful from its simplicity and truth to nature? There were gossips and tell-tales in Arabia twelve hundred years ago, and people stood at their doors and met in the streets, and asked and heard the news, in the cool of the evening, just as they do now. Humanity alters not, but only its outward and noisy demonstrations. Through all ages, and underneath all the din which echoes in history, runs the still current of the inner life of men. Wars, and changes of dynasty, and all the events that teem in history, are but the cloud-shadows that pass over the stream, and but little affect the general happiness of society. The tales of scandal (such as are still read on the walls of Pompeii, which, as it were, *daguerrotype* that bygone time, and stamp its evanescent features, which toilsome "authentic history" can only lose) produced a greater impression on the minds of men than all the "glorious victories." Oh, that history could really fulfil her vaunt, and make the past really *re-live*, so that we too might hear the living sounds of old "to-days," the rumours, the very scandals, and the uncertainties that once filled the hearts of men, released and thawed from the frost of time that envelopes them all! Do our readers remember that memorable passage of the Athenian orator, where he describes the capture of Elatea? —"It was evening, and there came one to say that Elatea was taken. And at once some sprang up in the middle of supper, and drove the traders from their places in the market, and set fire to their stalls; and others sent for the generals, and called for the trumpeter, and the whole city was filled

* It somewhat resembles (but not precisely) Tennyson's "Edward Gray,"

"Ah, love may come and love may go,
And fly like a bird from tree to tree,
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me."

with confusion." The scene that startled that quiet old evening, is thus preserved and *daguerrotyped* for ever; but its countless counterparts in those centuries of Athenian history, from the day when Solon walked in the market-place, and recited his poem on Salamis, to the day when Alaric advanced to capture the city, and dying paganism saw its Athena and Achilles descend from heaven to repel him,* are all for ever hushed in oblivion. And, in truth, real history is *impossible*. The memory of each living man is the only true history; each individual can tell the true narrative of the years that he has seen; but the memory of *the race* has no such magic power, and the rumours and fears a few centuries ago are forgotten as much as the chivalry of the antediluvian world. The daily intercourse and ordinary talk of men, if we rightly consider them, are of more importance to the advance of civilisation, than all the extraordinary details which history has chosen to preserve. If our minds were not warped by prejudice, it would be more interesting to hear Aulus Gellius talk of the after-supper arguments, which he heard at the house of Taurus, the philosopher, during the long winter nights at Athens, or hear dear old Plutarch's hearty laugh in Athenæus (book iv.), than accounts of bloodshed and treachery which only delayed the progress of the human race. But to return to our story.

The gossips of the village spread the tale, and at length it reaches the ears of Leila's mother, and Leila is taken from school and confined close at home:

When Leila found that she was parted from her lover,
She was overwhelmed with the sorrow of absence.
She broke her inkhorn and her pen,
And she wrote no more lessons on her tablet.
She had no one who could go with a message to her lover,
And without him she had neither patience nor rest.
Oft in secret she sighed in fear
Lest any should perceive her condition.
She grew wan and thin in her sorrow,
And she made excuses that she was sick.
At nights, when she knew that none were near to rebuke her,
She seated himself in a corner of the house,
And there, with her whole heart in her sorrow,
She wept over the separation till it was day.
When the jasmine-bosomed one found in the morning
That her garments were wet with her tears,
She made excuse with her sugar lips,
And said "that this garment is wet with sweat."
And when she continued to weep in her woe,
She pretended *that a thought of death had come over her.*
Full of affection, and faithful to her lover,
She prayed that she might ever mourn in *his* absence,
And she said, 'I have a pain in my heart,'
And under this pretence she mourned for *him.*
When she made lamentation in the night,
She said that a scorpion had bitten her,
And till day dawned, that peri daughter
Made that excuse for raising her cry.
Every day she made a new excuse,
And every day made her cheeks wet with tears.
The garment of joy had slipped from her grasp,
And she laid herself down in the cell of care.
She passed her days in the woe of absence,
And waited till fortune should befriend her.

Such is the tale of Leila's sorrow; Kaïs is equally woe-begone; but our space forbids us to quote further. We must proceed with the story, and tell some of the schemes which they planned for seeing one another:

One day Kais struck out a pretence,
And he threw away all thoughts of reputation.
He went at once and changed his dress,
And *went out of his own existence!*
He covered his eyes, and cried "I am blind,
I am a desolate and forlorn stranger."
And he went and begged on every side,
And he told the tale of his poverty.
And in the midst of his begging, at last he came
To the door of his mistress' dwelling.
He took his staff like a blind man and proceeded,
He purposely faltered and stumbled,
And at last he stumbled into a ditch,
And fell, covered with mire and blood.
Leila, when she beheld him in the distance,
Knew only too well who that blind man was.
She raised a cry that "a poor old man
Has fallen into yonder ditch."
And she ran and told her mother,
"A blind man has fallen fast in the mire.
Age has so bent his back,
I will run and seize hold of his hand,
And then I will show him the way to the door,
He is blind, and he knows not the way."
None had gone to seize Kais' hand,
Who had fallen, with blood on his face,
So Leila rushed forth in haste,
And seized his hand and exclaimed, "Arise."
She then showed him the path to the door,
And found an excuse for her deed in her love.

Many are the schemes that the lover forms with various success, till at last he is found out, and Leila's father forbids his approach into his land. Poor Kaïs now wanders about utterly disconsolate, dark days gather over him, and men call him now no longer Kaïs, but *Mejnoon*—that is, *mad*. In vain his father gives him the best advice; he is deaf to it all, and at last leaves his home, and bends his steps to the mountainous land of Nejed, on the borders of which Leila's tribe dwelt, and there he abides amidst the rocks:

Many a tear fell from his eyes,
And *sleep fled away along with the tear.*

At length his father determines to ask Leila in marriage for his son, and an embassy is accordingly sent, and the match is almost agreed upon. The two chiefs meet with their tribes, and feast together; and all things seem proceeding harmoniously to their wished-for consummation, when suddenly Mejnoon gives such proofs of his madness that the match is reluctantly broken off. In tenfold deeper grief Mejnoon returns to his mountain home; "he wanders about over plain and desert with his *head turned like a whirlwind*, with tears

* Zosimus—comp. Byron's "Childe Harold."

in his eyes and woe in his *heart*, and a dart in his bosom, and a thorn in his *liver*."*

His father next resolves to consult a holy man, and bring his child to him for advice, since "when all other keys of a door are lost, the finger of prayer can open it." He accordingly sets off in his search, and finds the poor wanderer seated at the foot of the hill. We wish we had space for the exquisite dialogue that ensues between the poor old man and his son. It is full of pathos and poetry, such as the scene might well inspire, and its language is all simple and *real*; for true sorrow does not indulge in the graces of rhetoric, as inferior writers would represent it; and, more especially, paternal sorrow finds in *silence* its appropriate speech. Thus David laments in broken apostrophes over his lost Absalom; and the whole round of history can tell no deeper outburst of anguish than that of Jacob, when he refused to let his Rachel's last child go down to Egypt; "if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then *shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave*."

Bitterly does Sid Omri weep over his son, who, he had hoped, would have been his stay in his old age, and at last he prevails on him to accompany him to the house of the holy hermit. But no entreaties or counsel could persuade him to give up the cherished image of Leila; he returns once more to his solitude, and his father goes home to his friends, and sits down to dream "*that he never had a son.*"

The poet now turns to Leila, and tells how the son of a certain neighbouring chief, named Ibn Salam, asks her in marriage. Her parents joyfully accede; in vain Leila remonstrates with all the eloquence of passionate love; "what have I to do with kindred or tribe? my lover is a sufficient world for me." The marriage is solemnised amidst joy and festivity, and Leila resigns herself with woman's patient endurance to hopeless sorrow. The agony and despair of Mejnoon, when he hears of her apparent faithlessness, can be best learned in the sad lines of Hatifi: "If *thou* art not faithful, there is no remedy left; thou art my life, and, alas! life is always faithless." He writes her a passionate letter of reproach, and the meek answer of Leila is exquisite:

Her letter, which was the cure for his wound,
He kissed and placed upon his head.
He opened it, and saw his Leila's excuse,
And he found consolation in the reading.
And after that he had read his darling's letter,
He hung it round his neck like an amulet.
And he said, "This letter is the good-tidings of my soul,
The picture of my heart, and my bill of release."

At length spring comes, and brings with it, among other blessings, a visit of friends to Mejnoon, and a long description of its beauties to the reader of Hatifi. The Persian poets are almost invariably tedious in their accounts of spring; the luxuriance of nature seems to make their inventive faculty equally luxuriant, and *reality* and *sense* can by no means keep pace with the growth of their fancies. Conceit buds forth after conceit in never-ending succession; and were it not for the fact that all things have an end (except apparently the income tax and the "Gentleman's Magazine"), we should be tempted to suppose that hero and heroine, and all the *dramatis personæ*, were forgotten, or changed into trees, like Lucian's companions in his "True History," and the story itself transformed into an *arbour*, like the ship of the pirates (in Nonnus) that carried away Bacchus on his way from India! But in this even the Persians yield to the Hindoos, as the epic poem called the "Cumara Sambhava" can abundantly testify, which "drags its slow length along" through thousands of lines, and at its close has passed through such a *desert* of description, that it has not arrived yet at the *marriage* of its hero's mother, although its express object was to celebrate the deeds of the future Cumara!

But to return. Mejnoon's friends endeavour to persuade him to return to his home, but to no avail. They find him seated in the midst of a circle of the various beasts of the forest, who served as a kind of bodyguard to defend him; and no inducements could prevail upon him to leave his dumb companions. "I see," said he, "no faith in men, so it is good that I remain with the beasts."* They return, therefore, and leave him; but fortune at length smiles for a while upon the wanderer, and one night he dreams that his long-lost Leila comes and gives him a handful of roses. He awakes, and finds verily that the garland is in his hands, and he waits in perplexity till day dawns.

And when "the king of morning rose like Khosru, and sate on his royal throne, and the black hair of night became white like camphire, and light was scattered over the face of the air," Mejnoon rose likewise, and vowed to visit his mistress. And he does visit and *see* her, and

She saw him from within her tent,
And she started back like one of her curls.
And she said to herself when she saw his condition,
"His woe, alas! is upon this head of mine."

* "If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart*,
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure he must transfix the *liver*."
Prior's Alma.

* Hatifi says elsewhere, "many a good outside hath evil within, many a *beast* walks about in *human* shape," which reminds one of old Rabelais' joke, "dans le temps que les *bestes* parloyent,—*il n'y a pas trois jours*."

Their conversation is, however, interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the husband, and poor Mejnoon again returns to his mountain home, "with a mountain of grief on his soul."

One day a chief named Naufal passes by, and pities the poor wanderer, and on hearing his tale, resolves to aid him, and accordingly demands Leila by an embassy to the tribe; and, on their refusal, attacks it with his troops. He is victorious, and Mejnoon seems on the border of happiness, but fortune forgets not her old malevolence. Naufal falls in love with his beauteous prize, and determines to keep her for himself. He gives orders that Mejnoon should be poisoned at a banquet, but by some mistake the slave gives the wrong cup to his master, and Naufal falls a victim to his own perfidy. On his death, however, Leila's father comes and carries her back, and Mejnoon is left to his despair.

We now come to the most beautiful chapters of the whole poem; and we do not hesitate to say that the whole round of Persian poetry cannot surpass them.

Mejnoon wanders along, "neither dead nor alive," and one day he passes by a garden. But Hatifi shall tell his story in his own words. It is a gleam of sunshine in the darkness—a little vista through the pathless forest of time, into one quiet glen, where other human foot never passed:

As he turned his eyes to that garden,
Suddenly he saw the gardener there.
He had roughly laid a sharp axe
At the foot of a green young cypress;
And Mejnoon ran to the gardener,
To the place where the young tree stood,
He turned his face to him, and cried, "Oh, old man,
Take away that axe from the foot of that tree.
Its noble stem is without a peer,
It flourishes fair as mine own dear Leila."
The poor old gardener started bewildered,
And he spoke in answer, "Oh, youth,
I have two, aye, three children, a little band,
Who tremble like willows in the cold of winter;
And all that preserves them from death
Is fire at night and sunshine by day.
Not a cowrie is mine of the wealth of the world,
No other possession but this young cypress tree.
My children are like salamanders,
And their life is nourished by fire.
The smoke that ascends in December,
Is dearer to their eyes than collyrium.
Oh, then buy it of me, if thou art able,
And then, thou knowest well, it will be thine."
Patiently Mejnoon heard his speech;
"Old man," he cried, "thou sayest well.
I have a jewel, the bracelet of my arm;
The world hath never seen its peer.
Take it as the price of the cypress,
Bear it home with thee instead of the tree."
The jewel, which was worth a world,
In a moment he unclasped from his arm,
He took it, and gave it into the gardener's hand,
And the cypress remained free from the axe."*

Beneath that cypress tree (which is like Tennyson's "talking oak") the forlorn lover sat, and poured forth his lamentations, and "talked with it apart," and then, as evening shades fell over the desert, he pursued his lonely way. And now, reader, we enter into the "sacred precincts," and the flower of Hatifi's genius is before us, in the "meeting of the lovers:"

Leila, fair as the moon, came riding on her camel,
And passing on from stage to stage,
The heart-stealer was sunk in sleep,
And the reins dropped at last from her hand.
The night was dark and the driver away,
And the camel turned aside from its fellows,
It wandered aside from the way,
And turned to a place of pasture.
Laili, when she opened her eyes from sleep,
Was astonished to find herself in the midst of a valley,
The sweet rose was far away from the garden,
And she was left deserted by her company.
And her camel bore her along the waste,
With its head free from the bridle.
That desert was the dwelling of Mejnoon,
And none but Mejnoon dwelt there.
All around on every side she wandered,
And sought in vain for a guide.
Onwards she drove her camel in search for the road,
Till Mejnoon (by fate) appeared in sight.
The moonfaced one drove her camel on,
And raised a cry and called him before her,
And she asked him the way to her home,
She asked of that ringdove the way to the garden.
Mejnoon had wandered so long in woe,
That his faithful mistress knew him not,
And Mejnoon likewise knew not her,
For her beauty had bloomed still more and more.
And Leila said to him, "Whence comest thou,
And why art thou thus bewildered?
Oh, thou forlorn one, what is thy name?
To whose tribe and lineage dost thou belong?"
And thus replied the poor wearied lover;
"Oh, thou idol of the heart, thou loveliest damsel,
My name is Kais; but love hath made me mad,
And men now call me Mejnoon.'
Leila, when she heard his voice,
Threw herself from her camel,
And then, with a thousand sweet endearments,
She spoke to him in her honied words.
"Oh, thou bewildered one, I am thy Leila,
I am the consolation of thy heart."
Mejnoon, when he heard her name,
Fell to the ground as paralysed.
And Leila then sat beside him,
And made her bosom a home for that wretched one.
His head, which had fallen in the dust,
She raised and laid in her lap.
With her own sleeve she wiped away
The tears from his sorrowful face.
But when he returned to consciousness,
And raised his head from her bosom,
Oh, *then*, with a thousand accents of woe,
He spoke to her in the midst of his joy.
"Oh, queen of my heart, and art thou here?
And is my mantle touched by such a stranger?
This cheek, that shines with no veil to cloud it,
I fear it is but a vision of sleep.
Oh, if it be but a dream and fancy,
Oh, how shall I live when I lose it?
If this thy presence but comes in sleep,
Then waking will be as death to me."
And then he told her all his sorrow,
He told her his heart-melting tale.
Laili in answer opened her lips,
And thus uttered her sweet words:
"Oh, thirsty soul, why dost thou drink sorrow?
The pure waters of Zemzem are close at thy feet.

* This story is alluded to in old Castell's well-nigh forgotten Lexicon, in the word "*azad*," and flings a strange gleam of poetry over his dull dictionary details and uncouth Latin. It is almost like that faint gleam in the "Eton Greek Grammar," "neutra pluralia *gaudent* in verbo singulari." Amid the load of dry rules and drier examples, it refreshes one to find even a little conceit, or attempt at one.

Oh, broken heart, be not sorrowful,
Heaven at last doth smile upon thee.
Poor lover, I am thy solace;
Whatever thou willest I will do.
Oh, sure it is best that we go hand in hand,
And bow a farewell to the world,
Never for a moment be parted from each other,
And never make any one else our friend!"
Mejnoon, at his darling's words,
Burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, jasmine-bosom,
If thou shouldst come and dwell with me,
Thy name will be reproached in Araby.
The gate of the city thou canst shut,
But *not* the mouth of the slanderer.
Oh, it were better still, that, unseen by men,
I took thee back to thy father!
If thy presence blesses me not,
I must rest content with this thy vision.
Henceforth I and thy vision will dwell here,
Till thy real presence comes to bless me, darling."
And he rose with a face of tenderest love,
And he brought her back to her father's house.
And Mejnoon with a broken heart returned,
And went alone to his desert-home.

We must hasten to the close, and pass over the remainder of the tale. Leila dies at her father's house, and is buried with mournful pomp:

From grief for her Mejnoon she lay down in the dust,
She came pure from heaven, and pure to heaven she returned.
The stone that rests over her grave
Speaks with a tongue of her spotless name,
With a voice it tells her tale to all,
And utters its complaint against the wrong of fate.

Her last request to her mother is that she should bear the sad tidings to Mejnoon, and the lover does not long survive. He dies, surrounded by his faithful body-guard of beasts, and (like Robin Redbreast in our own babes in the wood) the *spider* weaves a shroud to cover him. A passing caravan finds his body, and buries him there:

He is gone and *we* too follow behind him,
The same end awaits us all at the last!

Thus closes the tale of Leila and Mejnoon, which has immortalised the name of Abdullah Hatifi in the East. Their story was a sad one, but from that dark root springs the blossom of poetry; and like Petrarch and Laura, and Abelard and Heloise, their names and history hang conspicuous in what Nizami calls "the picture-gallery of the soul." And no small interest is added thereto from the consideration that it is no dream of a poet's heated imagination, but *truth*. The wandering Arab of Hejaz will yet repeat with rapture the fragments of Mejnoon's poetry, that have been handed down by tradition from that remote old time, preserved unprinted, unwritten, being engraved on the tablet of the human heart. During those long centuries, the world has seen countless changes, but the heart of man still speaks to man, and this fond pair of lovers, with their joys and sorrows, is dearer to the poor unlettered Arab than the whole line of caliphs. He cannot tell you the names of the men who bore Mahomet's faith to triumph, who in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, spread the fame of the poor orphan of Mecca; but he can tell you the story of Leila and Mejnoon, and he will leave it as a heirloom to his children, though he be as poor as Hatifi's gardener in the desert.

"Oh, sovereign power of love, oh, grief, oh, balm,
All records saving *thine* come cool and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of past years!"
Keats.

THE BOAR HUNT.*

PART I.

THE DEPARTURE.

"My dogs and choicest huntsmen
I place at your command,
And I will straightly charge them
To free your harassed land.
But speak not of Prince Atys,
I charge you on your life,
He is but newly married,
And cannot leave his wife."

Thus quickly answered Croesus,
The king of Sardes' town,
Through all his age unrivalled
In riches and renown.
Low bowed the old ambassador,
Who came from Mysia's strand,
To pray for help from Sardes,
To free their harassed land.

For a boar, a mighty monster,
Kept them in constant dread,
Many had gone to face him,
But most of them were dead.
His lair was in Olympus,
And thence at early morn
He sallied to the cornfields,
And trampled down the corn.

In silence heard the ambassador,
And lowly bowed his head;
Though haply much he marvelled
At what the king had said.
He rose to leave the presence,
But as he turned away,
In hastily came Atys,
And motioned him to stay.

He bowed before his father,
With mind foreboding ill
The aged king upraised him,
And bade him speak his will.
"My father," said the stripling,
Fire kindling in his eye,
"When my youth was in its springtide,
None was braver held than I.

"But now the battle rages,
They're arming for the chase,
My messmates all are there, sire,
But empty is my place:
What will the Lydians say, sire,
And what my youthful wife,
How will she judge the husband
To whom she's wed for life?

"In silence I have borne it,
Till I can bear no more;
I prythee let me go, sire,
To hunt the Mysian boar.
Or if I've failed in duty,
My error let me know,
An error uncorrected
To grievous sin may grow."

* The story on which this ballad is founded occurs in the first book of Herodotus.

"My son," replied King Crœsus,
"I have no son but thee,
For the poor dumb boy, thy brother,
Is as nothing held by me,
I have no one to succeed me,
If thou, my son, shouldst die;
Then wonder not, my first born,
That I watch thee heedfully.

"For a vision in the night-time
Came and stood above my head,
I saw it in the moonlight,
And it spoke to me and said—
'Thou hast a son, King Crœsus,
And thou hast but only one,
But an iron point shall slay him—
His race is well nigh run.'

"Into thin air it vanished,
And quickly I awoke,
But in mine ears were wringing
The awful words it spoke.
Thou canst not then well marvel
That I would have thee stay,
For I would fain preserve thee
Until my dying day.

"For this I made thy marriage,
For this I keep thee here,
And surely none can blame me
For guarding thee with fear;
For truly 'twould be shameful,
And I would not have it said,
That Crœsus, king of Lydia,
Without an heir was dead."

"My father," answered Atys,
"'Tis a hard thought for thee,
And none can rightly censure
Thine anxious care for me;
Yet listen for a moment
And I will clearly show,
That to the Mysian boar hunt
With safety I may go.

"It was an iron shod weapon
The vision bade you fear,
What hands, sire, has the monster
Wherewith to send a spear?
Since such a fate hangs o'er me,
I'll seek the fight no more,
But, prythee, let me go, sire,
To hunt the Mysian boar?"

'King Crœsus looked upon him,
And his breast was filled with joy,
As he marked the princely bearing
And stature of the boy.
He looked upon his sinews,
And his purpose was unbent,
He marked his hot impatience,
And he gave a slow consent.

Up leapt the joyous stripling,
"Then I may join the chase,
A thousand times I thank thee,
My father, for this grace.
I'll go and tell Adrastus,
I'll go and tell my wife,
By all the gods, my pulses
Are throbbing for the strife."

The king he looked upon him,
With a sad and thoughtful smile;
"Go, bid Adrastus hither,
I'd speak with him the while."
Obedient to the summons,
Forthwith Adrastus came,
And the king received him kindly,
And called him by his name.

"Adrastus, son of Gordias,
When thou didst come to me,
The murder of a brother
Had set its curse on thee.
By a father forced to wander,
An outcast thou did'st roam,
I cleansed thy hands from bloodshed,
I took thee to my home.

"And since then entertainment
Most bounteous and free,
As well becomes thy station,
Has been offered thee;
Yet, think not, good Adrastus,
This is spoken to thy shame,
For well I know 'tis fortune
Who is alone to blame.

"But I have just consented
That my son shall join the chase,
And I fear that never more
I may look upon his face:
So I would have thee follow
To guard my child for me,
For there is none, Adrastus,
Whom I honour more than thee.

"Lest evil-minded robbers
Should kill him in a fray,
Or any harm befall him
The while he is away;
Besides, my good Adrastus,
'Tis well that thou shouldst go
To earn a laurel garland,
To gird thy pensive brow."

"Lord king," replied Adrastus,
"'Tis little fit that I
Should join my happy messmates
In sports of chivalry:
For a murdered brother's image
Stands before me night and day,
And a brother's blood is on me,
That no rites can wash away.

"But well I feel, King Crœsus,
How much to thee I owe,
And since thou hast so willed it,
I will with pleasure go;
And thou shalt never, trust me,
Have reason to repent,
That the poor Phrygian exile
To guard thy son was sent."

"Adrastus," cried King Crœsus,
"I thank thee from my heart,
I now can see undaunted
My darling son depart;
There's not a man in Lydia,
Whom I'd sooner trust than thee,
I know that as a father
Thou'lt watch my child for me."

(To be continued.)

The Emigrants' Wives.

A PASSAGE FROM REAL LIFE.

It is not a fiction that I am about to relate—I would it were!—but the darkest shades of human character, and the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, exist, not only in novels, but in real life. The observation of many, the sad experience of some, prove this; and there are few who might not draw from knowledge a stronger interest and more wholesome moral than fiction can generally furnish. In the following story little more than the names is feigned; but as the principal characters are now dead, the relation can injure no one.

James and Philip Winstanley were brothers. They both made their appearance at the same time in the small country town of ——. Few knew their parents; but as nephews of a neighbouring squire, their respectability was undoubted, and the

young men were at once received into the coteries of the place, which were stamped as good society. James, the elder, had been a midshipman, but now wished to begin the pursuit of agriculture. He was rather pleasing than otherwise; he was not very tall, but had a frank, open countenance, and manners that united the sailor with the gentleman. Philip Winstanley was strikingly the reverse of his brother. Tall, remarkably handsome both in face and person, and fascinating in manner, he soon became a universal favourite. He called himself an attorney, but there was little appearance of practice; however, the fair ones of —— were not disposed to criticise harshly a young man who dressed elegantly, danced well, rode well, wrote pretty verses, painted good portraits, played several instruments, sang pleasingly, and was never at a loss in conversation. Everybody liked young Philip Winstanley; but the wiser ones sometimes shook their heads, and said he was too much of a genius to turn out well, and that James was much the worthier of the two. However, both brothers went on their way; Philip making many friends, James liked by few, but by those few heartily and truly.

At length, the young men having been married by report to half the young ladies in the neighbourhood, it became publicly known that both were affianced. James' choice was a pleasing, quiet, sensible girl, whom he had long known and loved—some said, even in his midshipman's days. Elizabeth Marston was everyway qualified to make home happy. She was in parties known little—a pretty, silent girl, whom no one ever thought of asking to play or sing; but see her in her widowed mother's house, quietly moving about, the unnoticed spring of all domestic comfort to both mother and brothers, then you would truly say that Elizabeth was made to be a good man's happy wife. James felt it so; and from the time he had asked her and she had promised to be his, there was perfect love and confidence between the two. They were scarcely like lovers—almost as sedate as man and wife; for James' character was too open and straightforward for the vagaries of courtship (the *nonsense*, we were about to write), and Elizabeth had too little of sentiment in her nature to require them. So the pair seemed like old people, instead of lovers; indeed, some said that James showed his dependence in rather an unlover-like way;—that knowing his own sailor-like habit of useless extravagance, he was accustomed to place all his money in the careful hands of his lady-love. Neither owned this; but probably it was not untrue.

Philip too had chosen his future wife. He had met at a ball a tall, graceful girl, who wore white roses in her jet-black hair, and was attired in simple white. Such were her habiliments, for Grace Forrest, girl-like, afterwards recounted them, in speaking of an evening which decided her future fate. She was an orphan—an adopted child. Without any natural ties to fill up the void in her heart, it might be that love found an easier entrance there. Young, beautiful, and warm-hearted, of disposition gentle and amiable, with a mind above the common order, and tinged with a good deal of romance, no wonder that Grace listened to the passionate and winning words of Philip Winstanley, who was so well qualified, both by nature and acquirement, to gain a woman's heart. None opposed their union, and even the envious acknowledged that Grace Forrest and her lover had every prospect of married happiness. Grace herself was the only one who had occasional misgivings; but these were soon dashed away by the hopeful, loving nature of youth.

"I know he is hasty and passionate," said she once to Ellen Maywood, her only near friend, for she was slow in forming intimacies, as the really good often are; "I know that Philip is hasty, and will not bear a single cold word; but then he tells me his temper was sorely tried in youth, and he loves me so much, he will never be passionate with me. A wife can do all with a husband whose principles she trusts. All Philip's little errors will subside when I can be always near him, to calm him and win him on to good. Oh, he loves me so much."

And so Grace went on with her beautiful creed of love's omnipotence. But ah! love is not all; and Grace knew not, in her simplicity, that in an unsteady and unprincipled heart true love cannot exist, though its semblance may.

After some time, the two brothers formed a plan of emigration. James, whose diligence had gained him much knowledge in agriculture, had heard of good prospects opening in Van Dieman's Land, and thither he and Philip determined to go. After some difficulty, the consent of the two *fiancées* to the scheme was gained. Grace had no domestic ties, and Elizabeth was willing to follow him she loved, leaving home and kindred. The double marriage was celebrated on the same day.

Grace Winstanley came to bid her friend Ellen adieu, the day before she went on board the ship which was to convey the two brothers and their brides to Van Dieman's Land. She had parted with all her bridal finery, and was dressed in plain dark calico.

"Why have I done so, Ellen?" said she, in answer to her friend's almost regretful observation; "oh, laces and satins would

not do for a settler's wife, so I have given up all that, I assure you; and look here," said the young bride, taking off her bonnet gaily.

Her friend almost wept to see that Grace had cut off all her long, beautiful hair.

"Ringlets would be quite a useless encumbrance in the bush," said Grace, smiling; "so Elizabeth and I determined to cut our hair short like a boy's. And," she added, looking fondly at her husband, "Philip will not love me the less for that."

Lingering and sad was the parting of the two brides with all they loved and left behind them; but they embarked, hopeful as young brides ought to be, and were soon speeding over the wide Atlantic to the home of their adoption.

In those days, the voyage to such distant lands usually took six months, but it did not seem long to the young couples thus entirely thrown on each other's society. To Elizabeth the change from lover to husband was little; so great had been their trust in one another, that even wedded love brought scarcely additional confidence. Grace too was very happy; but towards the close of the voyage she sometimes noticed that her husband's manner was a good deal changed; the violent temper which she had so lovingly exculpated beforetime, now came out to others, though not to herself.

One night the two young wives had retired to their cabins, and lingered in conversation before they separated for the night, for there was ever a sisterly regard between them. They had left Philip and James in earnest conversation on the deck, and were wondering at the continued murmur of voices that came to them below. Then they heard Philip speaking in loud and angry tones, and then a heavy fall on the deck above their heads. Both rushed to the scene; there had evidently been strife between the brothers. James was rising from the ground, to which he had been struck by Philip, who in violent rage stood at one side, his hands clenched, and his brow knitted with passion. Grace ran to him; he angrily pushed her aside.

"Do not mind him, Grace," said James, kindly, as she shrank, terrified, from her husband; "Philip and I have had some words, but he is unjust to me. He is angry now, but he will forget it presently."

"No, never," cried Philip; "you have no right to rule over me; and how dare you speak thus to my wife? Go away, Grace," he added, more gently; "you must not interfere between us."

"Yes, go, Elizabeth," said James to his wife, who had thrown her arms round his neck, and saw in his calm but serious face that he had not suffered from Philip's violence, except in mind; "go, and take her away; she does not know him as well as I do. I will come and tell you all directly, love."

Elizabeth trusted him, and led away the trembling Grace. The quarrel had arisen from a slight dispute relative to some plans of Philip's, which his brother's calmer judgment had opposed; but a spark can rekindle a mouldering fire. From that time the peace of the voyage was often broken by Philip's sudden and causeless wrath, and Grace looked to the future with less of confidence and hope.

In due time the vessel arrived at Hobart Town, and the two brothers chose their several allotments. Their places of settlement were within a reasonable distance of Hobart Town, and not far distant from each other, that the two wives might not be separated. The foresight of James had provided agricultural implements, which he brought from England; he had also engaged several labourers to emigrate at the same time, so that the little colony began under favourable auspices.

We must now pass by several years, during which James' diligence had increased his stock and farm. He had many struggles at the commencement, but bravely conquered all; and the end of three years found him prospering in circumstances, with a happy wife and rising family looking to him as their chief comfort. William Marston, Elizabeth's younger brother, had joined them. He was a gay-hearted, adventurous boy, who delighted in roving, and was as happy as a king in his bush-life, watching the sheep, and living miles up the country, in a hut built by his own hands. Elizabeth's happiness was certainly increased by his arrival, for he was a link between her and her dear old home.

Grace's fortune was not so happy. When the charm was gone, she found how different was the careless husband, who seldom had a smile or kind word for her, to the lover of her youth. Philip's affairs did not prosper; ignorant of agriculture, and too self-sufficient to seek instruction, his farm decreased by degrees; and the poorer he grew, the more careless he seemed to become of the little that was left. His wife struggled hard to conceal her inward troubles—aye, and outward too—from her more fortunate sister. She seldom went to James' farm, for the contrast between that and her own desolate and poverty-stricken home was too bitter to endure, and Grace was still too proud to reveal all, and seek help from this kind brother and sister. Her coldness repulsed them, and they seldom saw one another. A cheerless welcome would Grace's first babe have met with on its birth, but for a chance visit of Elizabeth's to the forlorn wife. Grace had shrunk from kindness to her-

self; but her mother's heart was touched by Elizabeth's silent and tender care of the child; the fountain was unsealed, and she poured forth all her sorrows. Elizabeth had suspected much; but had not anticipated the tale of suffering, neglect, poverty, even occasional famine, that met her ear. But she said no word that could wound Grace's wife-like feelings, which still remained.

"You must come to us, dear Grace," she said, as soon as the invalid was recovering; "come back with me until Philip returns. Do!" she added, seeing Grace hesitated; "do; for your child's sake, it will not be well to stay here."

Grace cast her eyes over the almost empty room, with a bitter sigh. "I will go with you," she said, "until Philip comes home from Hobart Town." She took her baby in her arms: "Thank God, I shall never be quite alone now."

Grace recovered amidst the comfort and plenty she found at James' house, and Elizabeth succeeded in soothing her mind. It was a happy family meeting at the farm, and they were daily expecting the arrival of William Marston from the bush, where he had been for some months. James at last could no longer delay a long-planned hunting excursion up the country, in which William was to have joined. "At all events," said he, "we will go in William's direction, and see what detains the young absentee; some lost sheep, probably; so don't be alarmed if we stay beyond our time."

The party set off, including Philip, who had come to his brother's, an unusual occurrence, and whose unwonted kindness to Grace and his child awoke new hopes in the mother's heart. Before the appointed time, the hunters returned, and fearful was the news they brought. They had found William Marston lying dead a few yards from his hut! He had been evidently murdered by the bushrangers, after a long struggle for life, as his many wounds and torn garments showed. He had been dead not many hours, and lay with his face turned upwards to the sky, his right hand still grasping a hunting-knife, over which the stiffening fingers had closed so firmly that they could not be unloosed. Who shall describe the bitter grief of Elizabeth Winstanley when her brother's corpse was brought to her door? She looked on the mangled features before her, and thought of the mother far away who had sent out her youngest born—her favourite child—to be murdered in a foreign land; how, or by whom, no eye had seen but that of Heaven.

"Oh, my mother! it will kill my mother!" cried Elizabeth, losing all self-command; "how shall I tell her they have murdered her Willie? Why did we come to this wretched country?" And then the wife saw a painful expression flit over her husband's face, and she abstained from repining, for his sake. So William Marston was gathered to his grave; time softened the grief of his kindred—all but one, who, while she lived, never smiled after they told her of the fearful death of her youngest boy, her darling Willie.

Philip and Grace returned home, and for a time there seemed a chance of restored happiness. The birth of his boy appeared to have awakened better feelings in Philip's heart, which showed that his good angel had not quite departed from him. But he was a stranger to all steady principle; and his former character soon reappeared in all its wickedness. It is needless to enlarge on the consequences. All his undertakings failed, the farm became desolate, and at last he announced to his broken-hearted wife his intention of disposing of the land, and returning to England. She silently acquiesced, for her energies had entirely sunk under miseries which none but emigrants can know or imagine, added to the almost brutal unkindness of her husband. She scarcely heeded the news, for at this time her whole thoughts were engrossed by her boy of three years old, who, pining and sickly, seemed gradually sinking under such hardships; for cold, exposure to the sudden variations of the climate, coarse food, even positive starvation for days, were sufferings not unknown to Grace and her child. The boy never murmured, but would sit for hours on his mother's knee, his thin arms twined round her neck, and his pale, shrunken face, so unlike a child's, in its suffering, anxious look, placed close to hers. At last he died; and Grace laid her only babe in the earth, almost with thankfulness, so utterly hopeless was she. Every energy seemed paralysed; she mechanically went about making preparations for her departure, like a person in a dream. Even at the parting with her sister, she seemed equally unmoved. Elizabeth wept bitterly, but Grace was perfectly calm.

"Farewell, Elizabeth," she said; "I know we shall never meet again. You have been a kind sister to me; God bless you! You will be happy, as you deserve to be. As for me, I am going home to the only home left to me."

Elizabeth guessed the meaning of her words; and as she looked at her marble-like face, and heard the harsh tones of Philip calling her, she felt that there was but *one* home for Grace. They were standing on the vessel's deck, the land was already receding, and the boat waited to return with James and Elizabeth, who had accompanied them thus far.

"Have you no word, no charge, dear Grace?" asked Elizabeth, as she embraced her for the last time.

"One only," said Grace. "The only comfort I had in this world I leave behind me, there," and she pointed to the dim outline of the shore. "Elizabeth, remember there is no mother to watch over and guard my child's grave."

* * * * *

Ellen Maywood, Grace's early friend, had been married some years; and, engrossed with new ties and new affections, had but seldom thought of her old companion. Some few letters were interchanged, and then the correspondence gradually ceased. Great was Ellen's surprise, therefore, when she received a letter in Grace's handwriting—though it was strangely altered—and learnt that her old friend was returned and living near her.

"I will go directly to her," said Ellen Middleton to her kind and considerate husband; "she never mentions Philip Winstanley nor her child, who was born just before our little Charles. I fear all is not right."

"Yes, go, by all means, love; and if she is in trouble—for I know young Winstanley of old—remember that Ellen's friends are her husband's also."

Mrs. Middleton smiled gratefully at her husband, and departed. But with all her forebodings she had not guessed the extent of the truth.

In a poor lodging, curtainless, carpetless, resting on an old sofa, lay Grace Winstanley, or rather the wreck of what Grace once had been. What a contrast between the parting of the two friends years since, and their meeting now. Ellen Middleton looked at the wasted form of Grace, who, after the first excitement, had fallen back exhausted on her poor couch; and there needed no words to tell the tale. Her beautiful black hair, the loss of which Ellen had so much regretted, was become perfectly gray, though she had scarcely reached middle age; and her faded and worn-out mourning hung loosely round her once lovely figure. She had become prematurely old; and of her former vivacity of manner not a trace remained. She was evidently in the last stage of consumption. Ellen thought of her own happy home, her husband, her smiling children, and then of her friend dying alone and in poverty. "I cannot leave you here, Grace," cried she, when the explanations were ended; "you need more comforts than these; come home with me, and we will all try to cure you."

But all her inducements failed to persuade Grace to leave her miserable home. "I will not come to be a burthen on you—perhaps to die; for I know my days are numbered, and I cannot leave my husband while I live."

Long and painful was the conversation between the two. Grace told all she had borne when abroad, and how, when she reached her native place and found her old protectors dead, Philip's indignation had known no bounds: how he had left her in the wretched lodging where she was, and she had contrived to subsist until positive want of necessaries induced her to write to her old friend.

"If you will not come to me, dear Grace, you must at least let me make you more comfortable. I will send what you need—warmer clothing and wine. This room looks so desolate too—I must not leave you thus." And Ellen, colouring as she did so, quietly laid her purse on one side, as she thought unnoticed by the invalid. But Grace perceived her:

"No, no, no!" she cried; "you must not—I dare not take it—do not send anything. I am not unthankful—but—but Philip—" Grace suddenly stopped, her pale face grew crimson, she covered it with her hands, and burst into tears.

Gradually Ellen drew from the reluctant wife the confession that her husband's only visits were to rob and despoil the being whom he had vowed to cherish. Money, food, clothes, whatever he could seize upon, were ruthlessly taken away from his sick wife, who yet clung to him to the very last. Ellen stayed long, soothing and comforting her; and as she rose to depart, she saw from the window her husband and child awaiting her.

"Let me see your boy, Ellen," said Grace, as she heard her exclamation; "I cannot meet a stranger, but bring the child hither."

Ellen left the room, and soon re-entered with her blooming boy in her arms. Grace looked at him, started, and put her hands before her eyes. "Take him away!—take him away!" she almost shrieked; "it breaks my heart. Oh! my own darling boy that I left behind me in his grave!"

Frightened at her vehemence, the child's tears burst forth. Grace's passionate grief instantly subsided; she took the child in her arms, kissed him and calmed him, until he wonderingly looked up, and, reassured, crept close to her, and put his little arm round her neck.

From that time Grace's whole thoughts seemed engrossed by little Charlie. He came with his mother, and stayed hours beside her; and Grace would listen attentively to Ellen's reading of the Holy Book, while her eyes followed every movement of the child. Sometimes, as her end drew nigh, her reason wandered, and then she confounded him with her own lost child; and Ellen's eyes filled with tears, as she

listened to the endearing words of the bereaved mother, who in her ravings revealed much of past sufferings on which her lips had been closed, even to Ellen. Philip Winstanley had not appeared for some weeks, and the invalid had been supplied with many comforts by Ellen's care. Once, as she took her leave after her usual daily visit, Grace's adieu seemed more impressive than ordinary. She kissed little Charlie, looked at him long and fondly, and then took Ellen's hand: "God bless you, Ellen! the blessing of a childless mother and a worse than widowed wife be upon you, and reward you for all your goodness to me."

Ellen Middleton embraced her friend, and turned away weeping. Grace followed the child with her eyes to the door, and then closed them. Ellen looked at her a moment, as she lay with her hands folded, as if praying, and then went away softly. It was her last look at Grace Winstanley. When Ellen sent early next day, the answer was that Grace had died in the night; it was supposed in her sleep, for her attitude next morning was like one lying in a deep slumber.

* * * * *

There is no startling conclusion or winding-up to this history; for it is one of real life. Of the other characters we have little to say. James and Elizabeth Winstanley went on in their quiet life, making a happy home in their little colony beyond the seas; they prospered in all things, and their children grew up a crown and a blessing to their old age. The last news was that James's eldest daughter had married an officer of high rank in the colony.

Of Philip's life after the death of the gentle, suffering Grace, it is painful to speak. We will draw a veil over the latter days of one who grew old in wickedness. Suffice it to say, that after sacrificing a second wife as he had done the first, he became an outcast, "a vagabond upon the earth." It is needless to enlarge on the gradual declension of an unprincipled man, as thus shown forth; how the errors concealed in youth developed themselves by degrees, carrying certain doom to all who trusted in him. The history—and it is indeed a true one—carries with it its own moral.

D. M. M.

British Intercourse with Japan.

Considerable attention having been excited by the proposal of sending a commercial mission to Japan,* it may not be uninteresting to most of our readers to give a brief sketch of our previous intercourse with that remarkable country, whose inhabitants are so little known, on account of the rigid seclusion in which they have kept themselves. Indeed, European nations may be said to be totally excluded, for the Dutch, who enjoy a slight intercourse with them, are never permitted to land, except on the island of Desima, where they are kept as a species of prisoners. Marco Paulo appears to have been the first European who visited their shores. He was followed hy the enthusiastic and persevering followers of Loyola, whose efforts have ever been directed towards the spread of the Catholic faith. William Adams was the first Englishman who ever landed there. Having been at one time in the naval service of queen Elizabeth, he was by no means favourable to either the Portuguese or Spaniards, who, there is no doubt, returned his aversion with interest. So that when he was wrecked on the coast of Japan, he and his companions, at the instigation, it is said, of the Portuguese, were thrown into prison. However, he was subsequently liberated; and having contrived to make himself valuable, by constructing vessels according to the English fashion, and by other equally useful services, he was treated with great distinction. This did not satisfy him; he became anxious to return home (1605), but his petition to that effect was refused, and (as a species of compensation, however) he was directed to invite his countrymen and the Dutch to Japan. The latter were the first who received his letters, and they quickly availed themselves of the privilege. The Dutch East India Company, anxious to extend their trade, sent a ship in 1609, and thus commenced that commerce which has lasted until the present day. They were not, however, allowed to enjoy it alone. One of Adams' letters having fallen into the hands of John Saris, a captain in the East India Company's service, he sailed with letters of recommendation from James I, and arrived at Japan in 1613. He rose rapidly in the estimation of the court of Yedo. A factory was allowed to be established, and valuable privileges were granted to the English, the insertion of which would occupy too much space. We, however, cannot omit the letter sent from the emperor to James I:

"TO THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Your Majesty's kind letter, brought me by your servant, Captain John Saris (who is the first I have known to arrive in any part of my dominions), I heartily embrace; being not a little glad to hear of your great wisdom and power, as having three rich and mighty kingdoms under your command. I acknowledge your Majesty's great bounty in sending me so undeserved a present, of many rare things,

* We cannot but draw attention to the admirable and statesmanlike series of articles on this subject in the "Morning Chronicle."

nch as neither my land affordeth, nor have I ever seen before: which I receive not as from a stranger, but as from your Majesty, whom I esteem as myself, desiring continuance of friendship with your highness. And that it may stand with your good liking, to send your subjects to any part or part of my dominions, where they shall be most heartily welcome, applauding much their worthiness in the admirable knowledge of navigation, they having with much facility discovered a country so remote; being no whit disturbed by the extent of so mighty a gulf, or greatness of such infinite clouds and storms, from prosecuting honourable enterprises of discoveries and merchandizing, wherein they shall find me to further them according to their desires. I return unto your majesty a small token of my affection (by your said subjects), desiring you to accept thereof, as from him who much rejoiceth in your friendship. And whereas your majesty's subjects have desired certain privileges of trades, and settling of a factory in my dominions, I have not only granted what they demanded, but have confirmed the same upon them, under my hand and seal, for better establishing thereof. From my castle at Surunga, this fourth of the ninth month, in the eighteenth year of our Dary, according to our computation. Resting your majesty's friend the highest in commander in this kingdom of Japan.

Subscribed,

MINNA MOUTTO,

Yei. Ye. Yeas.

The East India Company carried on a flourishing trade at their factory at Firando. This was, however, but of short continuance. In 1622, a conspiracy was discovered, in which the Portuguese were the prime movers, although it is alleged they were assisted by the Spaniards. Its object, it was said, was to subdue the islands, in order to establish the catholic religion in full force. The Portuguese have ever denied it, and ascribe the origin of the malicious accusation to their trading opponents the Dutch. However, whether true or not, the Portuguese and Spaniards were expelled, and the whole of their converts, to the number of several thousands, were ruthlessly massacred; and so effectually was the work of extirpation carried out, that in a very short space of time there was not a native catholic to be found.

The English trade was greatly interrupted by these disorders, and the Company, finding it at that time not so profitable as usual, came to the unaccountable resolution of abandoning the factory, which they did in 1623. This was a most extraordinary step. The Company appear to have been actuated by the most inexplicable motives, and to have understood neither their own interests nor those of their country. From 1623 to 1673, no attempt was made, with the exception of a futile effort by the fleet under Lord Theddell. So jealous were the Japanese of their intriguing and proselyting neighbours of Macao, that this failure was attributed to the admiral's having called at the Portuguese settlement. This feeling was shown perhaps more remarkably on the next occasion of an English visit. During our great civil wars, when every class in the realm was pitted against each other, trade was comparatively neglected; but on the restoration of peace, commerce again began to extend itself, and the East India Company endeavoured to remedy the unfortunate mistake of their predecessors. In 1673, they sent their vessel, The Return, to endeavour to reopen the trade. In due time she arrived at Nangasaki; the captain there explained the object of his visit. After numerous long and earnest conferences, he was told that he could not possibly be permitted to open any traffic, as his master had married a Portuguese princess. On his demanding the reason of this strange objection, the officers replied that the Portuguese were their most bitter foes, and that they would not have anything to do with those who were on terms of amity with their enemies. All his arguments were useless; even his request to be allowed to return on the death of the princess was refused. All with whom he conversed, however, appeared greatly grieved at the determination of their government, and declared that they would be very much pleased by the restrictions being removed. The captain ascribed (and, we believe, justly so) this denial to the insidious influence of the Dutch, who feared that should the English obtain a footing in Japan, their trade would be useless. A most remarkable circumstance was, that the Japanese appeared thoroughly conversant with all European news, obtained, no doubt, from our slow and money-making, though generally honest and industrious, neighbours of the Netherlands.

The explorers who conducted Captain Cook's expedition after his death, discovered portions of the coast; and an attempt was made in 1794 by the Argonaut, commanded by Captain Colnet, to open a trade. This was, however, a total failure, the coast guard refusing all commercial intercourse, but supplied him with provisions gratis. The subject of endeavouring to open a trade with Japan was discussed by the East India Company, but their committee came to this extraordinary decision—that it would be useless to endeavour to open a trade, as it would be of no value, but rather detrimental, to British interests. Two years after Captain Colnet's failure, Captain Broughton, with the Providence schooner, arrived off the shores, for the purpose of discovery. His reception was everywhere gratifying, which probably led to the attempt of the merchants of Calcutta, who, in 1803, sent Captain Torrey, with the Frederick and a valuable cargo, for the purposes of traffic. His reception was, however, different, and he was peremp-

torily ordered to leave. Captain Pellew also visited Japan in the course of 1808, in quest of Dutch ships. Still these visits had been productive of no free intercourse, and seemed likely to deter British merchants from renewing the attempt. But undeterred by these failures, two ships were dispatched from Java in 1813, at that time in the possession of the English, by that philanthropic governor Sir Stamford Raffles, to endeavour to reopen the trade with the Japanese. However well the expedition was planned, it was but indifferently carried out; the cargoes of the ships were most carelessly chosen; the sugars, tin, spices, woollens and chintzes, and other goods, were of the poorest description, which were, however, purchased at extravagant prices. Through some oversight, no ships were hired at the outset, at the usual charges; but vessels were at length procured at exorbitant rates. Perhaps no expedition ever set sail under worse auspices, and fewer succeeded so well. The ships arrived, trade was carried on briskly, and the vessels returned, having cleared forty-four thousand Spanish dollars by the transaction (nearly £9,900 sterling). Dr. Ainslie, who accompanied the expedition, returned with sanguine hopes in regard to trade with Japan; he considered that even the religious prejudices were so slight, that it would but require moderate care on our part, and strict honesty in our transactions, to commence a flourishing commerce. In his opinion, Japan might furnish a variety of useful articles. We know that in old times the Japanese carried on a prodigious trade with the Spaniards in the Philippines, in provisions; their junks, laden with iron, hams, &c., came in such numbers to Manilla, as to excite the fears and jealousy of the Spaniards. They therefore erected a strong fortification within the town walls, into which none but Spanish citizens were allowed to enter. Sir Stamford Raffles, to follow up the first success, dispatched a vessel in the following year; his object was to get the government to allow British representatives to reside at Nanga Saki; but the Dutch, under the president Doeff, succeeded in thwarting all the efforts of the English, and the vessel returned without having accomplished anything. Only one more attempt appears to have been made, which was by Captain Gordon, in a small brig of fifty-six tons. It was in the middle of June, 1818, that he sailed into the bay of Yedo, with the intention, if possible, of anchoring during the night off the gate of the seogun's palace; but unfortunately the wind fell, and, for fear of drifting on shore, Captain Gordon cast anchor. Early in the morning he was visited by boats from the neighbouring towns and villages. These were soon followed by government officers. To them Captain Gordon made known his object, which was to be permitted to trade. He was requested to send on shore all his arms and ammunition, together with his anchor; these things were to be retained until an answer should be received from the court. He was at first visited by hundreds of the inhabitants; but in a short time he was surrounded by a cordon of boats, protected by numerous large junks, so that his guard in general exceeded one thousand men, and was seldom less than five hundred. No sooner were these arrangements completed, than all intercourse was forbidden. Two interpreters were, however, permitted to come on board, who conversed fluently in the Dutch language. Their knowledge of European affairs was remarkable. They asked numerous questions about the battle of Waterloo, and seemed particularly gratified by the unreserved manner in which they were treated. Permission to trade was, however, refused, and Captain Gordon weighed anchor, and was towed out by thirty boats. As the vessel left, thousands thronged the shores, and hundreds came by water to behold the unusual sight. No sooner was the captain free from the tow-boats, than his deck was thronged with visitors, who became so numerous that the captain was pleased by the approach of a guard-boat, that caused the dispersion of the crowd. Most of them, however, quickly returned, and laughed at the appearance of a guard-boat. The captain was impressed with the idea that the people very much regretted the determination of government to dismiss the strangers. The next visit made by the English was that of a convict ship, with a crew of nine mutineers, whose statements were very confused. It appears, however, that they were fired upon by the Japanese, it is said on account of their having attempted to steal some cattle.

We have thus briefly sketched the various visits that have been made, and the attempts to open a trade. Both the English and American whalers have constantly visited the Japanese shores, and have been treated by the inhabitants with remarkable hospitality, supplying them constantly with provisions gratis. From the temper of the people, it would appear that they view the exclusive policy of their government with great dislike, and that they would willingly enter into commercial intercourse with us. The principal officers of the government expressed themselves to that effect, on the late visit of the American ship commanded by Captain Cooper. Our merchants and manufacturers may rely on it, that a trade with Japan would be highly advantageous. The China trade has not answered our expectations; it, therefore,

behoves us to look to some other quarter for a market for our goods. The American gold mines are giving signs of exhaustion, and nowhere can we look for a better supply of that precious material than to Japan. Gold was formerly procured in such quantities, that the emperors, fearing some commercial derangement, keep the supply in check, and no mine can be worked or opened without their special permission. Silver can be procured in great quantities; the copper is excellent and cheap; and agates, pearls, cornelians, jaspars, coral, ambergris, sulphur, and sea-salt, are ready to be exchanged.

Japan also produces the best rice in Asia; also cotton of the most exquisite fineness, and beautiful hemp. The manufacture of silk is extensively carried on, particularly in the northern provinces. Two commodities, however, which will no doubt be found much more valuable than any other, have been but little spoken of—we refer to tea and coal. The former is the best in the world, and the latter would be invaluable. As it is our intention, however, to treat of the commerce of Japan at greater length on a future occasion, we shall reserve our remarks on it for the present. We trust that this subject will not be lost sight of, and that we may shortly behold a great extension of our trade by the successful termination of a mission to Japan.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

'Twas in a quiet chamber, where
The sun's last lingering ray
Shone on a little child at pray'r,
At the hour of parting day:
Hush'd were the birds, and closed the flowers,
His voice was low and mild;
While angels, in celestial bowers,
Echoed that little child.

He pray'd as he was taught to do,
By those who worshipp'd truth;
And ere he ceas'd, he bless'd them too,
Who thus did train his youth:
But knew he not in childhood's day,
With childhood's pleasures rife,
Of the treasure angels bore away,
As store for after-life.

Long years had flown: though but a span,
This life in boundless space;
And then behold an aged man
Knelt in that self-same place:
While to the memory of their worth,
His blessing still is given,
Who taught him, when a child on earth,
To become a child of heaven.

The Innkeeper's Ward.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE CROIX BLANCHE.

In one of the narrow, dirty, and disagreeable streets, which abound in the Cité in Paris, is an inn of the lower order, generally used by travellers only of the humbler classes. This inn is, or rather was, known by the name of the Croix Blanche. It boasted but slender accommodation for any who frequented it, having but a drinking room for the habitual visitors, and a kitchen occupied by the landlord and landlady. This kitchen, which had the usual huge fire-place, great square, heavy table, with a rack of *castroles*, and other articles appertaining to the culinary and eating department, was moreover additionally lumbered by a large *commode*, in which more clothes and linen could be bestowed, than ever, we opine, belonged to the domestic economy of the Croix Blanche. It had however other uses, which we shall take occasion to describe as we proceed.

One evening about a year after the restoration of the Bourbons, Dame Leroux, the stalwart and masculine landlady, was seated in her arm-chair, dozing over the fire, as stout ladies are apt to do upon occasions. A savoury steam from the cauldron and *castroles* on the crook and three-legged iron stand, denoted that silent preparations were making for the last meal of the day; while a number of knives, forks, metal platters and dishes on the table, seemed to intimate that several parties were about to partake of the supper. Madame Leroux, however, was as yet only a passive observer of the scene; if she slept not, her senses were wrapped in thoughts far beyond any such sublunary comforts. Not so, however, the other occupant of the apartment. On the summit of the *commode*, at about five feet from the ground, sat a little man, whose cogitations were evidently divided between the meal which offended his nostrils, and the human garment which he was engaged in patching. By the light of a small candle, stuck for economy's sake in a bottle, did the little tailor ply his needle with a desperate energy, which was painful to look at. There was a fearful industry about the man, which was clearly unnatural. His eye roved uneasily about, as if he dreaded to be caught napping. Now he sniffed the savoury stew, which came like

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore,"

to his uneasy nostrils. Now he eyed the dozing dame askance, and as if fancying

her sleep feigned and counterfeit, stitched away at his work with double perseverance.

This silence had lasted about half an hour, when a girl, some seventeen years old—a pretty brunette, with an intelligent and speaking countenance, entered the room, and touched the landlady on the shoulder.

"Eh! what is it? Ah! it is you, Cecile."

"If you please, madame, two travellers have entered the public room, who want to be accommodated with beds and supper. They are better dressed than the customers we usually have."

"Show the gentlemen in here," said Madame Leroux, rising in a stately manner. "You need not have waited to ask me, I think. *Entrez, Messieurs, entrez.*"

As she spoke these words, two men, who were already advancing ere Cecile could join them, entered the kitchen of La Croix Blanche. The one a middle-aged man, of dark sallow complexion, with thick moustaches, a heavy cloak, and a hat drawn slightly over his eyes; the other, a young man, slight, also dark, dressed simply, with a haversack on his shoulder. He had apparently just left the diligence. The first advanced to the fire, seated himself in the arm-chair which Madame Leroux had left vacant, cast aside his cloak, and drawing near the fire, appeared determined to make himself at home; while the other, with somewhat more of modesty, allowed Cecile to point him out a stool, beside which he deposited his trifling baggage; and then with a slightly retiring air, seated himself, and extended his hands, warmed them by the cheerful blaze which illumined the whole apartment.

"Cecile," said Madame Leroux, "let us have supper. Tell Leonard and Jules to come in."

Leonard and Jules, two habitual and hard drinkers, entered. Both were young mechanics of the best class—good workmen; who earned excellent wages, all spent in that house, where, being countrymen, they lodged. When we add that both were suitors for the favour of Cecile, and both *mauvais sujets* of the first water, we have summed up all that was marked in their characters.

The elder traveller eyed the pair with very little favour as they entered, while the young men took no particular notice of them. Madame Leroux, however, whose very best customers they were, received them most graciously. They seated themselves one on each side of the pretty waiting-maid. One chair still remained empty.

"François," said Madame Leroux, severely, "have you finished that pair of pantaloons?"

This speech was addressed to the little tailor, who all the while sat perched on the summit of the *commode*.

"I have one stitch to do," said the little man, with much meekness.

"Finish then."

"I have finished."

"Cecile, put the steps. François can come down."

This was said with the dignity of a queen. The elder stranger scarcely endeavoured to restrain his laughter.

"Is monsieur your child?" said he, with a look of cavalier audacity at the whole table.

"Sir," replied the dame, in the most imposing manner, "François is my husband."

"Oh, ten thousand pardons!" exclaimed the stranger gravely. "I suppose, however, the young lady, who is so tenderly assisting down your husband, is at all events your daughter."

"Cecile is a foundling, at least so François says," observed the dame tartly.

The stranger started and became silent, while the young man raised his eyes curiously, and fixing them upon the girl, examined her with some attention. Leonard and Jules were all the while intent upon discussing the merits of their supper, in preference to amusing themselves with a scene which, unfortunately for poor François Leroux, was of nightly occurrence. Madame, who had ever an eye to the main chance, and who, it will readily be believed, ruled the roast in that house, was in the habit of every day making her husband, who had been bred a tailor, do a certain amount of work, ere she allowed him to enjoy his meals. The meek little man willingly acquiesced, for, except on rare occasions, it was painful for him to rouse himself. He now approached the table, and gliding into his seat, as if anxious not to be noticed, ate heartily of the food which Cecile with much kindness of manner placed before him.

At this moment a porter entered the kitchen, with a large portmanteau on his shoulder.

"Does Monsieur Amadis St. Barbe lodge here?" he inquired, touching his hat.

"I am that person," said the elder stranger; "take that box into my room, and there are forty sous for you. If you please, mademoiselle," he added, observing that Cecile was about to show the way, "would you be kind enough to bring down the key of my bed-room?" and his eye rested with a sneering look upon the two mechanics.

Leonard and Jules caught the sneer, but did not appear to consider it worthy of notice. The meal now proceeded without interruption, Cecile occupying a seat beside the younger stranger, that had been left vacant by Leonard, who had shifted nearer to Jules to whisper some remark concerning the sneer of Amadis. The latter, without taking the slightest notice

of the two mechanics, addressed himself to his *compagnon de voyage*.

"It is curious, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "that we should both select this inn for a lodging."

"Not at all!" replied the quiet young man, who turned out after all to be a count. "You said you were going to the Croix Blanche; I agreed to accompany you, having business near at hand."

The young Count, upon whom all eyes were now curiously turned, had his rank accidently betrayed to his companion, by the salutation of a mounted traveller passing the diligence. His name was still unknown.

"I have business near at hand," remarked the other, as if he expected the young nobleman to enter into some explanations.

"Indeed!" said the Count, "then I suppose I shall have the pleasure of your society for some days."

"I shall enjoy that honour!" replied Amadis, biting his lip.

"If you please, Madame Leroux," observed the Count, rising, "I would retire to my room for an hour, to rest myself after the fatigues of the day."

"François," exclaimed the dame, tartly, as Cecile hurried to open the door, "show the Count his room. Cecile, I shall want you. I am going to Madame Fricours."

François rose meekly, and accompanied the Count to his room. The door reached, the young man turned round, thanked his conductor, and said:

"In an hour, I wish to speak to you privately. Mention this to no one. *August the 2nd*, 1802."

The little man started, turned pale, and stood trembling at the head of the old rickerty stairs. He would have answered the Count, but that individual had already entered his chamber, and closed the door. The landlord therefore descended the stairs, and with as much composure as he was able to muster, rejoined the company in the kitchen. Madame Leroux and Cecile were equipped for a journey.

"François," said the wife severely, "here are the keys, Don't you run up any scores. Recollect, Jabot owes me twelve sous: he is not to be trusted a liard."

"Very good," replied the little man meekly, his pinched visage lighting up at the prospect of a few hours' freedom. During his wife's absence, the small man was very large in his own estimation. Accordingly, as soon as the landlady and her pretty companion had taken their departure, he rose, and walking to the fire, addressed the stranger.

"Is the country looking well?" he observed in somewhat of a dogmatic manner. "I have heard it is presenting a most promising appearance."

"It is," said Amadis St. Barbe; and then leaning forward, he whispered, "I wish to speak with you privately. *August the 2nd*, 1802. Get rid of these two fellows."

François Leroux was petrified. His eyes wandered wildly round the room, as if fearful some horrid spectre was about to arise and confront him. By an effort, however, he gained his composure, and spoke, informing the men of his wish to be private. Leonard and Jules surlily remarked that they had no wish to pry into secrets, and left the room.

Chapter II.

THE DEATH BED.

The clock of the small town of Chantilly struck. It was eleven in the evening. As the last sound of the booming bell came from afar off on the ear, a groan was heard from the couch of one of the children of luxury and wealth. In a splendid chamber, hung with tapestry, and furnished in the most gorgeous style, was a bed on which lay a man beyond the middle age.

Pale, thin, ghastly, Death had set its seal upon him, and nature struggled vainly with the grim and ghastly king. It was the Marquis de Liancourt, dying at the age of fifty, a widower and all but childless. Three years previous he had a wife and three children; but the marchioness and two sweet girls had been dead more than a year, while his only son—a boy of five—was now in the hands of the physicians. The grief of the father had been all along silent and stern, but the last blow overwhelmed him. He took to his bed, and now well knew he should rise no more.

"I deserve it, I deserve it!" he cried in anguish, "I had no pity for her: Heaven has none on me."

A servant entered on tiptoe, and cautiously approached his master, as if expecting to find him asleep.

"Well, sir!" said the Marquis, sternly, his old vigour burning brightly for an instant, "no equivocation; no lies—How is my son?"

"Alas! my lord," said the servant, hesitatingly, "I fear the news will—"

"Speak, fool, idiot!" cried the Marquis, rising by a mighty effort of the will to a sitting posture in his bed, "How is my son?"

"My lord, the Count is dead."

A hollow groan of anguish, a gleam of fierce horror, was all the dying man's reply.

"Sir," he said, faintly, "despatch messengers at once for my wife's nephew, Amadis St. Barbe, and for the Count de Longueville."

The servant obeyed, and in half an hour

Monsieur Amadis was in the presence of the dying man. Monsieur Amadis could scarcely control a lurking smile of satisfaction at the prospect before him. All the children were dead, his aunt was no more, and doubtless the Marquis was about to make him sole heir to his immense property. Approaching the bed, he gazed an instant on the face of his relative, and then addressed him.

"My dear uncle," he exclaimed, "how do you find yourself this evening?'

"Nearly dead, sir," said the Marquis, harshly, "my son is dead already, as you are doubtless happy to hear."

"Sir!" began Amadis, somewhat shocked at the sick man's humour.

"But, sir," continued the Marquis, "all this will avail you nothing. I have another heir, sir, as you will find; God has deserted me, because I deserted my first child."

"My uncle!"

"No words," he replied; "look in the third drawer of my cabinet, you will find a packet there. You have it?"

"I have, sir."

"Well, then, in an hour after my death, or as soon as the coach passes through for Paris, take your seat therein—follow the directions contained in that packet, find my child—and if you win her favour, my fortune is yours. If not, I leave you—my blessing."

"But, my uncle, I have no means of reaching Paris," said Amadis, with a sneer on his lip that the old man saw not.

"In the same drawer you will find a purse; take that and now go."

Amadis obeyed his uncle's directions, and left the room to seek a chamber which had been prepared for him. It was hours after, when the young Count de Longueville entered the sickroom. The Marquis slept, and his nephew—the son of a favourite brother—seated himself by his bed side. In doing so he accidentally pushed against a chair. The noise woke the sleeper.

"Ah! Charles, my dear boy, you are come to see the old man before he dies. Now do not speak, but indulge an old man by answering a few questions. Are you in love, or likely to be?"

"My uncle! such a question now?"

"You are then?" said the old man bitterly.

"No, uncle, I am not, nor am I likely to be; but why at such a time?"

"Enough, my dear nephew; listen. I am not, I would fain hope, childless."

"My uncle!"

"You are surprised; but hear me out. During the revolution I married; my wife died, and I was left with a little girl. Concerned in a conspiracy against the government, I prepared for flight, but determined to leave my child behind me. Late at night, bleeding from wounds received in a conflict with the minions of authority, I sought one François Leroux, to whom I confided the girl, with certain instructions. I can explain no further. Fearful of what has happened, I prepared two statements. In the fourth drawer of yonder *sécretaire* you will find ample instructions and explanations, which will suffice, with my will, made in case of the death of my second wife—whom as you know I married abroad—to restore my daughter to her rights. Now, Charles, promise me, if you can love the girl—I speak as if certain of her existence—will you wed her? She will be wealthy—very wealthy."

"My uncle, I am a Frenchman and a man of honour," replied the Count; "if I can love your daughter, I will marry her; her dowry will not enter into the consideration."

The Marquis, who was becoming much exhausted, after giving one or two more directions to Count de Longueville, and requesting him to repair to Paris at daybreak without communicating with Amadis, from whom he was earnestly entreated to keep himself unknown, dismissed the young man with his blessing.

Before dawn the old Marquis died, and the Count, with Amadis St. Barbe, were on their way to Paris, each utterly unknown to the other; the Count only discovering who his companion was on the arrival of his portmanteau at the inn.

Chapter III.

EXPLANATIONS.

Amadis St. Barbe and François Leroux remained alone. The former had again seated himself in the arm-chair, while the little tailor stood by the fireside in silent expectation what was to follow. The huge logs burnt cheerily, while the whole chamber was faintly illumined by them and a very poor lamp on the table. This St. Barbe drew near to him; and then taking a paper from his pocket, propounded a series of questions from, it appeared, this writing.

"You are François Leroux, late tailor in the Alles des Veuves?"

"The same."

"You remembered the night of the 2nd of August, 1802?"

"I shall never forget it."

"Why?"

"On that night," replied the little man, approaching near to the questioner, "I was seated in my porter's lodge, when a man all bloody, with a little girl in his arms, entered my room. 'François,' said he. 'Sir,' said I. 'Here are a thousand francs

and a little girl,' he replied; 'will you take charge of her and bring her up well?' Believe me if I was delighted or not! I was ready to leap out of my skin for joy. 'You shall have five hundred every year,' he continued. 'You are my man,' I replied; and then he kissed the child, put it down, and went away. Well, I resolved at once to leave my porter's lodge, and, as Monsieur has said, 'bring her up respectable.' I induced a very worthy dame, who then kept this cabaret, to marry me (for do you see I did not know what to do with a girl); and here I am."

"And the money?"

"Good as the bank; comes every year in a letter, with a request to send an answer to M. de L. at the post-office, Chantilly."

"And the girl?"

"You have seen her to-night—Cecile—and an excellent girl she is."

"So making her a waitress in a tavern you call bringing her up respectable?"

"Oh, Cecile is too good for us, but Monsieur le Curé, to whom of course I have confessed all, he took pity on her, and every day she visits him; while Madame Briese—a good lady—has taught her to read and write. Reading is her vice."

"Come," said Amadis, "this looks well. And she has no idea of her true origin?"

"None—thinks everything all right: though my wife takes leave to tell her, that though she may be my daughter, she is none of hers."

"Well, keep your counsel," said Amadis, "and here are four louis for you. I shall tell the girl the whole myself. She must leave you."

"And my five hundred francs a year?" put in the tailor somewhat anxiously.

"Oh! *he's* dead."

"What! M. de L.?"

"Yes, and Cecile is now a countess in her own right, with a dowry of two millions!"

The ex-tailor rose two inches, opened his eyes to the capacity of moderate pancakes, and almost gasping for breath, said —"Two millions?"

"Yes; and now that you know all, take care you breathe not a word of all this. I must proceed my own way."

"*And the other one?*" said the tailor, with a knowing wink upstairs.

"What other one?"

"The Count."

"What of him?" said Amadis, rising hastily, "have I a rival suitor?"

"Oh, nothing; I only thought you came together," replied the tailor, a light breaking in upon him. And then he added to himself, "I see two of them. I shall get my money from both."

"And now, Leroux," said Amadis, "I am going out for a stroll. When Cecile returns, I must have an interview with her."

"But, sir, my wife, Madame Leroux, will never allow it," exclaimed the tailor, with some anxiety.

"Oh, say I am her father,—her grandfather, if you like. But see her I must."

Amadis St. Barbe with these words went out, and François remained alone. In his hands were the four louis. To secrete these from his wife was now his object, as did they fall into her hands, his delight in obtaining possession of them would be utterly fruitless. He was engaged in this task, when the door from the passage opened, and the Count entered. François, who was stooping, with his hand in an old boot, started to his feet.

"You are alone?" said de Longueville,

"As you see, Monsieur le Comte."

"It is fortunate, as I wish a few moments' conversation with you,"

"At your service, Monsieur le Comte."

De Longueville advanced to the table, seated himself, and reading from a paper, as Amadis St. Barbe had done, spoke—

"You are François Leroux, late tailor in the Alles des Veuves?" he said.

"The very words of the other one," muttered the tailor, ere he answered in the affirmative.

"What other one?" inquired the Count, raising his eyes from the paper.

"The man who came here with you."

"Indeed!" replied the Count, with a dark shade upon his brow. "I see *he must be got out of the way*, for," he added to himself, "a more dangerous and unprincipled man I know does not exist."

This interruption over, the Count pursued his interrogations; and having satisfied himself that Cecile was the old Marquis' daughter, was about to retire, when the unconscious Countess entered with Madame Leroux. De Longueville hesitated a moment, and then advancing towards the pair, "Madame," he said, speaking to Cecile, with profound respect, "I have the honour to acquaint you that your parentage, hitherto unknown, is at length discovered."

"What!" exclaimed Madame Leroux, loudly, "is my François at last found out?"

"Hush," said the little man, sidling up to his huge wife, "Cecile is a lady, a Countess."

The young girl herself was so surprised, that at first she did not understand; but the Count in a few words explained her true position to the wandering Cecile. Drawing a chair near her, he detailed her father's history and death.

"And is my father dead? have I no friend?" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

"A very true one," whispered de Longueville, who now was quite willing to obey.

his uncle's command; "it was your father's wish and will that I should acquire a very dear right to call myself your friend."

"You, Monsieur! a Count! a peer of France!" again said the girl hysterically.

"You forget, dear madame, that you are yourself a Countess, and that to-morrow will see you installed in all the dignity and grandeur of the Hotel de Liancourt."

Cecile made no reply, but sinking back on the old arm-chair, to which the Count had led her, begged he would leave her alone, to collect her thoughts awhile. De Longueville, fully comprehending her bewilderment, acquiesced, and retiring to his chamber, appeared no more that night.

It was a few moments after his departure, ere the Leroux ventured to speak. They were struck dumb: that a real live Countess, wealthy, high born, and connected with the first families of France, should have been acting with them in the capacity of a waiting-maid, was inconceivable; while both felt anxious to secure her future goodwill—a matter of some doubt in the case of Dame Leroux, who had not always been a kind mistress, Leaving them to make the attempt, we pass to early dawn on the morrow.

Chapter IV.

A new discovery.

It was early dawn, and François Leroux, with the two drunken mechanics of the preceding evening, were assisting Madame Leroux in preparing for the morning meal. Neither the Count, the Countess, nor Amadis St. Barbe, were yet moving. Cecile would have come down as usual; but on the previous night the old dame had insisted on her acting in no such unreasonable manner; and the heiress, smiling at the change, consented to lie in bed in the morning for the first time for years. Jules and Leonard, however, being particularly industrious that morning, she was not missed; and when, radient with loveliness, and beaming with the consciousness of rank, wealth, and the probable love of a handsome young nobleman, she came down, a breakfast awaited her, such as never before had been seen at the Croix Blanche.

"Good morning, *Madame la Comtesse!* I hope your ladyship has slept well," said the stout landlady, bustling up and offering a chair.

"Quite well," said Cecile, with a laugh, "but my good Madame Leroux, do not be so ceremonious. You are both," she added, taking the hands of the worthy couple, "my kind tutors, and I shall never forget the very many happy hours I have spent under your fostering care."

"François," said the wife to him, with a husky voice, to hide a tear, "go and call the gentlemen."

François, equally affected, skipped out of the room and ran quickly up stairs, followed by Jules. The two returned in an instant, closely followed by the young Count.

"Murder! murder! robbery! oh! oh!" shouted the little tailor, who, pale as a sheet, and eyeing with horror a bloody knife, which Jules, scarcely less pale and trembling than himself held in his hand, "the gentleman up stairs has been murdered! Oh, Monsieur le Comte, how could you kill him, though he was your rival!"

"Villain, what mean you," said de Longueville, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole mien terrible with anger. Cecile stood petrified; her hand was raised to her forehead, as if she only just understood some fatal truth. Leonard, on a whisper from Dame Leroux, slipped away for the police.

"Oh! oh!" cried the tailor, whose mental faculties appeared to have received a fatal blow, "I heard him say last night he *must be got out of the way!* Oh! oh!"

"I did indeed," exclaimed the young Count, biting his lips, "and the words, as it is turned out, were unfortunate. But my dear cousin, you cannot think me so base—"

"Not a word! not a word to me!" she said, waiving him off, "murder has been done."

"And with Monsieur le Comte's *couteau de chasse*" said Jules, sneeringly, holding up the Count's hunting-knife.

"Which, scroundel, I left last night lying on this table," said de Longueville, bewildered.

"True! true!" exclaimed François: "but here are the police."

Four gendarmes with a commissary of police entered; the soldiers stood two at each door.

"There stands the murderer," cried Leonard, advancing.

"Sir, you are my prisoner," said the commissary of police, laying his hands roughly on the young man's arm.

"Take that," exclaimed he, striking the officer on the hand with which he had seized him, "and learn to treat a peer of France with more respect. I am Charles Count de Longueville. Lead on!"

The man, who now recognised the young nobleman, was about, in a crest-fallen manner, to hand over his prisoner to the soldiers, when Cecile spoke.

"Stay," she exclaimed, "now I can speak. The Count is innocent. There stand the murderers," pointing to Jules and Leonard.

"And pray, my pretty girl, why is your word to be taken before that of an honest mechanic?"

"Speak with more respect," said she mildly; "I am Cecile, Countess of Liancourt. But if my word be doubted, look in the villains' faces, and read the truth of what I assert."

Jules and Leonard had made a desperate attempt to escape, but captured, they made no defence. The Countess then gave her evidence, which the puzzled officer took down, with many demonstrations of regret for his mistake. It appeared, that sitting up in her room late, she had seen Leonard and Jules, towards morning, clamber out

of a window, which she supposed, being that which they usually occupied, they were then leaving on one of their many wild expeditions, she had often known them in the habit of indulging in. She remembered well, for she could not sleep; strange fancies, wild dreams, imaginings of ill assailed her. Methought a destroying angel stood before her face marshalling, by book, wicked forces for earth; there, and other visions, fantastic, unmeaning had caused her to rise and sit up. This made her take no particular notice at the time, her thoughts being otherwise engaged. In the morning the murder brought the scene vividly to her recollection, and excited her suspicion of the truth.

We have little more to tell. Charles and Cecile were very soon *one*, and as Countess of Longueville, the latter showed herself every way worthy of her rank. The Lerouxs were handsomely provided for by the young couple, while the murderers were equally carefully taken care of by the state. They expiated their crime —a crime instigated as much by Amadis St. Barbe's sneering manner, as by his gold—at the galleys, were they were sent for life.

This is a true narrative, and related to me by the Count de Longueville, at Chantilly.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE

CELEBRATED BLUE BEARD:

TO WHICH IS ADDED HIS

VERY REMARKABLE CONFESSION NEVER BEFORE MADE PUBLIC.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

There was once a wealthy gentleman, who was everywhere renown'd
For being the ugliest gentleman that could possibly be found:
He was like no other gentleman, because his beard was blue;
And the best of all the joke was—he would be married too.
So having made his mind up, to set up for a beau,
He was often looking in the glass, for all he look'd *so-so*;
While the merry maidens titter'd so, when he began to woo,
That on account of his blue beard, he oft himself look'd blue.

Now in a genteel family, a little way from town,
A lady lived as governess, one Miss Fatima Brown;

Whose salary being very small, her trouble very great,
' was nothing strange, that Miss F. Brown should
wish to change her state;
While all her friends said, "Certainly, the best thing
you can do,
Will be to wed this gentleman—for all his beard is
blue;
For though upon hymeneal lot, too often Fate doth
frown,
'Tis better married to look blue, than single be '*done
brown*.'"

'Twas when the honey-moon had fled, and some time
pass'd away,
That her ugly spouse one morning unto Fatima did
say—
"My dear, I'm off to town to-day; and you may, if
you please,
Amuse yourself about the house—see, here are all the
keys;
You may unlock every cupboard, and all my trea-
sures see:
And should you feel a little dull, you can ask a friend
to tea:
You may sit in the best parlour, or the drawing-room
instead,
But, oh! beware you look not in—the blue box under
the bed!

"For there's a dreadful secret, that is death to whom
'tis known,
So, Mrs. B., oh! Mrs. B.,—just leave that box alone."
"If that's the case," she trembling said, "you'd best
not leave the key."
"Take it!" her tyrant lord replies, "nor think to
gammon me."
Then drawing on his Wellingtons, he ran to catch the
buss;
While his lady to her sister Ann, wrote, "Come with-
out a fuss:
B.'s obliged to go to town, so come and spend the day;
And while the great tom cat's abroad, we little mice
will play."

Then the sisters scamper'd o'er the house, all free and
wild with joy;
While jingling keys and turning locks did all the time
employ:
mnd happy had it been for the prying Mrs. B.,
Had that female's foe been absent, female curiosity;
That tempted her, that teased her so, till unresisting
led,
With beating heart, she lifts the lid of—the blue box
under the bed!
—'Twas full of murdered ladies' heads! once all alive
and hearty.
"Horror!" she shriek'd, "oh! dear, I hope that mine
won't join the party!"

Scarce had she spoke, when a heavy step she heard
upon the stair,
And turning her devoted head, beheld grim Blue
Beard there!
"So, madam, I have caught you then!" roar'd furious
Mr. B.,
I now find how convenient 'tis to have a good latch-
key.
Prepare! prepare!" "Oh! hold," she cries, "I pray
you keep the peace.
Oh! sister Ann, oh! sister Ann, do call in the police."
"Alas!" replies her sister Ann, "I may look and look
all day,
Those tiresome policemen are never in the way."

But Ann was here mistaken; for hearing the alarm,
Two trusty guardians in there rush'd, in time to stay
his arm.
Much altered then was Blue Beard, who cried, "I'll
own the truth,
I was a *barber's 'prentice* in my days of rosy youth,
But I only cut off ladies' *hair*;—till being wealthy
grown,
The —— *profession* then I cut, and won sweet
Fatima Brown.

They are but *wig-blocks* in the chest, my dear, my *only*
wife:
I meant not to cut off your head, I didn't—upon my
life!"

Now this being, as we all well know, a tale of fairy
land,
Time and customs must, of course, submit to its com-
mand;
Else of "*Police*" and "*Wellington*," you'd somewhat
have to say,
They being own'd the boast and pride of England's
modern day;
And Blue Beard's strange confession doth no doubt
surprise you too,
But what of that? pray take my word, as all the rest,
'tis true;
While this I ever will maintain, 'twas much the
wiser plan,
To drop his wicked grand disguise, and prove an
honest man.

The Alchymy of Every-day Life.

BY E. L. B.

There is a kind of philosophy so harmless in itself, and so unlimited in its powers of gratification, that it has often been to us a matter of marvel people have either not cultivated its acquaintance as they should, or tested its capabilities so fully as they might have done. An attainment so easy that it lies within everybody's reach, and yet withal so peculiar in its nature, that the possessor of mere wealth may sigh after it in vain, ought surely to have more votaries, but the number of its professors are comparatively few. We still see mankind struggling on year after year in the pursuit of pleasures which are difficult of acquirement, and which when obtained are really scarce worth the craving, whilst those that fall within our daily grasp are spurned and neglected. How ofter do we encounter somebody who deplores his luckless fate in not being endowed with a potent talisman that would gain for its fortunate owner the round of enjoyments which the Arabian fiction has imputed to the attrition of an old candelabrum, and how amazed would this somebody become if you informed him he had already an Aladdin's lamp of his own, which only awaited the necessary rubbing to pour prodigally forth its mental store of treasures. And in making the assertion you would only be enunciating a clear and distinct truth, and a truth we may add that cannot be too frequently felt nor too often told. Of course we do not desire a literal interpretation, such as might imbue matter-of-fact gentry with a lunatic notion of polishing up crazy candlesticks, and vigorously applying sand paper friction to venerable chandeliers, any more than our Avonian bard's truthful suggestion of finding "books in brooks" might lead some speculative personage to sit for hours by a

stream angling for a small circulating library; in a more metaphorical sense both are, however, equally practicable, and by a mind at all imaginatively constituted equally susceptible of realisation. There is a good under-current of wisdom, after all, running through the fanciful outpourings of Bishop Berkeley; and it is very questionable whether the supremacy of the ideal world, in matters of pure mundane enjoyment, be not fully established by our daily experiences of the fleeting and unsatisfactory nature of all pleasures derived from a mere gratification of the senses. An "ordinary daily at two o'clock" is unquestionably superior to a Barmecide feast at any hour you like; but on the same truismatic principle that makes a portion of a loaf preferable to none at all, we would recommend even a fancied repast as being better than not having either the repast or the fancy.

This desirable power, which, from its magical property of converting dull realities into golden dreams, we have denominated "the Alchymy of Every-day Life," is a species of enchantment that invests ordinary occurrences with wonderful fairy-like attributes, and converts imaginary annoyances into real blessings. Though akin to the faculty of originating and preserving the association of ideas, it is not exactly that, but something beyond; indeed, if we might resort to a somewhat indistinct grammatical metaphor, we should call that faculty the indicative mood, and this phase of it the potential. Considering the soul as at once the source and the absorbent of inward light, this may be pretty accurately described as being the prism of the soul. By its refractive properties the plain white rays are transformed to dazzling scintilla of variegated effulgence. The humblest abode will expand into a regal mansion; the fantastic pattern of your apartment's shallow side will reveal sunny visions of green hills and winding streams; a flower will recal the bright eyes and beaming face of her who long since loved to tend it; the fragments of a well-remembered strain of music will carry the imagination far away into the dimly peopled past; the slightest relic of one deceased or absent will restore feelings long dormant, and in a subdued but not less welcome tone, echo the voices we love to listen to of yore. In society its exercise is frequently needed, but in solitude it becomes positively necessary. The mind must be there disciplined to create for itself, to form and people its own world, and a more spacious or delightful one to dwell in, it would be difficult to find. And now comes the chief difficulty, that of initiating the reader into its mysteries; if he have not already had some inkling of its attractions we shall despair of making much progress with our pupil, but the task, however, must be attempted.

There are two sides of life, as well as two points at which it must begin and terminate, and the first lesson in our philosophy is to look on everything on the bright side. If one heart prove unfaithful to its trust, do not for that reason judge all incapable of sincerity; if one ambitious dream be dispelled, do not believe the charms of existence are over. Go on thy way, still rejoicing in the belief of the good and beautiful, and let thy creed be in the perfectibility of all things, So far as the question of individual happiness is concerned, believe us, that the Optimists have literally the best of it. You must melt down "things evil" in your mental crucible until you get the "soul of goodness" out of it. This is the first step to be taken in searching after our philosopher's stone; the second is ——, but we shall come to that presently. The most common, and generally the most troublesome annoyances of our mundane pilgrimage, are little pecuniary disappointments, to which we are all of us at some time or other compelled to submit. It is surprising how these are suffered to afflict the disappointed; they rail at the world, and themselves included, as though a positively permanent calamity had happened, and, by working themselves into a kind of morose apathy, absolutely become unfitted for retrieving their ill-fortune by more vigorous measures. Now after a little alchymy has been resorted to, how absurd all this vexation becomes. It should be remembered that money is only so far valuable as it can be made productive of good to others, or of happiness to ourself; and only so far as it can be made capable of accomplishing one another of these things can it be considered as of real value to its possessor. Now you have not got the money it is true, but does it necessarily follow that you should not have the happiness? Certainly not. By no means have recourse, if it can possibly be avoided, to the baseful system of procuring it on credit, but boldly look the exigency in the face at once, and stare it out of countenance. First, try and do without it, for until you try it is self-evident you are ignorant of your own powers, and that no one should be, and then consider what you would have done with the sum had it been obtained. Would it have secured you any ultimate advantage, would it have left any permanently beneficial results behind it? In the majority of instances a reply must be given in the negative. Very well, then the inconvenience is but a temporary one, and why should anything disagreeable in itself be suffered to embitter hours that might be more pleasantly employed? Oh! you wanted to buy a sofa with it or to go out on an excursion. Well

then fancy the sofa is got, until it can be really procured; and as for the excursion, why, you and I, sitting over the fireside, can imagine a much more picturesque ramble than you could enjoy in reality. There's that glorious Italy with its blue skies, and that magnificent Switzerland with its lovely lakes and mighty mountains, all capable of being compassed without taking our feet from the fender. Ah! but then everybody don't want to buy sofas or go rambling, you suggest. All very true we grant, but then the same principle of calling upon fancy to supply the article of which you are deprived *pro tem.* may be considered equally applicable to all the rest. But it is such an absurd delusion! A delusion it is certainly, but most certainly not one that is absurd. Happiness is exclusively derived from the feelings with which we view what yields that happiness to us; thus in gazing on the fine proportions of some noble edifice, or on the picturesque charms of some extensive landscape, we experience an indescribable emotion of pleasure, which is retained after the objects that gave rise to it are no longer present; and with most persons this pleasurable emotion can be evoked at will by the imagination, whenever and wherever that object is alluded to, though years may have intervened. This shows that after the first impression is made, there need be no necessarily immediate connection between that which produces the gratification and the gratification itself, and this brings us back to our starting point. Bring vividly before you the object of your anxious desire, and you will derive nearly as much delight from its image on the brain as though it had reached that destination through the ordinary thoroughfare of the eye, and therefore you must feel now that, so far as the happiness herein alluded to is concerned, it is a perfect matter of indifference whether the golden drops has passed through your hands or not.

But this is merely one instance of our alchymical advantages assumed for the sake of argument. Let us try another. Every one will acknowledge a severe cold is not a very agreeable companion, but then every one does not know how to make the best of the infliction. In that dreamy delirious repose that generally proves the precursor of sleep with those who are slightly indisposed, there is a positive mine of happiness, if your imagination be only potent enough to excavate a portion of it out of the surrounding darkness. Prior to losing all power of consciousness, resuscitate the most charming images you can, such as thinking for instance what glorious rambles you and Tomkins have had in the bygone summer-time, and how Tomkins—capital fellow that Tomkins—always wanted you to keep going on without ever dreaming of turning back. Paint anew on the canvas of your memory, that fine prospect you saw together from the hill, with picturesque villages peacefully folded in its green bosom, and that old grey ruin with its ivy mantled walls and broken arches, through which streamed the golden sunshine, whilst the warm breeze dimpled the surface of the glittering pool into the ripples smiles of welcome, and the only sounds that lulled the drowsy sense of hearing were the gentle swaying of the bending leafy branches and the thrilling melody of the soaring skylark.

Evoke from the storehouse of the memory, that ought to be richly fraught with such reminiscences, well-remembered scenes like these, and then see what a delicious refreshing slumber will succeed. The art of drawing on the faëry book of fancy, whilst submitting to the effects of indisposition, is easily acquired and can never be regretted. We can in this way, by a kind of chemico-metaphysical process known to the initiated, extract the sublimest poetry from the thickest gruel; and with an admirably sincerity of heart, emulate the enviable contented spirit of the happy individual, who, when he had the lumbago, thanked heaven it was not the gout, and when he had the gout was equally grateful for it not being lumbago.

Their is no situation in life, however wearisome, no adversity, however crushing, but what may be alleviated and borne by the exercise of this faculty. We have so delightful an illustration of this in Leigh Hunt's expedient during his two years' imprisonment for libel, that we may be pardoned for reminding the reader of it. He says, speaking of the little room on the ground floor which he inhabited—"I had the walls papered with a trellis of roses, and the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds, and when my bookcases were set up with their busbes and flowers, and a cottage pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure when a stranger knocked at the door, to see a stranger come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a glass plot,

The earth I filled with flowers and young trees, and there was an apple tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers they were allowed to be perfect . . . . . Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off." Delightful picture this, is is not? And in a prison too! Why it is the very dream of poetry personified. Now, modified by external circumstances, this is only what we would only have people rouse themselves into a habit of doing. Better go through existence in a series of charming illusions, rather than be continually suffering under dreary realities. Keep the heart perpetually bathed in sunshine, and you may safely defy all the storms of adversity. Foster the susceptibility of your imagination, and you have the terminus of an electric telegraph in your brain that will respond to every touch however distant. Pursue the train of reasoning to which we have merely furnished the clue, expand into actualities the hints herein given, and our word for a thousand, that you will never regret having become an adept in "The Alchymy of Every-day Life."

The Patagonians.

The existence of a race of giants in the southern regions of America was long attested by travellers, and denied by naturalists. More modern discovery, however, has at length established the fact; although, as was to be expected, the earlier accounts have been found to be much exaggerated. Twelve feet were by some considered not too much to allow to this extraordinary race; but a comparison of the various measurements made by eye-witnesses would induce us to believe that their real stature is not more than from six to eight. Still this is an extraordinary height, and, consequently, the relations of the great circumnavigators were at one time rejected, by many writers, as pure fables.*

But the general agreement of almost all the travellers who have visited that part of America has at length convinced Europe that the Patagonians have a real existence, and do exceed in stature the other nations of the earth. In fact, it would now be considered mere love of paradox in any one to assert that so many voyagers have united for the purpose of deceiving the world. Pigafetta, the companion of Magellan, Drake, Cavendish, Sarmiento, Hawkins, Oliver de Noort, Sebald de Wert, Commodore Byron, and a host of others, vary only in the exact height which they assign to this people, but agree in affirming them to deserve the name of giants.

It is worthy of notice that one reason of the excessive repugnance of some French writers to admit these facts was, that a theory was current among them that, in proportion as mankind approximates to the poles, his stature diminishes, and he becomes dwarfed in every respect. A nation of giants inhabiting the most southern extremity of the great continent of America did not seem likely to favour this hypothesis. Their existence, accordingly, was denied.

What is still more remarkable is, that, in the neighbourhood of this gigantic race, there is said to exist another which contrasts in every respect with them. The members are described as little more than five or six spans in height, broad built, and well set, with extraordinarily large mouths. Anthony Knivet asserts that they feed on raw flesh, and adorn themselves in a peculiar manner. Smearing, he says, their breasts and faces with blood, they roll about upon heaps of down, which sticks to them as though attached by glue. But this account has not been authenticated, although another traveller relates the discovery of a corpse about two feet and a half long, buried in a grave along with a savage of the ordinary dimensions. (See Ovalle, "Description of Chili," book iii. chap. 6.)

To return, however, to the Patagonians. Notwithstanding their vast size, they are not in the least unwieldy or awkward, but are said to be, on the contrary, acute and agile in the extreme. M. Bory de St. Vincent imagines that the features of these savages have not been anywhere described; but M. de la Girardais, who travelled in 1766, very accurately paints them. Their limbs, he tells us, are large and muscular, their visage broad, their complexion tanned like copper, their brow heavy, their nose flat and expanded, their cheeks high, their mouth large and full of extremely white teeth, their hair black. This they sometimes wear long, sometimes cropped like the ancient monks. It is generally bound with a fillet, in which they stick their arrows.

The clothing of the Patagonians consists almost entirely of skins of various animals, generally sown together into a large cloak. It was doubtless a hasty and superficial examination of one of these garments that caused Pigafetta to suppose that the savage

* Amongst others, by M. De Pawn, who, in his "Recherches Philosophiques," employs a good deal of unphilosophical banter and raillery against those whose testimony seemed to contradict his theory.

who visited his ship was clothed in the spoils of some unknown beast, "clumsily sewn together; but a beast as strange as that was that wore it; every way unaccountable; neither mule, horse, nor camel, but something of every one; the ears of the one, the tail of the second, and the shape and body of the last."

The skins of which this cloak is in reality composed are those of the roebuck, the guanaco, the otter, the sea-wolf, and such like animals, amphibious or otherwise. The hair is turned inwards, and the side that is exposed to view curiously painted. Straight lines divide the surface into numerous squares or lozonges, in which a multitude of curious characters, not unlike those of the Chinese, are inscribed in blue or red paint. They wear moreover a species of gaiter or buskin, made of the same materials, and accommodated at the heel with a wooden triangle, used as a spur. A kilt, or pair of short breeches, completes the covering of their bodies, but the head is generally left bare. An exception, however, is made in favour of the chief, who dons a bonnet of birdskins with the feathers on. This is assumed on occasions of ceremony only.

Necklaces of curious shells are sometimes worn as ornaments; but it is upon paint that they principally rely for beautifying themselves. The colour most common among them is white, with which and a little yellow they daub even their hair. Vermillion, however, they chiefly prize; and an European cannot make them a more welcome present than some of this pigment. Pigafetta draws a curious picture of one of those savages thus adorned: "His body," he says, "was formidably painted all over, especially his face. There were a couple of stags drawn, one upon each cheek, and great red circles about his eyes. What hobgoblin could have a worse look than this? A demon's face, in a wizard mask, with a set of long teeth, and a nose of half a yard, could not have more power over the imagination, and give a man a worse shock of a sudden, than such a sight."

Sometimes these American Titans go armed with bows and cane arrows with sharp flint points; but the national weapon is the lasso. This is composed of a long cord of twisted leathern thongs or the gut of certain animals, at either end of which is a stone. One of these is smaller than the other, in form like a pear, and covered by a bladder; the other is long, round in the centre, and almost entirely concealed by the thongs which pass over it like a net. The former is held in the hand, the latter whirled round the head, and then the whole is discharged against man or beast with a force and precision truly astonishing. A blow from this weapon generally shatters the bones, and rarely fails to kill. It has been known to strike a beast dead at the distance of four hundred paces.

On other occasions the Patagonians wield clubs, or hurl stones, so that many travellers have, like Ulysses, barely escaped being brained, as they rowed along the shore, by showers of these dangerous missiles, dismissed from hands whose natural power had been increased by long exercise.

Patagonia itself is in features different from the rest of the world. The soil is naked, and mixed with talc, nitre, and fossil shells, which substances are piled into peaks never covered with verdure. Vast rocks, topped with snow, thrust themselves up on all sides. Everything there seems to be in extremes. Clear skies are almost immediately succeeded by vast masses of clouds; the air is either perfectly still, or disturbed by tempestuous winds; and a calm is the sure prelude of an approaching storm. In fine, whatever vegetation is seen in Patagonia is dwarfed and meagre. Nature there seems to exert herself in the production of nothing but men.

M. de St. Vincent describes the savages who wander through these inhospitable regions as miserable and pacific; but the unanimous testimony of travellers would lead to a contrary opinion. Without relying on the fabulous account of Garcilano de Vega (who represents these giants as having eyes as large as saucers, appetites exceeding those of fifty men, and dispositions ferocious and sanguinary), it is easy to collect from authentic accounts that the Patagonians are by no means so peaceful as is supposed. By some they are described as laying secret ambush for Europeans, killing them without mercy, and, when pursued, obstinately defending their retreat until slain to a man; by others they are denominated cruel and perfidious, and are said to be continually at war with their neighbours; others again relate how, after repeated kindnesses, they suddenly attacked them, and were with difficulty repulsed; in fact, there seems to be little ground for attributing to these savages even the ordinary timidity felt by uncivilised man when brought in contact with Europeans.

Nor can they with truth be called miserable; for they are represented as "brisk, jolly, and frolicsome fellows," who come with dance and song to welcome strangers. On many occasions also they have shown the greatest civility, and even benevolence. For example, when M. de la Girardais' boat was driven off the shore by the wind, a Patagonian instantly urged his horse into the waves, and swimming out, at length succeeded in reaching and bringing it back. On other occasions, they were pressing in their invitations to their visi-

tors to share the produce of the chase with them. Many similar instances are recorded; but these will be sufficient to show that though, like other savages, they are fierce and hot in their passions, they are capable perhaps of as much good as evil, and probably far happier than many nations who have made the most considerable strides in civilisation.

The true savage character also appears in their inquisitiveness concerning the costume of Europeans, and their extreme delight at obtaining any of their cast-off garments, entirely unsuited, though they be, by their excessive littleness, for them. It was remarked, however, that they showed no surprise at the sound of cannon, and were seldom alarmed at observing the effects of firearms. Cunning is their principal characteristic; they prefer receiving to giving; and manifest a great proneness to petty larceny, which seems to be the besetting sin of savage nations. They have rarely consented to quit their country; and when half persuaded so to do, their extreme dejection has often induced humane travellers to set them free.

Nicolas del Techo attributes to them a custom somewhat similar to that of the ancient Thracians, viz., that of weeping at the birth of a child. At funerals also, especially at those of their chiefs, they are said to sacrifice human beings; but this is doubtful. When a death happens, both sexes abandon their white paint, and sometimes stain themselves black. The women also lacerate their face and throat until they are covered with blood. The place of burial is generally a grave of stone, upon the cliffs, by the sea-side, on which the body is deposited, with numerous darts and arrows, and a profusion of shells, which formed the treasure of the deceased. In these situations, Schonten relates that he discovered portions of skeletons of enormous size; according to Ovalle, at least thirty feet. A similar story is related by Du Maillet, in his "Telliamed." He assures us that, in the neighbourhood of Salonica, a vast skeleton was found, the skull of which would have contained seventeen hundred pounds weight of corn. The whole body measured forty-five cubits. A portion of it was carried to France, but the skull was afterwards destroyed by a fall. Sir Hans Sloane, however, has proved that these pretended giants are, in general, nothing more than elephants, whales, or hippopotami!

The Patagonians believe in spirits, and say that horrid forms and appearances are frequently seen among them — terrible phantoms, mysterious spectres, horned demons, with long shaggy hair, scattering fire as they went. "But," inquires a quaint old voyager, "are not the giants almost as bad figures themselves? And is it not possible for them to mistake the foul shapes of one another for something else? One of them was scared almost out of his wits with seeing his own face in a glass; and might not another face as ugly as that do the business as well?"

Their idea of God is exceedingly confused, but they believe in the immortality of the soul. They adore neither the sun, nor the moon, nor animals, but some being whom they imagine to inhabit the whole universe. Their method of prayer is to mutter to themselves, whether they be in presence of strangers or not.

According to some, they are extremely jealous of their wives, and endeavour as much as possible to keep them from the sight of strangers. Others represent them as rather disposed to encourage than repress familiarity. Equally contradictory are the accounts respecting the character of the women themselves, to whom is attributed, by some excessive modesty, by others great forwardness. But this doubtless depends on the character of the individuals.

The female is much fairer than the male sex, but is clothed in much the same manner. A cloak, a pair of buskins or mocassins, and an apron, similar to that worn by the Hottentot women, form their whole wardrobe. They separate their eyebrows, and do not patronise either caps or bonnets.

The Patagonians feed upon flesh and roots. They employ themselves also in fishing, and catch crabs, oysters, and all sorts of shell fish. Their nets are fabricated in a curious manner from the gut of various animals; but in the construction of their canoes, into which a great deal of whalebone enters, they are sufficiently awkward. Grease and oil are by them esteemed as great dainties, and they considered themselves magnificently feasted when a traveller gave a party of them a candle each for dessert. Wine, however, they could not be persuaded, on any account, to taste.

The various tribes of this nation have no fixed place of abode; sometimes, indeed, although the climate is bitterly cold, they do not dwell in huts, but sleep in the open air, huddled together pellmell in groups. On these occasions, they sometimes cover themselves with hay. They generally retire to sleep with the sun. Those that do make use of huts, construct them of skin, so as easily to be shifted from one station to another. They are in fact always ready to move at a moment's warning, doubtless on account of the scanty nature of the pasture afforded by their land.

This they more especially feel, as each man is provided with one or two horses.

They use a saddle, the frame of which is wooden, the covering leather, and the stuffing dried grass. Their bit also is wooden, and their bridles, like their lassoes, are made either of leather or gut. The horses are generally sixteen hands high, and very swift of foot; but they appear small when bestridden by their enormous masters. These, however, are not the only mute companions of the Patagonians. They are likewise continually attended by a species of dog resembling a fox, which they call *ouchi*.

We may here remark, that latterly a few Spanish words have crept into their language; for example, when they smoke they cry out *buenos*. They are very fond of tobacco, and, like the Chilians generally, emit the smoke through their nostrils. They also chew the weed.

They have made but little progress in the arts. Those of the toilette are perhaps the most advanced. With them, the practice of physic is reduced into a very narrow compass, being confined to the use of emetics and bleeding. Their methods of performing these operations are curious. To procure vomiting, they thrust an arrow down their throats, which some have imagined to be for mere ostentation; and to bleed, they cut the part with a sharp instrument like a knife.

They barter wrought pearls for scissars, knives, and other European commodities, which they always are very desirous to obtain. They chiefly prize those articles of clothing which are red; and, as we have before remarked, the materials for painting themselves in that colour would always prove acceptable to them. It has been imagined that an advantageous traffic in horses might be carried on with this people. Our establishment in the Falkland Islands may probably lead to some such result.

Piquillo Alliaga;

OR, THE

MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SCRIBE.]

Chapter XVII.

THE DAY AFTER THE FESTIVAL.

The next morning, nobody thought of early rising; and Piquillo's sufferings were prolonged. He saw Aixa at a later hour than usual, though he had remained since daybreak walking beneath her windows. Both had noticed his illness; and such was the anxious care now paid him by these two young ladies, that people might easily have imagined him their brother or friend, rather than their servant. Piquillo soon saw that their kindness to him greatly exceeded his deserts; and moved to tears, he reproached himself with ingratitude. The iron sway which his passion exercised over him, he would rather die than confide to any one; it was a secret which he was unwilling to confess, even to himself; and resolved to conquer, or at least to conceal from everybody, his rash attachment, he made an effort to laugh and joke about the amusements and incidents of the previous evening's entertainment, and its great success. Carmen had no suspicion that his joy was feigned; but Aixa was by far too intelligent an observer to be deceived; the extraordinary promptitude with which she saw and sympathised with the sufferings of her friend, made one almost think that she had experienced the same. She took Piquillo by the hand; and on his fixing on her a look of surprise and attention, said, in a reproachful manner, "Piquillo has some hidden grief which he conceals from his friends." Hearing this kind inquiry, made in tender accents, the young man's firmness forsook him, and he wept.

"What is the matter?" they simultaneously exclaimed.

"You ask what is the matter," he said, endeavouring to stay his tears; "you, who by your bounty have made me unhappy; you, whose friendship and noble sentiments have almost made me your equal, when I ought to remain in the lowest possible rank; you, who have only taught and enlightened me, to enable me to perceive my disgrace and misery, which, without such instruction, I should never have known."

At these unlooked-for reproaches, which, however, were but too well-merited, Carmen was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment. Aixa, however, said: "Sister, what Piquillo has just said is but too true; the fault is ours, and we must make reparation; but I shall inform him now, as I did before, it is necessary for him to second our endeavours in his behalf. Yes," added she, with animation, "don't be downhearted, Piquillo; think no more of the point from which you started in life; think only of the post which you wish to attain, and you will succeed in reaching it; unfortunately for Spain, she is not now-a-days so full of men of talent as to have no room for you; and perhaps you may even attain to the highest rank. I should say to you, follow the career of arms, if you were a nobleman; but you are not—at least I don't think so, nor do you either. You must pursue another path, and there is one which promises success."

If Aixa had before doubted the good which her encouragement had worked upon Piquillo—if she could but have read his

heart—she would have instantly perceived that, thanks to her, he now felt as if no post was too high for him to endeavour to attain, and no obstacle so great as to weaken his confidence of success—such influence have the words of the woman we love over our future destiny!

"That's right," she said, on perceiving a look of sparkling joy and hope in the countenance of Piquillo, hitherto suffused with tears; "that's right; leave the rest to me. I am now about to speak to your father, Carmen; he will understand our dilemma, and will soon assist us in it. Wait till my return, my friends;" and she rushed to the viceroy's room, without thinking that he might not yet be awake. Some one, however, had knocked before her.

"Can Carmen have been taken ill from the fatigue of the previous evening?" was the first thought that struck the old gentleman; but the accents of a well-known voice which for a long time had not been heard by him, soon banished his fears.

"Be assured, master Pablo, his excellency the viceroy will not scold you for suddenly waking him, when he learns that his nephew, who has but a few hours to pass with his uncle, has come post haste to embrace him."

"My nephew!" exclaimed Don Juan, throwing himself into his arms, and by the light of the sun, which was admitted through the door, gazing at the manly figure and martial look of the young man. "Ah!" said he, joyfully, "you are no longer the handsome young page that you appeared five years ago. But you look much nobler; whence do you come thus accoutred?"

"From the army in the Netherlands."

"I see," said the old man, looking with pride at a slight scar on his bronzed face.

"And the captain of the queen's regiment is now promoted to the rank of colonel," joyfully added the young man. "Yes, uncle, notwithstanding the determined hatred of the Duke de Uzeda, son of the prime minister, and in spite of the ill-will which his father bore towards me, an unknown patron has always caused my services to be acknowledged, and has procured my promotion. Have you any notion who this can be?"

"No; by St. Jago, it is justice, and nothing else, which has occasioned your advancement; and since I now see you again, all is well. I have but one thing to regret—that you did not arrive last evening in time for our ball; you would have there seen my daughter Carmen, your cousin, who looked admirably well; you would have danced with her; you could not have recognised her, I am sure, she looked so beautiful, yesterday especially. Only imagine," and he was about to describe the dress in which his daughter appeared, when he suddenly changed the subject, not because he had done with it, but another thought struck him, for joy makes people great tattlers. "Colonel," he exclaimed, "our affairs in the Netherlands are becoming more prosperous."

"No, uncle," sorrowfully replied the young man; "you know the time when the Spanish armies triumphed in a good cause. We have been defeated; but after many reverses, the campaign has been favourably ended by the taking of Ostend. My general, whose confidence I have managed to acquire, entrusted me to carry to Madrid the despatches which contain the news of these events; but notwithstanding our victory, we are not yet masters of the sea, and I have been obliged to travel through France, and to cross the Pyrenees; and this is what brought me to Pampeluna, my dear uncle, to breakfast with you."

"Welcome; but you will remain to-day with us?"

"Only a few hours, when I must set out to fulfil the mission with which I am charged."

"What a pity!" exclaimed d'Aguilar; "you will scarce have time to see my daughter."

"By St. Jago, I will always find time to admire her, to embrace her, and to assure her that when absent I never forget her."

"Good!" said the old man, clapping his hands with joy; and then he added, laughing, "It is now high time that you should have arrived; you would not have thought that Roderic Vasquez, son of the former secretary of state, has proposed for her; and yesterday, at our ball, the nephew of Balthazar de Zuniga never took his eyes off her all the evening. I tell you this, because it gives me pleasure, as it will you; but my only wish, the last hope that I shall have before I die, you know already. Look you, Ferdinand," he added, taking him by the hand; "I feel a presentiment in my mind which I cannot conquer; I am happy to see you here, because I know not how long I may be spared to enjoy this happiness. I feel my end is fast approaching; but God's will be done," he said, raising his eyes upwards. "I shall fearlessly depart, since I leave my daughter to you as her intended husband; and if I give her to you, it is not because you are rich, handsome, and brave, but because there is here," and he placed his hand on his nephew's heart, "a treasure of honour and honesty, with which I am well acquainted. Ferdinand, you are a man of your word, and I shall feel satisfied of the prosperity of my daughter, if you promise to make her happy."

"Uncle, I swear to do so," exclaimed the young man; "and if I were to break my word——"

The door opened, and Ferdinand became rivetted to the spot at the appearance of Aixa. She never looked prettier than as she then appeared, *en negligé*, in her morning dress. She ran into the room in high spirits, animated by the desire of doing a good action. She thought at that early hour to have found d'Aguilar alone; and on perceiving a stranger, a young officer, she fixed her dark eyes on the ground, and her cheeks were suffused with blushes. Ferdinand, who was prevented from finishing the sentence he had begun by her appearance, was now still less able to conclude it; confounded and abashed, he stood in mute astonishment and admiration; and his evident embarrassment gave confidence to the young girl, who ventured to lift up her eyes. The handsome cavalry officer whom she saw before her had none of the silly affectation which had appeared so ridiculous to her in the young noblemen whom she met on the previous evening. His tall and noble figure, his bronzed forehead marked by the scar received on the field of battle, his charming moustaches, and especially the sword on which he then leaned, offered a powerful contrast to the mean and abject appearance of poor Piquillo, always so timid and bashful in his deportment.

"My nephew, Don Ferdinand d'Albayda," said d'Aguilar, gaily, on introducing him to her.

Aixa was startled on hearing this name pronounced, which appeared to revive in her mind some remembrance of the past with which it was associated; and she fixed her eyes on the young man with a feeling of curiosity which she then for the first time experienced.

"This is my adopted child," said the viceroy to Ferdinand, pointing to Aixa; "some of these days we will relate her history, if I am permitted to do so; meantime, I inform you that she is my second daughter, Carmen's sister, and I perceive you do not think her ugly."

"Charming," muttered Ferdinand, in a whisper, whilst bowing respectfully.

"Well, so much the better," gaily exclaimed the old man, "so much the better, for," added he, in an under tone, "Carmen is much prettier; you shall see—twice as pretty."

The father only said what he was convinced in his mind was true.

"Well, child," continued he, gaily addressing himself to Aixa, "what were you going to say to me? Don't let my nephew's presence prevent you saying all you have to tell me; we are only a family circle; and as he has but a few hours to devote to us, I do not wish to leave his presence, even for an instant."

"You are quite right," said Aixa, with a smile; and she explained to him, in a few words, Piquillo's disconsolate situation, who was now unfortunate enough to be aware that he was become a person of great merit, and ought to be treated as such.

"You are in the right; what can I do for him?"

"Promote him at first to a situation which will give him importance in the eyes of the rest of your household; take him from his present post, and appoint him to be your secretary."

"It is your wish, and it shall be at once accomplished."

"You have now done all that is requisite to raise his position in society; as to his fortune," she said, in evident embarrassment, and lowering her voice, "I wish, if you would suffer me, without his being aware of it, to contribute to its improvement also, for you know, monseigneur, there are a thousand foolish extravagances in which I lay out my money, without its serving to effect any earthly good."

"Very well," said d'Aguilar, who appeared to comprehend her meaning. "I do not wish at present to deprive you of this pleasure; we will by and bye see what can be done for your protégé."

"Command my services," said Ferdinand, with animation, advancing to her; "all my interest, and that of my friends at Madrid, shall be employed in favour of anybody in whom you, uncle, or this young lady," he added, looking at Aixa, "take an interest."

"Thank you, Signor Ferdinand," she joyfully responded; "you are a worthy descendant of the family from which you have sprung. Carmen's cousin is as good and generous as she is herself, and we have now secured a powerful patron for Piquillo."

The viceroy had already sent for his former page, who now arrived, and to whom they were not long in announcing the pleasing intelligence.

"You are my secretary," he said; "you shall have two hundred ducats a year salary, and moreover a year's advance, as a gratuity."

In saying these last words, he smilingly looked at Aixa, who gave an approving nod of assent.

"And I hope, sir," said Ferdinand, "with my relative's influence, who is president of the council of Castile, soon to be enabled to procure you an appointment, which, from what I have been informed of your abilities, will be creditably filled."

Aixa and Piquillo exchanged looks of joy and gratitude.

"Capitally managed," said d'Aguilar, impatiently; "but my daughter must be up and dressed by this time. We are longing

to see and embrace her, Ferdinand, are we not? and afterwards we will all four have a family breakfast." The old gentleman took the young man's arm, leant complacently upon it, and left the room, followed by Aixa.

Piquillo, when alone, felt quite giddy at his excessive good fortune. "I shall not be the only one to profit by it," exclaimed he, for he just then recollected the beggar woman he had seen the preceding evening, and hastened at once to Fig-tree Street. The house of the Jew Solomon had a dirty, black, and sombre appearance. He inquired for Alliaga.

"She lives here," was the answer.

"In which story?"

"In the garret."

Chapter XVIII.

THE GARRET.

Piquillo was quite out of breath by the time he reached the top of the staircase. Some indistinct cries which he heard when he had got to the third or fourth story, and which appeared to proceed from the attics, occasioned him to quicken his pace; the noise increased as he got higher up. At last, having come to a loft at the top of the house, he had no difficulty in finding the old woman's room, as it was the only one; and the door being open, it was as easily entered. The first objects that caught his eye were three men, dressed in black cloaks; their long swords, the feather in their caps, and, still more, their severe and merciless countenances, proclaimed them unmistakeably to be alguazils on duty.

"You shall not drag away my child from me," cried the old woman who had accosted Piquillo on the previous evening. With her grey hairs falling in confusion over her shoulders, and with glaring eyes, she raised one hand in the attitude of prayer, while she brandished in the other a poker she snatched from the grate, and with which she threatened her assailants. Behind her, a woman having still traces remaining of former beauty, had just sprung up from a miserable straw pallet; her bronzed shoulders were only partially concealed by her long dark tresses. Covered with a ragged woollen cloak, she threw herself on her knees, to beg for mercy of the alguazils, one of whom had already advanced, and seized her by the hand. On perceiving this, the old woman, uttering a dreadful cry, like that of a lioness when her cubs are about to be taken from her, lifted the formidable poker, and was about to break the head of the alguazil, when Piquillo made his appearance at the door. The alguazils stood still, the poker remained uplifted, the combat ceased, a truce appeared tacitly to be agreed upon by all parties.

"What is the meaning of all this, gentlemen?" coolly inquired Piquillo; "why treat these poor women in such a cruel manner?"

"Because she owes six ducats to Signor Diaz, corregidor of Pampeluna, landlord of this house."

It will be recollected that our old friend Josué Calzado had sometime since gone out of office here, on account of the conspicuous part he had played in the revolt relative to the Fueros. The Duke de Lerma had on the very same evening appointed him to the post of mayor of Toledo, and Signor Pedro Diaz had become his successor, on the recommendation of the Duke de Uzeda, son of the prime minister.

"Yes, squire," exclaimed the old woman; "Pedro Diaz, the corregidor, is the cause of all this. Being unable to pay him, we consented to dispose of what remained of the wreck of our large property, which my daughter was unwilling to part with."

"Never, never," exclaimed the latter, in accents of despair; "I have sworn it." It consisted of her guitar and looking-glass, which she had managed hitherto to keep throughout all her troubles.

"It was I, her mother," added the woman, with a volubility which it was difficult to restrain; "it was I who, unknown to her, had resolved to sell it, to procure bread for us, and to pay our rent. Don't you see Pedro Diaz has some design in all this, notwithstanding he is sixty years old, the old wretch?"

"Signora Urraca," said the alguazil, "pay more respect to his lordship the mayor."

"I scorn the corregidor, and all the mayors in Spain," exclaimed the woman, in a state of excitement; "we have seen and entertained princes, dukes, and noblemen, whose deportment was very different from this petty Jack-in-office of yours, who is supposed to administer justice, but who ought properly to deal it out first to himself. Yes, squire," she added, addressing Piquillo, "he dared to insinuate, seeing we were about to escape from his clutches, that the jewels were too fine and valuable to belong to us; and that if we possessed them, we must——" Her daughter shrieked with indignation, and was about to leap from the pallet on which she had thrown herself.

"Hush, hush, Alliaga," said her mother, adjusting the rags which covered her; "this young squire does not suspect anything of the sort any more than the corregidor, who only wishes to imprison us in order that we may remain in his power as long as he pleases."

"Can that be the fact?" exclaimed Piquillo.

"Such are our orders," said the chief alguazil.

"And during that period," continued the old woman, "these officers, to pay the expenses of the proceedings, wish to seize our valuable relics—my daughter's guitar and looking-glass; but they won't get them—they are too well concealed by me."

"We will soon see that," said the alguazil; "meanwhile, squire, don't obstruct us in the execution of our duty."

"You must allow me, at all events," said Piquillo, in a firm tone, "to put a stop to your proceedings until I have reported the matter to his excellency Don Juan d'Aguilar, viceroy of Navarre, one of whose secretaries I have the honour to be." At the mention of this revered name, the three alguazils rapidly retreated, with an instinctive movement of alarm. "But as it is requisite first of all to pay Pedro Diaz his rent, here are the six ducats due to him, and one to pay the expenses. As to the rest, I will be bail for these women. I wish to hear their statement; I will then make my report to the viceroy, in the presence of the mayor, if he is willing to appear; you can give him notice."

The alguazils first took up their money, then made him a respectful bow, and for some time, whilst they descended the staircase, exclamations of joy and surprise were heard, whose echoes reached even to the garret.

This was Piquillo's first debut in the character of a patron to anybody; hitherto, he had only been the protégé. It was the first time in his life that he had become conscious of the power he possessed, and which he had just exercised. Scarcely half an hour after his instalment into office, he was fortunate enough to be enabled to do good—to defend the oppressed; a happiness which is not reserved for many functionaries, even during the whole period of their career. Meantime, Signora Urraca having carefully fastened the door, and offered Piquillo the only unbroken chair that the garret afforded, sat at the foot of her daughter's bed, saying, "Since this noble youth is willing to become our protector, disclose to him, my child, the full particulars of our history. Inform him of the wealth and illustrious rank we once possessed."

Piquillo was puzzled to make out who the persons were he had called upon. The words rank and wealth contrasted singularly with the abject appearance of everything with which he was surrounded. The noble bearing of one of these women powerfully enlisted his sympathies for her distresses; while the vulgar look and manners of the other occasioned in him an invincible disgust. The first retained traces of former beauty; a casual observer of her regular features, white teeth, dark eyes, and the engaging smile which played upon her lips, would take her to be but twenty-five years old; but when one examined more attentively her pallid looks, her pinched and care-worn cheeks, and especially one or two wrinkles which appeared on her forehead, he would be driven to the conclusion that she was either eight or ten years older, or that grief had effectually supplied the ravages of time on her countenance. She rose with difficulty from the single mattrass which formed her couch, and leaning on one arm, she began in a slow feeble tone of voice her narrative, which was every instant interrupted by the comments and lamentations of her mother, whose garrulity appeared absolutely necessary to her existence, and whose loquacity was the least of her faults.

"My father, Aben Alliaga, was one of the Moors who fought in the Alpujarras against the tyranny of Philip II. During the progress of that war, my mother informs me I was born among these mountains."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Urraca; "I carried my child, as we followed the army, which, although for a time successful against the Marquis de Mondejar, was finally vanquished by Don John of Austria. I fancy I see now his soldiers, who gave no quarter, and who forced us to hide ourselves amidst inaccessible rocks. My husband Alliaga was killed whilst bravely fighting in the mountains, to gain time for our escape. I fled first to Grenada, and thence to Seville, where I have given my child the best education I was able."

"That is," exclaimed her daughter, "none at all. When I was five or six years old, I went out with my mother to beg in the streets, returning home with whatever happened to be given to us; and when no alms were bestowed, going without food."

"Ah," said Piquillo, "I have known what it was to be in such a situation."

"I was then without any sort of education, and was equally ignorant of religion, my mother never exactly knowing whether to call herself a Moor, a Jew, or a Christian."

"That was no fault of mine."

"I do not intend to reproach you with it, mother; but then, for want of anything better, I worshipped after my own fashion. I thought of my father, the soldier who had lost his life in our defence. I prayed to him to counsel me, seldom when prosperous, but often in adverse circumstances, and for a long time past I have him always in my thoughts."

Piquillo's feelings were excited, and he drew his chair nearer to the bed of the poor woman.

"At the age of ten, it appears I was reckoned beautiful."

"Lovely!" exclaimed the mother, with pride. "Miserable as we were, squire, the travellers stopped in the streets to look at her; her beauty was admired, in spite of her ragged garments."

"One day, being cold and hungry, I began to sing, to wile away the time; and I then discovered that I had a good voice."

"A charming voice," cried the mother; "charming!"

"This was another method of getting a living, and thenceforth reals were showered upon us. I walked every evening from the Giralda through Seville. Are you acquainted with that town, sir?"

"No," answered Piquillo.

"Ah, it is a beautiful town;" and she then added, with a feeling of pride which seemed singular in a person in her situation, "it is built by the Moors our ancestors. There assembled round me each evening a large crowd; and when I made a collection with my tambourine, I bowed to those who threw money to me. One day, amidst a crowded audience in the open air, was Signor Esteban Andreneo, musical director at the grand theatre. He thought that the Giralda (for so I was called at Seville) was destined to a different species of celebrity, and brought away my mother and myself."

"Of course I was not going to be parted from my child."

"In two or three years he taught me music and dancing, and gave me lessons in acting with an unwearied attention and kindness, which for a long time I thought disinterested. At last I made my debut."

"I fancy myself there now," exclaimed her mother, in a state of excitement. "When my daughter appeared, I was nearly overcome; I was unable to utter a word or to make a single note be heard."

"Fortunately," said Piquillo, "it was not you made your debut."

"It was her, my daughter, the child whom I had nursed, and who in that moment repaid me for all my care and solicitude. What triumphant success attended her! I thought the theatre would have fallen down from the thunder of their applause."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Alliaga. "I was bewildered, intoxicated with success."

"How could a poor young girl fail to be overcome by such a reception?—by such overwhelming applause? It was enough to drive her out of her senses. And that very same evening," proudly added the mother, "all the earls, dukes, and people of the highest rank in the town, together with the manager of the theatre, came to my box, to load me with their congratulations. They were all doing homage to me; and from that moment the Giralda had a magnificent engagement—three thousand ducats a year. I did not quit her for a single moment. Only think, squire, a superbly furnished house, a *femme de chambre*, a young negro page to conduct us to the theatre, and a magnificent table, at which I presided."

"Then," continued the Giralda, "Signor Esteban Andreneo, the chief musician, who was the architect of my fortune, wanted to claim the reward. My gratitude towards him did not extend so far, and I repulsed his offers with indignation."

"A great mistake," chimed in the mother, with a very serious air. "Of a man devotedly attached, and who might have been essentially serviceable to her, by giving her the best parts to perform, she made a mortal enemy. This is a common fault with theatrical people; but young girls are so capricious and opinionated, they will not listen to their mothers, notwithstanding their knowledge and experience;" and Siggora Urraca sighed deeply, adding, however, in a more indulgent tone, "After all, squire, you must not be too hard upon her, she was so very young, only fourteen years old."

Piquillo, astonished, could scarcely comprehend what he had heard; accustomed to hear the pure and virtuous sentiments of Aixa and Carmen, the picture of the manners and customs which Signora Urraca had just disclosed to him appeared so extraordinary, that he looked up to see whether she was really in earnest in what she said. This excellent sample of a mother spoke in perfect simplicity, for the mothers of actresses form a distinct class of persons, and but a sorry notion of maternal duty prevails among them. They have a peculiar method of showing their devoted attachment to their daughters, the development of which Piquillo had listened to with painful interest, such as a traveller would take on quitting a fine and flourishing country with which he was intimately acquainted, at the sight of a barren, wild, and frightful region which was quite new to him.

"All the mischief might yet be remedied," added the virtuous mother, drying her eyes, "if it were not for her first hopeless folly—a love affair. I have suffered enough on that account; I have wept day and night to see my daughter rush to her ruin."

"You were willing to prevent it," exclaimed Piquillo, yielding a share of his sympathy to the poor mother.

"Yes, squire, yes; I call heaven to witness," she exclaimed, in a severe tone, "I told her so twenty times. All your future prospects at a theatre depend on the choice you make for your first lover—on that de-

pends the opinion formed of you; and if you but knew who was the object of her choice!"

"I loved him," replied the Giralda, her eyes sparkling, as she recalled his image to her recollection, while her pale cheeks were momentarily suffused with blushes; "yes, I loved him; he was my first and only love; he was descended from ancestors of my own race."

"Yes, truly," said her mother, with a sigh; "a Moor; rich, it is true, but of what use was that?—she would not accept any present from him, not any, except this guitar, to the tune of which she accompanied her Arab songs, and the looking-glass in which he so much admired her; and what, squire, you would scarcely believe," added the mother, indignantly, "he actually wanted to induce her to quit the stage!"

"Yes," exclaimed with sadness the Giralda, "I should perhaps have done better to have listened to him; but once having tasted the unrivalled gratifications which theatrical success gives rise to, from the startling sensation we produce, from the triumph of keeping in breathless attention a whole audience, and of being the cause of rapturous applause, when one at last recovers and advances, in the midst of the clapping of hands, and the sparkling lights of the chandeliers, to collect the chaplets of flowers showered down on the stage, you can never forget such sensations; they become necessary to your existence; you become intoxicated; you must either continue such a life, or you would die." And the Giralda looked almost beautiful, as her powerful but well-modulated voice rose with the subject on which she had dilated; her noble, energetic gestures were perceptible, even through her tattered woollen garments; and her fiery eyes sparkled with their wonted brilliancy. Suddenly she paused, looked at the naked walls of her garret, and the pallet on which she was stretched; then, unable to bear the contrast between her present and former condition, she covered her face with her hands, and began to weep.

Chapter XIX.

THE GARRET *(continued)*.

On seeing her daughter cry, the old woman was quite overcome, and began to sigh audibly: mothers of actresses are very prone to make these displays of feeling.

"Yes, my child, we had attained an enviable rank, and had you always followed my advice, we should now be very differently situated."

"Ah! it is not the loss of my former wealth that I regret, but that of my talent, beauty, and youth. Would to Heaven they were but restored to me—how much better use should I make of them!"

"You would then follow my advice, and have more forethought for the future."

But her daughter, without listening to her, exclaimed with warmth, "I should not waste my precious time in rash amours, useless intrigues, and petty green-room contests."

"When one is attacked, however," said the mother, "it is very necessary to stand up in one's own defence, and had I not been present, only imagine! While the Giralda was uttering these fine sentiments, there arrived at Seville a new *débutante*, the little Lazarilla. Have you heard of her?"

"No," gravely replied Piquillo.

"There really was nothing in her acting," exclaimed the old woman, with increasing garrulity; "an impudent, dumpy creature, that was all! Not the least particle of talent in her! And it was she whom they wished to pass off as a person of first-rate genius! All this, you understand, was done out of spite to us; they envied us because we were younger, prettier, and in the highest favour with the audience, that is, the really respectable portion of the audience. It was the musical director, Esteban Andreneo himself, who had got up this opposition, to be revenged upon us for our refusal to accede to his wishes. She was to come out in a new part, in a splendid character, in which there was to be both dancing and singing, three or four different dresses, not to reckon the number of words to be spoken — in short, squire, one of those parts that take so well, that they at once place the performer at the head of her profession, and which they who know their own interests would give all they possessed to obtain. Well, this character, for which the whole of the actresses contended, would have been given to Lazarilla if we had not enlisted on our side a celebrated nobleman of the household of the king, then director of the theatre."

"Oh!" cried Giralda, clenching her hands with rage, "I shall always reproach myself for that act."

"You are wrong, my dear, it was only done in legitimate self-defence; they plotted against us, and we, in our turn, endeavoured to frustrate their machinations; not to mention that it was through that we obtained our influence, and in green-room matters influence carries everything. I knew many who had young, amiable, and rich lovers, and yet courted the director in the bargain, for no other reason than that of holding despotic sway over the theatrical corps."

"Enough, enough! do not rake up the history of those days," impatiently ex-

claimed the Giralda, who was evidently pained at hearing the details which her mother took such pleasure in narrating; and turning to Piquillo, she said, "I need hardly inform you how intoxicated I became with success, and in what a mania the four successive years were passed, rushing from one triumph to another, surrounded with admirers, loaded with riches, and overwhelmed with flattery. Everything appeared to succeed and to prosper up to the day when I, who was possessed of talent, took it into my head to become ambitious also. I do not accuse you, mother," said she to the old woman, who, by her gestures, appeared to be hurt at her remarks, "but—" and she stopped, and raised her eyes to heaven.

"What is the matter?" said Piquillo, observing her pale and quivering lips.

"Don't fret so," said Urraca, "our intentions were good; we did all for the best. Heaven will pardon you, for you have always proved to your mother a dutiful child; in riches or in poverty, you never forsook her."

"And my child!" screamed the Giralda. "If God asks what I have done with him, what can I answer? what will you answer, mother, for I entrusted him to you?"

"Silence!" said her mother, placing her hand on her mouth.

"No, I will not be silent! I have promised to disclose all that will be my punishment." And turning to Piquillo, she added, "She who was a good daughter became a bad mother. In order to give me somebody to pardon and comfort me," she said, glancing at her mother, "heaven gave me the blessing of a son. I had not openly owned him as my child, but at Seville and Toledo he was always with me. I watched him morning and evening, and until he was five years old he never left my side; but one day—" Here the Giralda's grief choked her utterance, and her mother, hastily taking up the thread of the narrative, exclaimed, "I will tell you all, and you shall judge for yourself. Being summoned to appear at the theatre of Madrid on account of the celebrity we had acquired in the provinces, Don Alvar, a young man of noble and illustrious birth, of the family of the princes d'Eboli (his passion increased from the opposition he met to his advances from my daughter), formed a lawful and ardent attachment to her. Yes, sir, he wished to marry her; this was natural enough. Since our arrival at Madrid, notwithstanding her brilliant success and the celebrity of her talents and beauty, not a word was uttered against her character; on the contrary, the most brilliant offers had been repulsed by her, and her good character was everywhere acknowledged. But this only contributed to raise up enemies against her at the theatre, yet, thanks to this marriage, I have been enabled to defy them all," continued the mother, whose volubility it was now impossible to restrain; "and guess what was my joy, signor, at finding so suitable a match for my daughter! to have allied ourselves to a princely family, to see the Giralda a duchess, and I who address you to become the mother-in-law of a prince d'Eboli! It was so remarkable—such a dazzling, improbable event! And yet I swore that it should be brought about. Don Alvar, who had rejected the advice of his friends and the prayers and entreaties of his family, determined to brave all opposition. Nothing could have hindered him from his purpose but an event which even now makes me shudder again; it was the discovery of the child, about whom the Eboli family entertained their suspicions, though he passed as my daughter's nephew, but that said nothing, for amongst theatrical people and priests they are all nephews. Moreover, the family were already in receipt of anonymous letters which I feel confident must have been sent by the Lazarilla; all other accusations against her might be denied, but if she were once proved to be the mother of this child, all my fondly-cherished dreams of an illustrious alliance for our house would be dispelled, the match would be sure to be broken off. My decision was soon taken. I quitted Madrid, carrying the child with me. This was done with my daughter's sanction, but without her knowledge. When I had gone a very great distance on the road, I left the child at the gate of a convent."

"Ah! that was the sinful act we committed," exclaimed the Giralda.

"It was my act," said the mother, "mine alone. I did it to insure your future happiness, and a peaceful and wealthy establishment. And I said, 'After all, what harm is there in consigning the child to the care of a religious establishment, where he will be taken care of, and will receive a much better education than I can give him?' Could I foresee that after a year spent in a struggle against the wishes of his family, at the very moment when the latter, weary of the contest, were on the point of giving their consent to the marriage, Don Alvar was about to engage in a quarrel with another rival admirer of the Giralda's, a young officer of the Walloon Guards, who came every evening to admire her at the theatre? nowhere else, squire, I will be upon my oath."

"Well, proceed," said Piquillo.

"Well, then, this Don Alvar, this lovesick swain, this madman, suffered himself to be killed. The blow from the sabre proved but too fatal to us. It left my

daughter, the Princess d'Eboli that was to be, a widow, before her marriage had taken place, and all our house, the house of Alliaga, disinherited of its expected wealth. I then at once confessed to my daughter what I had done with her child, whom I requested the monks of the convent to whom I had entrusted him to restore to me."

"He had left," said the Giralda.

"And where were we to seek, where were we likely to find him? And now every day she accuses herself of this," said the mother, "while I only am to blame."

"No, mother, no, I ought never to have consented to be separated from him; my greatest crime is not the birth, but the desertion, and perhaps the death, of my child! Since that moment nothing has succeeded with me; all the world seem to turn their backs upon me; I feel no longer any consolation in prayer, for since I have abandoned my child, I dare not address my supplications to the father of my child!"

"You hear her, squire, there is no driving away from her the notion that she is under his malediction."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the Giralda, "it is his curse that has destroyed my beauty and talent; through it, my riches, foolishly squandered, have never returned; through it, nothing is left for me but shame, misery, and remorse. This is the pass to which I have arrived. Having come to this town, I was in hopes to obtain a theatrical engagement; this was our last resource. Unfortunately, I, who wished to remain unknown to everybody, attracted the attention of Pedro Diaz, the corregidor, on whom we are dependent; he prevented my making my debut at the theatre, and now that I am so deeply steeped in misery and that the fever which is making such ravages on my frame has exhausted all my resources, he accuses us of having stolen the only remaining tokens left us of the past — the last wreck of our former fortunes. I have told you, squire, how I first acquired them, and when you have seen them you will perceive I have told you the truth. Give them to me, mother — where have you concealed them?"

"Not in this place," replied Urraca; "I have entrusted them to a neighbour who occupies an apartment a story lower down. I will go and fetch them, and will soon return."

She left, and Piquillo felt quite relieved by her absence—he could not bear the appearance of this woman; her very look was enough to stifle any rising feeling of pity that he might have entertained. Alone with Alliaga, he rose, took her by the hand, and said, "Be of good cheer; you have nothing to fear from the corregidor, I give you my word for that. But I should have done little for you if I limited my services to that. If I understand your feelings rightly, your greatest affliction is the recollection of the past?"

"Yes, remorse, and the absence of my son."

"Well, suppose now, through my influence with the viceroy, I were to obtain some information about him?"

The poor woman's eyes sparkled with joy as she stretched forth her hand to Piquillo, which a sudden thought made her instantly withdraw.

"It is impossible to accomplish this," she said, with a disconsolate look; "how can it be brought about?"

"I don't know, and it is therefore I wish to consult you."

"It is now so long ago," she replied; "more than twelve years."

"That indeed renders the task more difficult. But in what part of Spain, in what town, was the convent where the child was left situated? It is necessary for me to be informed of this."

"You ask me in what town?" said the Giralda; "in a town which is destined always to bring misfortune upon me. No! I am wrong, since I have found in it so generous a protector as yourself."

"In this town?" said Piquillo.

"Yes, in Pampeluna; for my mother wished at first to proceed as far as France, to entrust my child to some shepherds of the Pyrenees. She told me so, at least; but as ill-luck would have it, she changed her intention, and remained here."

"And in what convent did she leave the child?"

"In the Franciscan convent."

"Ah!" said Piquillo. "Do not the monks who wear long white robes belong to it?"

"I have often met them so dressed."

Piquillo started, and added, "At the entrance of the convent is there not a garden on the right hand side, with a large cherry-tree growing in it?"

"I don't know—why do you ask?"

Piquillo replied, with animation, "I am sure there was formerly a large cherry-tree there."

"Possibly there was. But how very pale you are, squire!" and perceiving that he was on the point of falling, she supported him, exclaiming with terror, "Your hands are quite cold!"

Chapter XX.

THE FAMILY.

At this instant Signora Urraca returned, and shut the door. She had in her hand a guitar and a glass, which she placed on her daughter's bed.

"Here they are. This property may well be considered ours, and to belong to us."

"Yes," said the Giralda, viewing them with an air of sadness; "here is all that is left for the poor actress—her guitar, to remind her of her former talent, and her looking-glass to revive her recollection of her former beauty." She looked at the glass, and then turned away, uttering a cry of terror. "Ah, I ought never again to look at it; I can no longer see reflected my countenance such as it was formerly, and I dare not contemplate my present altered appearance." With averted head she threw back the looking-glass on the bed, recollecting at the moment the despair of Lais, who, whilst dedicating her looking-glass to Venus, exclaimed with grief, "I devote you to Venus, ever beautiful."

During these proceedings, Piquillo, standing at the foot of the bed, remained motionless, absorbed in his reflections; he heeded not what was passing around him, when he perceived the looking-glass. The sight produced a remarkable effect upon him; it appeared as if it were not the first time that he had seen this piece of furniture. A thousand confused ideas, for which he could not account, crowded upon his bewildered brain, each succeeding the other in rapid succession; when suddenly uttering an involuntary cry, he seized the looking-glass, and touching a spring concealed in one of the golden ornaments on which it was supported, a secret drawer sprung out, and Piquillo fell, quite overcome by his emotions, at the foot of the bed. Surprised beyond expression, the two women remained at first motionless, fixing stedfastly and silently their eyes upon him; when at length Signora Urraca said: "Squire, you have just touched the secret spring in the looking-glass; how came you to know that it was there?"

"Ah, how did you guess where it was?"

Piquillo had not guessed, but recollected. When a child, his amusement was to play with the spring, without taking into account the fact that the drawer was filled with sugar-plums and sweetmeats, which he partook of two or three times daily. Seeing him turn pale, the old woman inquired if he was taken ill. Piquillo made no reply; overwhelmed as he was with thoughts of his present condition, and recollections of the past, it would have been useless for him to have made the attempt. He whose sanguine disposition had filled him with fervent hopes, and whose constant wish was to render himself worthy of Aixa, was further than ever from the attainment of his object, since the discovery of his mother, and especially of his grandmother. In despair, his first passing thoughts were bent on running away and destroying himself, without acquainting these women with his intention, who would trouble themselves as little about his death as they had about his advancement in life. He rose hastily, with this intention; but he cast a last lingering look at his mother. He saw her poor, afflicted, despised by all the world! He remembered moreover that she had just shed a tear for her child, and he remained. Advancing towards he, he said: "Do you still think of the child you have abandoned?"

"Always; his image haunts me night and day."

"I promise to restore him to you."

"Let me but once see him before I die! Let him come!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together; "were he even to come as my judge, to pronounce my condemnation and punishment."

"I promise you he will appear."

"He is then living?"

"He lives, and will be the messenger, not of punishment, but of comfort and oblivion of the past."

"You know him then, squire?"

"I do."

"And you are sure he will not give me his curse?"

Then Piquillo, raising his eyes heavenward, exclaimed: "He has already forgiven, and now blesses you, mother!"

The Giralda screamed with fright, and Piquillo held out his hand to the guilty woman, who, with downcast looks, remained motionless before him.

"Daughter of Alliaga," said he, "daughter of the valiant Moorish soldier, you can now pray to your father."

"Yes, yes, I dared not before; now I have heart to do so."

"As to your son, the passed will be blotted out of his memory; he will recollect nothing of what you had just told to him as a stranger; he will remember only that you are his mother."

Then the Giralda, quite overpowered by the acuteness of her feelings, threw herself at his feet, which she bathed with her tears; and when he had raised and embraced her, her sobs almost choked her utterance; she could only repeat, "My child! my child!" She was never weary of gazing upon and admiring him; and said, loading him with kisses, "May I die, now I have seen my son, and he has granted me his pardon."

"And I," said the old woman, timidly, who hitherto remained apart in a corner, and whom everybody appeared to have forgotten.

"And as to you, my grandmother," said Piquillo, kindly (at this name the old woman was in raptures), "I must no longer have

any ill will, since all you did, you say, was for my good, to procure me a better education, and I begin to think you were right. If you were fortunate or wealthy, it would have been different altogether. I would have renounced the inheritance; but you you are in misery, you want my assistance, you belong to the family; sit down, grandmother, and let us chat a bit about our family matters."

Urraca, delighted, had already regained her habitual careless gaiety. As to the Giralda, she never spoke, but continued to fix her eyes upon the countenance of her son, never once quitting hold of his hand, which she pressed affectionately.

"Mother," said Piquillo, "I have not yet yet made much progress on the road to fortune, for I only start to-day upon my career. I intended to work for one—I shall now work for two." Hearing an audible sigh escape from Signora Urraca, he added, looking at her, "for three." The old woman resumed her wonted serenity, and listened to her grandson, who continued: "I am not in receipt of any rents, not a maravedi; but I have an excellent situation and good friends," and he sighed and felt an inward regret at the thought of Aixa. "Moreover, I have a powerful patron in Don Juan d'Aguilar, viceroy of Pampeluna, who, I am confident will use his influence to forward my advancement; and as I am not deficient in courage, zeal, education, and talent, I feel assured of being able to make my way. I will not speak of you to my patrons; that would be doing no service either to you or to myself; but I have one thing I must ask of you, as it will greatly influence my future fortunes, and consequently yours, mother." He added, looking the Giralda in the face, "Who is my father?"

[The concluding portion of this chapter is far too French to bear translation. It is necessary, however, to remark, that the mother gives Piquillo a letter, after which the narrative proceeds thus:]

And with difficulty tearing himself from his mother's embraces, he descended the staircase, confounded at what he had just seen and heard, and doubting if he were not under the influence of some good or evil dream. Reaching the streets, he looked at the address of the letter his mother had given him: it was to "Monseigneur the Duke d'Uzeda, at his mansion, Madrid."

(To be continued.)

On the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

BY I. BRANDON.

The abolition of the punishment of death is, with several of the present legislators of England, France, and the United States of America, a predominant speculation. Their opinions are also supported by certain philosophers and by certain sectarians. But however such opinions may have originated in piety or humanity, do they not appear on reflection to be a violation of both?

To the christian, who accepts the divine origin of the Scriptures, we must ask, how he can divest himself of that law, the very first delivered upon earth, and that law the only moral one, therefore most impressive by standing alone, promulgated by God himself, after the destruction of the world, for the crimes of men—the law against blood and murder, as proclaimed to Noah. "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man" (Gen. ix, 5, 6).

This law, incorporated, as it subsequently was, with that fine code which is accepted by all civilised nations as the foundation of human laws, must stamp, as a violation of the law of God, those laws which would abolish the punishment of death for the crime of murder. Thus far with the christian.

In a philosophical and moral sense, where all our reasonings must be grounded on nature alone, surely that is a most morbid mercy and sickly justice which would deprive innocence of its natural right, in sparing guilt with its unnatural wrong.

The punishment of death, as applied in England, till the ameliorations of the last few years, was a sanguinary stain upon her laws, and a disgrace to civilisation; but if it was, by its disproportionate and indiscriminate application, unjust, inhuman, and impolitic, the entire abolition of it, particularly for murder, would be a greater violation still of justice, a greater stain upon humanity, and a preposterous and unnatural attempt against the progress of civilisation: for that is uncivilised, inhuman, and unjust, which, from a fictitious

love of mercy, would expose the innocent to the inroads of the guilty.

While the nature of man is constructed as it is, there will always exist in the bosom of society some refuse which provokes expulsion. Then policy and justice command that you expel it. All tigers are more or less ferocious, and all sheep more or less gentle; but man, in his character, takes in all the lights and shades, from the ferocious and untameable hyena down to the innocent and unresisting lamb.

To abolish the punishment of death for murder would be about as rational as passing a law for encouraging the breed of wolves and tigers, a prohibition against destroying the bloody desolators, though the pathway should be strewn with the skeletons of their victims.

The arguments used in favour of the abolition are,

Firstly, The inefficiency of the punishment of death as to the prevention of crime.

Secondly, In the denial of the right assumed by society to dispose of the lives of its members.

In reply to the first, of the inefficacy of the punishment, there are some natures which, in defiance of all the multiplied examples of terrific torture and lingering death, cannot be affrighted or deterred. But because the punishment of death cannot make an impression on those flinty natures, and cannot entirely extinguish crime, is it therefore an argument that the application of the punishment should be withdrawn? On the same plea, we might assert that party-walls (which the law enforces shall be built) are inefficient, because conflagrations do, in spite of them, communicate from one house to another. But let us ask, if no party-walls were raised, how many more buildings would be consigned to the fury of the destructive flames?

Although some natures cannot be awed or impressed by any example, yet how many thousands and tens of thousands are there, on whose hearts the punishment of death is written in effective characters of wholesome terror? Those whom we cannot deter by the arm of strength, do you suppose we can tie down by the arm of weakness?*

Now, in cases of forgery, it was urged with truth and successfully so in parliament, that in defiance of the law of capital punishment, forgery had nevertheless fright-

* If the punishment of death be not efficacious for preventing the crime of murder, how did it arrive that Buonaparte, during his power in Italy, suppressed, in a great measure, the crime of assassination, by commanding that, the moment an assassin was arrested, he should be shot? The efficacy of the punishment was yet more powerfully confirmed in Calabria—a spot where assassination seemed indigenous to the soil. The crime was here completely eradicated, by the effect of an edict alone, which rendered the application of the menaced punishment uncalled for. The conception was so singular and the effect so decided, that I insert it in this note from the memorandum which I preserve and revere, in the handwriting of its truly illustrious author, the late Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, connected as it is with one of the most interesting periods of our country. On Lord Nelson taking the command of the British fleet off Cadiz, destined to be opposed to the combined fleets of France and Spain, assembled in that port in 1805; his lordship named Sir Sidney Smith (then rear-admiral of the blue) as the officer he wished to have under his command, to execute the detached services, which he himself had been employed on in the former war—of covering Sicily from invasion, and opposing the progress of the enemy in Italy, in co-operation with the native and Austrian troops. The rear-admiral so selected was accordingly ordered to hoist his flag in the Pompée, and to join Lord Nelson off Cadiz. The illustrious, gallant, and lamented Nelson fell gloriously before Trafalgar. Lord Collingwood, his successor in the command of the fleet, according to the intention of Lord Nelson, sent the rear-admiral to the station off the coast of Italy. On his arrival in Sicily, Sir Sidney found that the king (Ferdinand), his government, and the royal family, had been forced to quit Naples, and had taken refuge in this island; and that Joseph Buonaparte was established in the continental capital. Measures were immediately taken for the prolonged defence of Gaeta (still in possession of the royal troops), and for the prosecution of offensive operations on the 'terra firma,' for the recovery of king Ferdinand's continental dominions, now again under the same circumstances as in the former war. On the rear-admiral taking leave of his majesty at Palermo to proceed off Naples, with the naval force under his command, king Ferdinand expressed his intention of preventing the same temporary interregnum from occurring again, which had caused such conflict of jurisdiction, and consequent confusion, on the expulsion of the French garrisons, at the time of the former restoration; and to that effect, his majesty promulgated a decree, investing the admiral, Sir Sidney Smith, with his full powers, political, military, and ecclesiastical, in his continental dominions, as 'alter ego,' or viceroy. In the exercise of which, when calling the king's faithful subjects to join the royal standard, Sir Sidney had to provide against that propensity to assassination prominent in the semi-barbarous armed population of Calabria, who had ever been notorious in the practice of it, for the purposes of spoliation or of private vengeance. To this end, Sir Sidney regularised the armed volunteers under proper and responsible officers, thus preventing

fully increased; but it was used as an argument for the abolition of the punishment, that the punishment was the cause of the increase of the crime.

Let me reply that the increase of the crime was owing to the fact, that the forger was seldom visited by the sentence or execution of the punishment, from the unwillingness of the injured party to prosecute; but then that fact does not defeat the efficacy of the punishment—it does not make against the punishment of death (which should be carried into execution), but, on the contrary, the crime increased, because it was not carried into execution.

The crime increased from the chance the criminal had of escaping prosecution, owing to the repugnance of our nature to place the life of a fellow creature in the balance against property. Hundreds who have been defrauded have thus sooner listened to the whisper of individual pity from within, than to the voice of stern justice from without, although it bore within it that duty which we all owe to society. If the injured party had been forced by law to prosecute the forger on discovery, doubtless the punishment, though severe, would have tended to arrest the crime; but it seemed wiser, as well as more merciful and certain, to substitute for it a punishment which the injured would readily apply to the guilty; yet under the frequent prosecutions and penalty of transportation inflicted, forgery considerably decreases.

Disproportionate punishments are impolitic and unwise; for in applying an unmeasured penalty, the punishment so overwhelms the guilt, that we breathe pity where we should yield abhorrence. And thus example strangles itself.

Now if this humane sentiment has its weight, and has lent a strong argument to the abolition of death for forgery, it will afford none whatever as applied to the crime of deliberate murder: for all who deserve the name of man have a spontaneous desire to extinguish the life of a sanguinary monster. Who would have spared a Robespierre, a Collot d'Herbois, a Marat, a Nero, a Russian Constantine, or a Burkite? It is a cry from the bottom of the heart of all men, that the despoiler of the life of man should be removed from the living.

Not, as in cases of forgery, does the prosecutor, from considerate feeling, fly back; but, on the contrary, the crime of murder urges, by a virtuous impulse, the prosecutor forward. The blood of the innocent cries out to him from the grave, and impels him to seek the destroyer, as he would a rabid animal.

Now, as no chance is left to the murderer of escaping prosecution, and his death certain on conviction, the punishment of death ought to retain its full weight, as an example. Then the question of its efficacy

---

them from acting as a mere banditti, according to their usual practice; and published an edict, enjoining the authorities to cause all assassins caught 'in flagrante delicto,' or duly convicted afterwards, "to be put to death forthwith, by the infliction of a PRECISELY SIMILAR WOUND as that on the dead body, and with the same or a similar instrument, and the two dead bodies to be buried in the same grave, the murderer undermost." The effect of the terror produced on the imagination of the superstitious people of Calabria (the then theatre of operations, where king Ferdinand's authority was first acknowledged) was far greater than could be well conceived. It operated as was hoped, by the complete discontinuance of those acts of violence formerly so frequent and so sanguinary. Thus was this great good accomplished—not by a native of those realms, but, be it our pride to say, by one of the noblest ornaments of our own country—by him whose name Acre has blazoned in all the glory of heroism, and Algiers in all the lustre of humanity. In the first, the great captain of the age, flushed with conquest, and wielding, as he ever did, uncontrolled, a power commensurate with his design, yielded to him whose feeble means, so disproportionate to their end, became great and overwhelming by the genius, skill, valour, and perseverance, by which they were directed. In the latter, that which the same genius and perseverance designed, was by another hand carried into execution, to the honour of both; and thirteen hundred captives, brought out of bitter slavery, and restored to their native homes, breathed forth their blessings, in the arms of their kindred, to him who had become the father of their freedom.* This true inheritor of ancient chivalry, who knew how to select its noblest traits, and to add to them the polish of modern civilisation, the love of science, and protection of the arts, became, during his administration, while representing the authority of the king of the Two Sicilies, the perfect exterminator of the crime of assassination throughout Calabria.†

* At the congress of Vienna, Sir Sidney Smith laid the foundation for the emancipation of white slavery in Algiers. The successful expedition under the command of the late Lord Exmouth was prepared by the unwearied exertions, benevolence, and genius of Sir Sidney Smith.

† On the grand cross being conferred on —— —— in 1836, the "Star" made an admirable comparison between the merits and services of that officer, and those of Sir Sidney Smith, and dwelt on the injustice done to our gallant and lamented veteran. But he shone—without the grand cross—in the noblest annals of our country with that lustre which only belongs to that very rare combination—great qualities of heart, united with great qualities of mind. Heroism, humanity, genius, science, and literature, all mingled in his fine character, which envy could not shroud —neglect could not extinguish.

can only be considered, by demanding, if death were not the penalty for murder, how many more would be the murders committed?

With the natural and equitable punishment of death for the crime of murder, every good man's heart goes with the law of the land as it now stands; and with the law of God, as in the covenant with Noah and the Decalogue.

It is alone the inequality of punishment wherein lies the great error of criminal codes. The application of the same penalty for robbery or murder, or both united, was perhaps the fruitful source of the latter twofold violation of the laws; for robbery being an universal crime—common to the nature of man—it finds many a hardened ruffian, whose vicious calculation feels that no greater punishment can await him, even if he unite murder with plunder. Thus there was temptation for him to commit that which could not make his situation worse, but might have made it better, by putting out of the way his most powerful enemy—the only witness of his crime.

The law of "attenuation" in France, extenuation left to the heart of a jury, is a wise and merciful provision. And if the punishment of death still reached the midnight housebreaker who uses cruelty, and whose presence is so frightful to the timid and sensitive female, leaving the sentence to the jury, it appears to me worth all the cant of false mercy bestowed on these cancers of society.

Naturally and politically, the punishment of death, applied to robbery, unattended by cruelty and violence, would be disproportioned; but in overtaking murder, policy and nature go hand in hand in making the sentence irrevocable, however that sentence may not have the power of preventing all future murders. Some hearts are so flinty, that no laws, human or divine, can make an impression on them; therefore crime must be, till improved popular instruction, such as shall morally and religiously mould the heart (which seems no part of education in our country), as well as furnish the brain, shall be implanted in our country.*

But if any punishment can deter, it must be that most awful of all, the breaking, in the midst of health, the strongest of all ties, that of life; and, at the same moment, sending the criminal, with all his crimes upon his head, to a new trial before the Eternal Judge of all.

If, then, the strongest of all ties, the love of life—if the terrors of a violent death in the midst of health, and in the midst of all that the outcast holds dear, coupled with the frightful of a future before him, cannot deter him, it will be difficult to find a penalty that will.

To the hardened ruffian, who is dead to fear, who never reflects, what to him is the spectacle of galley slavery, or the thoughts of solitary confinement for years or for ever? Where the tigers are, the only safe and just method is to annihilate them; while they live, no den is certain to retain them. The removal must be effective, and death only the remover.

Generally speaking, criminals of the worst class, those desperadoes who have commenced their atrocities from infancy, are seldom, nay never, converted. No penitentiary, no galley slavery can alter them. You cannot turn the boa-constrictor into a deer, nor a wolf into a lamb.

Whether from a particular organisation, or from early initiation in crime, certain it is, that there are natures which delight in cruelty and bloodshed. Surely to cut off the course of such lives must be for the benefit of society. It is not mercy, justice, or humanity, that would spare the mature and blood-stained ruffian.

Mercy to the wolf is cruelty to the lamb.

Notwithstanding the necessity that binds us to punish crime, humanity delights in preventing it; and her noblest province and most effective means is instruction.

In a splendid country like our own, splendour should form a part of our institutions, and this encourages genius, and enlivens industry. Let us not begrudge £70,000 for the stables of an excellent queen, but let us at the time feel that

* This dreadful truth must be obvious to all who reflect. And the want of this instruction is the fruitful source of that unfeelingness and apathy towards man and animals—in the highest ranks of society as well as in the lowest. The heart is not moulded by instructors—from our universities down to the meanest parochial or day school. In the higher orders, languages and science occupy the brain; in the humbler, reading, writing, and arithmetic. Moulding the heart to benevolence, and charity, and good morals, surely is of as much importance, as fashioning the brain for worldly and avaricious interests.

while that sum is voted for a refined purpose, the country should not be insulted by a vote of £30,000 for the most important of all considerations—the instruction of the people. Instruction—the source of all humanity, nobleness, and glory in a country.

Joseph Lancaster (that humble individual, who perished in a foreign land) should live in the minds of all nations as the only individual who practically showed and proved how whole populations might be instructed by the fine economy of his plan. The poor of this country should have a moral instruction, impressing them with the grand truth, the self-evident fact, that the individual practice of moral principle is not more an advantage to all, than that the practice of benevolence towards each other is virtually a benefit bestowed on oneself.

If our first duty be to prevent crime, our next is, where we cannot impede its growth from maturity into murder, to let the laws strike it with irrevocable destruction.

None dare deny that the penalty of death has been cruelly applied in England. We have seen not only the sheep-stealer, but the purloiner of the publican's pewter pot, and the forger of the ace of spades, expiate his offence on the scaffold. These were sanguinary stains upon our laws, yet I venture to think (though I feel I shall be condemned by our ultra-philanthropists while I express it) that other crimes, such as may be construed into virtual murder (and one worse than murder), merit the punishment of death.

The child-stealer merits death. For no murder committed on a parent takes away a life half so dear to him as that which he loses in his living child. The murderer gives his victim peace in the grave, but the child-stealer gives to the tortured and sleepless parent the daily agonies of a living death.*

The execrable tradesman who adulterates the articles of sustenance with poisonous ingredients, commits wholesale and lingering murder. Paralysis, apoplexy, and consumption, with all their excruciating accompaniments, have been chymically traced to these murderers in ambuscade.

If a wine merchant sweetens his sour wine with sugar of lead, or a miscreant beer merchant sweetens "thirty dozen of spoilt beer with poisonous ingredients for the West India market," surely such a wretch ought to be indicted for attempts at poisoning, and, in fatal cases, of being tried for murder.

The frightful crime of endangering the lives of hundreds, on the railways, by maliciously placing impediments on the rails—surely on deaths arising from such hardened cruelty, the perpetrator ought to be put out of existence?

Forgery and coining, though the crimes appear similar, yet are their effects so different, that one appears to merit death, and not the other. No family can be brought to destruction by taking a false coin; but the forger, who, by the stroke of his pen, condemns a whole family to beggary and destruction, to the slow death of pining want, does merit death. There may be "attenuating" circumstances, and those, left to the breast of a jury (as has been so judiciously adopted by the French in their criminal code), might have left the punishment of death for forgery still a wholesome preventive of that most treacherous, undermining, and atrocious crime.

Arson merits death. To constitute murder, as legally laid down, there must be malice prepense. Now when a man takes the brand in his hand to set fire to a dwelling, is he not perfectly aware that, according to the old proverb, fire though a good servant is a most terrific master? Must not this miscreant know that he does not only destroy property, and is unable to foresee where the destruction may terminate, but also knows that he most fearfully hazards not only the life, as a common murderer does, of one, but the lives of many—the decrepid, the aged, the infant? Does not this demon know that, in the terror of a conflagration, to save their lives, the maddened victims throw themselves from parapets and from windows? Deaths, fractures, all the most horrible of human afflictions—does not the wretch who must contemplate the chances of all these, loudly demand from society that he himself should be effectually removed from it?

All crimes which touch human existence,

* I remember the case of Mr. and Mrs. Horseley's child. The parents for months were pining and sinking into the grave. The foul miscreant robber of the child was transported, instead of being cast out of existence.

directly or remotely, merit the punishment of death.

France has too much wisdom to abolish the punishment of death; but she has done humanely in leaving to the breast of the jury the due consideration of "attenuating" (or extenuating) circumstances, for even in murder there may be extenuating circumstances.*

Thus far in reply to the first argument—"The inefficacy of the punishment of death to prevent crime."

In reply to the second argument, "That man in society has no right of control over the life of his fellow creature."

If man were physically immortal by his birth, and that only the combination of men in society under political laws could, by a magic of its own, overturn such law of nature, and so be capable of inflicting the punishment of death, then there might be some plea for the outcry against the punishment. But the law of nature takes away the life of innocent and guilty. Then what just reason shall there be, why a murderer, so destructive of the life of others, and so inimical to the well-being of society, should not have his career shortened? and society, for its own-preservation, do that for him promptly, which nature will do for him a little later, after he has been at least a burden to that society which shall have falsely spared him? Death alone should be the removal of the monster; and it is only philosophical cant, or pious hypocrisy, which would save him. Society refuses him, and he should not be fed by society, even in a dungeon. Nature prescribes death, and the laws of nature must be the basis of all social law. Whatever violates them, must be wrong at its root, and pernicious in its practice. The legislator, like the physician, cannot eradicate or destroy the instinct and principles which God has indelibly stampt on and indivisibly incorporated in all living creatures. The moral or the material physician can only apply his limited skill in preserving the operations of nature in their wholesome regularity; in directing or restraining them to the end of our well-being. It is their province to assist nature, not to thwart or vainly attempt to overthrow her. We pare our nails, and clip our hair, when their growth encumbers us; when the latter offends health, the physician directs it to be abridged. None but a maniac would pluck it out by the roots. We may seek to restrain our passions, but no one, except a madman, would attempt to eradicate them. It is sufficient that man is endowed with certain instincts and principles, by the great constructor of our frames, to prove the wisdom of the motive which had placed them there. Had they not been necessary to our existence, and essential to our preservation, the All-wise would not have made them component parts of our being. Then what hand would dare show its impotency by an attempt to deracinate them?

Now the first and most powerful of all these instincts is self-preservation; and from this instinct grows out, as from its natural root, self-defence and resentment against injury: and for carrying that instinct or principle into execution, God has amply furnished all living things—from the ant to the elephant, and from the elephant to man, with natural weapons, with corporeal instruments.

Resentment follows injury as naturally as explosion follows the spark—it is justice springing from instinct, justice unweighed in the balance of reason, yet it is justice, whose fountain has been opened in the heart by the hand of the divinity himself: and the legislator must take this natural justice as the basis of his social one, however he may model the structure by the architecture of his reason. The legislator must build his laws on nature, though his reason shall improve them;

* Thus the unfortunate young man who killed his brother in his legitimate anger, did not merit death; his crime was the offspring of parental love for an aged mother, who was oppressed by that brother in his levying an execution and taking her goods for rent of £20, which she owed this miscreant, who was in good circumstances, and who had also seized this virtuous brother's goods. Love for his mother, detestation of the cruelty and avarice of his brother, were virtues that combined to bring forth the frightful crime of murder. A French jury would, with just mercy, have saved him. In cases of jealousy, which is the frightful child of a beautiful parent, attenuating circumstances may present themselves. Revenge for a deep injury may bear investigation, where the general character of a man, the tenor of his life, may have claim on the law of extenuation. All are of a different character to the cold demoniac cruelty of a Burke, a Bishop, a Hare, a Good, a Greenacre, a Tawell, or a Hocker; and, more frightful still, the miscreant-mother who, in vengeance to her child of seven years old (who had divulged some infamy of hers to its father), deliberately roasted it before a fierce fire till it died. Surely such should find juries that would consider them like ferocious or rabid beasts, and hurry them from the face of existence.

for throughout all nature God has given us, as it were, the raw material; and has, in the gift of mind, at the same time presented us with a power to fashion and improve it. Lands and seeds, flowers and fruits, are from his hand; but he has endowed us with a capacity to increase fertility, to heighten flavour, and to brighten colours, but we cannot change the principles of their nature. Man himself is the rawest of all materials in his natural or savage state, but God has given to him, with the body, the glorious attribute of intelligence,* to discover, to improve, but not to extinguish, that which his Almighty hand has planted. In the human mind he has seated conscience, or a sense of right and wrong. This, coupled with the instinct of self-preservation, furnished as it is with natural weapons for carrying that principle into execution, forms a brief code of justice, a tablet of crime and punishment, instinctively engraven on the human heart.

Resentment, the natural law of justice, growing from the deep root of self-preservation, looks out of the heart to be satisfied, and it must be satisfied.

If the Burkite can, after having deliberately prepared his vessel of suffocation, as deliberately kidnap my child, and as deliberately immerse the head of my unoffending innocent, till murder consign it to the knife of the anatomiser, for the bloody wages of this monster crime, I ask, shall this boa-constrictor of human nature, this wolf, breathe on the same earth with me, and I be satisfied? God forbid! and I pity the puling legislators who, in their sleepy intoxication, could do so: for it is not more a virtue to love and shelter innocence, than with a holy indignation to rise up against bloody and ferocious vice, and sweep it with the hand of destruction from the face of the living. I ask, while this monster, covered with the blood of my child, and steeped as he is in my agony, lived, can any law made by the artifice of man root out of my heart that right feeling, planted in it by the hand of God Almighty himself? I ask, rather, shall I not have the right of demanding of society, and of human law, as my just vengeance, the life of this miscreant? And shall not society and human law have the right of inflicting on the guilty, for the good of society, that which the guilty has inflicted on the innocent, for the evil of society? One is an unjust death, inflicted by vice on virtue, which does not merit it; and the other is a just death, executed by virtue on vice, who does merit it to the completest point of execution.

This natural law of resentment, though it may be abused, must yet be the basis of moral law.

If I am attacked I use my powers of self-defence in repelling the attack; but, my anger being roused, and my reason prostrate, I may carry my self-defence beyond the bounds of reason or of justice; and thus my defence may become offence: vengeance predominates, and may be called disproportionate or unjust justice; for its root is in justice, though it may have branched into wrong. The source of my self-defence is right, though my defence in its progress may have grown to wrong. If I succeed in seizing the weapon of my aggressor, and thus put it out of his power to injure me more, and yet, from the state of my excitement, I kill him, it may be argued, that the punishment is disproportionate to the crime. Had I killed him in my efforts to obtain his weapon, it had been strict justice, because he was still armed against me; but when unarmed, the death I deal to him, though commenced justly, ends unjustly.

Thus the legislature, as far as it can, wisely takes the law out of the hand of the individual, and keeps it in its own, because it can weigh with dispassionate calmness between the crime, and the punishment due to the crime. Yet nature cannot be altered. The outraged feeling must be satisfied: and the aggressor visited by a proportionate punishment. Wilful murder calls for death, and that is justice: and not what the abolitionists, by way of reproach, call revenge; or, to speak more precisely, it is honest revenge, a just vengeance, or that law inherent in self-preservation, regulated and matured by reason, and makes up what we feel and understand by moral and retributive justice. The satisfaction demanded of the murderer's life, is the payment owed by him to the principle of self-preservation, self-defence, and to that resentment, founded on our instinct, and ratified by our conscience.

* With our sight He gave us intellect; and intellect gave to nature almost a new sense, in the microscope and telescope.

During the debate on the punishment of death, agitated in the French parliament two years ago,* M. Salverte, in reply to the argument founded on the denial of the right of society to dispose of the life of any of its members, observed, "While society arrogates to itself the right of exposing each of its members to death, in forcing him to make war, it would be singular that it could not dispose of the life of a guilty man."

This admirable and unanswerable position might be placed even in a stronger light, when we consider that every soldier is condemned to the field of battle in a twofold capacity. Society sends him, innocent as he is, as an executioner, to slay the innocent; and, innocent as he is, as a culprit, to die by the hand of an executioner. Surely that is squeamish legislation which, while it forces thousands and hundreds of thousands, without any individual animosity, to cut each other's throats, yet denies the sacrifice of a single murderer for the well-being of millions.

In the same debate, adverting to the example brought forward of Russia and Tuscany, M. Salverte observed, "It is true that the punishment of death was abolished in Russia during the reign of Elizabeth; but we forget, that the punishment which succeeded to it, after inflicting long sufferings on the culprit, generally terminated in his death. In Tuscany the punishment of death was suspended during twenty years, the effect of this measure, if we believe what is reported of it, resuscitated the blessings of the golden age in that happy country; but they forget to explain to us, for what reason the punishment of death was reestablished there?†

That society has a right to dispose of the life of its guilty members, seems well confirmed, if it have a right over its innocent ones.

Society is bound to slay the murderer on two scores: individually and generally; retrospectively and prospectively. Individually, in avenging the injured individual; generally, for example sake, the safety and preservation of the great body of society.

Lord Kaimes wisely supposes the law to put itself in the place of the person injured; and feels that the punishment should be considered, not only as a principle of determent, but also as a satisfaction to the injured party.

This appears to be natural, moral, wise, and wholesome justice, worth all the cant of a methodistical love of mercy, or the cold-blooded stupidity of a bastard philanthropy. The hyenas of human nature should be extirpated. No mercy was made for them.

Lord Kaimes' principle is founded on the true construction of our nature; and it appears to my humble conception, that no principle can be more logically deduced: for, if the innocent victim had been strong enough, he would, by the first law of nature—self preservation, justly have killed the murderer, in his attempt only. This would have been that which the guilty amply merited. Then how much greater the right to take away the life of the aggressor, when not only the attempt is made, but the deed itself consummated.

The deed being a greater crime than the attempt, the greater right of the murdered to the life of the murderer. But as this right cannot be carried into execution by a man deceased, society, of which he formed a part (every member of which society being governed by the same instinct and natural laws, and identified in him), is bound to perform for him, that justice which he cannot do for himself.

The aggregate body represents the injured in his rights, individually; just as the injured, in the wrong sustained, represents the whole body generally, which is wounded in him; for, as a member or limb of that body, its suffering nerve branches, lives, and feels throughout the whole frame, and intensely communicates with the sympathy of the whole system.

Society has thus a twofold duty to perform on removing this beast from the earth, not only for the safety of the great body of society, but also, in visiting the blood-spiller with that natural resentment, that natural law of individual justice, which is the right of the murdered against the murderer. And even further: for that same law of just retribution, awakened in the hearts of the survivors of the murdered, to appease that just vengeance, and to still that cry of grief and indignation, which a murdered father, child, or other of those

* These observations were written in 1833—therefore fifteen years ago.

† Vide debates, Chamber of Deputies.

kindred affections that tie the hearts of the living to the dead, call from a husband, wife, parent, or disconsolate friend.

THE DYING CRUSADER.

BY C. T. B.

[It was not unfrequent for thousands of these deluded victims (the Crusaders) to sink under the difficulties of their journey, and it is computed that not a half of all that set out from Europe ever reached their destination, being destroyed in the terrible fastnesses of the Taurus, either by the hostilities of the natives or the more frequent and formidable terrors of nature herself. Many a daring knight has been known to fall exhausted from fatigue and sickness, and to have been left by the great body of the army to perish miserably alone in the solitudeds of Asia Minor, so little sympathy for one another's sufferings influencing the general conduct.—*History of the Crusades.*]

Weary and lone by the stream there lay
A pilgrim warrior at close of day,
Though the verdure around was fresh to see,
Silent and sadly rested he:
His spirit was faint, and he wish'd to be
Where the voices of men might be company.

Evening her shades o'er the mountain's drew,
And the valleys exhaled their fragrant dew;
The flowers closed their petals and droop'd to rest,
The birds lay reposed in their downy rest;
But the warrior was far from friendly shed,
And he laid on a pillow of stone his head.

Exhausted he lay on the barren turf,
Restless his mind as the restless surf;
No slumber its balm to his eyelids brought,
Or steep'd in Lethe his vexed thought;
Wretched in body and soul he lay,
Till the beams of the morning awoke the day.

Sad were the visions of grief he view'd,
Alone in this boundless solitude;
'Twixt living and dying, like phantoms they come,
Now mutter of death, now whisper of home;
Now paint in bright colours the joys he'd forsaken,
And tempt his sad heart with the scenes they awaken.

Now lured by the visions he'd strive to rise,
And faintly smile on the smiling skies;
Each effort but proved it was all in vain,
Though struggling in hope he was weak through pain;
Nature no longer the toil could bear,
And he sunk 'neath the pressure of cold despair.

Aain was the blast of the chilly morn,
Feverish and hot his cheek did burn;
And tho' fann'd by the zephyrs that freshly blew,
More sickly and faint his spirit grew;
And the strength that had nerved each arm for fight,
Now wasted away with a withering blight.

Wretched and weary as man could be,
He felt in his bosom death's agony;
And a shroud of mist enveloped his eyes,
And a darkness before them began to rise;
The sounds that before were loud and clear,
Fell scarcely reveal'd to his deaden'd ear.

Is there none that will watch the live-long day,
From her tower that o'erlooketh the broad highway,
To hail each form that perchance she may see
Approaching, in hope that it may be HE?
Or when darkness her mantle has cast around,
Still ling'ring depart, as she lists to each sound?

Is there none that at dead of night will go
To Our Lady's shrine with a holy vow,
And weeping, repeat her countless beads,
And tell to the Virgin her hero's deeds?
How bravely he fights for the holy shrine,
And wars with the crescent in Palestine?

Is there none that has sworn to be ever thine,
And longs for her lover from Palestine?
Is there none that will sorrow, Sir Knight, in vain,
Till the pilgrim warrior returneth again?
As thy bosom shall answer, Sir Knight, arise,
And open once more those sealed eyes.

Sealed are those eyes in endless night,
Whose glance was erst so vividly bright;
Pale is his cheek, and cold is that hand
Which wielded with fate the battle-brand;
Hush'd is each motion, hush'd each breath,
For the form of the warrior lies wrapp'd in death.

TO A POET.

BY A******.

To thee, thou lover of the beautiful,
I raise my voice, that answ'ring, thou may'st tell
Whence comes thy magical poetic power;
Whether to thee direct from Heaven it fell
By inspiration, or is it but the stream
Which flows forth after long years spent
In striking on the harden'd rock of knowledge?
To others can'st thou impart thy wondrous power,
Teach them to mould their language into song,
And speak of Heaven, of nature and its ways,
With all the thrilling rapture that thou dost?
For thee the azure depths above expand
With more of beauty than for common man;
For thee the golden stars shine brighter far,
And peopled are with beings like ourselves,
Who yearn and hope for immortality.

When evening's shadows o'er the landscape fall,
And distant hills are bathed in roseate light,
And streams of amber flood the arching blue,
And forest tops are tinged with golden hues,
Who heeds like thee the beauties of the hour,
Or marks the passing changes half so well?
Who lists like thee to that melodious song
Born with the twilight, sweet'ning the dewy air,
The voice of the nightingale, silenced with morn?
Joy must be thine, dweller in fancy's home;
For thou canst mould a future full of bliss,
Pass o'er the bounds of earth, extend thy gaze
To heaven itself, and sketch that pure abode;
In the hush of darkness does thy spirit wake,
And wander forth alone to gather thought,
When others sleep? Howe'er it be, oh speak!
Speak, that we may understand the mystery,
And know the rapture which a poet feels
In contemplating thus the ways of God.

Sept. 20, 1846.

ODES FROM HAFIZ.

No. II.

BY E. B. COWELL.

Joyful news have come, my heart, the days of grief will soon be past,
Pleasure flies on golden wings, but sorrow aloft lies as fast!
Fate, the veiler, hastens onward, bearing all things in its flight,
And the closest haunts of silence all are open in its sight.
Why, for fortune good or ill, to joy or grief thy soul deliver?
On the pages of existence see the writing changes ever!
From the times of ancient Jumsheed * comes the refrain of the song,
"Hasten, friends, and bring the wine-cup, earth will have no Jumsheed long!"
On the sapphire vault of heaven, see! the lines are written clear;
"All, save acts of mercy perish, all things else are mortal here!"
Let the wealthy read the lines, and make their hearts their offering,
Or their stores of gold and silver are at best a worthless thing.
Morning zephyrs bring the tidings, that my love is on her way,
Rise, my heart, no son of Adam is for ever sorrow's prey;
Candle† of my soul be joyous, for the long-sought moth is come,
And a gleam of bright'ning morning dawns upon the night of gloom:
Turn not thou thy heart from love; rise, Hafiz, greet the dearest maid,
At her coming, see! the hues of darkening fortune's picture fade!

* An ancient king of Persia, who is a favourite hero in its legends.

† Eastern poets abound with allusions to the fabled loves of the candle and the moth, and the rose and the nightingale.

Reviews.

Heidelberg, a Romance. By G. P. R. James. London, Smith and Elder.

Mr. George Payne Ransford James (not George Prince Regent, as he has often been seriously called) has in the work before us fully supported that reputation which he has gained as one of the most pleasing and delightful of modern writers of fiction. We do not say that his novels are either "solid or philosophical," simply because they do not pretend so to be, while all novels that do make such pretence are intolerably dull and stupid; and we therefore differ widely from an able contemporary, considering their popular, exciting, and highly amusing pages as equally deserving of being preserved to posterity as those of any living novelist, Dickens alone excepted. Modern novelists do not generally aim at great profundity, justly keeping this quality for works to which this quality is adapted. Bulwer, when he philosophises, is an intolerable bore; so was the author of "Tremaine;" and so, we fain must own, was Mr. James, when he made his experiment in the only disagreeable romance he ever published, "Morley Ernstein." Dickens never does, except when he scatters, pearl-like, the truths which genius, in whatever line, must always have in store.

In "Heidelberg," we have a most exciting, mysterious, and able historical romance, the period being that when England was governed by James I, whose daughter Elizabeth, of romantic memory, was married to the elector-palatine of the Rhine. The tale opens, as usual in Mr. James's romances, with two horsemen riding along a road, but with this favourite feature we are by no means disposed to quarrel; the one is Algernon Grey, the other Sir William Ifford. They are picturesquely sketched, as is the scene they are viewing. Algernon Grey, the hero, is drawn with vigour and power, though very like most of our author's heroes, being as near perfection as man well can be. Mr. James, however, writes on the principle of placing virtue ever in the balance against vice, and virtue always triumphant in the end—a pleasant contrast to the French romancists, who leave virtue to drag the hem of her garment in the mire, while vice rides loftily in her chariot. It appears, by the conversation that ensues, that both are travelling for their pleasure, or rather seeking pleasure to pass away the time until the period of their return to their native country, England. It is at once perceptible that Algernon is suffering under the weight of some influence against which his feelings revolt, but which his nice sense of honour will not allow him to overthrow

What it is remains long a secret, and, in justice to the author, must remain so, as far as we are concerned; this part of the subject we therefore dismiss with the remark, that the mystery is admirably well managed. The companion of Algernon is evidently playing a double game, being deeply anxious, for some ulterior and sinister purpose, carried on under the mask of friendship, to make his friend fall in love. The travellers are men of high rank, keeping up their incognito, which causes them to be somewhat cavalierly treated by one Baron Oberntraut, whom they happen upon. They arrive at length at Heidelberg, in whose grim and gallant castle-halls the yet unelected palatine holds his court; that very evening there is a grand festival, at which Baron Oberntraut is an invited guest. The English wager that they will gain admission without giving their names. The most pleasing and novel scene in the work now ensues. The friends dress and proceed to the castle, where they, by their gallant bearing and courteous conduct, obtain ready admission. The queen, delighted at the mystery which hangs about them, and half recognising in Algernon a nobleman of high rank at her father's court, gives the two adventurers into the safe custody of two fair and lovely creatures. The scene between Algernon and Agnes is exquisitely drawn, in delightful contradiction to the somewhat doubtful courtship kept up between Sir William and the married lady into whose hands he is given. Algernon and the fair heroine make rapid acquaintance, though neither think of love, Algernon, indeed, being bound by secret and hateful ties to restrain any such emotion. Jealousy, however, ensues. Baron Oberntraut is in love with the fair demoiselle, and taking offence, challenges Algernon to a duel. Some exquisite little scenes follow, which end in a duel, which we extract:—

"Our weapons are of the usual length, I suppose," said Oberntraut, speaking through his teeth; for there was more bitterness in his heart than he wished to appear. "I really do not know," answered Algernon Grey; "but you had better measure them;" and he laid his by the side of his adversary's. There was a considerable difference, however; the English blade was not so long as the German by at least two inches; and when the baron observed it, his cheek flushed and his brow contracted; but his heart was noble and just, though somewhat impetuous and fierce; and, after a moment's pause, he said, "I cannot fight you with this disparity; we must put it off till another day. It is my fault, too; I should have sent you the measure of my weapon, or asked the length of yours." "It matters not," replied the young Englishman: "your sword is a little longer than mine. but my arm is a little longer than yours; thus the difference is made up, and nothing of this kind should ever be put off for slight punctilios. Besides, my stay in this country must be short, and I may not have another opportunity of gratifying you. With thanks, then, for your courtesy, I say we must go forward as the matter is." "Well, well," answered Oberntraut; "if such is your opinion, I am ready." "We had better move the cloaks out of the way," answered Algernon Grey; "I see the light will not fail us." "Oh, no fear of that," said the baron; "these things do not take long." The young Englishman smiled; and the field having been cleared, advanced, with ceremonious courtesy, and saluted his adversary. Oberntraut returned the compliment, and their swords crossed. The great school for the use of that weapon with which both gentlemen were now armed was, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the low, fallen land of Italy, where Algernon Grey had passed several years. In point of strength, the two adversaries were very equally matched; for, although the yonng Englishman was somewhat taller and more supple, yet Oberntraut was several years older, and had acquired that firmness and vigour of muscle which is obtained long enough before any portion of activity is lost. The latter was also very skilful in the use of his arms; but here Algernon Grey, from the schools in which he had studied, was undoubtedly superior. He was also superior in perfect coolness. There was no angry passion in his breast, no haste, no impetuosity. He came there to defend himself, to oppose an adversary, but neither eager nor fearful. He felt as if he were in a hall of arms with baited weapons, merely trying his skill. He was anxious to disarm his opponent, not to hurt him; and in the first three passes Oberntraut was taught that he was pitted against a complete master of the rapier. At first this discovery made him more cautious, and he used all his skill; but it was all in vain. He could not approach his adversary's breast; wherever his point turned, the blade of Algernon Grey met it; and more than once the baron felt that he had laid himself open to the riposte, but that, from some cause, his adversary had not seized the opportunity. Repeated disappointments, however, rendered him irritable and incautious. He watched, indeed, his opponent's defence, thinking to learn what he called the trick, and overcome it by another sort of attack; but whenever he changed his mode, Algernon met it with a different parry; and the clashing sword passed innocuous by his shoulder or his hip. The light began to wane perceptibly, and as cool and perhaps cooler than when he began, the young Englishman recollected his adversary's words, and thought, "These things take longer than you imagined, my good friend, with a man who knows what he is about." A slight smile curled his lip, at the same time; and thinking that he was mocking him, Oberntraut renewed the attack with tenfold fury. Algernon gave a momentary glance to the sky; the rose had died away from above; heavy clouds were driving over in detached masses; a drop of rain fell upon his hand; and he saw that, in two or three minutes, the air would become quite dark. "I must wound him," said he to himself, "or in this dull twilight I shall get hurt; he is too keen to be disarmed; I must wound him, but slightly." At the same moment Oberntraut made a furious pass; the young Englishman parried the lunge, but, though his adversary's breast was unguarded, his heart smote him, and he would not return it, lest he should touch some vital part. The baron pressed him close with pass after pass; and step by step the young Englishman retreated. Then suddenly changing his mode, Algernon assumed the attack, drove his adversary

before him in good guard, and then, in the Italian manner, took a bound back and stood in defence. Obentraut, following the method, of which he had some knowledge, sprang forward and lunged. Algernon parried and returned; but at the same moment the baron's foot slipped on the wet grass, the sword's point caught him on the right breast close to the collar-bone, and passed out behind the shoulder. He staggered up, raised his weapon, let it fall, and sank slowly on the ground.

The consequence of this duel is that Algernon is arrested at the very moment when honour and right feeling prompt his flight from beside Agnes, whose affections he is gaining and gains. The discovery takes place by means of an accident, when Algernon saves the heroine's life, and is forced to wander in the woods all night; he then determines to flee, but is sent to prison, with permission given to Agnes to visit him every day. The plot now thickens, and becomes intensely exciting; scenes follow in rapid succession. The tie begins to unravel; the treachery of Sir William becomes apparent, and in a chapter of horrible, painful, and even disagreeable interest, the difficulty which prevents the outpouring of Algernon's love is removed. As a mere novel, "Heidelberg" will be read with zeal and animation by all. It is of the cast usually called breathless, while the scenery described is sweet in the extreme. We are, indeed, so pleased with one or two, that we shall next month find room, which we have not at present, to make further extracts.

History of Civilisation. By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. London, Longman.

We had intended to have concluded our notice of this valuable work this month, having as yet not touched upon the second volume, which contains matter scarcely less important than that in the first. An unavoidable pressure of matter, merely gives us time to say that the subjects are France, Spain, Portugal, Italian Republics, Papal States, Switzerland, Holland, Hanse Towns, Sweden, Russia, Asia, America, &c. There are supplementary chapters on the prevalence of wars in olden times, influence of civilisation on the Female Sex, Witchcraft, &c. It will readily be seen that from such a range of subjects, we could with ease to ourselves, and advantage to our readers, cull numerous extracts and comments. In fact the work is so unusually rich in materials that we must devote one more, and even, if our readers rebel not, two articles, to some elucidation of its contents. We here extract something about Spain: "The situation of Spain in 1843 was very singular. It may be assumed as a general position, that any nation in which civilisation is making progress, must, as already observed, either be occupied by foreign and internal trade, commerce and manufactures, external war, or internal dissensions. Spain has not much of the first, and unfortunately the last have been frequent of late years. The wretched government, and the dark superstition, that have ruled over her for centuries, have placed her behind the rest of Europe: facility of communication, one of the elements of civilisation, is wanting. This deficiency of very late years has been partially supplied by steam navigation, but not to any great extent, from the want of navigable rivers. Much, however, may be done to make up for these deficiencies. What melancholy reflections does not the situation of this favoured country and fine population create, when we reflect on the centuries of ignorance, bigotry, and despotism to which Spain has been subjected."

Ballad Romances. By R. H. Horne. London, C. Ollier.

Horne, in this volume of ballads, after the genuine old English fashion, exhibits qualities of mind very different from what have been lent to him by many critics. Originality of thought, a soaring into the higher regions of the poet's heaven, any new conception of man's soul, any spark from the great storehouse of lofty genius, we should in vain seek to find, but in lieu of these qualities, possessed but by a few men in many centuries, we have a graceful mode of expression, elegant thoughts clothed in graceful language, and pleasing series of narratives which will be read without pause or hesitation. It is seldom indeed that we, in this unpoetic age, stumble upon anything half so agreeable as these ballads, and least our readers should have any doubts upon the matter, we shall give them some opportunity of judging for themselves. In "The Noble Heart" will be traced the thorough counterpart of many an antique middle age tale. It is told with considerable force, with here and there very many superior passages. It opens thus:—

"Bring from Bohemia's woods and bowers
Chaplets, wreaths, and odorous flowers,
Ivy rock grown in soft rains,
The purple crocus from the plains,
Scented sprigs of the dark green fir,
Fresh from the sparkling mountain air,
With lilies white and azure bells,
Cull'd in the deep Moravian dells;
But oh, from love's own garden sweet
Strew roses round the happy feet,
And weave in garlands for the bed
Of Hulda, who this day shall wed
Sir Ludolf, knight of Sonnenfels."

The tale must be perused to be unravelled to find if Hulda does really wed the Noble

Heart. We can spare space but for a few descriptive lines:—

" The stars their vigil lamps are burning,
Thou canst not see the rising moon,
Through darkness it is upward yearning,
And earth lies outstretched in a swoon.
Ah, could'st thou to thy youth returning,
Of nature crave a life-long boon,
'Twould be to feel that every sorrow
Would change as day must to the morrow,
Or alternate with pleasure soon.
But now, yon sad and lonely man
Walks as if night were the full span
Of all his life—his boundary vague.
Meanwhile another deems the morning
Will ever bring the same adorning
That now o'ergilds the towers of Prague."

The second ballad, "The Monk of Swineshead Abbey," is full of bold free-trade sentiments, in striking keeping with the spirit of the age. In the three knights of Camelot we are reminded of delightful old Spencer and Chaucer. It is, perhaps, all the more pleasing from this circumstance, as bearing us back to our readings in these suggestive old poets. A few lines will fully explain our meaning:—

" His doublet was of violet hue,
And glistened with the morning dew;
His helm of emerald bright,
And round his waist a diamond zone,
Like a far constellation shone,
With scintillating light.
" A wreath of lilies round his neck,
Hung loosely tangling o'er his back,
All robed in carmine clear,
Whose broidered roses glanced like fire,
While in his hand with sportive ire
He shook a silver spear."

Of the "Ballad of Delora, or the Passion of Andrea Coma," being not partial to ditties of the doleful order, we shall merely say that there is much passion and feeling in its composition. "Gelert," and Ben Capstan's story of

" A drown'd sailor's ghost,
But I can't see the use!"

are both excellent; but "The Elf of the Woodlands," with its soft and sunny scenes, its little nooks of wood and dale and water, its elegant descriptions, is perhaps the most poetical piece in the volume. We are told that

" A soft beam tips the trunks and leaves
Of this green silent wood,
And presently a net-work weaves,
And presently a hood;
A net-work and a hood of gold,
Spread in many a lovely fold,
And many a gleaming band
Silently as minutes told
Into a lover's hand."

Then comes a description of a cottage asleep, the quiet of which is thus interrupted:—

" What buzzing tickles yon oak tree's foot,
Bustling and busy with nought to be seen!
There's something fidgetting at the root,
With a foo-fooing sound, like a schoolboy's flute,
And a rattling like pods of dry bean.
See! see! there's a thing scarce five inches high,
With a comical motion and funny bright eye,
And a look both roguish and bold.
His limbs are all antics, he skips like a flea,
His body is brown as the bark of a tree,
Mixed with green streaks, and tarnished with gold.
With little legs straddling
He dances about,
Pretends to be waddling,
Then leaps with a flout
At something he sees in the bright quiet air,
And in front of the cottage he makes antics rare;
He dances, he prances,
Give hiccups and kick ups,
But all without noise is his merriment made;
He laughs at the little cot,
Threatens the chimney pot,
But soft as a moth, or as light plays with shade."

In conclusion, we recommend this pretty, pleasing, and really delightful volume to all lovers of poetry, while the elegant and tasteful manner in which it is got up, makes it very suitable for presents.

Memoirs of the Reign of George II. By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. Edited by the late Lord Holland. 3 vols., London, Colburn.

To acquire knowledge from historical works is sometimes a task of great difficulty. For although the facts appear correctly related, yet, in memoirs particularly, we must consider the character of the historian; and this is peculiarly the case in the present work. Horace Walpole was an implacable foe, and an inconstant friend. We must, therefore, carefully weigh, before we receive as truth, the opinions he expresses on the actions of his contemporaries: but with the assistance of an exceedingly able preface, and also of the notes by the late editor, added to the frankness of the author himself, we are enabled to judge pretty accurately what amount of credit is due to these remarkable memoirs. They relate to the last ten years of George II. reign, and during that time Horace Walpole was placed in a good position to note the proceedings of those around him. He was in parliament, in the midst of the intrigues of hostile parties, and having apparently no political ambition he was entrusted with the secrets of the contending factions. We regret, however, that acrimonious spirit which pervades the work; he never forgot or forgave those whom he considered instrumental in the defeat and overthrow of his father the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, and he therefore omits no opportunity of saying an ill word of them, or of misrepresenting their actions. This fault however does not

in the slightest degree take from the interest of these volumes, although it may slightly from its value, we know of few works that are more replete with stirring accounts of the events or so judiciously interspersed with interesting and characteristic anecdotes. The interest never flags, and as we closed the third volume, we could only regret that our author had not continued his memoirs for the remaining six and thirty years of his life. He died in the year 1796 at the advanced age of eighty. Although in a great measure removed from the bustle of political struggle, he might nevertheless have contributed a valuable addition to that most interesting period of our history, when everything portended a change in the affairs of the world, and which afterwards took place with such fearful effect in France, and indeed throughout the whole of Europe. Horace Walpole was on the most intimate terms with Fox and Pitt, the fathers of two of the greatest statesmen and orators that England has produced. For the former he had the most unbounded admiration, and he seems in a great measure to have been worthy of it. Fox (the son) from his cradle was brought up for parliament, and he was peculiarly fortunate in having so able a father. Horace Walpole is equally severe in describing his relations as he is in speaking of the others. He tells us that his uncle "knew everything but how to be silent and how to apply his knowledge," and then that his character was a mixture of vices and follies, summing it up by saying that his impertinence was mixed with nothing. Frederick, Prince of Wales, father to George III, is still more severely handled, and from other accounts we are inclined to give the fullest credence to it. He informs us that Frederick resembled the Black Prince (whom the prince considered as his pattern) in nothing, but in dying before his father. Our space, however prevents us from entering at present so fully into the subject as its importance deserves, but we cannot conclude without observing, that any one who studies the history of his own country should not be without these volumes, which explain much that was previously obscure. We consider it one of the most amusing historical works that has appeared for many years.

The Caravan, and Other Tales. By Wilhelm Hauff. London, James Burns.

Fanciful, full of the love of eastern romance, of which the Germans are almost the only successful imitators, Wilhelm Hauff has produced, in these stories, narratives well calculated to wile away the hours on a winter's evening. For ourselves, we used to love such Christmas amusement, and, as our friends would say, could tell a right good one; had we known the good half dozen or more contained in this volume, we should have been able marvellously to add to our reputation. We can fancy ourselves, amid eager auditors, telling how Chusiæ, caliph of Bagdad, said "*mutabar*," and turned into a stork; and how he and his vizier, half starved on frogs and lizards, found an owl, who wonderfully relieved their minds by discharging their bills—for such is the tale of "Caliph Stork." "The Spectre Ship" would have enabled us to sup on horrors with a hundred companies; and with "The Severed Hand" we could have frozen up the veins, and opened the salt sluices of the eye, with half an acre of juvenile lady-auditors. In fact, in this little cheap volume are materials enough to last a story-teller for a season or two, and to such we heartily recommend it, and, indeed, to all lovers of the marvellous in fiction. The public are much indebted to Mr. Burns for his selection of tales, which in themselves form a pleasing and instructive little library.

United Service Magazine. September. London, H. Hurst.

The number of this periodical for September opens with a very able commencement of a series of articles upon that most interesting country, the Punjâb. At the present moment it is possessed of peculiar interest, since though the late outbursts have apparently been crushed, it is very obvious to all who penetrate in their researches below the surface of things, that the calm cannot long continue in a province in which the seeds of dissension are so widely scattered throughout all classes of the community. The writer of the present paper, entitled "The Sikhs and the Punjâb," brings to bear upon his subject a great amount of knowledge. He appears indeed familiar with the whole province, and enters into a description of its productions and manufactures with a familiarity which argues well for the careful study which he has bestowed upon his paper. To a very wide circle of readers the "Sikhs and the Punjâb" addresses itself, conveying as it does abundance of real information in a pleasing, easy style. "Incidents in the Career of a Surgeon's Mate," is worth perusal; and the "Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of New Zealand," is replete with interest. There are a great many articles besides of considerable merit. The continuation of the "Tale of the Sea" ably sustains its character. It is exciting, rapid, and full of incident. Some very judicious remarks are contained in the paper, entitled "On Improving the Condition of the Soldier." The writer

seems to agree with Captain Layard in the proposition which he so ably advocated before the House of Commons, and to be perfectly acquainted himself with the wants of the soldier, and the necessity of rendering his condition more comfortable. The number is full of matter well worthy of perusal.

The Gipsy, Henry of Guise, Mary of Burgundy, One in a Thousand. By G. P. R. James. London, Smith and Elder.

These new and cheap editions of Mr. James' popular and admirable fictions are now before us, and it becomes a duty to recommend them. It is quite sufficient to give the titles to induce all who can afford to become purchasers.

Susan Smith, the Ferryman's Daughter. By Eliza Leslie. London, R. Wertheim.

The fair authoress in this little but impressive tale, has worked out a true narrative in a manner highly creditable to her head and heart. It is indeed a tract which might be placed with advantage in the hands of every child. It is a sad and melancholy story, with an end, though gloomy, yet inspiring and admirable. How trifling are the glories of a warlike and proud man dying, beside this simple, true, and affecting picture of a young mother's christian death-bed. And now to find fault, In all moral stories, it is the habit to make the evil-doer the husband, the sufferer always the wife. We never have the suffering man, with a bad wife bound to him by earthly ties. This is wrong, as tending to inculcate that in all cases, where marriage is not happy, the fault lies on the male side. In our opinion, an impartial examination would divide the blame pretty equally, and a philosophic inquirer would be very apt, from the want of *reasoning* power, which exists in a vast majority of women, to place the largest amount on that side. A man's faults are prominent, they are often physical injuries done the woman; on the other side, we have the mind of man sapped by the unreasonable, half-selfish qualities, which characterise the generality, particularly uneducated women, who are not by any means *all* angelic in their composition.

We must wholly dissent, also, from the following:—

"We cannot too strongly recommend our readers to be content with that station in life in which it has pleased God to call them."

For our own part, we dissent from the opinion that God has anything to do with station. Men are born all equal, and that they are poor or rich is but the effect of human society, and is no more the will of God than he wills that murder, robbery, or any other crime, should take place. We commend every man, no matter how lowly, for striving to reach a station from which he is but accidentally excluded. Again do we have to take up the following. The intent is good, but heaven is rather disposed to give the sinner time than to cut him off in his sin:—

"This young man had come of decent parents, who had given him a good education, but whose hearts he had filled with sorrow by going to sea, not only without their consent, but against it. Let my readers mark this circumstance, and remember the fifth commandment is the commandment with promise, and let them try to recal the breakers of this law, in their own circle, if many of them have lived to a good old age!! Our own experience is decisive on the point."

With its faults, and want of philosophy in religious views, the work is still excellent, and its price, *fourpence*, is within reach of all.

Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. Translated from the German of Dr. Ulrici. London, Chapman Brothers.

It has been truly said that in England a book about Shakespeare is a literary want, a book that should not treat exclusively of the plays themselves, but which should go lower than the surface, and dive into the recesses of the poet's mind, and by so doing afford at least some clue to the ideas which were incentive to the production of his dramas. But very few have attempted this, and those who have, necessarily treat it in a somewhat limited manner; amongst them are Lamb, Hazlitt, and Coleridge. An Englishman will speak with unfeigned gratification of the Bard of Avon, and feel an inherent pride in claiming him as a countryman; he will eloquently dilate upon the manifold power of his genius, and the almost unaccountable diversity in his composition, for alike in tragedy or comedy, he stood alone. This he will energetically maintain, and hint at a want of patriotism at the idea of a comparison with others; he acknowledges Greece produced Sophocles, but he was no personator of his plays; Germany, too, he knows gave birth to Schiller, but even he was an indifferent reciter; Shakespeare he will tell you was both an actor and a poet; and with feelings of gratitude for the beneficial influence of his dramas upon posterity, he involuntarily exclaims,

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus."

He has read his works, and deems them sublime efforts of a mighty genius; he can admire the enthusiastic devotedness of Romeo and Juliet, the earnestness of wedded life in Othello, the parental affection and filial reverence in Lear—these are use-

ful lessons of morality which are hailed with delight, and received as the offsprings of unparagoned talents. Beyond this he knows nothing, ignorant of the events that led to the conception of Shakespeare's grandest plays, he sees in them no more than successful efforts to depict the endless variety of human passions. In England Shakespeare is read and admired, in Germany he is studied and revered, and some of their greatest men have aided by their literary efforts this truly noble feeling. Schlegel has given to the world some admirable productions, but no work enters so fully into the details as Dr. Ulrici's, which we have before us, and which is calculated to throw an additional and hitherto unrevealed light upon the impulse which guided Shakespeare in his compositions.

We can but rapidly glance at the principal sections of the work, the first of which is an elaborate sketch of the history of the drama, prior to the time of Shakespeare, in which it is shown that the church was the birth-place of the modern drama. We subjoin an interesting extract:

"All art is in its rise connected with religion, a proof of its divine origin as a mediate and secondary revolution. However strange the assertion may sound in the present state of dramatic art, it is not the less true that the church was the birth-place of the modern drama. If we overlook the pieces, which, after the seventh century, were frequently represented in the nunneries; and the brief spectacles which, in the eight and ninth centuries, were exhibited by monks and nuns at the funerals of their abbots and abbesses; and the pantomimes and mummings which in all ages princes and lords, as well as the common people, loved and practised on festive occasions, we must place the first beginnings of the modern drama in the so-called mysteries or Miads plays. The origin of these is very ancient, and is connected with the custom of the mediæval church, for a deacon to stand before the ambo during the reading of the lessons, and to hold up a roll, which on the side turned towards the congregation, displayed a figured representation of the particular portion of Scripture which was being read, in order that those who did not understand or could not readily follow the words might, by looking at the painting, be instructed in the contents of the lesson—be reminded of it, and so be religiously and morally improved."

The next section treats of Shakespeare's life and times, which has not been inappropriatedly styled a necessary birth, for there were wants and desires to be gratified, passions to be aroused, and lessons of morality to be conveyed, which had not Shakespeare lived would have remained silent and untaught. Thus Dr. Ulrici alludes to it:

"The age which could give birth to such a genius as Shakespeare must even have possessed the virtues and powers requisite for the production and maturity of so rare a fruit. For every man and every one who figures on the stage of the world is in the main the creation of the spirit of universal history, and his birth may be looked upon as necessary, in the same way that every great invention is not simply the arbitrary or accidental achievement of the inventor, but the inevitable result of a want of the age, which required to be satisfied."

Then an enlarged view is taken of his style, as well as a poetical view of things in general, intimating that the character of the poet is historically dependent on the contemporary condition of art, as well as the peculiar state of the age and nation; that according as do the habits and tastes of the people savour of refinement or barbarity correspondingly, so will not only be the conception of the dramatic writer, but its correct appreciation The following extract graphically describes this:

"With every true artist or poet, indeed, they can only act upon his poetical organisation so far as they are the conditions and springs of the formation of his character as a man, and of his mental development as a poet or artist. As an individual, the poet is no doubt an organic member of the totality of his nation, as well as of history and humanity, and subject, therefore, to the conditions of time and finite existence. But as a genuine poetical genius, he stands at once above every special grade of the progress of the art; he belongs to all times and all people. The greater he is, the more independent will he be of all the particular and narrow interests, ideas, and tendencies of his age and country, and the higher will he soar above the special and existing development of his art. For the human, finite individuality of the artist is, as it were, but the substratum and mechanism with which the eternal idea, the immutable mind of art, continues itself for its temporary realisation."

The author then verges into some masterly criticisms upon Shakespeare's plays, and really showing a discrimination very rarely met with. "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," and all the tragedies, are taken consecutively, and each particular phrase commented upon; and whenever there appears any apparently unintelligible sentence, great pains are taken to lay it before the reader in a lucid form. The final section of the work is an admirable essay on the comparitive relationship of Goethe and Calderon to Shakespeare, not that the remotest attempt is made to exalt the writings of either at the expense of the others, but the merits of each are minutely brought under our notice with impartiality and justice. Dr. Ulrici remarks:

"When, therefore, the mutual relation of two or more poets is spoken of, it cannot be any comparison of their artistic greatness that is thereby meant, but merely their different relations to the idea of art, and especially of poetry—that is to say, the different character of their several conceptions and realisations of it. For in and by himself, every genuine artist has an equal justification and equally a vocation; rightly to be judged of, he must be viewed in his essential difference from all other poets, and it would be absurd to measure Calderon, for instance, or Goethe, by Shakespeare's personality, or conversely to judge of

Shakespeare by theirs. But now, to the essence of an artist, the notion which he entertains of the idea of art, his artistic view of life and the world, pre-eminently belongs. There is, therefore, in the idea of art, a common centre for all, from which each may be presented in a definite, objective relation to all others. It is only of such a relation that it is allowable to speak."

We have, as much as our space will permit, given a review of Dr. Ulrici's work, one with which every German student is acquainted, and which should be found in the library of all admirers of Shakespeare. It contains throughout specimens betraying the most intimate kuowledge of dramatic literature; it is calculated to be of vast benefit to the student, and being so correctly translated into English, a task to which we are most glad in being able to give praise, we can but hope that those who are in any degree desirous of understanding the sublime plays of Shakespeare, will not fail to read with attention Dr. Ulrici's "Dramatic Art of Shakespeare."

Studies of Public Men. London, Saunders and Otley.

There is a very prevalent but at the same time injudicious method of estimating a politician's worth according to the success with which the party with whom he acts conduct their affairs, and the amount of satisfaction or dislike with which they are regarded by the nation. The supporters of the minister, for instance, can see only in their own ranks a number of Demosthenes in embryo; they can regard them but as statesmen of unmistakeable ability, possessing oratorical abilities of a high order, and as the men who can, and who only can, legislate for the people: while, on the other hand, these very sages are believed to be, by those advocating adverse sentiments, dealers in shallow theories and impracticable measures. In political warfare, there is an evident reluctance to acknowledge the truth of opposition arguments, so completely is the film of prejudice spread over the eyes of men whose political sentiments are at variance with each other. One of the main features in this work is its absence of all partiality. A retrospect is given of some of the most brilliant men who have flourished in St. Stephen's, men whose reputation has not been of an ephemeral nature, but who have stood manfully the test of time. The public characters who are introduced in this volume, Peel, Brougham, O Connell, Cobden, and D'Israeli, men whose political career, it will be allowed, was not tinted with a like shade, and who are not remarkable for coinciding on matters of importance to the public weal, and so fairly, and at the same time so minutely, are each of their public acts criticised, that it is impossible to say that the book is any other than candidly and honestly written. We subjoin one extract to show its character:—

"The judgments of contemporary writers on public men naturally divide themselves into two classes, those supporting and opposing the general policy of a minister or parliamentary leader. Of these the newspaper press forms the 'avant garde;' it embodies the section whose verdict follows most closely on the act; its opinions, promptly given, and of immediate and available power, are necessarily more or less hastily formed; and when least biassed by party claims and political antecedents, liable to large deductions for the modifying influence of even a short space of time. The judgment of posterity again is the opposite of this, and however free from the political excitement and party prejudice which warp contemporary decisions, it is apt, if the historian do not bestow great pains in weighing the impressions under which contemporary decisions have been made, to fall into indistinct outlines and incomplete views. Many features of a statesman's character can only be appreciated by contemporaries, they only being aware of the obstacles and facilities which exist in following out certain lines of policy. Let a generation have passed, and the small boundaries which distinguish minor events are obliterated by the flood of time, and only more lofty facts and party movements are visible above the waters. Perhaps the truth is, that both methods of judging have their merits, but are essentially different, like a near or distant view of the same spot, each of which may be delineated with fidelity."

At the conclusion of this political article is an essay, of considerable merit, on some points in the political and social systems of England and France, displaying an intimate knowledge of the policy and general government of the two nations; and we really hope that the author will not allow his pen to droop, but continue a review of some of the remaining bright lights which adorn our senate, for as a work affording an impartial account of the principal acts of the public men whom it mentions, it is in every degree ably and creditably written.

Fawn of Sartorius. 2 vols. London, Longman and Co.

When any literary production is ushered into the world destitute of its author's name, it is essentially necessary, in order to survive the twofold ordeal of private judgment and public criticism, that the materials of its composition should be somewhat above the ordinary standard; for no title of rank or wealth adorns the title page claiming kindred; no name, rendered familiar by preceding efforts, is ready to take it by the hand to assist in the passing of the Rubicon; for though undeniably much gratification necessary arises from the perusal of the works of men of established merit and acknowledged talent, with whose productions we are all in some degree more or less acquainted, however

pleasingly this may operate on the one hand, a still stronger and greater amount of satisfaction emanates from the reading a work making its entrance into literary world, unsupported, unprotected; the sole reliance of which is its individual merit; the only stronghold on which it can rest for succour is the purity of the composition and the genius of the author. No complimentary speeches are likely to be showered upon it for the sake of acquaintance; no sentiments of dislike liable to be restrained or disguised on the possibility of offence being given. It will encounter honest and fair criticism, and by itself, and independent of all aid, will stand or fall.

The first chapter of the "Fawn of Sartorius," or that which may be more appropriately designated as a preface, brings upon the stage two men who regard the tastes of the present day as flimsy and superficial, and the habits as monotonous and tedious. Deploring this state of things, they have therefore sought a retreat, free from and unfrequented by the common herd, with a determination of communing and holding converse with the ancients, and of indulging in serious reflections appertaining to the empires of old. To aid this imaginative design still farther, an old Bolognese ecclesiastic has, by a lucky coincidence, stumbled over a manuscript of Appius, treating of the history of Sartorius' Fawn, professedly more comprehensive and general in its details than that of Plutarch, and infinitely bearing a greater impress of authority than Sallust. By a sudden transformation, the consequence of the power of the author's pen, the scene of the drama is instantaneously changed. Actors clothed under a different garment, lead us from the consideration of the associations of the present to the recollections of the past. And so untiringly and energetically is the change sustained, that by no extraordinary power of the imagination, one might with reasonableness be led to believe they were hearers of the unperishable eloquence of the consuls, witnesses of the triumphant processions greeting conquerors and heroes, listeners to the tumultuous clashing of implements of war, and the devastation of the battle scene. We cannot, from want of space, trace step by step the various leading incidents of each chapter; it will be sufficient to remark that Sartorius, perhaps the most fortunate (as regards the carrying of arms) general of the past, is the chief actor in the drama. It is the history of that great man who has feelings embittered by the ingratitude of his countrymen, led a rival army again and again into the field, and returned unhurt: of he who, at a feast crowned with garlands, fell by the hand of a friend. To every one who possesses the most remote knowledge of ancient history, it must be apparent there is no lack of incident which might be made available to the author's purpose, and indeed nothing has been overlooked. The events have been treated in every way which could by any means be made at all subservient to the purpose, and an additional stimulus is given to the most important transactions of the time by the prescience of the Fawn,—she, who to Sertorius only, revealed his private calamities and sorrows, but before thousands detailed the successes of the camp and the soldiery, and was by the multitude, the community, regarded as the gracious messenger of destiny.

As a work entering into a minute description of the character of those times, it will be eagerly read. The student will explore its pages, and not find his labours unrewarded; the man fond of having his feelings aroused by the incomparable genius which threw a halo over the ages of bygone times, will not rise from the perusal uninstructed or unedified, for throughout the whole work is there blended such eloquent displays of argument, combined with happiness of description, as will earn for the composition a reward far more solid and imperishable, than that species of remuneration which greeted a victorious general returning from a scene of conquest. The "Fawn of Sartorius" is evidently not the work of a novice; and we have no hesitation in predicting its success amongst those who will either regard it as a work for the study, or with those who will look upon it in the light of a production yielding to them instruction and amusement. It is written with great care, and displays a vast deal of ability and talent.

Undine, from the German of Fouque. London, James Burns.

This fanciful and beautiful tale is well known to the readers of romance, and therefore this cheap edition is very welcome.

Philip Musgrave; or, Memoirs of a Church of England Missionary in the North American Colonies. Edited by the Rev. J. Abbott. [No. 33 of Murray's "Home and Colonial Library."]

This is an interesting and even admirable record of the labours and perils, toils, difficulties and privations, of the missionary life. Philip Musgrave lived for the last twenty-five years in the backwoods of Canada. A poor English curate, overworked and underpaid, he cheerfully accepted the mission as a piece of preferment; and was not a little astonished when brought into contact with the unexpected trials of his new situation. The story of his sufferings and triumphs is full of interest.

The Topic. Egypt as It Is. London, C. Mitchell.

The present is one of the most interesting numbers of this little periodical which has as yet appeared. It will be of the utmost value to all who take an interest in the affairs of Egypt, giving as it does an accurate description of the state of society there, with an account of Mohamed Ali, and the various members of his family. There are, besides, some views and speculations on the question of the transit which are of the utmost importance at the present moment, and go far to set the matter in its proper light before the public.

Evenings with the Old Story-Tellers, from the Gesta Romanorum. London, James Burns.

A very simple and pleasing digest of the tales in the work known as "Gesta Romanorum." It is an invaluable mine to the writer of fiction, and has been largely used by Gower, Lydgate, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, in the olden time; while, in the present age, Parnell, Schiller, Scott, and Southey, have equally availed themselves of these rich stores.

Frank's First Visit to the Continent. London, James Burns.

A very amusing account of a visit to France, which might with advantage be consulted by all future continental tourists.

Quentin Matsys. By Pauline Pitchler. London, James Burns.

The authoress has worked up some facts in the life of this eminent painter into a very agreeable story. Quentin Matsys' best known picture is that of the Two Misers, the original of which is supposed to be in the picture-gallery of Windsor Castle.

The Domestic Medicine Directory. By Charles Dinneford. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This volume will be found a useful companion to the family medicine-chest, and also as a guide in the administration of domestic medicines in cases where the advice of a medical man is not easily attainable.

My Razor and Shaving Tackle. By John Teetgen.

This pamphlet will be read with pleasure and profit by all who feel an interest in the subject of which it treats, as well for the humour pervading every page, as for its simple and lucid explanations whereby the author instructs us "how to shave to perfection."

Our Tattler.

Anti-Slavery League.

On Monday, September 14, in the year of our Lord 1846, drawn by our strong hatred of oppression and slavery, *white* and *black*, we attended a meeting at Exeter Hall, expecting to hear something of the wrongs suffered by the unfortunate negro in the United States and elsewhere. We did not expect much novelty, nor that much good would be done, since the parties that got up the meeting had none of the requisites to command success. Before we accord our sympathy and support to any body such as the Anti-Slavery League professes to be, we must be satisfied that its members are sincere, disinterested, and worthy. Now, as leaders in a great, holy, and good cause, we hold that Mr. Garrison and Mr. George Thompson are not worthy of the support of thinking men. They have too little sense in their mode of proceeding, too little charity in their language, too great a love of abusing, and vilifying, and maligning their fellow-men, to be a league of power and good. They speak Bible in hand, but their speech is most uncharitable; they quote Scripture, but they make a very ill use of it. The meeting we allude to, then, was not an anti-slavery meeting; it was merely a meeting got up by certain splenetic parties to revenge themselves on the late Evangelical Conference, because, wishing an union of all christian sects, it excluded such as it thought not orthodox; it was an anti-clerical, it was an anti-religious meeting.

Mr. Garrison, throughout the whole of his long and rambling address, said not a word about American slavery. He confined himself entirely to the grateful and apparently congenial task of abusing the Evangelical Alliance. He called it an assembly of hypocrites, because, having met together for a particular and special purpose, they did not turn aside to make the question of American negro slavery a prominent part of the business of their assembly; because, on one or two occasions, they demanded in prayer that God would aid their deliberations, this flaming American orator had the audacity to call their prayer blasphemy before God! He quoted largely from Evangelical Alliance speeches, for what purpose but to ornament his own no one could see, and sat down after having, by his intemperate and incautious language, disgusted every sensible man who heard him.

The fact is, that the abolitionists, though generally well-meaning men, have no enlarged views; they are, unfortunately, men of narrow minds, who ride their hobby to death. Meet for corn-law abolition, and

they shout—"Negro-slavery;" agitate for cheap sugar, still they cry "Negro-slavery;" seek, by bringing together men of every true christian creed in a great bond of brotherhood, to cause union between the various sects, and to do away with much bitterness and jealousy, and they will din again "Negro-slavery" into your ears. They understand no other question; they cannot grasp at political or religious views which affect the universe; theirs is one idea, beyond which they are as ignorant as Kamschatkians.

But calumny, exaggeration, and the constant use of assertions which are not warranted by fact, end by disgusting all men who wish to carry out the changes which others make mere vehicles for frothy declamation. During all the great anti-slavery movement in this country, much that was not true was put forth from intemperate zeal by even the best of its apostles, but they never turned upon the ministers of religion generally, and made slavery an excuse for vilifying the teachers of the gospel.

In our opinion, the Exeter Hall meeting was but part of an insidious movement against the revealed religion; no opportunity was lost for assailing priests, ministers, bishops, and it is well known how old and stale a trick it has always been for the enemies of truth and the gospel to assail its teachers. Mr. George Thompson said, with awful levity, that "an anti-slavery meeting was necessarily an anti-clerical one!" What stronger proof could be urged that the religion must be bad whose ministers could be the advocates of a system so infernal as that of man-stealing?

Not content, however, with assailing the Evangelical Alliance, a body with which we by no means identify ourselves, Mr. George Thompson next attacked, in the strongest language, the Free Church of Scotland, and its organs in the press, as upholders of the system of American slavery. He called them an assembly of man-stealers, and did all he could to induce a belief that they were enemies to the cause of emancipation.

We shall at a future time go fully into the question of American slavery; we shall endeavour to show how it may be gradually abolished, by gentle means, by gaining over the American people to the cause. It will never be done by the instrumentality of a little firebrand committee, sitting in London, calling itself the Anti-Slavery committee, and which will scarcely even be heard of in America, which it described as trembling at the sound of its (the London Anti-Slavery League's) denunciations!

The Queen in Jersey.

A decent respect for the powers that be, a show of kindly greeting towards the sovereign, and some little enthusiasm on the score of her being a young and lovely woman, is both natural and comprehensible. A queen or a king, a president of a republic or other chief magistrate, as the case may be, should, as the representative of a great country, meet with attention and manly homage. Unfortunately, however, in all countries, the amount of little minds far exceeds those possessed of enlarged views. Royalty, therefore, is worshipped in England after a style which would not be equalled, we are quite certain, on the advent of another Saviour. We have read with shame and disgust the account of her majesty's visit to Jersey. That the Jersey folks should have been gratified by a royal pageant, that they should have made some show upon a very agreeable occasion, that, as things go, they should have felt some degree of pride, is understandable enough. But on what ground, from what cause, arose the silly demonstrations which took place, we are at a loss to conceive. Her majesty, Prince Albert, and the little princes are, doubtless, very important personages in the state; they spend an immense amount of public money, for which we appear tolerably grateful, only anxious, it seems, that the figure should be increased. The queen is the first magistrate, nominally, in the realm, and curiosity would naturally be alive to catch a glimpse of her. But in the name of common sense, of decency, of that homage only due to heaven, why will people lie down and thus worship their fellow-creature?—an amiable young lady, an exemplary wife, a very attached mother, with the simple fact of being exalted by the accident of birth to a very high place in the state.

We blush to own that we are of the same race with beings who humiliate their species by such exhibitions as that described in the *Jersey Times*. The editor of that very agreeable paper is quite right to narrate the royal visit as he does; he is speaking the sentiments of his readers, who, when calm reason regained its sway, must have blushed at their own degradation. A royal touch was, in the dark times, considered as good for the king's evil; a royal visit in Jersey is accounted a cure for every ill. Nay, the results of a queen setting her foot upon the island are awful to contemplate!

"Thursday, September 3, 1846, was a great day in the annals of Jersey—it was the beginning of a new era. In that small point of time, she hurried forward years in civilisation—she strided with huge paces towards the age in advance of her."

And high time too, as, if Jersey has strided a century in advance of her former self, she must be still a couple of hundred years behind her neighbours, to judge from such a melancholy exhibition of servility.

"Here, then, was displayed the innate beauty, the naturalness, so to speak, of monarchy. It brought to a focus the nobler sentiments and motives of the heart; it opened largely and grandly the hero worship centred in the soul, wanting which expansion, men bicker and fight amongst themselves, they know not why."

Hero-worship! we can half understand that—we can comprehend men paying homage to talent, to genius, to those who by their patriotism, or wisdom, or devotion, have deserved well; but rank-worship is as mean as hero-worship is natural.

We are told that the consequences are to be mighty, that paltry dissensions, even difference of opinion, is henceforth to be done away with. For how long? For a week? Then,

"There was so much of the pure and beautiful, such a magnificent efflux of the great and goodly feelings of the heart in the scenes we have witnessed."

That is, there was an enormous development of the organs of curiosity and servility ("the pure and beautiful"), for never did we hear of more thorough abasement of the dignity of men. From "the heart-sprung and sublime" *vivas*, the Jersey-men keeping it up all night, we pass to record how well the sun behaved himself:

"The mellow haze of twilight dawn melted gradually away; a gentle breeze sprung up, and out came the sun, in his most radiant effulgence, to greet the monarch of the widest and most flourishing empire his light rises or sets upon."

We omit, from unwillingness to dwell upon what is to us a sad and melancholy exhibition of human weakness, many gems; we forbear saying what we think of the lovely wives and daughters who turned chorus-singers for the day, but we cannot leave unrecorded the following:—

"Her majesty was graciously pleased to give to the bailiff, from her own lips, the same *condescending* terms of royal eulogy on the inhabitants and the country; and the royal prince, we understand, *benignantly* expressed himself in a similar manner."

Condescension and benignity would sound well as applicable to the great Giver of Good, but, as applicable to a man and woman, is a most pitiful exhibition of the degraded minds which can regard a simple and hearty expression of approval as benignant, as condescending.

"Blended in her countenance was an air of affable condescension and courteous dignity."

The prince, who seemed "a man who thought beyond the hour," was, doubtless, biting his lip to keep from laughing in the faces of his servile followers!

"We are assured, that on hearing the enthusiastic cheering of the people, her majesty shed tears."

The education of the youth who may one day hold the position now held by his illustrious parent appears to have been commenced with spirit:—

"The little Prince of Wales went on deck dressed as a sailor—a glazed hat, checked shirt, the handkerchief round the collar tied in a sailor's knot, blue jacket, and white trousers, were his costume. The sailors gave the royal sailor nine times nine, and when that was over, he ordered a glass of grog to be given to each of them."

The following is the richest piece of folly we ever recollect in connection with the physiology of loyalty:—

"In the chair sent for her majesty by Mr. Le Gallais, cabinet-maker, many thousands of persons felt it their pleasure to sit."

Now it is not only the people who are to blame—it is the press which is greatly at fault. Let an important discovery be made, let a meeting of wise and erudite men take place, let a great principle be worked out, let any movement occur which may benefit mankind, and a little corner, a few columns in small print, narrate the fact; but let a king or queen pay a visit, go yatching, or dine with another king, and every paper resounds with a fact as useless of record as that Mr. Dunn dined with Duke Humphrey. The metropolitan press, except those only read by women, are not liable to this censure; but, in too many instances, it is the ill-advised trumpeting of trifles in print which gives them importance with the people. And a more trifling occurrence, to any sensible man, than that the queen went to Jersey could not well be recorded. It deserved five lines.

Drury Lane, October 3.

Mr. Bunn, having completed his engagements, and strengthened his company, has fixed on Saturday for the opening. The last season was unfortunate, despite the production of Mr. Wallace's "Maritana," and the engagement of Carlotta Grisi. The lessee has profited by past misfortunes, and the campaign is likely to be successful, if there be truth in speculation. The company consists of Harrison, D. W. King, Barker, Henry, Borrani, Stretton, Weiss, S. Jones, and a new tenor, of whom much is expected. Amongst the ladies are Miss Romer, Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, and Miss Collett. Mrs. Bishop, whose success in Italy has been very great, will appear

in the "Maid of Artois," into which Balfe has introduced several new airs. Viardot Garcia is also promised, and, if she form one of the company, it is intended to produce Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia" on a scale of great splendour. Amongst the *debutantes* will be a Miss Messent, a pupil of the Royal Academy, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs. The agreement with Jenny Lind is still in force, so that the "Swedish Nightingale" will not be able to sing at any other theatre, if the love of fame should prompt her to visit London. Three operas have been accepted—one from Balfe, one from Lavenu, and another from Wallace. We are right glad of this, as it is upon native talent alone that Mr. Bunn should as much as possible stand; and sure are we that if the promise be kept, the season will be profitable and satisfactory. For the ballet, a great many engagements have been effected. We are to have Flora Fabbri, for whom a new ballet, entitled "Ersilie," has been composed, Plunkett, Adele, Louise, Guibelei, and perhaps Carlotta Grisi. The new dancers are Madlle. Sophie Fuoco, *premiere danseuse* of the Academie Royale de Musique; Madlle. Paderna, from La Scala and San Carlos; Mademoiselle Theodore and Mademoiselle Borderie, both from the Academie; and Mademoiselle Benard. The ballet of "Betty," which is founded on an adventure of Charles II. is to be produced, and the revivals will include the "Devil to Pay," the "Peri," "Giselle," and "Paquita." The house has been redecorated, and a new drop scene, painted by Mr. Grieve and Mr. Telbin. The shape of the orchestra has been altered into a circular form, and its members considerably increased. Schira conducts. The chorus will be under the able direction of Mr. Tully, and Mr. West is to be the superintendent of spectacle. From the above list of popular names, we augur well for the ensuing season.

Haymarket, October 1.

This delightful little theatre opens this day with a most powerful and excellent company. We have the promise of a new play, in which Helen Faucit will appear, by Marston. To-night the company will perform the "Poor Gentleman," the "Fortune Hunter," and the delightful farce of the "Cabinet Question."

Princess's.

A most lively, entertaining, and pleasing little comedy, called "Love's Telegraph," has been running all the month, at this house. It is admirably suited to the talents of Madame Vestris and Charles Matthews. On Monday, September 21, "Clarissa Harlowe" was produced, too late for notice, but will be faithful chronicled next month. It is supported by Matthews, Oxberry, and Mrs. Stirling.

Adelphi.

Madame Celeste, so charming as Miami, so graceful and energetic as Clarisse, so natural in "St. Mary's Eve;" Wright, than whom no living comic actor is more genuinely clever, causing the spectator to roar with his uproarious mirth and humour; Paul Bedford, whose merit we certainly think over-rated, with many others, cause this to be one of the most attractive houses in London. For real fun there is not its equal. The stock pieces are "Eugenia Claircille," "The Judgment of Paris," in which Wright is immense as Venus, and "Why don't you send your Wife to Camberwell." "Eugenia Clairecille" is a new domestic drama, and it was produced with all that care and attention for which this house is so well known. To attempt a detail of the plot and incidents that were crowded into a representation enduring nearly three hours, would involve us in a labyrinth from which it would be difficult to escape. It must therefore suffice if we indicate that the staple incidents comprise a rich dying uncle, a fawning legacy hunter, an orphan niece, a roguish lawyer, a repentant burglar, and a lover, who, like the Deus of the poet, worthily steps in and offers his *intersit* at the appropriate critical moment when, but for him, all would have been lost. Madame Celeste was the nucleus around which all the successive events revolved, and she fully redeemed the hopes of the author by concentrating upon herself the whole interest of the drama. The secondary parts of the plot and the minor characters constituted, in our opinion, the principal attraction. Paul Bedford, as a stray lollypop-seller, and Mrs. Frank Mathews, as his wife, afforded a fund of amusement to the admirers of the grotesque: whilst Mr. Munyard, as Pegg, the lawyer's clerk, not only excited merriment, but gave indications that he possesses a species of comic talent which has been absent from the boards ever since little Knight "shuffled off this mortal coil." We need hardly observe that the drama was successful, but perhaps it may be excusable if, for the benefit of future auditors, we hint at the expediency of shortening the first two acts, and thus of hastening the advent of the third, which really contains as much legitimate and racy humour and fun as we have for a long time past witnessed in a new piece.

Sadler's Wells.

The enterprising manager has increased his claims upon the lovers of our classic drama, by placing worthily upon his boards the most attractive of our wondrous bard's tragedies. "Romeo and Juliet" was presented for the first time to a Sadler's Wells audience, and the cast, scenery, and general getting up, were of a character quite in keeping with Mr. Phelps' previous efforts. More, we are persuaded, need not be said to assure those who have watched this gentleman's progress, that the new effort he has made to assert the claims of his profession merits their earnest and ardent support. Of the manner in which the drama was represented it is most gratifying to us to be enabled to say that, abating here and there a false emphasis, or a misreading, the performance was satisfactory. Romeo was performed by Mr. Creswick, who in general plays earnestly, and with some degree of grace; a little more discrimination in the scenes where his passions are roused, combined with somewhat more regard for modulation in his tones, would probably add to the satisfaction of his hearers. Mr. Phelps, as Mercutio, displayed that genuine and never-failing good sense which characterises his readings of the higher class of dramas. His delivery of the Queen Mab sally was light and airy, and yet as emphatic and impressive as if it had been uttered with the gravity of a senator. Of Miss Laura Addison, who undertook the part of Juliet, it is again our duty to speak in terms of sincere commendation. It is a task of great delicacy so to apportion praise as not to awaken overweening self-satisfaction; as, on the other hand, it is difficult to hint at a shortcoming or a fault without depressing unduly the person whose histrionic attempts occasion the critic's remarks. With respect to Miss Addison it may be observed that the proximate sentiments awakened by her delivery of her first sentences was that of constraint; but the young actress very speedily shook this off, and rising in passion and dignity as the action of the drama proceeded, she occasionally, and that not sparingly, gave vent to her feelings in a strain so moving, and with gestures so appropriate and impassioned, as to rouse the sympathies of her auditors to a high point, and by winning their sympathies obtained their well-merited applause. A little care and more experience will, we are convinced, place this lady in the foremost rank of tragic artists. As it was, it was the best Juliet we remember to have witnessed. The tragedy was followed by the evergreen comedietta of "Matrimony," one of the most pleasing productions of the pen of Mr. Kenney, whose dramatic laurels have not of late had any addition made to them, to our regret. In the "Lady of Lyons," and "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Laura Addison still continues to attract deservedly at this deserving temple of the classic drama.

Lyceum.

This attractive theatre having several novelties announced, we shall give them full notice next month.

Madame Tussaud's.

Richard Cobden, the deservedly celebrated Anti-Corn Law Leaguer, has been added to this exhibition, which is one of those which never tire upon the visitor.

Polytechnic Institution.

In this admirable institution, in which clear, useful, and exceedingly entertaining lectures are delivered on every new invention that is likely to be of public utility, there has been deposited an invention of a Mr. Ruttie, for enabling ships to avoid the danger of collision at night. It consists of different coloured lamps, which can be burnt at a trifling expense, and are so placed upon the mast as to distinguish steamers from sailing vessels.

Hippodrome.

Monsieur Tourniare and his clever *troupe* of well-named horses and clever horsemen, commenced a novel species of entertainment, in the style of Franconi's, at Paris, in Lord's Cricket-ground, last Monday. Mr. W. Blight's brass-band attended, and performed popular airs in a satisfactory and very excellent style. There was plenty of horsemanship in the ring, some of which the public have already seen and approved of. It consisted of races of an exciting character (amongst which was a race of mounted monkeys, booted and spurred after the most legitimate fashion) of Signor Emidy's feats of balancing, of several displays of equitation and strength, and last, though not least, came a chariot-race, similar to that which took place some time since at Vauxhall. The speed of the chariots, the skill with which the horses were guided, and the closeness of the struggle for precedence, made the scene very entertaining. The ground was well attended, notwithstanding that "Everybody is out of town."

Adelaide Gallery, Casino.

Laurent has renovated and newly arranged this place for promenade concerts; it will doubtless be successful.

F. A. R.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 4.] NOVEMBER. [Vol. 2, 1846.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter XI.

EDWARD AND MARGARETTA.

TWO hours previous to the interview recorded between Jones and Philip, Edward Blake, according to agreement, wandered into the garden of the Eagle's Nest to spend a quiet hour with Alice and Margaretta. The young sailor was actuated by various and strange emotions; he knew not why, but his mind foreboded ill. In reality he was in that state of uncertainty and doubt, which, of all sensations, is most disagreeable. He had hitherto never loved; he had heard and read of this passion, of which it has been truly said, that "it breathed the breath of life into poetry, and elicited music and voice from the coldest human clay," but he had never experienced either its joys or its sorrows.

Young, sensitive, full of the quick passion and tenderness that seem inseparable from the educated and high-minded sailor, Blake was now placed in a strange position. Beside him were two women, both attractive, both lovely, both possessed of every charm which could soul-entrance him, and yet he hesitated. On one side, the gentle charms of the fair Alice subdued his heart, and filled him with quiet and radiant hope; on the other, the fiery beauty, the energy, and commanding mien of the Mexican involuntarily filled his thoughts, and he entered the garden prepared to drink deep the intoxicating draught, but as yet ignorant which would gain the day.

He found Margaretta alone.

Now, had the blind god have selected any means of entrapping the susceptible hero of this narrative, he could not have chosen a time or place more favourable to the triumph of her who first presented herself to Edward's notice. It was true, he was already much disposed in Alice's favour, but her's was one of those natures which grow upon our affections by degrees, but which, once rooted, are not to be cast aside, while the Mexican was of a beauty and character likely to strike the eye, to induce an immediate surrender, as likely however to be followed by a speedy rebellion.

The moon was faintly glimmering in the sky, a gentle sweetness filled the cold night air, refreshing both to mind and body, as Edward approached the seat on which Margaretta, in a pensive mood, sat smiling as the young man came near.

* Continued from p. 189.

"Good evening, cavalier," said she, gaily.

"Good evening, signora," replied Edward; "but where is our hostess?"

"Alice is with Don Juan," she said; "he has been unwell, and she has taken him some refreshment. I sat with him awhile, but the room was close, and I came out here."

And then, as if anxious to change the subject,

"Have you such evenings in your country?"

"Rarely," he said, "but as I am not of those who find only faultiness in their own land, I will say, that I have seen as beautiful a night there as in any other part of the world."

"I should like to see your country, signor," she continued, gravely; "I have heard much of its power, and would fain know the truth."

Blake's heart beat quickly.

"It is a great country," he replied, "and though less grand than some of its compeers, can yet show front with the most picturesque."

"There is enough of native beauty here," said the Mexican; "it is not that I seek. I would find a land where my soul was free, where a woman is not a slave, to be given away at will; where parents, proud relatives, have not the power to make a heart miserable for life."

"Can they do it anywhere?" said Edward, surprised.

"Can they?" replied the Mexican, with an hysteric laugh. "They can, and do it in my wretched country. There a woman, ere she be married, is a mere puppet without will, a thing to be tossed about with so many wretched dollars, as a make-weight; a peg to hang a scheme upon. Two families are united in the bonds of friendship or interest, and this friendship or interest she is made the mere instrument for consolidating. If her partner be hateful, aged, a fool, it is no matter—she has no voice, no will. Tell me, signor, of a country where such things are not, and there is my home."

This was said with terrible vehemence, and Edward Blake let into his heart a powerful ingredient of love—pity.

"Signora, you speak warmly," he said, in tender tones.

"Because I feel," she exclaimed. "I am a Mexican, but I am a woman, and I know the day might have come when I might have loved, when I might have felt the affection which should bind me undyingly to a fellow creature, and I know too that by the fearful power of custom, because I own a fortune, that I am doomed, and it cannot be."

Edward Blake scarcely knew what to reply—his mind was so filled with varied and tumultuous thoughts. Could it be that, affianced to some hated one whom policy and family arrangements bound her to, she now, on seeing him, had allowed tender thoughts to arise, and in the dawn of her love for him, cursed the cruel fate which had promised her to another. Blake, young, inexperienced in the world's ways, knew not woman's heart, and that though she might love him, yet too, all this while, be but conjuring up imaginary ills to excite his pity, and thus command his tender interest.

"Doomed!" he exclaimed, with an effort at gaiety, "you, so young, so beautiful, talk of being doomed——"

"So young, so beautiful, you say," she replied, with a transient gleam of satisfaction, which she effectually prevented him from seeing, "here lies the evil. Were I not young, this ill might soon pass; were I ugly, I might less repine."

"Madam," said Edward, gravely, "I do not pretend to know your secret history, but I surely cannot tell why one, with native charms like yours, with many and happy years before you, with wealth and fortune, should repine. Were I, a poor devil, to do so, I should scarcely think it out of place."

"And are you poor?" inquired Margaretta, fixing her large eyes pityingly upon him.

Poor Edward, his heart was escaping him every minute.

"I am poor, madam, very poor; but I have my sword and my honour, and I fear nothing."

"No! you may look around and choose where you will. You are poor; well, success waits for the brave, and then a rich and lovely wife may repair what fortune had before churlishly denied."

"A rich wife, if I could love her," said the young man, his face crimson with emotion, "would be a good gift of fortune, but if, when I choose, I love truly, I shall not ask her wealth."

"You would love her for herself alone?" said Margaretta.

"I would."

"Happy woman!" muttered the Mexican, in faint tones, which, if not meant for his ear, reached it, and made his heart leap.

"Why happy woman?" he timidly inquired, fixing his eyes anxiously on the young woman's face, beside whom he was now seated.

"Did you hear me?" said the other, with a sigh; "because a woman who is loved for herself, whose fortune never tempted, whose lover cares but for her, is happier than a queen."

"Doubtless you may be as happy," remarked the young sailor.

"Never!"

"Why?"

"It is impossible."

"Lady, you speak in enigmas."

"I speak the truth. But this is idle talk; I know not why I have indulged in it."

"It may not be so idle," replied Edward, with a swelling heart.

"How so?"

"Forgive me, lady," he said; "I am as yet a stranger to you; we have been cast together by accident; we may in time know one another better——"

"What mean you, signor?" exclaimed the young Mexican, starting back in affright.

"I mean," said Edward, trembling with anxiety, "that I know not what to say—I would fain hope——"

"Hope what?"

"Madam," he exclaimed, "I will not say I love you, because I know you not enough; but this I cannot refrain from uttering, that I know I shall."

"Sooner love hell itself," cried the girl, starting from her seat, pale with anguish, for heaven knows whether she responded to his feelings or not; "sooner go and cast yourself headlong from the top of yonder block—sooner do any mad and terrible thing, than let your heart say you love me."

"Why, lady?"

"Signor, I felt wretched to-night, and I spoke freely, more freely than I should to you, a stranger; had I known that there was the bare chance of such an ending to our speech, I had not said one word. Young man, this is the last time we speak together. It might rob you, it would rob me, ever of peace."

"Gracious heavens, lady! why this terror?"

"You speak, signor, to the wife of Don Juan de Chagres. Yes! It was my own wretched fate, being bound by force, to suit the will of a rich family, to wed a man near fifty years older than myself, that I foolishly complained of to you."

Edward Blake, pale, trembling, horror-struck, leaned against the wall for support.

"The wife——"

"Yes," said Margaretta, with assumed gaiety, "you see before you the wife of the man you took so gallantly to be my father. This should I have said before, but I own am ever ashamed to say. So come, signor, your pretended passion, for surely it must be pretended, will have no excuse now. Had I been a maid, you might have feigned a sudden fit of love, and have kept up the joke; but as it is, excuse me if I remind you that, in our country, such jokes sometimes end seriously. Jealousy is the passion of old men."

It was difficult to tell if Margaretta felt or not as she spoke. But Blake was yet unable even to hear what she said.

"The wife of Don Juan de Chagres!" he muttered half incoherently.

"Good God!" mused the Mexican; "and does he love me then? Is it come to this so soon? Oh, wretched fate is mine. But though his forced bride, though dragged by violence to the altar, though I spat upon the ring, and called God to witness I was not his wife, yet in the world's eyes I am Donna Juanna de Chagres."

This was said with a proud and swelling mien, as if she remembered herself.

"Madam, I thank you for reminding me," said the young man. "I had hoped different, when I thought you free. But," he added solemnly, taking her hand in his, "fear me not, madam. I now am armed against myself. So quickly born, this love will as quickly die. With me, I feel there must be hope for love to feed upon. There is none here, and I shall think of this evening as a dream."

In truth, so simple, and yet so right-minded, was the character of the young sailor, that with him the discovery he had made, as a matter of course, at once erased even the shadow of love from his heart, though it left that heart sorely vacant.

He had lived ages in an hour. In that time, his sudden passion had grown to a climax; in that time, it had perished. There was a void, however, made, which caused him to feel far less at ease than he had done before.

"Believe me," said the Mexican, with equal gravity, though not without some slight evidence of pique in her manner, "had I known your susceptibility, I should not have hesitated a moment about declaring myself a wife this morning. I rejoice, however, to see that your good sense can so speedily efface the first impression."

"Had you been free, madam," replied Edward, with a sigh, "my first impression would never have been effaced. Each day my love would have increased, each hour it would have grown stronger; but here comes Alice."

"Welcome, our hostess," said Margaretta, half gloomily.

"I am sorry not to have met you here before," replied Alice, addressing Edward; "but as madam wished me to remain awhile with her husband, while he dozed to sleep, I thought it a duty to comply."

Margaretta bit her lip. Why, it was difficult to tell.

"At length, however, you are come," said Edward, endeavouring to rouse himself; "and as 'tis said better late than never, I think I have a promise to perform."

"I think you have," replied Alice; "but as it is growing late, and Norah yonder points to tea—which remnant of civilisation I indulge in—let us into the house, and then I will hear you with pleasure."

Edward Blake willingly acquiesced, though when, as coming into the light, he saw how Alice gazed curiously at his pallid countenance (nor was Margaretta undisturbed), he regretted the change. Miss Stevens walked silently to her chair, and the young sailor saw that she was musing on what might have caused his being thus moved. Determined that she should have no cause for suspecting his untoward feelings, he at once roused himself, and began the narrative of his shipwreck, which he had promised to detail.

There is always eloquence in truth; and when, therefore, a man tells of things which have happened unto himself, he possesses a power of description, an animation, of which he is before scarcely cognisant. Thus was it with Edward; for rising with the occasion, his language became rich and glowing, his eyes beamed with light, his colour came and went, his nostrils dilated, and forgetting all but the event he was narrating, he swept on in a perfect hurricane of scenic power. His listeners heard him with wrapt attention, and as he ceased, from actual want of breath, sat silent and anxious for the termination. So minute, however, was the young man in his details, that it was midnight ere the party broke up.

Chapter XII.

THE ESCAPE.

The moon shone silent on the misty night, the white vapours that rose from forest and prairie hanging heavily in "ghost-like billows" o'er the scene.

"The fireflies o'er the meadow
In pulses come and go,
The elm tree's heavy shadow
Weighs on the grass below,
And faintly from the distance
The dreaming cock doth crow.
All things look strange and mystic,
The very bushes swell,
And take wild shapes and motions
As if beneath a spell.
The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall."

A faint breeze moving as yet in dim whispers, to which the pines and elms made tremulous reply, was rising, and before it the enchanted ocean of ghostly vapour began to move, like wreaths of smoke from the battle-field after the fight is done. Masses of fog,

"Fitful like a wind-waved flame,"

broke around, unveiling the forest and prairie; then the sea-like swell of the blast came louder and louder, the nebulous appearance of all nature gradually faded, the fog soared upward on the wind wings, and sought its accustomed place.

It was dawn of day.

"'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disc emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze
Seen through the leafless wood."

Chinchea, the Long Arm, and the Rose of Day, were already on foot, as the most

difficult part of their enterprise had yet to be accomplished, that of passing the chain of banditti which surrounded the summit of the Live Oak Crest.

Fair and sunny was the morn, as Chinchea and his party prepared to brave the perils which surrounded them, on their departure towards Camp Comanche, whither it was now doubly necessary he should arrive, both to bring the promised succour, and to place the Rose of Day in the safe keeping of her parents until he was prepared to unite her fortunes to his for ever, The utmost caution was used to deceive the no doubt watchful sentinels, who awake and alert, now that they knew an enemy had been among them, would be baffled only by great ingenuity and care. Their purpose was aided by a breeze which had sprung up, for as

"The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts;"

so, on that lofty summit, a wind which on the plain would scarcely have been perceptible, blew keen and raw, making rude music in the trees.

Chinchea, his rifle thrown into the hollow of his arm, and the lock, which all night had been carefully wrapped from the influence of the envious dew, now uncovered and prepared for action, led the way, erect, proud, in all the prelude of savage dignity. Long Arm, humbled by his own act, that of the forced abduction of the bride of another, walked behind, while the lovely Indian girl, all roses like the dawn, which she greeted merrily—more merrily than for many past days—came meekly in the rear.

They proceeded but a few steps skirting the edge of the pine grove which had sheltered them from the night, and reached a platform of rock removed only from that occupied by Blackhawk, by about fifty feet of bush. Here the party halted.

At any other time even the Indian might have been disposed to revel in the beauty of nature, but now all his energies were devoted to the task of extricating himself from the difficult position in which he was placed. Clutching his rifle, and treading with almost noiseless footsteps, he skirted the thicket which had served to shelter him and his friends for the night, and brought himself thus facing the Eagle's Nest. He listened now with eager attention for any note of preparation on the part of the besiegers, within a few yards of whose position on the summit of the Eagle's Nest he was now about to climb, that being the only route by which he could hope to gain the plain.

"The pale faces sleep," said the Long Arm, with an uneasy contraction of the face, as if the memory of the past night were unpleasant to him; "the fire water has filled their head with dreams."

"Good," muttered Chinchea; "but they are snakes; they hide themselves in the grass, and may bite and not be seen."

"Ugh!"

"Let the Long Arm go," said the chief, pointing to the path which led upward to the camp of the banditti, "and see what the white men do above. He will be safe; the chief of the pale faces sleeps yet in the cavern mouth."

"Ugh!" replied the other, and loosening his tomahawk he obeyed.

With this monosyllable, the Long Arm, concealing under a careless mien his anxious feelings, moved slowly up the rugged path which led to the summit of the Live Oak Crest, in an opposite direction to that by which Blackhawk had descended to his woodland supper.

"The Rose will wait yonder," continued the chief, tenderly, pointing to a huge sycamore, which,

"Autumn dyed
With lavish hues,"

could, behind its vast umbrageous head, shelter and conceal her.

"The Rose will wait," said the girl, with a smile, a smile which

"All rosy fresh with innocent morning dew,"

went mannalike to the heart of the warrior.

"Good."

This was all he said, and then treading softly, so as not to be heard, he moved towards the scene of the previous night's debauch, in order to discover if any movement, dangerous to his own plans, had as yet taken place in that quarter. As he neared the spot, silence brooded over all. Nor voice, nor sound of life was heard, and when reaching a spot whence, without being seen, he could overlook all, the whole party presented the same aspect as when he had left them on the previous night. Blackhawk lay near the extinguished fire, his head thrown back, his arms stretched

as if in a deep and heavy sleep, while Pedro and Carcassin were near at hand in a similar state.

Presently, however, the chief of the outlaws moved uneasily, the chill morning air seemed slightly to affect him, and he gradually gained a sitting posture. His eyes opened slowly and with difficulty, and he gazed around as one who believed himself in a dream. After a while the senses gained their sway, and he discovered the severed lock upon his breast, and Anton sitting upright at the entrance of the cave, his arms and legs bound, but the gag removed from his mouth.

"Anton," said the outlaw, "what means this?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian.

"Why, methought I went to sleep in the cave, and here, at cock-crow, I wake and find myself on the stony platform."

"Ugh!"

"Where is the Long Arm?"

"Gone."

"The Rose of Day?"

"Gone."

"Thunder!" said the outlaw, springing up, and rushing at the throat of the unfortunate cook, "gone! how—when—where?"

"Chin——"

"Chin me no chin!" exclaimed the bandit, striking the crouching Indian furiously as he spoke, "where are they?"

"Gone with Chin——"

"Dolt! idiot! knave!" cried Blackhawk, more furiously, "who told you this?"

"Chin——"

"Fool! who waited on me last night?"

"Chinchea!"

"Who is Chinchea?"

"The Leaping Panther."

"The Leaping Panther!" thundered the outlaw, "he here last night! Bearding me in my very den. But he and Long Arm are enemies!"

"They have buried the hatchet."

"And the Rose of Day?"

"Is with her own warrior—the flower of the Comanches."

"God of Heaven, and am I to be tricked thus with impunity by a brutish red skin? My very soul thickens at the thought. How they will laugh and jibe."

"Ugh!" said the sullen savage, scowling at the bandit, his soul writhing beneath the blow which the other had most unwisely inflicted.

Blackhawk had roused a lion which he would have some difficulty in putting down.

"But this is all idle," cried the chief; "action, not talk, will serve our turn. Pedro, Carcassin, awake."

"*Buenos noches*," muttered the Mexican, "*caramba! nuestra demonia*; who calls?"

"I."

"Who's I?" said the sleepy lieutenant, opening his eyes.

"Blackhawk," thundered the outlaw.

"Oh! what's the matter, that one cannot sleep?"

"Matter! hell is the matter. Wake that brute Carcassin."

"Carcassin, my boy!" said Pedro.

"*Plait-il, garçon*," replied the Frenchman, "an omelet and bottle of Burgundy."

"Why, what does the fool say?"

"Oh, I was dreaming, *mon dieu*, that I was in the *Café Royal*, supping with the devil."

"You were not far wrong then," said Blackhawk.

"I think not," said Pedro, slily.

"No jokes," continued the chief, furiously; "that devil Chinchea, the Leaping Panther, was here last night, bound our cook in the cave, took his place, drugged our liquor, laughed in our sleeves, and stole away with Long Arm and the Indian girl."

"The Rose of Day," said Pedro, drily.

"I say, Blackhawk," asked Carcassin, maliciously, "what was that toast of yours?"

"What toast?"

"Here's to the Rose of Day, and he who wins her."

"Damnation!" thundered the outlaw, "this is no time for folly such as this. Away above, alarm the camp, let the whole country be scoured, but they must be found."

"*Bon!*" said the Frenchman; "here's some warm work."

"I like it," said Pedro.

"Which way went they?" asked the chief, addressing Anton.

"Ugh?" answered the sullen Indian, inquiringly.

"I say, idiot, dost hear, which way went they?"

"Down!" replied the irate Comanche, pointing in the direction whence the Leap

ing Panther had ascended on the previous night.

"Go," said Blackhawk, "bring down the whole band; if they be there, the foxes are caught in their own trap."

The two lieutenants sped upwards on their errand, in obedience to the commands of their chief, secretly delighted, as all bad men ever are, at the annoyance which one of their own party was subject to.

"Good," muttered Chinchea, "now is my time."

With these words he turned to go; when his eye taking a last glance at the platform, a movement on the part of Anton at once rivetted his attention.

Blackhawk was leaning on his gun, his back turned from the cave, near the mouth of which stood Anton. The bandit chief was musing on what had passed, and, by the expression of his countenance, planning revenge upon those who had baffled his criminal designs.

Anton had in his hand a tomahawk, a huge, heavy thing, with which an ox could have been brained.

A scowl was upon the Indian's face; the rankling of the blows that he had received was still at his heart.

"Blackhawk is gone," thought Chinchea; "Anton will take his life."

The outlaw remained motionless where he stood, gazing vacantly upon the Eagle's Nest.

Stealthily, with serpent tread, on sped the Indian. Murder was in his eye, revenge flashed from their glare.

"Good," said Chinchea, breathing heavily; "the bad man of the pale faces will lose his scalp."

Still the Indian advanced, and still the chief remained motionless.

"Pale face," whispered Chinchea, solemnly, "the happy hunting-ground now awaits you. The Manitou has stayed his course."

Still the Indian advanced, and now stood within a couple of yards of the outlaw, while in his right hand the avenging weapon was held, prepared for the blow.

"Take that, fool," exclaimed the white, who had seen all.

With these words, he wheeled round; a sheet of flame, a report, and Anton was dead, falling without cry or groan.

"Idiot," muttered the bandit, turning again, and resuming his former position; "it was of your own seeking."

"Ugh," said Chinchea, letting his short rifle fall into the hollow of his hand, and taking aim at the cool and reckless ruffian. But at that moment the picture of the young Rose of Day presented itself, and prudence whispered that the fate of his party would certainly be death, if he revenged the slaughter of his countryman.

With a heavy heart, but a light and cautious step, he turned away to rejoin the Rose of Day, with whom he found the Long Arm, who reported the path difficult but practicable. Chinchea at once led the way in the direction of the summit, taking the Indian girl by the hand, and aiding her in her ascent of the rough ground. A few moments brought them upon the camp of the enemy.

To their right was a dense growth of brushwood, thick, black, and impenetrable; in front, the sloping hill, leading to the vast illimitable prairies; to their left, the position of the outlaws, who had just been alarmed by the arrival of Pedro and Carcassin.

At a short distance, tethered and hoppled, grazed the horses of the band.

"Now, my lads, follow," cried Pedro, as soon as with as many sly inuendos against the chief as possible he had told the story; "the dogs are not far distant. We shall have rare sport."

"Turtle hunting," suggested Carcassin.

"And if we catch them?" said Pedro.

"A deep tragedy," answered Carcassin.

And all the banditti laughed in chorus.

"But the captain," said Pedro; "oh! oh! it was too good. He had smuggled the lass so nicely into the cavern; he had got the Long Arm so gloriously drunk, and then, ah! ah! ah! he—got—drunk—himself."

"A perfect vaudeville," said Carcassin.

"Good as a play," laughed Pedro.

Again the robbers roared in chorus.

"And this morning, when he woke us," added Pedro, "if you had seen his face, black as night, and his rage, perfectly sublime."

"Ah," said the Frenchman, "he was like poor Robert Macaire, when he would have robbed the mayor; he tried, but he could not."*

* "J'y ait essayé, et je n'ai pas pu."

"He's a capital captain," observed Pedro, seriously; "but I am afraid he is no philosopher."

"Never read Voltaire or Rousseau," said the Frenchman, with infinite pity.

"Who were they?"

"Only two gentlemen very much our way of thinking."

"Philosophers?"

"Exactly."

"French?"

"Of course."

And again the robbers laughed, for though they did not understand the joke, they knew a hard hit was meant at somebody.

"But I say, the captain all this while. *Santa Maria*, just now he was in the devil's hurry; I heard him blaze away a signal with his gun."

"Let us go," answered Carcassin.

"Let us go," repeated the whole body of thieves.

"And yonder pass," suggested Pedro.

"Well, I conclude I'll just guard this fixin," said Ben Smith, a huge Yankee.

"Do so, and keep with you your company," replied the lieutenant. "Now away, boys."

Without further parley, the robbers then vanished from the camp, pouring down the narrow path which led to the platform and the cave, and presenting, in their confusion, in their variegated costume, and still more various arms and defensive weapons, an admirable picture for the pencil of a Salvator or a Claude.

Behind remained Ben Smith and three Comanche Indians, young men, who had accompanied the Long Arm in his ill-advised flight from the camp of his people. As soon as the rest were out of sight, Ben Smith, placing his arms near at hand, drew forth a pipe, and loading it, invited the Indians to follow him. They, nothing loath, readily complied, and in a few moments were deeply immersed in discussing the mysteries of the exhilirating weed.

"Well, I conclude," observed Ben Smith, in a serious tone, "this are better nor a wild goose chase, I guess."

"Ugh," grunted the Indians.

"Now, Ingins, don't; you cut a huckleberry above me; I don't reckon on grunting; that's his'yle of conversation suited to hogs and 'em like. There arn't no sociality about yer."

"Ugh," repeated the Indians, as if they did not understand him.

"Now, Ingins, if you grunt at that rate, I'll fancy myself in an Alabama piggery, and I'll bust. 'Cause hogs don't generally smoke, I expect, and I *do* think I see three swine now with pipes."

"Ugh," said the Indians, with a broad grin of genuine astonishment.

"Now, red skins," exclaimed the Yankee, laughing, "that Ooo! will be the death of me. I'm bound to bust, I reckon. Now do jist for variety say something. I'm the yaller flower of this forest, ain't I now?"

"Ugh," said the Indians, still all in one breath.

"Ingins, do you never talk in your part of the world? don't you larn any lingo?"

"Red skin talk when him understand," replied one of the group.

"A there it jist is; it's all along o' that Tower of Babel, I'm concluding. Well, if I was a king, I'd just make a law agin any lingo but what I could clearly understand."

"Indian talk good for Indian, white talk good for white," replied another.

"There now," said big Ben, with a chuckle, "I know'd you could if you would. That's sociable, I reckon; I wish I may be shot, if I arn't larnt something in these diggens."

"What has the big white man learnt?"

"Larnt to know that there is some locrum in an Ingin."

"And what is locrum?" said the aboriginal, curiously.

"Wake snakes and walk yer chalks," cried Ben Smith, starting, and in his eagerness nearly swallowing his short reed pipe; "what's that? A bar, I'm thinking."

At the same time an angry growl was heard to emanate from the adjoining thicket.

"It's a bar," continued Smith, sententiously, laying his hand on his gun at the same time.

The Indians never moved, but continued smoking with even greater energy than ever.

"Well, that's cool, any how you fix it," observed the Yankee, annoyed at being outdone in calm courage, and laying down his gun; "but it's a bar, I'll swar."

A still more angry growl, much nearer to the group, aroused Smith's ire to the utmost.

"Well, I'm bound to say them Ingins is right away cool; but I'm not a-gwine to be made a meal for monsters. So here goes at the bar, slick!"

"My brother is wrong," said one of the Indians, calmly; "it is not a bear."

"Not a bear; well, I conclude you're cool; darn my old grandmother, tell Ben Smith *he* don't know a bar from——"

"A panther!"

"A painter?" cried Ben, moving uneasily; "no, it ain't a painter, is it?"

"The Leaping Panther," replied the Indians, rising simultaneously, and disarming and casting the American to the ground ere almost he knew he was assaulted.

The keen ears of the Comanches had recognised the favourite signal of their beloved war chief, and had at his call at once returned to their allegiance, and owned the power and tie which, in all parts of the world, is connected with the words "my country."

The wanderer and the sojourner in many lands sees strange and marvellous things; his eyes are delighted, his admiration is moved, and his whole soul kept in a state of pleasurable excitement. Travel expands the mind and enlarges our ideas; but we all have eaten, more or less, of that charmed leaf which affects the mind with a species of madness—that madness being a longing for home. We know not what it may be with others, but thus it is with us; there is something in our minds in the name of country; and a crust there, where we were born, where the shadows of our ancestors flit around and hold secret commune with us, is preferable to riches and plenty in a foreign land. We have said, and we hope to say it all our lives, England, with all her faults, is the best place for Englishmen. No man *ever* left it who did not wish himself safe home again.

Ben Smith was so astounded at the assault which had been operated upon him by his three companions, that he suffered himself to be thoroughly overpowered without resistance. At length, however, as the Leaping Panther and his two companions emerged from the thicket, his tongue became loosened.

"Well, if you can't talk, Ingins, you can cheat above a bit, I reckon, I do; may I be etarnally sucked up into a waterspout, and come down agin in a frog shower, if ever I believe a Ingin agin. If I do——"

The remainder of his speech was too thoroughly in the backwood style to bear being recorded.

"Away, brothers," said Chinchea, calmly, "pick from the white men the six best horses. They can lend them to an Indian whose feet are sore."

Away darted the warriors, obedient to the commands of their leader, and eager to cover their former bad conduct by assiduity on the present occasion.

"And you're a-gwine to take them horses, are you?" said Ben Smith, with nonchalance, "you're quite welcome; they ar'nt mine I conclude."

Chinchea made no reply, awaiting in a dignified but keenly attentive attitude for the horses to be brought up.

"Tell Blackhawk," said the chief, as six of the choicest horses—selected with a keen and practised eye—were brought up, "tell him he is a coward and a knave. The Leaping Panther says so, and the Leaping Panther never lies. Tell him that when he killed the poor fool Anton, the eye of the Manitou was upon him, and that the Leaping Panther will revenge him."

"Oh, my!" cried Ben, in no little astonishment, and at the same time with infinite disgust. "He ain't killed Anton, I reckon."

"The Blackhawk stoops low, he beats a poor Indian without a soul, and then kills him because he feels the blows. Go! he is a coward."

"He is," thundered Ben, in genuine disgust, "and if ever I foller a fellow as ain't more of a man any longer, I'll tarn a nigger, and that's about the last thing any Christian man 'ud wish to be."

"Good!" said Chinchea, "the pale face speaks like a man."

"A man too without a cross," replied Ben, "who may do a little in land privateering, but who ain't agoine to stand by and see a dark Indian murdered. Jumping Panther, I'm one of your'n, I swar."

"Let the pale face loose," said Chinchea.

"Well, that's kind," cried big Ben, stretching his huge limbs with infinite satisfaction, "and I'm bound to say that I'm a deal more light-hearted than when I owned the bloody-minded Blackhawk for a leader."

The party were all rapidly mounted, and

then giving loose reins to the fresh and champing steeds, coarsed o'er the prairie in the direction of Camp Comanche.

Chapter XIII.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

About an hour before midnight on the evening after the interview between Margaretta and Edward Blake, Alice sat alone in her chamber, ruminating on the passing scene. The young sailor had that evening been unusually gay and lively, had told merry tales of his adventures at home and abroad, and had made himself, in fact, exceedingly agreeable. He had, however, retired early, in which his example was followed by the Mexican, and Alice had been left alone, or at all events with the quiet, silent, and unpretending negro girl, seated on a chair at some distance from her side.

Alice was thinking, a luxury in which young ladies are very apt to indulge.

It was a delicious night—calm, sweet, and serene. On such a night the soul expands and embraces within its grasp the thoughts of years. She lingered on the past, she dwelt upon the present, and then came the future, dim and undefined to all, and to none more than to her. Where should she be, when another cycle of the sun came gently round? In this dreary solitude, surrounded by beings so utterly unakin to her nature, or far away in the land of civilisation with——

With whom?

Alice blushed rosy red, as she asked herself this question; and then, she knew not why, came to her mind the thought that she liked not the Mexican. Why did she not like her? why did she shrink from her presence, and wish that she were not? And why had she found them so solid and so stern on the previous evening in the garden, and why had Edward so suddenly brightened up?

These were perplexing thoughts, and yet did Alice, in the simplicity of her heart, wonder why they occupied her mind, for she had yet to learn how the events of these few days were bound up with her destiny. What was Edward or Margaretta to her? And yet she could not refrain from thinking that the young sailor who had so strangely come into the solitude of the Eagle's Nest, must be that perfection of mankind which girls are apt to consider to exist, and a feeling of real regret came upon her, as she remembered how short was likely to be his stay.

"Come, Norah," said she, rising, as if anxious to drive away unwelcome and annoying thoughts; "let us out upon the block, it is a shame to be indoors upon such a lovely night."

"Him berry cold, him 'spect," replied the negro girl.

"Cold!"

"Him always cold ater dark," continued Norah, who was in truth getting sleepy, and who had no reason just then for feeling romantically inclined.

"Nay Norah, if it be really cold, we will not remain out long."

"Berry bell, Miss Als, him Norah quite ready," said the good-humoured negress.

With merely a deer-skin cloak thrown over their shoulders, and a broad-brimmed and loosely flapping straw hat, they then went out into the garden, and ascending the ladder which led to the summit of the block, seated themselves upon the carronades, and relapsed into silence.

It was one of those starry nights, when the Milky Way, the nebulæ that shine in Andromeda's belt, when Orion and the Bear, with the spangled Cross, high heralding peace, come forth in their grandeur and power, and shed their twinkling light upon nature. The heavens were cloudless, though meteoric substances slightly agitated the pellucid sky, and presently one of these vaporous appearances, usually denominated falling stars, made a bright stream of light, and vanished.

Alice sighed deeply, as if some sudden feeling had animated her bosom.

"Alas!" she cried; "such typifies my fate. Across my path, sad, dark, and weary, has come a momentary gleam, to fade away as sadly, as wholly, as yon truant meteor. Why is it so? Yesterday I was at peace with myself, my hopes were bounded by the fate which so strongly seems to be mine, and I crushed within myself those aspirations which my birth, my family, my name——but that is gone; and now *he* has come here to show me brighter things, as the picture in a mirror, to fade and die."

Again was Alice silent, brooding over her strange destiny awhile.

"But," she continued at length, "this is idle. I must school my foolish heart to think of him as I would of a stranger, I must laugh at his tales, and remember not the gentle voice, the impassioned gesture of his being; I must remember that never —no never—can I mate my fate to any—never!"

"You call, miss," said Norah, starting from a slumber in which she was already indulging.

"No."

"Den sartin, me dream you call, Norah!"

"Hush!" whispered Alice. "I see a movement on the cliff facing the portcullis. Stoop low, girl, the robbers will make a night attack, and we have no power of moving."

"Oh, my!"

"Stoop low, girl, I say; if we be seen, we shall be picked off by these bold and bad men."

"Dem debbles," muttered Norah, trembling.

"Would I could alarm the Nest, but to descend the ladder were fatal."

"Him be killed, sure as I'm a nigger."

"But see! they have a plank to throw across the narrow chasm, they will enter the court-yard, and we shall have dreadful work here anon."

"Him Norah faint."

"Faint, child, when 'tis is over;" said Alice, whose firm, but feminine soul, forgetting self, grew bold and courageous, in the cause of the sleeping dwellers of the Nest; "they must be alarmed. Would I could fire one of these carronades in the air."

"Dat berry easy," said Norah.

"How girl?"

"Him ole rope, burn all night," replied the negress, pointing to a thick old rope, well tarred, which hung smouldering, in readiness for every emergency, and which would last many hours.

"Use it, girl," said Alice, turning away.

"Him nebber could, Miss Als," half shrieked the negress.

"Then give it me," replied the young girl, who however trembled as she took it, "it must be done. Good heavens! they are placing the plank across, and will enter the court-yard in a moment. How can I do it?—but I must."

"Oh, Miss Als."

"Remove the cover from the gun," said Alice, with an endeavour to be firm.

Norah removed it.

"Now stand away, girl," exclaimed she, with an hysteric laugh, and turning her head one side, she applied the match, and fell half fainting on the block, while Norah gave a shrill scream.

A dozen rifles, aimed at the summit of the block, answered the report.

"Bravely done, Alice," cried the thundering voice of Philip Stevens; "awake, my lads, and drive back this hungry crew. Give them their own again," and up starting the ever watchful and ready men of the prairie, the Nest was alive with her garrison, and the assailants at once withdrew, leaving their bridge as a trophy of their defeat.

"Come down, girl," said Stevens, as soon as the uproar was over, "your courage saved us. It was your going to the block woke me, and I saw it all, but resolved to give them a drive, but would have waited until some had crossed."

"Good heavens, Miss Stevens," said Edward, who was assisting her to descend, "how came you on the block?"

"Why, I was sleepless, and, as you know, somewhat contemplative," she replied, gaily; "so went up yonder to gaze upon such a night."

"And now had better seek some rest," said Edward, anxiously.

"Nay, you will watch, and I cannot now sleep."

"As you will, girl," said Philip with a smile, "but we shall not all watch."

"If Miss Stevens does, surely I may," answered Edward, laughing.

"Aye, you shall; but your watch and ward shall be to keep her and Norah from climbing blocks at night." And with these words the bold and ever-ready occupant of the Nest left the girl and her negress in the garden, to go his rounds, and see that all was once more right.

"When I left you, Miss Stevens," said Edward, "methought you were weary, and going to rest."

"Would you have a woman of the same mind for two minutes together?" replied Alice; "fie, you would have us reasonable."

"Indeed would I," continued the sailor, "especially in regard to ascending blocks within the reach of an enemy's rifle."

This was said so naturally, in so friendly a tone, that nothing could have been thence construed, but to Alice, unused to such care, the young man's evincement of thoughtfulness was pleasing, and she was silent.

"I must really suppose," said Blake, after a brief pause, "that my rambling adventures must have set your thoughts roaming. I must be more chary of my tales of travel, or that I did steal away this old man's daughter, in as far as her sedate habits are concerned, will be as true of me as of Othello."

Alice remembered that Othello stole away the old man's daughter's heart, and smiled.

"You smile," said Edward, who had taken her arm, and was walking up and down the garden, while a faint streak of dawn illumined the sky; "but you may not find it a smiling matter. I have known more than one stay-at-home lass made crazy for foreign travel by the 'yarns,' as we call them, of a travelled sailor."

"My mind led me to wish for travel only to my native land, and I do not think you will alter that wish, Mr. Brown."

"But your native land is England."

"It is."

"Near what part?"

"Mr. Brown," replied Alice, bowing her head, "I have told you before I have secrets—that is one of them."

There was a silence, painful to both, as bringing back certain impressions to our hero's mind; but he stifled them, and in gentle converse, that pleasant intercommunion which always exists between two sensible young persons of opposite sexes, they passed the hours until morning, both too excited for any hope of sleep.

They were, however, no more interrupted, and sat down to breakfast without a renewal of the attack.

At this meal Edward met Margaretta, who observed, with a smile full of meaning, and at the same time with a shade of sadness on her brow, that the young sailor was almost exclusive in his assiduities to the fair daughter of their hostess, whose gratification, though silent and subdued, was, however, not unseen.

"A *pleasant* night you have had of it," said the Mexican, with sufficient of emphasis on the word to make it to all but Edward seem a jibe.

Edward grew grave, and scarcely answered.

"Pleasanter than you would think," said Alice, innocently enough; "for after the attack was over, the hours until morning sped swiftly enough."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Philip Stevens; "is our friend's converse so very gay and pleasant?"

Alice blushed, and then laughed to hide her blush, and looked so pretty in her sweet and innocent confusion, that Edward thought her far more lively than ever.

"Miss Stevens is complimentary," he said; "though knowing the fright she had received, I did my utmost to amuse."

Philip, seeing that Alice was annoyed, here interposed, and adroitly drew attention another way.

(To be continued.)

LINES.

PART I.

My heart's so full of joy to-night,
It fain would burst its bound,
Each thing mine eye doth rest upon
With joy seems circled round.

How softly blue the arching skies,
How bright each trembling star,
How sweet the sound of yonder stream
Comes murmuring from afar.

How softly plays the gentle breeze
Through the trembling foliage round,
How clearly through the evening air
Is heard each passing sound.

And in my heart what visions rise
Of love, of hope, of thee,
In the brightness of the beaming skies,
My destiny I see!

PART II.

Few hours have fled, but, oh! how changed
All nature seems, alas, to be,
The brilliance of the morn's sweet rays
Will never shine so sweet for me.

Cloud ye skies, retreat ye stars,
Why mock me with your light?
Why murmur thus those voiceful streams?
Why shines the moon so bright?

Yet, wherefore, bid their brightness pass,
When clouds flit o'er our way,
Must nature change when friends deceive,
Or brightest visions fade away?

Oh! heed me not ye twinkling stars,
Flow on ye rippling streams.
Shine on thou moon, and brightly shine,
Though not for me your beams.

In Heaven's blue arch ye move along
To-morrow as constant as to-day,
Oh, could we be as constant too,
How sweet our lives would pass away.

Free Trade in France.

We in England having recognised the truth of the doctrine of free trade, and already swept away the fallacies of protection, naturally look with interest on the efforts of other nations to follow in our track, and sympathise with them in their struggles to overturn that system of commercial policy we had so rigorously observed among ourselves, and believed to be essentially necessary for our existance as an independent nation.

The agitation which has commenced, and is prospering in France, wears a curious, and, to Englishmen, a very antithetical aspect. The heterogeneous mass of politicians, manufacturers, and pseudo-paparty here; for whereas in England the triots, who have arranged themselves under the Gallic flag of protection, profess —in general—opinions diametrically opposed to those of the Richmond-Bentinct country party *was* composed of agriculturists and the remnants of old toryism, in France the protectionists *are* the manufacturers, the nominal radicals, and the ultra-bigoted nationalists. Thus, while their political and moral principles are so different, their commercial system is the same; and the arguments brought forward in support thereof equally ridiculous and contradictory, if possible more absurdly grotesque from their Parisian costume. The readers of "THE MIRROR" are aware of the sensation created on the other side of the Straits by the appearance of Richard Cobden in Paris, of the noble reception he met with, and of the good taste, tact, and sound common sense which characterised his speech at the dinner there, and at the one given to him at Bordeaux. To them his arguments are familiar, and need no repetition, whilst the replies, if they can be dignified with that name, of his antagonists, cannot fail to excite their curiosity and risible faculties.

First and foremost in this strange contest appear hand in hand the *National* and the *Moniteur Industriel*; the former representing the ultra republicanism, and the latter the manufacturing interests, of the kingdom. As might be expected, the arguments of the *National* have their origin in that apparent inexhaustible source of puerile hatred and petty jealousy of the British nation which pervades and envenoms every article in that paper. It does not attempt to reason but deals in invective, and says:

"Those good people who suppose the British cabinet has renounced its exclusive habits for the purpose of becoming the Don Quixote of principles, and the Decius of humanity, have too great faith for us to discuss with them. England has from all time despised platonic virtues, and her manner of estimating the worth of a principle is by its value to herself in pounds sterling. Commercial liberty was as beautiful an idea fifty years ago as it is to day; it had the same theoretical power, and promised the same benefits, when Adam Smith, a solitary dreamer, announced it in the College of Glasgow; besides it had been invoked before by French economists of the seventeenth century. In respect to the science, demonstration has been long since made, and that to the English, but were they moved? All those producers and manufacturers whom a gowing ardour now inflames, did they ask for free trade? The British trade, which then possessed an accumulation of capital, excellent machines, facility of carriage, and abundant markets, did it care to open the Bible of Adam Smith, and erect an altar to commercial liberty? Which country has given the most absolute example of protection? Who inaugurated it even to violence for her flag? England, by her navigation laws! Who has practised more than any other a system of hermetic prohibition and exaggerated tariff? What other nation, for instance, has levied such exorbitant duties on articles of French production? She is converted, they say; but when, please? When the dearness of bread forced the manufacturers to increase the wages of the workmen; when this increased cost of production was added to the price of the article, and they (the manufacturers) could no longer sustain foreign competition; when trade and industry was reduced to the extremity of perishing, or of finding cheaper means of production. Let no one then talk further to us of this example as an argument. And as regards theory and principles, we have no occasion to drink from foreign sources, when our own are so abundant and so pure."

"I am Sir Oracle," saith the *National*, and because *ces Anglais* "have adopted free trade, I'll none of it. It may be good, true, and needful; to withhold it may be unjust, unrighteous, even homicidal, but I will not imitate nor have anything in common with these haughty islanders."

The party and principles of opposition to free trade, represented by the *National*, may be said to be the result of two leading ideas, and of the union of two parties with whom these ideas are dominant—antipathy to England—and the tradition of Napolean's commercial policy, —ultra nationalists, and Bonapartists, and although these two parties have repeatedly evinced a great degree of sympathy the one with the other, yet never before have they drawn so closely together, as on the present question, without however losing their distinctiveness of sentiment and opinion.

The ultra nationalist has no argument wherewith to combat those of free trade, and cannot even deny its advantages, its truth, and absolute necessity; on the contrary, he admits all and everything, but refuses to adopt it, simply because England has set the example: this and this only constitutes his objection. Thus, while he raves of the rights of man, of the liberty of the people, and of universal freedom and human progress, he interposes his bile and stupid hatred between these, his aspirations and their realisations. None can have respect for such wordy and hypocritical patriots, who hesitate not to sacrifice the well-being of the people to their prejudice, nor sympathise with such mock philanthropists. The Bonapartist is far more respectable in his conduct, and objections, although his feelings towards England may be as hostile and ungenerous. His dislike to free trade is not so much on account of its Anglican birth, but, because the emperor laid down a different and opposite line of commercial policy for France. The manifest desire of Napoleon was to produce in France, and by Frenchmen, all that France consumed, thus to render her perfectly independent of the rest of the world, and as it were to isolate her. Such a line of government and direction was tolerated then from the peculiar circumstances of her position, when her hand was against every man, and every man's hand against her, and the dependence of her people on others, particularly ourselves, for many of the necessities of life, presented an insurmountable barrier to the continental system and to Napoleon's idea of universal dominion. But now such a course of policy would be as intolerable as it has been proved impracticable; and even the most ardent admirers of Napoleon would regret to see France, whom they boast exercises so vast a social and intellectual influence over the world, sever the ties which have knit her with the rest of Europe, and thereby destroy that influence.

Besides, the adoption of this system—in part—has been found of the greatest detriment and injury to the national interest of France. Take, for instance, the beet-root question. Napoleon was ambitious to render France independent of colonial produce, and he introduced the cultivation of this root, bequeathing it to succeeding governments to work out. But what up to the present time has been the result? That they have never been able to produce a sufficient quantity to meet the demand, and consequently have been obliged to admit foreign sugar. And then beet-root was so sickly a plant, that it must needs be protected; and foreign sugar was proportionately, or rather disproportionately, taxed, so that the upshot of all such bungling is that the consumer has to pay exorbitantly dear for this piece of national and imperial folly. Well indeed for France would it have been if the injury stopped here; but this system has inflicted a severe blow upon her merchant navy, a blow which it will take ages to recover; it has snatched from her grasp her natural and legitimate carrying trade, and placed her in a very inferior position among the naval nations of the earth. Could the Bonapartist see the question truthfully set before him, how it prevents the existance of a navy commensurate with the position of his country in other respects, he would, as he ought to be, be one of the first to hail the naturalisation of free trade in France.

These are the two parties represented by the *National*, and which constitute a portion of the protection party; the one erring from a devoted obedience to the emperor, and strict observance of his dicta, but whom it is not impossible to convert, since they will listen to reason: these we hope for, and can even respect. The other, opposing free trade without cause (or rather from the worst of all causes), refuses to listen to reason, but only to the dictates of passionate hatred and vulgar revenge. The latter constitute, we would hope, but a feeble minority in the nation, and we should not care for them, whether they be for or against us, but dismiss them with contempt to that insignificance they merit, did they not assume the noble and respectable name of liberals, whilst perpetrating crimes against liberty.

The arguments adduced by the *Moniteur Industriel* in support of protection, and to show the inevitable ruin and misery which must result from the introduction of free trade in France, are certainly more ridiculous and contradictory than was even uttered in England. Although not written in such a hostile and vituperative strain as the above quotation from the *National*, the poor writer is equally unsuccessful in his attack on free trade, and flounders about among statistics and the names of eminent manufacturers, and, stultified himself, is consequently incomprehensible to his readers. He attempts to prove, and does to his own satisfaction, the superiority of French manufactures to ours, and says "in all kinds of iron, cotton, woollen, linen, silk, and chemical goods, the French not only compete with us, but, in many cases, have actually driven us from the home and continental markets." Any but the writer would be at a loss to discover what need there was for protection in such a case? If this be, as I believe it is, a fair specimen of the talent and intellectual force the manufacturing interest brings to bear upon the question and in support of protection, soon must be the fall thereof, and

speedy and triumphant the advent of free trade.

The French free traders have now actively and energetically entered into the campaign, which was opened with due solemnity in the Salle Montesquieu on 25th August. At this reunion, presided over by the Duc d'Harcourt, were present Anisson, Duperron, Horace Say, Frédéric Bastiat, Léon Faucher, Riglet, Blanqui, Michel Chevalier, and Louis Reyband, &c. The meeting was successively addressed by the Duc d'Harcourt, Léon Faucher, Riglet, and Blanqui, who exposed the mischief which was and is the result of protection. The sympathies of the audience were entirely with the speakers, for the facts were easy of comprehension, and the truths were home truths; and each, as dealt forth, told fearfully against monopoly, finding a ready and confirmatory response in the breasts of the auditors, who in the common occurrences of their daily life, constantly experience inconvenience and suffering from the prohibitory tariffs of the Custom House. The system of agitation proposed and adopted (as I take it) consists in establishing in every town of note, and of sufficient population, a local league, which, while it acts under the direction and in unison with the central executive council, will of itself have sufficient distinctiveness to interest the inhabitants, and be able to demonstrate daily and hourly, theoretically and practically, the disadvantages of protection. Each league will represent as it were a different class of the community, with their different interests and reasons of hostility to prohibition.

Thus we see three in full and active life, La Ligue Bordelaise, La Ligue Parisienne, and La Ligue Marsellaise; the first representing the wine growers and agricultural producers, who find the protection awarded to some of the manufacturers deprives them of a good market for their wine, and forces them to use agricultural implements and machines ages behind those employed in England or in Belgium, and retards the progress and improvement dictated alike by nature and reason. The second, the manufacturers of those graceful articles, indigenous to France, and characteristic of her people, which have a European reputation, and would have commanded a European market, but for protection, which also deprives them of good and cheap machinery and tools, substituting in their stead those which are expensive and bad. The third, the shipowners, merchants, and traders, who year by year see their trade diminish, and pass into the hands of strangers, their ships empty, their crews idle, their ports filled with foreigners. And this the result of that protection, which has not only crippled,—but, in spite of the increase in wealth and population of France,—has reduced her merchant navy far below what it was fifteen years back.

The efficient and recognized organ of the free traders has hitherto been the *Courrier Français*, but, lately, the *Journal des Débats* has pronounced in favour of "liberté des echanges," and will doubtlessly, in consequence of its intellectual superiority and influence, take the lead henceforth. We in England hail the choice of the *Débats* as a good omen, as a case parallel to that of our *Times*, remembering that the declaration of the latter was the immediate precursor of success here, and our faith is materially strengthened on comparing the character and position of the journals on either side.

The great importance and force of the declaration of the *Débats* in a question like the one before us, can scarcely be sufficiently estimated here, where the governmental influence with the press is very small, but in France, I repeat, the adherence of the *Débats* has advanced the cause of commercial freedom with giant strides towards realisation; it is nothing more nor less than the recognition by the king and government of the theoretical truth and practical benefit of free trade.

Some months back a minister stated in the House of Commons that he could not hold out any hope of France speedily following our example, but he was mistaken. He calculated too much upon the anti-Anglican prejudices, and underrated the force and power of truth; for who, indeed, can now despair of the success of free trade? The great majority of the French nation are in favour of it; and as surely as the Chamber meets next session, so surely will it not separate without effecting great changes in the system of commercial protection in that country. L. S.

THE BOAR HUNT.*

PART II.

THE RETURN.

The sun was shining brightly
Through every wide-wayed street,
And Croesus, king of Lydia,
Sat on the judgment seat;
But his dress was all neglected,
And clouded was his brow,
And when he gave a sentence,
The words came thick and slow.

He turned him to a stripling,
Who waited his command;
"Now, hie thee to the watch-tower
And look towards Mysia's land,

* Concluded from page 203.

My heart it sore misgives me,
For 'tis the seventh day,
And we have heard no tidings
Since Atys went away."

Scarce were the words well uttered,
When to the king there came
The watchman set to look for
The earliest beacon flame;
For he'd urged them sore at parting,
When that the boar was dead,
If all were well, by beacons
The tidings far to spread.

"Lord king," exclaimed the watchman,
"A messenger's at hand,
In eager haste he's running
From Mysia's pleasant land;
I know him by his running,
'Tis Midon's famous son;
But see, he's here already,
Before my words are done."

He spoke, before the monarch
The herald bowed him low,
And the king looked on in silence,
Till the sweat stood on his brow;
For never was a countenance
So lustreless and pale,
And thrice he strove to utter,
And thrice his accents fail.

The king he looked upon him,
And the colour left his cheek,
And with thick voice he charged him
In Heaven's name to speak;
"Great Cresus," said the herald,
"The Mysian boar is slain,
But the prince"—his accents failed him,
He strove to speak in vain.

The king he looked upon him,
And he looked at him and said,
"Speak out—speak out—thou pale face,
The prince, my son, is dead!"
"Alas! great king," he answered,
"Thy words are all too true;
Adrastus, son of Gordias,
The royal Atys slew!"

"'Tis false," exclaimed the monarch,
"Base dastard, thou shalt die,
For daring thus my guest friend,
With slanders to belie!"
"Alas!" replied the herald,
"My death would be in vain,
It could not bring Prince Atys,
Thy son, to life again!"

"And dost thou still assert then,"
The trembling monarch cried,
"That by Adrastus' weapon
My noble Atys died?"
"Alas! great king!" he answered,
"To hide it were in vain,
For truly by Adrastus
The royal boy was slain."

"Now, may Jove, the God of Friendship,
Be witness to my woe,
For he I most have trusted
Has proved my greatest foe!

Alas! my beauteous Atys,
My gallant, generous boy,
Why at thy birth was Lydia
So full of mirth and joy?

"Why wast thou fair to look on?
Why wast thou staunch and brave?
Of what avail is beauty
To the destined for the grave?
But tell me, by what treason
My noble boy was slain;
And tell me of the traitor—
Is false Adrastus ta'en?"

"Lord king," replied the herald,
"The whole truth will I tell,
For with these eyes I saw it,
E'en as it all befel.
On the fourth day, at even,
We reached the Mysian land,
And on the fifth day, at morning,
We went forth in a band.

"And never did a nobler
Go armed for the chase,
And foremost went Prince Atys
With eager, bounding pace;
His helmet nodded fearful,
And round his stately brow
The raven ringlets clustered,
And his bright eyes flashed below.

"His ruddy lips were parted,
And in his cheeks the blood
Through the healthy vessels bounding,
With the excitement stood;
In either hand a javelin
With polished head he bore,
And on his massive shoulders
A panther's skin he wore.

"Beside him went Adrastus,
And the prospect of the chase
Had lent a shade of gladness
E'en to his pensive face;
But ever on Prince Atys
Was fixed his anxious eye,
Save when he looked around to see
If any harm were nigh!

"But safe we reached the mountain,
And soon the bear was found,
And in a mighty circle
We all of us stood round;
And foremost hurled Prince Atys,
And hit him in the eye,
And the monster turned upon him,
Raising a hideous cry.

"Erect was every bristle,
And his tusks, so large and white,
Protruded from his muzzle,
Gleamed in the morning light;
Adrastus saw him coming,
And bringing instant death,
He lingered for a moment,
And a moment held his breath.

"And then he hurled his javelin,
But some Godhead turned the dart,
It but grazed the raging monster,
And pierced the prince's heart;

E'en now, great king, they're coming
With the corpse upon a bier,
His chosen messmates bear him,
Dropping down the tender tear."*

Scarce were the tidings ended,
When the moaning of the wail,
Advancing from a distance,
Was borne upon the gale;
And swelling it came onward,
Now nearer and more near,
Until before the monarch
Stood the Lydians with the bier.

Six striplings, Lydia's noblest,
The comrades of the dead,
Before the bier walked slowly
With soft and measured tread;
And four more followed after,
The four he loved the best,
With the bier on which the body
Of their gallant leader prest.

Then followed close the murderer,
His full proud lips compress,
And arms in sadness folded
Upon his noble breast;
And now before the father
They softly place the dead,
Adrastus stood before him,
And spoke to him, and said:

"Great Croesus, king of Lydia,
I yield myself to thee,
For Atys here thy first born
Has lost his life through me;
Accursed of man and Heaven,
I pray thee here to end
The life of him who's murdered
His brother and his friend."

He spoke, and 'fore the monarch
He laid his bosom bare,
And Croesus gazed upon him
With a wild and vacant stare;
But when he knew his meaning,
He sadly shook his head,
And looking on the body,
He spoke to him, and said:

"Talk not to me of slaughter,
For nought can save the dead;
I do not seek for vengeance,
Enough of blood is shed;
But prythee leave my presence,
His blood is on thy hand—
Go forth and be more happy,
In some more happy land!"

By this through all the city
The evil news was spread,
And all the men came flocking
To look upon the dead.
And hurrying through the concourse,
With whispered rumour rife,
Upon the bier is weeping
His beautiful young wife.

And slowly round the body
They formed a circle pale,
And slowly through the breezes
Arose the measured wail;

They sang of all his virtues,
His valour and renown,
And they stood and wept around him,
Until the sun went down.

And then [illegible] all his armour,
As well bec[illegible]
With the honours [illegible]
They laid him in the
They heaped a barrow o'er
Conspicuous to behold,
And they offered up rich presents
Of frankincense and gold.

Part III.

CONCLUSION.

'Twas midnight—in the heavens
The pale round moon rode high,
Steering her way through fleecy clouds
That thinly veiled the sky:
Upon the tomb of Atys
A man is kneeling down,
With hands outstretched, and temples
Bound with a cypress crown.

Around all things are silent,
Stilled by the power of night,
And full upon his features
The moon pours down her light;
Upon the Phrygian exile
She sheds her silver rays,
Who, gazing on her circle,
In lowly accents prays!

"Sad lady of the night-time,
Of triple form divine,
Since on a wretch accursed
Thou can'st endure to shine:
Behold now on this barrow,
Impelled by ruthless fate,
To Hades and to Atys
My life I consecrate!

"Within the sorrowing city
Is hushed the sound of grief,
For sleep, the general soother,
Has brought them short relief:
No more the father murmurs,
No more the mother weeps,
Within her fragrant chamber
The sobbing consort sleeps.

"Upon their purple couches
His noble messmates lie,
And haply in their slumbers
Again see Atys die;
Again bear home the body,
Again the barrow heap,
And curse the hapless murderer
Amid their troubled sleep.

"Complaining is unmanly,
But dreadful is my doom,
To send a friend and brother
Each to an early tomb;
Oh! all ye gods of heaven,
By whom was it decreed,
That a poor harmless mortal
Should do so foul a deed?

* This is a common Homeric expression.

"Within my father's mansion
Two noble striplings grew,
Adrastus was the elder
And stateller of the two;
And his brother, bright-haired Midon,
Oh! he was fair to see!
And all the people loved him,
For to all his grace was free.

"But he was never happy,
Save by Adrastus' side,
For while he was an infant
His gentle mother died:
How happy was that mother,
In early death how blest,
How often I have envied
Her long and tranquil rest!

"Ye happy days of boyhood,
Thou well-remembered time,
Before these hands were stained
With the unnatural crime!
Oh! all ye gods of heaven,
How quickly came the day,
When smitten by my arrow,
My brother Midon lay.

"Oh! let me not remember
How round my neck he hung,
And with his latest effort
Still to his murderer clung;
And how, with fainting accents,
He pleaded with my sire,
And prayed him not to slay me
In the madness of his ire.

"And how my father shook me
From the embraces of the dead,
And muttering low his curses
With deep voiced accents said;
'Get hence—get hence—thou murderer!
Destroyer of thy race,
And never let me see again
Thy thrice accursed face!'

"A demon-hunted exile,
I hitherward did roam,
And the king of Lydia cleansed me,
And took me to his home;
And see, ye powers of heaven,
Behold what I have done,
Beneath this barrow slaughtered
Lies the body of his son!

"Two graves have gained their tenants
Before the natural time,
Why wait I till my fortune
Drive me to other crime?
Oh! gentle powers of mercy,
Wherever ye may be,
Accept this poor atonement,
From fate deliver me!"

So speaking, 'gainst the barrow
He fixed his broad sword bright,
And behind a cloudy column
The pure moon veiled her light;
And thus alone and friendless,
By heavy fortune tried,
In the vigour of his manhood
The brave Adrastus died!

ACLETOS.

Miss Hawk;

OR,

MARRIED AT LAST.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"May those that are single find wives to their mind,
And those that are married live happy."—*Old Song.*

"News! news! news!" exclaimed my uncle Grigsby, entering the breakfast-room one morning in his usual cheerful manner. In his hand was an open letter. "News from Charles Wheeler, our philandering nephew. What new flame now, I wonder?"

Here it may be as well to state that the individual addressed was my most respectable and worthy aunt, Miss Susannah Grigsby: the brother and sister, being both of them unmarried, had for many years resided together in a pretty snug domicile belonging to the former, a short distance from London; and bating perhaps an occasional difference of opinion upon some trifling subjects, their dispositions had been always found to harmonise exceedingly well; the said Charles Wheeler, being a favourite nephew, early left an orphan, was the object of their mutual affectionate assiduity.

"Ah! poor dear Charles! his extreme susceptibility has ever been his greatest misfortune," sighed my aunt, as she opened the tea-caddy, with a remarkably sentimental air. "However, let's hear, John."

"Eh?" replied my uncle. "Well—but stop; we may as well begin breakfast though; I know that's a subject upon which *I'm* susceptible, at any rate. Make the tea; do, Sukey. I'll just give a glance. Um—um—um." Presently my uncle looked up with an expression of sudden glee, as he exclaimed, "Ah, thought so. Going to be married at last, Sukey."

"No?" shrieked my aunt with rapture. "You don't say so, John? Poor lad! and he so particular!"

"Why, yes," replied my uncle, "I must say Charles has always managed to have plenty of choice, and I really do hope he has now made up his mind. I'm sure, Sukey, I'm by no means an advocate for young people illustrating the old saying of 'Marry in haste,' &c.; but really, Charles——"

"He has been most unlucky hitherto, certainly," replied my aunt; "and, as I just now observed, Charles is so very particular; however, John, let us hope that this time there is a chance of his being happily settled. I wonder," continued she, in a musing tone, "how my flowered gros de Naples will look—it has lain by, to be sure; and I am afraid the colour——but then Mr. Dippit made a most splendid job of old Mrs. Frumpsey's poplin. I could

see she wanted us to think it was new out of the shop: but that wouldn't do with me, John, though it was beautifully done, I'm sure. And now let's have the letter." And my aunt settled herself in her chair, smoothing her tidy black silk apron and neat white cuffs, with an air as though she rather anticipated being bridesmaid on the interesting occasion. My uncle, crossing one leg over the other, leant back in his chair, leisurely stirring his tea; while his other hand held the open letter.

"Well," said he, "um—let me see. Oh, he says (how can people write such long letters?) he says (crossed too!) 'I am now fixed—and for ever. My wandering heart has at length found'—um—incomparable creature—um—um—vision of loveliness—(Sukey, that toast will be all cold) foretaste of paradise—um—cheeks—hair—roses—golden light—my heart—heaven and earth—(Sukey, Sukey, the kettle's boiling over!)" My aunt moved the exasperated kettle to the side of the fire-place.

"I wish you would read it regularly, brother," said she, resuming her seat; "'tis really impossible to understand."

"Well, well," yawned forth my uncle, "now do *you* read a little, Suke, for upon my life I——"

"Oh, John," said my aunt, "you should make allowance for a young man under such circumstances. But let us get through Charles's letter. Come, now, *I'll* read. 'My dear uncle, I believe I told you in my last of my having taken up my quarters at a very respectable boarding-house, not far from my office. Well, in this very boarding-house resides also——Ah! how can I describe her? Impossible. Suffice it to say, that with a heart no longer my own, I——'" My aunt paused to pass her handkerchief across her eyes. "Oh, here's something about her style of beauty," said she; "I should like to know that. 'My angel is of a pretty sylph-like height, and slender as the flexile reed, exquisitely fair, with the softest bloom; blue eyes, her hair a bright mass of floating gold.' (La! she must be very pretty; a *blonde*, you know, John; of course she generally wears blue. I remember I always did, and George Willoughby used to say—however, let me go on.) 'My choice is now really and truly made, and my heart fixed—oh, fixed for ever. There is but one drawback on my happiness.' (Ah! always something—always! always! Well do I know it.) 'This drawback is in the shape of one of the most troublesome, tiresome of female friends I ever met with; perpetually hovering about my beloved; one Miss Hawk: she is, in fact, a daughter of my hostess, and is certainly the most dowdy, plain-faced girl I think I ever saw. But go where we may, at the evening party or promenade, with my sweet Julia upon my arm, that officious Miss Hawk is always sure to be dangling on the other side; indeed, Julia appears to be uneasy, unless she is there, and of course Julia's wish must ever be paramount. I suppose she likes this Miss Hawk as a sort of foil. Sweet creature! *she* don't require an ugly, stupid Miss Hawk to set off her matchless beauty; however, I hope ere long to put an end to this nuisance, by leading to the hymenial——'" My aunt here read on to herself, during which she might have been observed frequently to wipe her eyes, sigh, shake her head, with an occasional something about George Willoughby.

"Well," said my uncle, after a short pause, "what else?"

"Oh," replied my aunt, looking up with a sentimental air, "the rest is all about his arrangements with regard to his approaching marriage; poor fellow! poor dear Charles! so like Geo——"

"Well, then," said my uncle, rising hastily, "I may as well be off. I want to know how Bounder's paw gets on; poor brute! poor faithful—— I suppose he'll let us know when he's going to be married."

With these words, my uncle left the room, and was soon after crossing the garden, in the direction of the dog-kennel; while my aunt hastened to her own apartment, in order to emancipate *the* gros de Naples from its long obscurity. A most minute examination of the same ensued; it was shaken, held up in *this* light and in *that* light, while several times she sighed and shook her head; but then she thought of Mr. Dippit, and smiled.

There was a lapse of a month, or perhaps six weeks, after this interesting announcement; and both my uncle and aunt had frequently expressed their mutual surprise at not having received the joyful intelligence they had been prepared to expect; when one morning a letter, or rather a packet, was left at Cozy Lodge. "From Charles again, at last," said my uncle; "but why such a volume as this I cannot imagine; I should have thought at such an important period he would scarcely have found leisure to—— there, Sukey, this is for you; and a very brief epistle for me indeed." My uncle opened it, ran his eye over a few lines, and immediately looked aghast. "Upon my soul, Sukey, I'm sorry—really, *very* sorry; poor Charles!"

"Oh, brother," exclaimed my aunt, "what—what *has* happened?"

"Why, Sukey," replied my uncle, mournfully, "in fact, nothing; and nothing seems likely to happen, by what I can make out. Poor Charles! his old luck, you know; the match is off—the girl's gone off; and really Charles writes as if

he were out of his senses; only hear. 'Dear uncle—Lost, lost for ever! My heart, my peace of mind, is wrecked; and I cannot find words to express my wretchedness. Yet one sentence will explain. She has forsaken me, and for another; yes, a—an officer—in the army. Uncle, uncle, I can tell you no more at present. When you will receive this, I know not. I heed nothing; but pity me, uncle—I know my dear aunt will. My heart! my brain! the fact is, I had never actually proposed.' Oh, then, the girl's not been so much to blame, if that was the case; for I must say that was rather a blunder of our Charles, eh, Sukey? Rather too essential a part of the affair to be left out. This is dated only a fortnight after his last rapturous letter of nearly six weeks ago; but that enormous packet of yours will tell us more perhaps."

"Not as regards dates, John," replied my weeping aunt; "poor dear Charles! it appears to be a sort of journal, written by snatches and at different times, and must have been written since that to you, and I suppose the poor boy's distraction prevented its being sent before. I know I shall be very much affected; but stay, brother; before you leave the room, just be so good as to ring the bell. I must speak to Martha."

The request being complied with, that respectable individual obeyed the summons.

"Martha," said my aunt, with a melancholy accent, "is Thomas gone to the village?"

"No, mum," replied Martha.

"I'm glad to hear it, Martha," sighed my aunt, "because——oh, Martha, he needn't call at Mr. Dippit's."

"Lawk, mum!" exclaimed Martha, echoing the dolorous tone of her mistress, as with true female acuteness she immediately comprehended the whole.

"No, Martha," continued my aunt in the fulness of her heart, "for it's all off."

How far the sympathies of Martha were awakened, did not immediately appear, except by a most emphatic "Oh my!" as she left the room.

My aunt, who was now by herself, commenced the interesting details before her. There were no dates, the whole having been, as she had already perceived, written as opportunity served; and casual notations of the unfortunate love-affair.

"'Rose in high spirits this morning; holiday at the office—meant to devote it entirely to Julia. Entered the breakfast room, singing, "Be mine, dear maid," &c.; found nobody there but—*that* Miss Hawk: sure to find *her*. Attempted something like a civil "good morning," and feeling fidgetty, inquired after Julia. Thought the impertinent hussey looked shy, as she answered. She then began, in her quiet, stupid way, to prepare breakfast, without seeming at all to notice my inattention and abruptness towards herself. She has a wonderful even temper, that's certain; 'tis well she has just something to recommend her, poor dowdy dump! Presently in comes her mother. The foolish old woman thought proper to attempt some commonplace joke about finding me and her daughter alone together. Umph! ridiculous enough that. Asked anxiously after my beloved; was answered by Mrs. Hawk with the same sort of mysterious smile I had just before noticed in her daughter, and which was now mutually reciprocated. Reflecting upon this circumstance, felt rather elated thereby, as it proves that my attentions to Julia have been sufficiently understood. Breakfast over, I took up a book; every moment expected the entrance of my charmer, who for some reason or other breakfasted in the drawing-room. I noticed they both smiled again when this was mentioned. However, mother and daughter retired to the window, where a little whispered sort of confab took place: expecting my lovely Julia, paid little attention to my book, and of course couldn't well avoid catching a word here and there, especially the magic name of Julia, together with that of a fashionable milliner, and a great deal about lace, and satin, and veils (that Miss Hawk is so fond of finery and frippery, ugly as she is). There was also frequent mention of a Captain Fairlove. Then how that Miss Hawk tittered again! but she's such a fool; what could there be to laugh at? Captain Fairlove?—who's he? Who's Captain Fairlove, I wonder? Some new boarder, I suppose.' * * * * * *

"'It's all over! The mysterious smiles, the mysterious conversation about satin and veils, and the milliner—all—all is now explained, and I am the most miserable of men! She's going to be married: it seems that she has been long engaged, which was her reason for being so scrupulous, and refusing to appear anywhere with me, unless that—*that* Miss Hawk was of the party. Now *he* has returned from a foreign station—returned to blight all the early bloom of my hopes—the spring-blossoms, the bright green leaves of my future lot, that were so softly unfolding in the light of Julia's smile! She quits the house immediately—quits it to be married! to be married—and to another! Oh heavens!

"'And can I remain here? Ah! how can I tear myself away? Is not every object here sanctified by memories of her who bears away my heart, never—never to be recalled! The seat she used to occupy, her little favourite footstool—the

parlour-blinds she used to run and peep through whenever she heard a knock at the door—and all her little elegant ways—the piano—ah, there's that unfeeling Miss Hawk thumping away her everlasting "In my cottage near a wood." No, hang it, it's the "Bridesmaid's Chorus," a pert, vulgar hussy; and now she's singing, "Oh no, we never mention her." Sweet air! touching words! how they harmonise with my present feelings! That Miss Hawk hasn't a bad voice after all; if it wouldn't make the poor creature vain, I'd ask her to sing sometimes—just *that* song.' * *

"'She's just been with her mamma's compliments to ask "if I wouldn't like an early lunch, as I made such a poor breakfast, and seemed to be not quite well," and so on. I looked up to reply, and for the first time observed that really that Miss Hawk doesn't look so bad, when she smiles; plain as she is, her smile is not unpleasing. Poor creature! I wonder if any man will ever think of marrying *her?* As for me, my lot is fixed—yes, irrevocably. Young though I am, the tomb of my departed hopes is wreathed with everlasting cypress! Oh, Julia, Julia, how oft shall I think on thee, as on a hot summer afternoon I pace my lonely way along the court by the little green-shop leading to the back of the house, when, to avoid giving trouble on washing-day, I have entered by the kitchen, apologising to that Miss Hawk who is generally there, superintending affairs, and occasionally looking in a saucepan, or stirring something over the fire. By the bye, she makes a capital apple-pudding, that she does. Yes, the dowdy's just fit for those sort of things. Here she comes; I must break off for a while.' * *

"'She begged pardon for troubling me while writing; she wanted something in the table-drawer—some cotton; some *darning* cotton, she called it. I looked up, and saw she had a stocking dangling on her arm. I remember now, I have seen her working, not always fine muslin, but plain downright stout calico. Well, that's all very proper in *her*, and certainly is a useful qualification in any woman, be her station what it may. Yes, that Miss Hawk may suit some matter-of-fact sort of man, I dare say. But I'll answer for it, no man with a heart—a heart lacerated by——ah, Julia, Julia! Hey day! Mrs. Hawk herself smiling and curtseying; what now?' * *

"'Mrs. Hawk came to ask a favour. She was obliged to send her daughter on particular business somewhere; and it being later than she liked her to walk alone through the Park, would I, if not particularly engaged, be kind enough to bestow my escort? What could I reply? One can't be a brute in such a case; so of course I was very happy, &c., though couldn't help smiling, spite of my inward anguish, at the idea of my taking care of *Miss Hawk*, as if anybody would be likely to run away with that—*that* Miss Hawk?' * * * * *

"'I cannot help scribbling on while the girl's getting ready. I cannot help pouring out my distracted soul—yonder she comes; the door being left open, I saw her on the stairs. What a pretty bonnet! Ah! had it been worn by—oh, my lone heart! And I really am going to walk with—*that* Miss Hawk! I'll take care it shan't happen again though. Here she comes. It really is a *very* pretty bonnet.'"

I am not aware of any addition to the above random effusions of Mr. Charles Wheeler, or how often the pocket-handkerchief of my sympathising aunt was brought into requisition; but as their perusal doubtless awakened many tender reminiscences of George Willoughby, perhaps it was as well for my uncle that he was not present.

"Ah, poor dear Charles," sighed she, as she concluded these interesting memoranda of blighted affection, "'twas best to address these effusions of a wounded spirit to your ever-indulgent aunt, for I doubt not but there are those of the hard unfeeling world that would laugh—aye, *laugh* at some portions of this heart-rending detail." And with sundry edifying reflections upon the mutability of all human hopes and expectations, winding up with a tender reminiscence of the still beloved George Willoughby, my worthy aunt slowly folded and replaced the flowered gros de Naples in the depths of its former obscurity.

And now, as historians say, there appeared to be a long interregnum in the dynasty of Cupid, as concerned the proceedings of Mr. Charles Wheeler. Days, weeks, and even months, passed by, without bringing to his affectionate and anxious relations any further intelligence of their love-torn nephew, his despair, his future intentions, the fair lost Julia, or—"*that* Miss Hawk." They had at length become seriously uneasy at his prolonged silence, more particularly my tender-hearted aunt.

"John," said she one day to my uncle, "don't you think it very strange our not having heard from Charles all this long time? Under his peculiar circumstances, too, poor fellow! Don't you remember his last unhappy letter? and that's some time ago now, you know; and he in such a frame of mind. My dear John, I hope nothing has happened. I hope—surely, oh, heavens! I hope he hasn't been tempted to——"

"Nonsense, Suke," replied my uncle,

"the lad's not such a fool or so wicked as that, I should think."

"Oh, dear, I don't know, John; disappointments in affairs of the heart," observed my aunt, with a sigh; "I remember George Willoughby once saying——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said my uncle, hastily; "men talk, and women too, and love to hear themselves talk, and write a great deal for the same reason; aye, as outrageous a jumble as that you showed me from Charles, and called the spontaneous outpourings of a wounded spirit; though really, Suke, it appeared to me for the most part very ridiculous. Yet I certainly *do* think it odd of Charles, and very disrespectful too, after inviting us to his wedding, about which, by the bye, I suspect he has been making a great fool of himself, flaming out so about marrying a girl, when it appears he hadn't even asked her the question; and as to his violent prejudice against this Miss Hawk, I suppose the poor girl was in the way with regard to the other; and now that other is gone, she is the butt of his ill-humour. I'm sure, from all I can gather, Miss Hawk appears to be a very clever, sensible young woman; to be sure, the lad has a right to his own particular fancies."

"He may be ill, John," gently suggested my kind aunt.

"Humph! in that case we should have received intelligence from Mrs. Hawk, or from wherever he may have located himself. No, no, sister; I can't say that I feel uneasy on that score; but I must say that I think we are both justified in being offended at this neglectful silence of his. However," added my uncle, after a pause, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Sukey; you know I must be in London in a day or two; and rely on't, I shan't leave it till I've paid Master Charles a visit. I'll find him out, I warrant, even should he have left his old quarters; I only wonder what he'll have to say for himself."

"Ah! poor dear boy!" sighed my aunt; "I only hope that the pangs of blighted affection may not have driven him to some rash act that——oh, John, I shudder when I call to mind what George Willoughby once said."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my uncle; "don't be a fool, Sukey."

It happened to be a day of unusual bustle, from some cause or other, in that well known centre of the cares of Mammon, yclept the Royal Exchange, and that pervaded the broad and narrow ways leading thereunto, when a hale-looking country gentleman, stepping vigorously onwards towards Cornhill, came with a sudden unexpected concussion against a young one, turning out of one of the bye streets.

"Bless my soul! sir," exclaimed the elder gentleman, "I beg a thousand pardons. Really I—hey dey! Charles!"

"Sir, I'm sure I—uncle Grigsby!" was the rejoinder.

Such was the rencontre, in a part of London by no means celebrated for complimentary greetings; and certainly not best calculated for long explanations on its highway, even independent of ceremony.

"Why, Charles, my boy," exclaimed my uncle, his sense of affront evaporating in a hearty shake of his hand; "what *have* you been doing with yourself all this long time? And what do you mean, sir, by frightening your worthy aunt nearly out of her wits by your silence, after that—that last unfortunate affair of yours? But never mind; I don't wish you to dwell upon it, poor fellow!" Charles coloured deeply, and was about to reply, when my uncle interrupted him by adding, "Why, hang it, Charles, you're looking wonderfully well, notwithstanding all. Ha! ha! ha! thought so: knew you were not the lad to take on about such silly affairs—just at first perhaps you—but your poor aunt thought that really—however, we had better walk on. I don't know which way you're going; but I suppose you'll give me a bit of dinner, wherever you may be living now?"

"My dear sir, can you doubt——"

Charles, it must be acknowledged, looked even more confused than before, but the stunning combined whirl of coaches, carts, and rattling omnibuses, ponderous drays, and peremptory porters, occasionally intermingled with a certain description of oratory more remarkable for energy than refinement, prevented either party hearing each other so distinctly as was requisite; although they still contrived to keep up a sort of desultory interchange of ideas, at the top of their respective voices, as they shoved their way onwards.

"How was it that we did not hear from you for such a length of time?" bawled my uncle.

"Been going to write for the last three weeks," hallooed Charles.

"Why did'nt you then?" roared my uncle.

"It's a very long story, sir," shouted Charles.

The pair now turned into a bye street; and after a few paces, there seemed to be a temporary lull.

"And for goodness' sake, where do you live now, Charles?" queried my uncle; "with Mrs. Hawk still?"

"Oh! no, sir," replied Charles, with another deep suffusion; "the fact is, I—I'm—*married*, uncle!"

"The deuce you are!" exclaimed my uncle. "Charles, Charles, how came it

then that you—oh! I see now: you and the pretty Julia came to an understanding at last. Well, well, I'm glad of that, however. All a sham about the captain: ha! ha! ha! all a trick I suppose of that—*that Miss Hawk.*"

"Sir," interrupted Charles, impatiently, "I wish to explain——"

"Ay, ay; I know, boy. She was a disagreeable meddling hussey, I've no doubt. But, Charles, your aunt Sukey won't be pleased at your having been so sly; after inviting us to your wedding, and then frightening her, poor dear soul! with your despair, and I don't know what all. Why, Charles, do you know she began to fear you'd make away with yourself; and all sorts of shocking things. Hang it! you should have written, boy. However, as you've married the girl of your choice, and are happily settled at last—you'll be forgiven, I warrant. And so, I wish you joy, Charles, heartily. Hang it, boy, you're looking as fat, and as contented, you lucky dog, you! I say," added my uncle, with a little good humoured poke of his umbrella, "got rid of your plague, now; that—*that Miss*——"

"By're leave, gennelmun, by're leave!" hoarsely growled a persevering individual, of dark countenance, and huge sack to match, tilted on his herculean shoulders.

"I'm afraid we're stopping up the way here; we'ed better move on, sir," said Charles, with a sort of fidgetty air.

"Very well," replied my uncle, "then let's move on: we shall soon be out of this din, I hope; and I assure you I'm quite impatient to congratulate my pretty niece, the lovely Julia, eh, Charles?"

They again emerged into the mortal hubbub that defies the greatest philosopher of ancient or modern date to preserve the quiet tenour of his way. Still it was impossible, under existing circumstances, to move along without something being occasionally hazarded on both sides. The *stentorian* system, was, therefore, again resorted to, perforce, though it must be confessed, without much profiting either party.

Charles, bawling—"I should have written, but——"

Uncle, bellowing—"Hey?"

Charles, hallooing—"There have been great changes."

Uncle, roaring—"Where do you live?"

Charles, shouting—"In one of the streets of the Strand."

Uncle, echoing—"In the Strand?"

Charles, yelling—"No—one—of the—quiet—streets *out*—of the Strand (a pause as both shoving on)."

Charles, bawling—"Near—my office."

Uncle, bawling—"Very—true."

However, all things must come to an end; so at last the two gentlemen found themselves well pleased at the corner of the said quiet street not a little hoarse from their unwonted vocal exertions. By the bye, I have said "well pleased;" but I must proceed to explain, this appeared to be only as far as my uncle was concerned; for the countenance of Charles still exhibited a most inexplicable degree of embarrassment.

"Yonder's the door," said he; "I'll just step forward, uncle, and prepare——"

"You shan't, upon my word," replied my uncle. "I shall take things exactly as I find them; so you needn't go plaguing Mrs. Wheeler on my account—pretty creature! What a description you gave, Charles! Your aunt was delighted about the blue eyes, and the—the gold waving ringlets——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Charles, with considerable impatience, "I really must explain——"

"No, no; you shan't, I tell you," continued my uncle, entirely absorbed in his own particular idea; "you shan't go teazing pretty Julia because of old uncle Grigsby—no, no."

Charles had, however, rushed onwards, and had already knocked hastily at the door, hoping, it should seem, for some private reason, to gain time. It was no sooner opened however, than there, by his side, was my uncle also, in one of his merriest chuckling sort of humours.

"Do step into this parlour, uncle," said Charles, "because I want to tell you before you see Mrs. Wheeler——"

"My mistress is there, sir," said the servant, opening the room door.

There was nothing now for it but immediate introduction of "Uncle, Mrs. Wheeler; my love, my uncle Grigsby."

The extended hand and gentle salute of my uncle upon the cheek of the fair bride followed, as a matter of course, though he looked in vain for the blue eyes and golden ringlets, so emphatically depicted by his nephew, in the pleasing little brunette before him. There was certainly something that extremely puzzled my worthy uncle, as he turned towards Charles; but Charles was just then, apparently, engaged in looking very earnestly from the window. However, my uncle did not fail of the usual bridal congratulations; together with the affectionate expressions, warranted by his new relationship; Charles being still earnestly engrossed by something passing in the street. Suddenly turning round, and still, it should seem, avoiding the inquiring glance of his uncle, he said, "My dear, when are we to have dinner?"

"Why," replied his lady, "I've only been waiting for my mother."

"Oh! by all means, my dear, wait for your mother," replied the young Benedict.

"Well," observed the lady, "I don't know that I shall though: she, who is generally so punctual; really I'm much surprised—but hark!"

The sound of a coach drawing up to the door was just then heard; followed by the usual thundering rap, letting down of steps, &c., and the parlour door being thrown open, a voice distinctly announced —Mrs. Hawk!

"Oh! *my dear mamma!*" exclaimed the young bride, running to meet her; while my uncle, in a state of perfect bewilderment, turned again to look at his quondam love-lorn, despairing nephew, who was just then standing in a most determined attitude of contemplation before a picture suspended over the fire-place, and who, I am ashamed to add, was so rude as to commence a loud whistling! To do her justice, his lady regarded him with some surprise. However, one or two guests dropping in, and dinner being announced, my uncle, notwithstanding the, to him, rather puzzling state of affairs, immediately offered his arm to the bride, Charles following silently with her mother; and, in a few minutes, behold a snug little party gathered around the social board of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler. The dinner passed off exceedingly well under the circumstances, though Charles had scarcely yet met the eye of his now rather shy-looking relative during the repast. The cloth having been removed, "My dear mother," said the young hostess, "what could possibly detain you so? You are generally so punctual in your engagements?"

"Oh! my dear," replied the lady addressed, "I assure you it was the most provoking thing in the world. I was just ready, when who should drop in but that tiresome Mr. Proser: you know his ways; and there had he brought with him a great packet of old letters to read to me!"

"Oh! burn all old letters!" muttered Charles, from the bottom of the table.

"It's what I always do, Charles," replied my uncle, looking at him with droll expression.

"No? do you though, uncle?" asked Charles, with alacrity.

"Upon *some* subjects be sure on't, my boy—and so shall aunt Sukey," replied my uncle, with a merry twinkle of his eyes.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Charles, looking freely about for the first time, "my dear sir, allow me to take a glass of wine with you."

"With all my heart, Charles; and happy in the opportunity of proposing the health of your fair bride. So here's Miss Haw—hem! Mrs. Charles Wheeler."

The toast being unanimously followed by the other guests, my uncle, as he replaced his glass upon the table, added, with mock solemnity, "And my next toast shall be—'Destruction to all old letters!' Eh, Charles?"

Of course this was meant *for him who could best understand it;* nevertheless, it was received with a small volley of hilarious demonstration round the table, which is often the ease, when people not perceiving where the joke lies, take the will for the deed: a custom very good-natured, undoubtedly, and very stupid.

"La!" simpered Mrs. Charles Wheeler, "how droll you are, Mr. Grigsby." Then, turning to her mother, she added, "I'm sure there's some joke between Charles Wheeler and his uncle about old letters: only look how they are chatting and laughing together. La! mamma, I wonder what it's all about?"

"Never mind, my dear," replied the prudent matron, "we'd best leave them alone: perhaps it's some joke between the two gentlemen that *we had better not inquire into.*"

The Advantages of Life and other Assurances.

To many persons, at a mere superficial glance, this subject scarcely appears to deserve attention, when, in reality, it is one of the greatest importance to the middling, but more especially the poorer classes. This latter fact is seemingly a contradiction. It appears strange that the poor man should even cherish the hope of sharing in a luxury which seems secured to those alone who are enabled to pay out of their earnings a yearly sum. But we shall explain ourselves more at large on this subject as we proceed. Our object in the present article is to show how it becomes not only desirable but the imperative duty of every person at all capable of so doing, to insure his own life.

Now it would be deemed a crime in any person, who, with a large family around him, had the opportunity of providing for their future welfare in case of his own sudden death, should fail to take advantage of that opportunity. Not only his own relatives, but the world would be loud in exclamation against his infatuation. It would be said that the love he professed to bear towards his wife and offspring was but a deception; that in reality he cherished no such affection; and that he looked upon them merely in the light of companions who ministered to his comfort in this

world, but about whose welfare, should death no longer cause him to require their attentions, he cared very little. Now to a great extent this opportunity of providing for a family is afforded by the life assurance companies. It is true that in all cases a competent provision cannot be secured, but however deeply the death of a beloved relative may affect his family, still, when the first violent burst of grief is past, the question naturally arises, "How is the means of support which has been so suddenly withdrawn from us, to be supplied?" There are perhaps several boys to be provided for, whose future life depends entirely on the way in which they first set out in the world. Imagine a professional man in full and continued practice, with an establishment of servants, a wife, and surrounded by a number of young children. The future is unheeded, no saving is attempted, they revel in every luxury, enjoy every comfort, and because death is a contingency which is never contemplated, and the probability of which the husband and wife are unwilling to own to themselves, they look forward with confidence to the future, and think there is time enough for everything proper to be accomplished for the children. All at once, in an awfully sudden manner, the stay, the support, the corner stone on which this expensive establishment depends, is withdrawn without a moment's warning, or an hour to arrange his affairs or provide for his family. Now the stunning conviction forces itself upon the widow's mind that she is left penniless. The children are at expensive schools, whence they must be withdrawn to return to a home henceforth perhaps one of poverty. This is no exaggerated picture, made up for the occasion. It is a case which is of daily occurrence in this metropolis. Whole families are suddenly precipitated from the height of affluence to the most abject misery, and all because there is no forethought on the part of the father, no provision for a sudden emergency. Now how different would not the position of the widow we have above alluded to have been, had her husband withdrawn from his enormous yearly expenses one little portion, to be placed in the keeping of some life assurance company, which would have guaranteed to his family at his death a sufficient sum to place them in tolerable comfort. Of course it is not always that the husband is withdrawn, nor does he pass away frequently before his children are grown up around him. But this no man knows. The morrow is dark, and what it may bring forth no man can tell. Let us look around at the instances of daily occurrence, in which literary men and artists are actually urged by desperation to commit the fearful crime of suicide, because, awakened suddenly, in the midst of a career of extravagance, to a conviction of the instability of their position, they perceive the dire prospect which is opening upon their wife and family. The life assurance companies deserve the strongest encouragement, and in most cases they conduct their affairs well. But we might venture to suggest that for the poor a system should be adopted different from that at present pursued. The poor man often departs from this world with not so much in his hands as would pay for his funeral, and the consequence then is that the workhouse becomes in future the home of his wife and children. We know too well how difficult it is for the working classes to set aside even the smallest sum for future contingencies. It is more especially hard for them to save up any in their own hands, as a preparation for the yearly payment, which, however small, constitutes a strong temptation to the poor. Were they enabled weekly to place some small portion of their earnings, be it ever so small, in the keeping of the life assurance companies, they would feel an independence of the world which would go far towards improving their moral condition. In Mr. Pocock's little work,* however, which we have now before us, the advantages and principles are so ably insisted upon, that we strongly advise such of our readers as desire to become acquainted with the subject to seek for information in the pages of this little volume, which will be found infinitely amusing as well as instructive. The subject is already attracting considerable attention, and it is therefore desirable that it should be rendered more familiar to the public. The principles should be expounded in plain, simple language, such as all can understand. Few works have been published upon this subject; those, therefore, that do appear will be more eagerly sought after. And the reason of this is, that at first sight the subject appears so uninviting that few would voluntarily undertake the task of expounding it. The present volume does not profess to add much to the information already diffused upon the subject of life assurance, but it accomplishes a task of much greater importance at the present moment, viz., that of rendering those persons who are unable to seek for information in more expensive volumes, acquainted with the fact. The author enters briefly, but plainly, upon all the elementary matters connected with the subject, and is careful to avoid as much as possible the use of technical or scientific phrases, which instead of simplifying the matter, only

* Pocock on "Life on Life Assurance." In 1 vol. London: Smith and Elder.

serve at once to render it more mystical, and deter the general reader from attempting to understand it.

Mr. Pocock at first explains, in an introduction, the advantages and general principles of assurance, and informs us how, by the improvement of the mechanical arts, the strength of individuals is improved, and therefrom deduces an argument to show how, by the simplification of the sciences, a corresponding facility and power in acquiring them has been obtained. He next explains the manner of calculating casualties and probabilities, and seeks to afford the fullest information upon the subject in the plainest terms. The chances of destruction of property by fire, or on the seas, and the duration of life, are dwelt on, they being the actual principles of insurance against fire. Throughout England fires are found to bear a constant relation to the number of houses standing in the part where they occur; and, as a natural consequence, the amount of property destroyed is paid to the insured out of the sums subscribed for the security and indemnity of those who remain unhurt. By ascertaining, therefore, the number of houses in any particular district, and the number of fires known to have occurred there in any given space of time, a certain proportion is found for that period; these results are, of course, not pretended to be accurate, but they approach sufficiently near to accuracy to furnish what is called an average, upon which calculations may be safely founded.

The principles upon which the insurance of shipping is conducted is also, that upon an average of years it is found that a certain number of vessels are wrecked in making a particular voyage. The property which a merchant embarks is generally of great value; perhaps, indeed, he often risks his whole, the loss of which might be ruin and bankruptcy. When he sends his ship to sea, and dismisses that on which his whole future prospects depend on a mere chance, without any protection in the way of insurance, he is perpetually haunted by the most poignant anxiety; he calculates with earnestness upon the chances before him; he feels that he must stand or fall by the issue of the venture he is making. But when once he has secured it against danger, by resorting to the insurance company, he feels a reliance and confidence, to attain which it is surely desirable to exert some energy—to pay some price.

In order that it may be perfectly comprehensible to the public that the assurance companies, while they offer these advantages, also derive similar ones from their establishment, it will be desirable that they should resort to Mr. Pocock's work, that they may perfectly understand the principles upon which they are founded, and how, by subscribing a large capital, they are enabled to raise at any time, without difficulty, whatever amount may be required. And that the most perfect confidence should be felt, and the greatest reliance placed upon the life assurance companies, it is quite necessary that the public should be made to perceive that they do derive themselves great advantages. They are not cast upon purely philanthropic principles, nor do they profess to do so. Such philanthropy is not in our days believed in. Men refuse to credit the probability of a handful of men establishing a company calculated to diffuse immense good, solely with the desire of benefiting their fellow countrymen without the remotest chance of also benefiting themselves. Such is not the case. A railway is started for two objects: the first, no doubt, is to cause profit to accrue to those who first started the idea, and this is perfectly legitimate, since had not a number of gentlemen and mercantile men advanced with capital at their disposal, the second object, which is to benefit the public, would never have been obtained. In like manner the life assurance companies are established by men of capital, both with the view of extending advantages to the empire at large, and of deriving an interest from the money they invest.

We have, however, lost sight of Mr. Pocock for a few moments, and hasten to return to him. The historical account of tables of mortality, Dr. Halley's "Preston Tables," "illustration of the probabilities of life," "improvement of the tables," &c., occupy a great portion of the first chapter; the author then proceeds to an explanation of the terms used in the science of life assurance, and shows the manner of calculating premiums of assurance from tables of mortality. The remarks upon the profit and loss of life assurances are explicit, and well worthy of attention.

Mr. Pocock now proceeds to what we may term the practical part of his work. He begins with the mode of effecting life assurance; so that, after perusing these pages, no one will be at a loss what steps to take. The first act of the party, he tells us, is to fill up a printed form, usually called a declaration, with his name, residence, rank and occupation, age, place, time of birth of the party on whose life the assurance is to be effected, and the particulars concerning his health. On the deposit money, the appearance before the board, the payment of the first premium, the entrance money, payment of the future premiums, value and forfeiture of policies sale of policies, surrender of policies limits of travelling allowed to the assured

and the proof of the death of the assured, full particulars are afforded, so that no doubt as to what the person desirous of being assured is about to undertake can possibly exist, after perusing this one chapter, which is one of the most interesting in the book. Chapter III contains an account of the different systems of life assurance, the assurances by individuals, the different kinds of assurance companies, the proprietary companies, the mutual assurance companies, the mixed assurance companies, the directors and other officers of assurance companies, capital of life assurance companies, the source of profit and surplus, the difference between surplus and capital, the manner of ascertaining the amount of real surplus, the distribution of profits among the assured, &c. &c.

There are different systems of assuring life, and this work is intended to assist the public in making a prudent choice; but it is besides recommended to those not previously well acquainted with the subject, to have recourse to the advice of some professional person or friend, upon whose judgment and integrity they can entirely rely, with whom they may consult upon the rates and proposals issued by all the offices, and who may then counsel them in making their selection. The proper way to estimate the comparative benefits of the various systems of life assurance, and the relative merits of the several metropolitan establishments for effecting them, is doubtless to consider the peculiar circumstances and prospects of the party about to become assured, and the end which he more especially has in view by entering into such a contract. There are of course various objects to be attained; the ordinary one, however, is to benefit the survivors.

To persons in doubtful health, or who wish to commence an assurance at an early period of life, the *ascending* premium is best adapted.

To such as begin an assurance in a time of prosperity, or in the prime of life, or even when their health has began to decline, the *descending* premium is recommended, since, as Mr. Pocock justly observes, it will afford much consolation to those who are advancing in years, and becoming less capable of exertion, to know that their disposable property is periodically increasing, without requiring any additional exertion on their part; or that they are gradually being relieved from their annual payments, after having made the first heavy premiums at the time when they were best enabled to provide for them.

Our author then proceeds to a most interesting portion of his subject, viz., an historical view of the origin and progress of insurances. He dates the earlier starting into notice of the subject as far back as the later ages of Rome, when vessels lost at sea, or taken by the enemy, were to be replaced in return for supplies furnished to the army in Spain. As a legal and commercial system, insurance of ships is to be traced to the early part of the sixteenth century, from which time it appears to have advanced in Spain, Italy, and Holland. In England, the first regulations concerning it are referred back to the year 1661. From this time forth, a gradual improvement in the regulation and principles of insurance has been manifested, and henceforward it becomes of course more and more interesting.

Mr. Pocock gives a most amusing account of the rise and progress of these societies, and we ourselves propose at no distant day to enter into a few inquiries on this subject, and to present our readers with accurate accounts of every assurance society in London. We, therefore, invite the most ample information upon this topic, as the greater the means at our disposal, the better shall we be able to describe them.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

A Fairy Tale.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Once on the borders of fairy land
(As I have been given to understand)
There dwelt three brothers their fortunes who claim'd
In the order their father's last codicil named:
He being a miller, had named in his will
The two eldest heirs to the store of the mill;
Yet 'twas thought the old man scarce knew what he was at,
For the youngest gain'd nought but the family cat.

Now, Edwin, poor lad! was at this sorely vex'd;
And truth to aver, not a little perplex'd:
Though to friends who condoled upon this his mishap,
He replied, "Well, the skin will at least make a cap."
But the sly Tom Puss, who the jest overheard,
Thought it a bad one, and no longer purr'd.
"If my skin makes your cap," growled Tom Puss,
"why, so let it;
I'll only just add—*Don't you wish you may get it?*"

His master heard this, and with no small surprise,
But the cat was a fairy, it seems, in disguise;
Who sidling and purring said, "Take my advice;
For I can win fortune as well as catch mice.
I've pry'd into corners, and watch'd upon tiles,
And learnt how to blink at the world and its wiles;
Your interests, dear master, shall guide my pursuits;
Only give me a bag, and a smart pair of boots."

The boots were provided, a most stylish pair;
(A *misfit* had been a most awkward affair,)
And great the amazement of mouse and of rat
To view such a swaggering "swell" of a cat!

Who carried his bag like some limb of the law,
When he comes to the scratch with a *talented* paw.
Oh! the march of improvement will be great, no doubt,
When cats in top-boots are seen walking about.

All craftily spreading his bag in the shade,
He prize of a brace of fine partridges made:
Then hied to the place where the king held his court,
And all the *haut-ton* of those days did resort.
Tom Puss scraped his boots when arrived at the gate
(A fact which the *prose* fairy tale don't relate)
While court dandies gazed with admiring regard,
And begged, as a favour, his boot-maker's card.

Then bending him low at the royal footstool,
Says Puss, "I am come from Lord Bamboozlefool;
Who hopes that your majesty will not reject
These tokens, though humble, of loyal respect."
So his majesty ordered him something to drink;
But Tom Puss replied, with a most demure blink,
"A teetotaller I, please your majesty, so
I respectfully urge, that strong drink is—'*no go*.'"

Now after awhile, to his master one day,
Says Tom Puss, "Sir, the king will be passing this way,
So haste you to bathe in the stream here about,
And depend upon me, sir, for helping you out."
Then seeing the royal carriage draw near,
Young Edwin complied, and without any fear;
While in vast consternation, Tom Puss was soon found,
Crying, "Help! my Lord Bamboozlefool will be drown'd!"

The king call'd his guards instant aid to afford,
And Tom Puss stept forward announcing his lord.
His majesty knew him again by his boots,
And said, "Dress his lordship in one of my suits:
And quickly array him his duty to pay,
That our carriage may homeward his lordship convey."
While Edwin so handsome appeared, and so smart,
That the princess beheld him to lose her young heart.

Then quickly the carriage Puss scampered before,
Nor halted until he arrived at the door
Of a terrible ogre, in grandeur who dwelt,
And a little 'tis said who in conjuring dealt.
Says Tom (introducing himself), "I have heard
That your highness can change to a mouse or a bird:
Oblige me, I pray, by this wonderful trick!"
The ogre complied, and Puss—gobbled him quick!

Tom brush'd his smart boots, and stepp'd forward to greet
The party approaching this fine country seat:
Saying, "Welcome, my lord, to your own castle gate,
Where your dutiful servants your orders await."
Says the king, "We will not bid your lordship good night,
But hope you'll permit us with you to alight;"
Then he whisper'd the princess, "'Twould be no bad plan
If you set your cap at this very rich man."

Then Puss led the way in this castle so fine,
To the room where the ogre deceased used to dine.
In a style *comme il faut* he presented each dish,
And softly he purr'd as he brought in the fish!

While the tea and the coffee like nectar did seem,
And Puss lick'd his lips as he pour'd out the cream.
Then bustling about with the cakes and the fruits,
He apologies made for attending in boots.

Then the princess, acknowledging love's mighty rule,
As her suitor accepted Lord Bamboozlefool;
And the king, with his son-in-law vastly content,
Sipp'd his wine, talk'd of settlements, and—his consent.
So matters were settled according to law,
Tom Puss signing papers with, "Witness my paw."
And Edward rewarded him as his best friend,
And thus doth the story of Puss in Boots end.

MORAL.

I have said that 'tis ended, yet still must rehearse,
For the sake of the moral, one more little verse,
Which meaneth, we ne'er should too hasty decide
On the good or the ill that our lot may betide.
So all younger sons, and young bachelors too,
I pray ye to keep this my counsel in view;
If you have a Tom Cat of a figure that suits,
By all means provide him a smart pair of boots.

The Will.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter I.

THE PRIESTLY GUARDIAN.

* * * The funeral was over. In a dark room, where, for some hours before, the body of him who had once owned the houses, and its surrounding lands, had lain, were now congregated the whole of the relatives of the deceased, who had attended the funeral; and who had, in consequence of a summons issued by the dying man, come to assist at his obsequies—many from a great distance. There were old men and young men, old women and young women; some that were ugly, some that were otherwise; but all united in paying but very little reverence to the memory of the departed. Indeed, Michael Malines, whose translation from this to, we hope, a better world, had drawn so many people from so many places, had, during life, paid so little attention to those united to him by ties of blood, that it was little wonder if, when he was dead, his name should be bandied about with but little ceremony. Those who, when alive, neither served nor benefited mankind, can scarce, when dead, expect their consideration.

"*Mort de ma vie!*" exclaimed a choleric old man, with a *soupcon* of gout about his thick feet, "the notary keeps us long waiting. I hope the legacies we shall have may repay all the trouble we have gone to. *Dieu de Dieu!*"

"Legacies," said a peevish old woman, by his side, "legacies, indeed! you are a fool."

"Thank you, Madame Barbejoie," replied the old grumbler, "I take your sentence as complimentary."

"What a beautiful room for a dance," whispered a pretty little coquettish brunette, to a tall, sheepish-looking young man near her.

"Yes," said the young man, more than half inclined to be horrified at such *légèreté*.

"The dance of death. I suppose," said Madame Barbejoie, sternly.

"Recollect," put in a quiet little man, who had hitherto sat in a corner, saying nothing, "we are at a funeral."

"Monsieur Barbejoie," said the peevish woman, snappishly, "we thank you for the information."

"But the notary," ventured one, anxious to prevent anything like a scene.

"Aye, the notary; I wonder what he is at," exclaimed another; "I confess I am curious to know."

"Making the will; I hope not his own," said the first speaker, in a manner that left the impression he had said a good thing, at least in his own estimation.

"Drinking *eau sucrée*, to soften his voice," quoth another. "I fancy he'll want it."

"Confessing his sins, rather," exclaimed Madame Barbejoie, testily.

"Notaries never confess, except on the rack," again observed M. Laurent, the gouty man.

"Silence in the pit!" said some unknown voice, "here is the notary. Chut! Chut!"

In truth, the man of law entered the funeral apartment at this particular moment. He was a young, and even handsome man, with a mild, gentle, benignant cast of countenance, which rather took the company assembled, especially the ladies, by surprise. But he was not alone. After him came a calm, sedate, quiet-looking priest, leading by the hand a little boy. Never was a greater contrast presented to the eye than by these two.

This priest was a Jesuit. though not openly attached to the order, and had been the deceased's most intimate friend, adviser, and director. In early youth, Michael Malines was reputed a great sinner; the greater reason that in his old age he should be a great saint. Extremes meet; and a once very wicked often becomes, to the world, a very worthy individual. For ourselves, we prefer a little more consistency, and think better of a man who has uniformly been tolerable, than of those who turn out vastly excellent when death stares them in the face. But the Jesuit was merciful. He confessed Michel of hs errors, gave him absolution, and, as the od man grew gradually weaker and weaker, gained so powerful an influence over his mind, that M. Malines could not at length even think without the worthy priest approved of his cogitations.

The boy, a fine open faced, handsome lad, of about ten years, was the deceased's only child. He alone, of all those present, wept; for he had lost a father. He was an orphan; and, young as he was, felt all the bitter desolation of his position. Paul had loved the only parent that Heaven had spared him; he had loved him with that sweet, innocent, dependent love, that wins upon the heart, and is one of the brightest joys of paternity. We are unjust to the love of little children. It is a mine of puriest happiness. From the hour when an infant first knows and smiles at the voice of its parent—when, in cherub dependence, it clings to him to whom it owes its being—to when its affection becomes equally an effect of reason as of instinct—it is a mighty thing; and which he, who enjoys it, should look upon as more precious than any other, for it is a love such as angels feel. Paul had worshipped the departed. The stern, peevish, restless old man, to him was everything great and good, for he was his father; and, when he lost him, his grief was poignant and sincere. It was the anguish of a soul whose only link of life was rent asunder.

The company simultaneously rose as Monsieur Durant entered, thus accompanied.

"Many excuses for having kept you waiting, ladies and gentlemen," said the lawyer, mildly, "but this dear child, whose presence is necessary to the reading of the will, is so devoured with grief, I had the greatest difficulty in bringing him hither at all."

"The dear child, indeed!" said Madame Barbejoie. "Little wretch of a boy!" she whispered.

"No excuse, pray," exclaimed M. Laurent, with extreme suavity of tone.

"Your presence is now ample compensation for even a longer absence," said the coquette, mincingly.

M. Durant, without noticing these remarks, seated himself, in which the whole company imitated him. For once they were unanimous.

"Come near me, Paul," said the Jesuit, meekly, "and listen to what thy father decides concerning thee."

Paul replied only by sobs.

The notary broke the seal of the packet, which he now exhibited.

"It is very warm," observed M. Laurent, in an under tone, amid an universal and audible sigh. The fact was, he was perspiring with anxiety as to how much he should get for his trouble in coming.

The notary slowly unfolded the parchment; this act being also accompanied by a general movement of attention.

"I wonder what he has left me," said Madame Barbejoie, "some ridiculous trifle, I dare say."

The notary laid the will smooth with the flat of his hand.

"Hem! hem!"

"To Monsieur Laurent, a gouty, disagreeable old bachelor, who, when I was a young man, refused to lend me a five-franc piece, I leave—nothing."

Up rose the testy and furious invalid, and without a word left the room. As soon as the quiet of the party was restored, the man of parchment continued.

"To Madame Barbejoie, as selfish and ugly an old woman as ever lived, I bequeath—my blessing.

"Pierre! Pierre!" exclaimed the elderly female thus irreverently addressed, rising and exhibiting very strong symptoms of fainting, "give me your arm, and let us leave this den of insolence and falsehood."

"Stay," said the actuary, who, despite his right feeling, could scarcely refrain from smiling, "stay, Monsieur Barbejoie, your name occurs also."

"Some fresh impertinence, I dare say," continued the wife, furiously. "I insist on your coming away, Pierre."

Still, as the dame moved not, the easy and obedient husband did not attempt to stir.

"To Monsieur Barbejoie, a quiet, good-natured man, whose only fault is being tied always to his wife's apron strings—"

"Oh, Peter, why don't you knock him down!"

"And not daring to say a word for himself, in consideration of the happy days we spent together in times gone by—I leave four thousand francs."

Little Pierre opened his eyes with astonishment, while Madame, his wife, allowing her visage to relax into a smile, as much as to say, "There is some use, after all, in having a husband," again seated herself.

"To Eleanore Malines, my niece, I leave—"

The coquette, who was now referred to, breathed with difficulty. Her fate hung upon a thread. She was poor; and though thoughtless and giddy, was at bottom possessed of a good heart. The young man by her side was her lover; but being well enough off, and she worth nothing, his parents forbade the union. Her anxiety may therefore be easily imagined.

"My advice—that she leave off seeking for vain admirers, and get married.—"

The poor girl turned deadly pale, and appeared ready to faint. Her heavy, sleepy-looking lover himself appeared deeply moved. Never judge from outside; for this stupid-looking youth was a rough diamond. He was all heart, but he knew not how to give utterance to his feelings, which is often the misfortune of young men who have not seen the world.

"And in order to enable her to do so with propriety, and where her heart is set, I further bequeath to her ten thousand francs."

Whatever were the sensations of those around, there were two in the room whom the strange old man had made thoroughly happy. It was his intention so to do, for Michel had remembered the days of his youth.

The lawyer continued—

"These are all my legacies. The rest of my property, in houses, lands, and money, amounting to about 200,000 livres, I bequeath to Monsieur Foveau, the curé of our parish—"

An universal movement of surprise took place, while the priest moved not a muscle; and the child, who had not listened to a word, continued to weep. Paul was utterly unconscious of what was going forward.

"In trust, to be applied, when my dear son attains the age of twenty-one, in the following manner:—

"The property to be divided into two parts—such part as the said Reverend Pere Foveau chooses, to go to my son, the other to be devoted to the holy service of the church. My son, in the meantime, to be educated by the said Reverend Père Foveau, who dying, whatever name he thinks fit, to be substituted in lieu of his own."

As the worthy notary read the clause deliberately and slowly, a faint flush crossed his face, while his dark eyes were keenly fixed upon the priest. The latter, however, moved not a muscle, nor did his manner show the slightest sign of emotion; and Monsieur Durant having at length concluded, closed the paper with a sigh. The cautious lawyer foresaw difficulties he knew not how to obviate.

"There, Monsieur Foveau," he said, affectionately patting the child on the head, "you have a great charge, a very great charge. Monsieur Malines has left you guardian of his child and all his worldly goods."

"He has left more," said the priest meekly, and with a deep sigh.

"Ha?"

"His future welfare in heaven."

The young lawyer, who, though a deeply religious man, and more, one who in consequence was equally good as he was pious, slightly curled his lips, for, like all his countrymen, he had reason to know what the Jesuits were. The profession of the priest passed not current with him.

The company now dispersed—the relatives departed—while the curé went out to give some orders to the servants.

The lawyer and the orphan remained alone in the chamber of death.

"Paul," said the former, kindly taking the boy's hand, "do you love me?"

"I do, Monsieur Durant," replied the sobbing child; "but oh! Monsieur Durant, what have they done with my father? I shall never see him again. My God! my God!"

The grief of the lad was so touching, that Monsieur Durant could scarcely himself refrain from tears.

"My dear Paul, God is good, and will one day unite you to your father once more. But, in the meantime, will you promise me one thing? You will be taken from here, until you are twenty-one. When you reach that age, you will be free; now promise me—you will then come to me, will you not, and I will be your friend. You promise me?"

"I do," sobbed the child.

"Now do not forget this promise; for," continued the lawyer, solemnly, "you will then indeed want a friend."

This scene, as above described, occurred in a village near Paris, some two hundred and odd years ago.

Chapter II.

THE DIVISION OF THE SPOIL.

More than ten years passed, and Paul Malines grew to man's estate. During the whole of this period he was under the tuition of Pere Foveau, though not in the village where his father had died and been interred; for shortly after this sad occurrence the priest removed with his charge to Paris, where he steadily devoted himself to the lad's education, except when his duties called him to attend to the service of the order. The worthy man, now an abbé, originally wished to bring the boy up for the church; but as Paul exhibited the most intense opposition to this idea, vowing that the army alone was the profession he loved, it was thought unwise to balk his desires. With martial ideas in his head—*mors ferro nostra mors*, was his motto—then, our young hero was educated, and to do the Jesuit justice, his education was profound, if not useful. On this side this strange and powerful body never failed. Learned, full of the erudition of other days, fond of the classics, of the masterpieces which ennoble and elevate the human mind, they loved to impart the instruction which they acquired.

Never, however, was the mighty spite of the pen less happy in its influence—that pen which is the greatest power on earth, if we examine into results. What but it has carried forth on the wings of peace the truths of Christianity to the uttermost parts of the earth? what but it, when this Christianity was cramped and manacled, freed it from the chains that bound it, and sent it forth to all nations and men, radiant with fresh beauty and significance? What but it, marching side by side with the orator, whom the pen maketh, has borne civilisation through the throes and agonies of birth? and what but it will spread over the universal globe the lights of science, of arts, of freedom, of all that is great, and good, and noble? More shame to those who, with the power to wield this mighty engine, put it to base use, and pander for gain to the base passions which float upon the frothy surface of society.

But Paul had sense to see that which was, and that which was not useful, in all that he learnt; and at twenty-one was a model of nobility of character, with knowledge and attainments very superior to those usually possessed in the darksome ages in which he lived.

It was the day previous to that on which he came of age that we again introduce Paul upon the scene of action. He was in his own private room, the house being occupied by a variety of persons, and the priest dwelling in a little garret apart from all else. Books, papers, a huge escritoire, manuscripts, scattered over the floor, ill assorted with swords, daggers, and suits of armour, that lay in hopeless confusion in every corner; while by a lamp sat Paul, holding in his hand what was still more singular in that half monkish, half military cell, though, were I malicious, I should say the contrary, a small miniature of a woman, painted by one of the fashionable artists of the day. The face was gentle, mild, and lovely, while the innocence of early youth was stamped on every feature.

"I have seen that countenance before," said Paul, gazing intently on it, "or is it the realisation of a dream?"

"How came you by it, my son?" inquired the priest mildly, having entered so gently as to be unheard.

"I found it, father," replied Paul, blushing and laying down the picture, "this morning near the church."

"Some court beauty, perchance," continued Pere Foveau, quietly, "but that is not what I have come to speak about."

"Of what then, father?" replied Paul, placing the picture within the folds of his garment.

"To-morrow," said the Jesuit, seating himself, and allowing a faint blush to illuminate his features, "you are of age."

"I am, father," and it was a dim perception of the joys the future might bring him, which influenced the warmth of his reply.

"You know the terms of your father's will?"

"That I am to have such part as you choose, and the rest to go to the church."

"Exactly. Now, I have taken advice in high quarters, my son, as to what I should do, and acting upon that principle they decide I ought to act upon—I will not say his holiness himself has not guided me—this is my decision. I have educated you with care; you have been bred to the profession of arms; you are ready for any employment, and I have no doubt will attain that eminence which your talents deserve; in consideration of these things, and in consideration of the great good which may thence accrue to the church, I give to you one thousand livres and my blessing, while I give to the holy apostolic church 199,000 livres for ever."

"Infamous robber!" exclaimed the young man, thus plunged from lofty visions of wealth and independence, to a struggle for existence, "is it thus you betray my father's trust?"

"My son, you are intemperate," said the priest mildly. "Your father's trust has not been betrayed. He says distinctly, that part we choose we are to give to you; and we choose, from loftier motives than you can scan, to give you what I have said."

Paul replied not, but bending his head until it rested upon the table, covered his eyes with his hands, and remained thus for some minutes.

"False priest!" he then began.

But the Jesuit was gone, and on the table was a copy of his father's will and the thousand livres.

"Courage!" said Paul to himself, "I am young, I have a profession, and a glorious one—let me lay out my plans."

Chapter III.

THE MINIATURE.

A few days, and Paul Malines, on foot, with a haversack on his back, was discovered leaving Paris by the road which led to his native village. Wrapped in serious thought, but not giving way to melancholy, the young disinherited walked along with a firm and manly step. It was spring. The whole face of nature was smiling and green—the flowers were bursting forth into blossom, the verdure of agriculture was beginning to show itself, the poplars by the way-side were budding, the voices of the birds—in this season of renewed nature most sweet—were making themselves heard. All this had its influence on the mind of our young hero, who with the elasticity native to his age, forgot that he was a poor man, and what is more, justly entitled to be rich. This is one of the happiest qualities of the young, to hope—to have courage to prefer the *couleur de rose* future, to the sombre and threatening.

Two days Paul continued his journey, and on the morning of the third found himself within a few miles of his birth-place.

Two of these had been gone over when he came in view of the only town which he had to pass on his route, nearly all being some distance from the main road. This town was large, and picturesquely situated in a valley. Paul first caught sight of it from the summit of a lofty hill, down which the path-way he had chosen wound slowly and lengthily. Beyond was the village sacred to the memory of his deceased father. Its small steeple could be discerned looming over the plains amid a fog that rose from a river near at hand, and the heart of the orphan leaped with mingled emotions.

"Oh, my father!" he cried, "why did you leave your child to the mercy of strangers? But I will not repine; you meant for the best, and I bow to the chastening rod, glad that I have my good right hand left to fight the battles of my country. Let me but kneel on thy grave and ask thy blessing, and *then* the field of blood shall be my bed; *mors ferro nostra mors.* I will be faithful to our motto."

Stepping out firmly, he entered the town, and advancing rapidly through the principal street, hurried on his way. He had crossed the greater portion of the space which intervened between the gates of the city, when turning suddenly the corner of the rue Monferny, his eyes caught sight of a picture which transfixed him with astonishment. At a window, and that too of a large and magnificent house, standing as if in enjoyment of the fresh air, was the original of the miniature which Paul treasured so highly. But such an original! far more beautiful than anything he could have imagined from the picture. To say that Paul acted under the impulse of surprise, would be faintly to express the look with which he gazed upon the lovely apparition; which said apparition, offended or astonished, or acting with coquettish calculation, immediately retired from the window.

Paul heaved a deep sigh, but the sigh of a man who was relieved from a heavy load.

"I have found her!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "I have found her—she of whom I have dreamed, she whom I love already."

And forgetting the tremendous obstacles which lay between him and success, he gave himself up to the dreamy bliss of Young First Love. Next minute he was at the door, and in another in the presence of the servant of the house.

"I wish to see your mistress."

The servant looked at the dusty person of the young wayfarer, and hesitated.

"I say I wish to see your young mistress," repeated Paul mildly, but firmly.

There was something in the tones of our hero which went to the *soubrette's* heart, and, with a smile, she inquired the stranger's name.

"Monsieur Paul Malines."

In two minutes more Paul was received in a magnificent apartment by two females, the one, evidently the mother; the other, a daughter. The former spoke.

"What can I do for Monsieur," said she, "is it any professional business?"

"No, Madame," replied Paul, blushing and hesitating, "but have you not lost a portrait?"

"Ah, Monsieur!" exclaimed the mother, while an expression of deep gratification illumined the features of the young girl, "you have not found it?"

"Indeed, Madame, I am happy to say I have."

"And how have you been fortunate enough to find us? How can we thank you?"

"I saw Mademoiselle at the window."

"Indeed," said the mother, fixing a scrutinising glance upon the dusty youth; "you knew not whose it was."

The daughter said nothing, but a strange feeling flew to her heart. How that strange young man must have studied the miniature!

"I found it," continued Paul, "at the church of the St. Esprit, in Paris, some ten days since, and have carried it with me ever since, in the faint hope of finding an owner for it—I have it—"

Paul paused, trembled, and said no more, while his whole face was suffused with crimson.

"I have it next my heart," he was about to have said, but an indefinable impulse stayed his words, while he drew it from his bosom, his features still more overcome by burning blushes, blushes that with his manner spoke volumes to the heart of the fair owner.

Both ladies were about to join in thanking our young traveller, when the door opened, and a man entered hurriedly.

It was the notary Durant.

"Paul Malines, my dear boy!" he exclaimed, "most delighted to see you. You have then kept your promise. I am right glad of it."

Paul stammered forth some unintelligible words, but Louise, the lovely original of the picture which Paul had parted with, most willingly came to his aid, and explained the whole in a few words. Durant listened attentively, and a gratified smile played round his lips.

"Paul," said he kindly, "you are the son of Michel Malines, who made my fortune by lending me a sum of money which he never reclaimed. If you particularly wish it, you may keep that picture."

Paul could not believe his ears, Louise held down her head to hide a laugh at the odd expression of his countenance, while Madame said mildly, "Durant!"

"Fudge," said the hearty lawyer, now councillor royal, with, it was said, the ear of the king, or at all events of his ministers. "You know I don't like to act as other people do; and when I left little Paul weeping over his father's grave, I said to myself, What a capital husband he would make for my little Louise! Now I flatter myself I didn't think anything out of the way, did I, Paul?"

"I really!" exclaimed Paul, blushing like a young lady fresh from school, which, considering his education among the Jesuits, was remarkable, since they were men who never blushed.

"Now, my dear boy, just off with your great coat, down with your pack. Now then sit down, and say, as if the house were your own, I am at home."

Paul obeyed, and having retired to clean himself and attend to his toilette, returned in the guise of a gentleman, which, Louise could not but own, became him marvellously.

"Now, my boy, we are going to dine, and at dinner you shall tell us the whole of your adventures since we parted."

Chapter IV.

THE DECISION.

It was the king's ante-chamber. A number of persons were there waiting for an audience. Among these were Durant the lawyer, Paul, Louise, and her mother. In the three months which had elapsed since the event of our last chapter, the young people had become better acquainted. To see them as they stood side by side, it was easy to discover that they were now lovers, if not affianced. About three yards from them, however, stood their evil genius—the priest Foveau. His look was still meek, mild, and calm, but there was in his eyes a restless fever which bespoke a mind ill at ease.

"His majesty will receive all the parties concerned in the affair Malines!" exclaimed the usher, throwing open a side door.

The group entered, and stood in the presence of the king, who, seated at a table covered with papers, was attentively perusing a document.

"Sire Durant," he said after a few moments, "I have read your memorial with

care; it is worthy of you. It is terse, vigorous, and argumentative. Abbé Foveau, I have read yours. It is learned and eloquent, but unfortunately it errs in one particular."

"In what, sire?" asked the Jesuit, with a smile.

"In truth."

The priest turned pale, for he saw it was decided against him, and he quailed beneath power.

"At least, your majesty, it was intended one half should be the property of the church."

"Perhaps, Abbé Foveau, that was the intention," said the king severely, "but you have wilfully departed from the intention of the deceased, and I accordingly accept the interpretation of Monsieur Durant, which is '*that part you chose was to be his son's.*' *The part you chose* was 199,000 livres; the other thousand go to the church. The words are explicit, Abbé Foveau. 'Such part as the said reverend pere chooses, to go to my son!'"

Shylock balked of his pound of flesh by the lovely advocate, one of Shakespeare's most delicate inventions, presented not a more utterly overcome and downcast look than the priest, who, bowing low, left the king's apartment. Paul fell at the king's feet, and burst forth in eloquent expressions of gratitude.

"Young man," said the monarch, with a smile, "I have offended for the sake of justice a powerful body of men; but if I am not true, who is to be so in France? You are a soldier?"

"Yes, sire."

"I appoint you at once to my *corps de garde*. A lieutenancy is vacant. Let me see you to-morrow at the palace."

The whole party, now aware that the interview was over, retired, happy and contented in the extreme. Durant perhaps enjoyed the triumph more than any, because it was his wit and eloquence that had turned the scales against the Abbé. Paul obtained his inheritance; the priest went to Rome and was heard of no more; and ere long another asked a blessing on the union of Paul Malines and the original of the lost miniature.

"Ah, my boy!" said Durant, gaily, on the day of the wedding, just as the company were sitting down to dinner, "didn't I tell you to come to me for a friend? and now I have found you a wife."

Paul smiled, and yet a tear stood in his eye. It was Louise's father who thus spoke: his had been dead eleven years.

My Uncle's Diary.

Fragments Therefrom.

BY ION.

[My uncle was a testy old gentleman, very rich, and, withal, childless. I should have been his heir, but that I happened some time ago to offend, first, by expending some few thousand pounds left me by my father, in various sorts of amusements: second, by just marrying, against his consent, a very pretty girl, with whom I ran away from a boarding-school. All I got, therefore, was this old Diary, which my uncle, I suppose, having nothing worse to leave, selected, instead of the customary shilling. However, in looking it over I found passages which appear to me quite as good as many things I have read in periodical literature, and I accordingly picked out which, by being printed and published, may bring me in a few pounds, which will come in admirably at Christmas to pay my baker.]

Oct. 1st, 1826.—I am an old man, it is true, but I have lived alone; I have cherished my feelings, until I forget the lapse of time, and I seem as young as I was thirty years ago. I never felt more bitterly how utterly alone I was in the world than to-night—in all that vast crowd, not one knew me. My state of mind took me back long, long ago, to a time when—— but shall I confess it? my tears flow even now. I thought, as I gazed on the happy throng pressing around me, that perhaps mine was the only aching heart amongst them all.

Oct. 3rd.—I am cast down and dejected. The moon has risen with singular brightness; all nature stands revealed; the trees have their outlines strongly defined against the azure depths. My thoughts have been busy with the past to-night. All that long dream of happiness, all her first looks, her words, her smile, her beauty, her tenderness, have been conjured up, and I have lived over again that train of circumstances which separated us. Oh, that I could bury the remembrance of the past, and still the ever-working agony of the feelings which are struggling in my bosom. How simple a thing has struck the chord which reverberates so quickly through the long past. I opened my desk to-night, and accidentally stumbled upon a little packet, containing nothing but two *faded flowers*. All that I have of hers she gave them long, long ago, little thinking they would be kept, and cherished, and wept over, as they have been. Alice, they shall be buried with me; when I am gone, you shall know * * * but never! her happiness shall not be disturbed. * * * I held these trembling withered flowers up to the moonlight—their leaves are quivering in my hand, and out of their tiny decayed branches what visions did not I form. I seemed

again to be young; full of dreams of passionate love, hearkening to every whisper that spoke of her, watching her every action, and deeming her more beautiful than all beside. * ** She was kind, gentle, amiable; she would have loved me, and made my home a paradise; but, fatal madness, I suffered her to be lost. Yet what happiness there is to me in the thought that I have lived for her memory; that though she doubted, I believed, and trusted, and loved Alice. May God bless you, your children, and your home.

[So my old uncle has been in love ! !—Ion.]

Oct. 19th.—I have seen her! I am unmanned entirely. Thirty-five long years have passed, and we have not met but to-night. I heard her voice, and saw her still beautiful, but oh, how changed!

Oct. 20th.—Thinking of Milton, a fancy suggested itself. Perhaps his blindness was ordained by Providence, that living in an age of corruption, his eyes might not be compelled to dwell on the follies passing around, and thus he might be enabled, shut out from the world, to contemplate with purer thoughts that heaven of which he loved to sing.

Oct. 21st.—Went out for a walk this evening, and amused myself in watching the course taken by the moon through the clouds, "now veiled, not revealed," by the passage over its surface of cloudlets, now light and fleecy, and then again dark and heavy. But still through the trackless heavens it went steadily on its way, piercing through dark masses of clouds, then lightly skimming over a patch of clear blue. The notice which we bestow upon the beauties of nature, depends entirely on the state of our minds. After listening to music, while the soul is still unrecovered from the delightful melancholy into which it has been plunged, it seems as though we were more prepared to admire and contemplate with the profound reverence they deserve those beauties which the Creator has disposed around us on earth, on air, and sea. The moon by night; the stars that glitter in the unfathomable depths of blue ether above; the clouds that, driven by the wind, chase each other over the sky; the vast unknown regions of eternity, that extend beyond the reach of man's gaze, and with whose mysteries he yearns to become acquainted; the trees, the shrubs, the flowers, the peaceful habitations of man, the lights that glitter here and there beneath the silver flood of brilliance shed by the moon—all borrow an inexplicable charm from that melancholy caused by the harmony which we hear around us. Is it wrong to hope that, when transported to that heaven in which from our earliest infancy we are taught to hope for a home hereafter, we shall hear that music which spiritual voices alone can make conceivable to mortal imagination—something silvery sweet and ceaselessly murmuring? The halo which even the music of earth casts on everything, seems like a warrant that such will be the case. From my earliest infancy, music has always occasioned a certain influence upon my feelings; and in proportion as I grow older, it seems to exert it more and more!

Oct. 22nd.—We experience an unwillingness to reveal to others, and even sometimes to ourselves, the unaccountable thoughts which rise from the very depths of our being, while under the influence of a passing momentary passion, which seems for one brief instant to illumine our inward nature, and make us see with eyes endowed with lengthened vision a glimpse of what we are some day to be. It is impossible to account for the varied moods which our minds assume, or define the exact impulses which prompt certain imaginings. Suddenly to-day I began to ponder on the future, but not on that earthly future of which we obtain no glimpse, but of that which, hinted at by the Scripture, floats dimly afar. As I thought it seemed drawn nearer and nearer, a brief space alone seemed to divide me from the grave, and the feeling came over my heart most strangely that man knows not whether the period which is to intervene between our present existence and that vast eternity we think of, is to be short or long, whether it is to be prolonged for years, or restricted to days or hours. What is the result?—that we ought to prepare, that we ought to purify ourselves, so as to be ready to pass away.

[I know not what foreboding spirit spoke, but that day twelvemonth my poor uncle died.—Ion.]

Oct. 23rd.—How, when beloved objects are separated from us by distance, when we can no longer hear or see men, do we look back over the past, to discover if we could have done anything to render them more happy; and then how easily we reproach ourselves with the non-fulfilment of a hundred little nameless duties, which might have proved how we loved them. We would fain hope that the absent one remembers all our affection, and forgets every trivial neglect. And if he does not, how vain is regret. Yet not vain, if it bring us to examine into our hearts, probe its mysteries, and teach us to strive to fulfil all our duties, manifest our love while yet we may, so that when death or absence shall sever us, we may look back on the past, and at least derive consolation from the fact that we have striven to do that

which is right. I had a letter from my nephew this morning. What can he mean by writing to me? I think him a thorough scamp.

[Thank'ee, uncle.—Ion.]

Oct. 24th.—I have been talking with our rector this morning; he is a very excellent man, and has by his conversation done me much good. What a lovely night! How beautifully the moon is streaming yonder through that dark scattered patch of black clouds! How still is the scene around! how clearly the trees are defined against the heavens! how brightly the stars shine! Oh, how glorious is this world in which we live! how splendid are the works of nature! And yet we murmur hourly at the ills with which it pleases our Father to temper the happiness he has bestowed on us—a happiness rendered imperfect by the first sin. And if we look around us, we shall perceive that exceptions are not invidiously made—all have some affliction. Man's life is never one long uninterrupted dream of happiness! Nor should we expect it. The pure bliss awaiting him hereafter would have been foretasted, and would not burst in all its noble glory upon him, did he not suffer here below.

Oct. 25th.—I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey—what a happy family! How sweet domestic life is! But I have shut myself out from the world. I wonder has my nephew any children?

[Seven, dear uncle, any one of which I wish you'd adopted. All under ten.—Ion.]

Oct. 26th.—I strolled through the grounds—autumn has nipped the trees. My thoughts are, as usual, with the past. The changes which during the course of our lives take place, are strange to mark. Strange, however, as they may be, they cannot fail to be of infinite service to us, if we mark their signification well. As for myself, I really, when I come calmly to reflect on all that has passed, cannot but perceive that I have been made the sport of adverse circumstances. I ought not to murmur. Heaven has showered upon me never-to-be-forgotten blessings, and yet has decreed that I should be a disappointed old man.

Oct. 27th.—Years have passed over my head, and I have not stirred from this spot—this home. This park has been my resting place, excepting an occasional visit to a neighbour. I reflected, as I trod the avenue through the wood, that thirty years ago I trod it too with my locks black and glossy, and now my hair has whitened beneath those tell-tale trees; but the heart is still the same—perhaps embittered.

Notes of a Tour in Belgium and Germany.

BY E. M.

PART I.

THE THAMES—ANTWERP—MALINES—BRUSSELS—WATERLOO—LIEGE—VERVIERS—AIX LA CHAPELLE—LOUISBERG—ELISENBRUNNEN—FRANKENBERG—COLOGNE—BONN—GODESBERG—KONIGSWINTER.

'Twas that delicious season of the year when the sweet spring yet lingered ere crossing its "viewless boundary," as if grieved to resign its tender flowers to summer's scorching sun, when our tour to Germany was projected. And yet to me, who had passed my life amid the kindly sympathies of home, there was something sad in bidding farewell to my native land, even for a brief period, though my heart bounded high at the prospect of a ramble for weeks in foreign climes; and my loved brother, my companion, giving by his presence, zest to all. Still with a blush do I acknowledge that when, on the 15th of May, 184—, we stood on the deck of the Princess Victoria, and replied to the last wave from the kindly hands of those who loved us, my eyes grew moist, and I half doubted if, in those fairy scenes which fancy had painted with so bright a colouring, I should find more happiness than in spending uneventful days amid the delights of home, and in the society of those bound to me by the ties of love and relationship.

I sat down more sadly than I could have believed possible, and gazed listlessly on each fleeting object, as we quickly made our way past the various villages that stud the banks of the Thames, lingering memories of the past blending with anticipations of the future—for was I not soon to behold the majestic Rhine? What had for years been a dreamy fantasy, was now about to become a tangible reality.

How long my reverie would have lasted I know not, as I was started from my idle fancies by a kindly though surprised greeting, and in five minutes the pleasure of a reunion with an old friend dissipated entirely the clouds that thoughts of home had gathered around me, and the bright future alone filled my mind. To me, a steamboat is a very pleasant mode of travelling, for gaily she dashes along, while, if the weather be tolerable, you walk, talk, or dreamily murmur to yourself some "quaint old song." Then comes dinner—no disagreeable episode. Ye Gods, what appetites! what a clatter of plates and tongues! I cannot convey to others the amusement I felt in gazing round at the various groups that, at the pauses between the courses, chatted, drank wine, or, like true Englishmen, enveloped themselves in their own favourite coat-of-mail—reserve

At the head of the table sat our gallant captain, a man worthy of a lady's notice, for he looks the gentleman, and shows by his actions he is a sailor. On either side a fair dame, who cannot complain of lack of attention. Then followed a motley assemblage of both sexes, whom you instinctively ask yourself the reasons that have brought them from "merrie England." This portly, fatherly man, who grumbles at everything, and professes an utter contempt for all that is to be either seen, or heard, or eaten on the continent—what are his motives? That supercilious youth, with his fair imperial, and glass stuck in the corner of his eye, has "Murray" peeping out of his great coat pocket, so it requires no great talent to guess the motive which has tempted him to cross the Channel. The pursuit of health, pleasure, or the mere wish to kill time, sometimes business, and often the strong desire of acquiring knowledge by seeing those countries they have as yet only visited by the aid of books—all these motives, and many more, may be traced by a curious observer in the countenances of the occupants of a continental steamboat dinner-table. After a really pleasant hour, we went on deck, and found we were fast getting out to sea. Our good ship began to reel; some of the passengers went to bed; some, by the aid of stalwart arms, kept the deck; fair faces began to wear a pallid hue; and even strong men staggered, as they vainly tried to walk steadily. Who can resist the power of sea-sickness? and oh, the long and weary night, the hopes for morning, as then, like the ghosts of old, your enemy must take flight, the entrance to the calm waters of the Scheldt bringing relief to your sufferings.

The morning of the 16th was cold and bleak, and the monotonous-looking windmills, with the few miserable hamlets on either side of the low banks, did not tend to dissipate the sombre feelings induced by a sleepless night. We were, however, soon released from our state of yawning monotony. Antwerp, the lofty cathedral towers of which had long before cheated the eye into the belief of our speedily reaching land, now lay before us. The custom-house officers came on board; quite alarming-looking fellows, with their gold lace and fierce moustaches; but it was all in appearance, as we were quickly dismissed. Another officer in the cabin examined our passport, after placing his stamp on which we were fairly at liberty.

I cannot describe how strangely I felt, the first time my foot touched a foreign shore. Luckily, I had somebody to look after the localities, as I certainly was for a time in the ideal, gazing on the quaint old houses that stood opposite the extensive wharf, and the picturesque costume of the lower class, with undivided attention.

There are few continental seaports where you may land with greater comfort than at Antwerp. Everything appears well arranged for the comfort of travellers; and you have only to call the name of your hotel, for a civil, gentlemanly man to take you under his protection, and marshal you to Le Grand Laboreur, or any other you may choose. This hotel, though not the first in the town, we found both moderate and comfortable. Determined to begin our wanderings in search of the beautiful quickly, we ordered dinner at five, and formed a large party. Putting ourselves under the especial charge of the civil gentleman called in vulgar parlance a "commissioner," we set forth. Antwerp is really a splendid old town. A stillness reigns over it, while the strange and picturesque style of the old Flemish buildings, the formal cut gardens, where you caught glimpses of them, and the oddly-dressed old women in the market-place, with their lace lappelles, which hang down on each side of their coquettish little bonnets, gives to a stranger the idea that he is gazing on a large picture, and he involuntarily starts when some movement on the part of the passers-by shows him his mistake. Such at least was the impression the cold, dead houses made on me, as, from each window having small looking-glasses, enabling those within to see the wayfarers, I seldom caught a glimpse of the inhabitants. The gardens are all at the back of the houses; and though I was told of their beauty, still the habit of clipping the trees and hedges into antique forms did not give me a favourable idea of them. Churches and picture galleries are here most plentiful. From one to another we hurried, the eye at last becoming weary. In Notre Dame we stood for a long time in wrapt attention before Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," the acknowledged pride of Antwerp. We visited the Museum, as also a private collection, where paintings by this great master are in great abundance. One church (St. Jacques) particularly attracted our attention, no less from its being the burial-place of Rubens and his family, than from the exquisite beauty of the marble sculpture around the altar. Being the month of May, the shrine of the Virgin Mary was everywhere decorated with flowers—some real, others artificial. Large boxes containing orange trees stood round her shrine, while with clasped hands and bended knees the devotees worshipped, unmindful of the presence of the strangers, who gazed on all *they* held sacred with comparative indifference. A solemn awe pervaded me, for the gorgeous edifices seemed fit temples for worship, and yet I

could not help reflecting with what feelings of even deeper reverence I had often heard, in some barn-like building, the voice of praise and prayer ascending from humble lips!

On returning to our first *table d'hote* dinner, we were highly amused at the interminable number of dishes served up. The slaughter of fowls must have been tremendous. Our party was pleasantly augmented by divers wanderers, including our friend the captain. We compared notes over our coffee, concerning the various wonders that had offered such rich enjoyment to our minds, and again set out in the evening to take one more ramble through the town. On this occasion we were even more struck with its appearance. Its strange old gables, towers, and overhanging eaves, taking fantastic forms, as seen by the light of a cloudy moon, would have given pleasure to a painter. We soon became tired, however, of pictorial effects, and gladly returned to our hotel to recruit our wearied bodies with sleep.

Next morning (the 17th) we resumed our sight-seeing rambles at an early hour; but we had not walked many yards before a heavy shower warned us back. We obtained a peep of a pretty road; but were doomed, like many an unfortunate wight in this world, never to traverse it, as after breakfast our party proposed seeing the fortifications. This was attempted; but the fates showed themselves most cruel. A parcel of short Belgian soldiers, and a green field with a mound all round—which we could not enter without permission—form my impression of the Antwerp fortifications, one shower after another compelling a quick retreat. At first we took shelter in a beer-shop, where I tasted the beer of the country—a cross between vinegar and Scotch treacle beer. We afterwards found refuge in a church, as in this country the church doors are opened till twelve for saint and sinner.

At one o'clock we started per railway for Brussels. The morning had been too wet for rambling pleasantly, so that we were not sorry to take our departure. Our carriage had the disadvantage of letting in water, making our journey less agreeable. Railway travelling is very reasonable in Belgium for individuals, but if you indulge in an inordinate quantity of luggage, it is quite as expensive as in England.

We passed through various small towns; among the rest, Malines. The country was highly cultivated and reminded me of England. Here and there we passed a pretty villa, but from the rapidity of railway travelling it was impossible to see much of the beauties of the land. At half-past four we arrived at Brussels, having the satisfaction of being drenched by a heavy shower as we stepped from the railway to a cab. Even under this disadvantage, however, the appearance of the town struck us on entering with surprise and pleasure. Its characteristics are — wide streets, and clean and handsomely built houses, the plate-glass windows of which impart to them a peculiar degree of elegance. Here and there the eye is refreshed by peeps of the country, while the whole town is intersected with trees. The only English town I can compare it to, is Bath; being built of stone, and having many fine public edifices. We alighted at the Hotel de France, and found there not only a comfortable but luxurious home. We had only time to dress for dinner, and sit down to one fit for a queen. They say extremes meet, and as our appetites were fit for ploughmen, the viands suited admirably. The evening was wet and stormy, but we nevertheless sallied forth. Our first visit was to the Museum, the pictures in which are very inferior to the Antwerp collection, yet to our unpractised eye, they were fully as pleasing. We then strolled through the town, helping our busy friend to buy lace, which to our great amusement, in spite of all our endeavours to the contrary, he purchased of British manufacture, alleging that it was the prettiest! Am I guilty of treason against my own sex by the whispered remark—is it a real or fictitious value which we women place on this article? We felt ourselves quite at home in the Hotel de France, as it is kept by two unmarried ladies, one English and the other French, and being resorted to by all our steamboat fellow-travellers, we were constantly, as it were, meeting with friends.

On rising on the morning of the 18th, the park before our windows invited us to walk. We found it the sweetest little spot in the world. Wandering through short avenues of trees, we came, here and there, to open spots decorated with statues; a rotunda stands about the middle, where, in find weather, a band plays.

Brussels, in daylight, pleased me still more than it had done at night. We therefore employed ourselves till one, in walking about the handsome streets, or gazing at the shops in Rue de la Madeleine. At that hour we had a carriage to Waterloo.

The morning had been very fine; but just as we stepped into the vehicle heavy black clouds obscured the sun. Ever ready to hope, we said, "'tis but a shower." Alas! by the time we got to Waterloo, the most hopeful amongst us saw that we must make up our minds to a regular soaking day. What could be done? We had come to see Waterloo, and in spite of rain or mud see it we must. Pitiful figures we were,

picking our steps over the field of battle, our boots sometimes sinking so deep that it was with difficulty we drew one leg after the other. Nevertheless we listened, as well as the weather and other inconveniences would allow, to Sergeant Cotton's description. At last he had to hold his tongue, at least to the greater number of the party, for tucking me under his arm to prevent my utter prostration in the mud, and unfurling a huge green umbrella, he marched on to the great amusement of those behind.

Divested of association of ideas, the plain of Waterloo offers absolutely nothing worthy of notice. The very chapel at the chateau d'Hougoumont has been white-washed, thus erasing the names of our countrymen who have visited the spot. Corn waves luxuriantly over "high hearts and brave;" nought, indeed, but the lion on a high mound remains, to tell of those who once like us rejoiced in their health and strength.

We were too wet to indulge long in the sentimental, and most gladly did we accept of coarse shoes and stockings from the good people of the "*auberge*," where our dinner was ordered. Considering the place, we had a very comfortable repast. We then drove back to Brussels, not very merry, as we felt both wet and weary; had our coffee, and thankfully went to bed.

Sancho Panza has said, "blessings on the man who first invented sleep." I felt the saying forcibly, for the morning of the 19th found me refreshed, energetic, and remembering my yesterday's disappointment only as something to smile at. The weather, however, still continued gloomy; but at twelve a bit of blue sky became visible, then a little more, until at length the glorious sun broke forth in all its splendour. We did not wait for clean streets, but picked our way to the Place des Martyrs, an interesting spot, where rest, in vaults below the square, the bodies of those who fell in the revolution of 1830. Their names are inscribed on stone tablets, not above one-half of which are filled, as *Les Braves Belges* who distinguished themselves, and are still alive, will be entitled to have their names engraved beside those of their compatriots. Above these vaults is a square enclosed with a railing, in the centre of which is the figure of Freedom, while at each corner are other figures with hands uplifted as if in intercession. At dinner we again met a pleasant party, a celebrated authoress being of the number. I am always so disappointed with the appearance of celebrated people, that I would rather only see them in my mind's eye. Her daughter, however, was beautiful enough for even *my beau ideal* of intellectuality, and some of the poor youths nearly lost their dinner by gazing on her manifold perfections. In the evening we went to a small theatre where vaudevilles are performed. Pleasant things these said vaudevilles are—for between the pieces you promenade up and down the saloon, taking from belaced waiters ices or *Punche à la Romaine.*

MAY 20.—Busy with the disagreeable task of paying bills preparatory to leaving Brussels. We paid a visit to the Cathedral, which has nothing to recommend it but handsome stained-glass windows. We went also to the lace manufactory, but saw nothing worthy of notice in process. Took lunch, and drove to the railway, where we had nearly been carried back to Ostend, by the half of our party seating themselves in a wrong carriage. We luckily were reunited at the first station, and for four hours we travelled on without anything of interest occurring—a wet and disagreeable walk across a hill, in consequence of something having gone wrong in the tunnel, being the only incident that could be called exciting.

On arriving at Liége, it was too dark for us to have any idea of the appearance of the town; but assuredly the hotel did not prepossess us in its favour, the public room being cold and cheerless. After a comfortable enough tea, we went to bed; but were disturbed every quarter of an hour by certain silvery chimes which came down clear and distinct from the neighbouring church—pleasant sounds during the day, but at night destroying sleep.

21st.—Rose at five in the morning, when some of our party were to leave us, to our mutual regret. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the morning, as we drove with them through the market-place, to the banks of the Meuse, where a small steamboat waited. As we stood on the quay, the scene was very spirited—so many sturdy-looking countrymen and women; the latter, even those apparently of the better class, wearing caps, instead of bonnets. This exposure to the weather renders them coarse both in complexion and feature.

Liége being a sort of up-and-down town, we lost our way; but, by the aid of "silver grochen" (thirty of which go to a Prussian thaler, the same value as three of our shillings), we quickly found our hotel.

So many churches invited our attention, that it was one continued succession of gazing on saintly pictures and meek-looking virgins. But as we wandered idly through the town after breakfast, one scene powerfully affected me—a funeral. We followed the crowd into the church, and saw the body borne along the principal aisle. Boys, dressed in white surplices,

swinging censors, walked slowly before the mournful procession. A row of priests lined each side; while through the lofty cathedral swelled the chant for the dead, causing each nerve to vibrate with painful emotion. At last, the coffin disappeared under the door-way leading to the vaults. The voices receded, till a faint wail was all that reached the ear; and then a silence ensued like the last sigh of the dead! So impressive was it, that albeit not much given to the melting mood, I leant my head against a pillar, and wept bitterly. The holy beauty of a dead Christ in marble, in one of the niches, soothed my saddened spirit, and taught me to look beyond the tomb.

The finest church in Liége is St. Jacques, the roof being arabesque purple and gold, giving the whole building a gorgeous appearance. After visiting it, we walked to a height overlooking the town, the view of which, with its churches, old towers, and pleasant cool avenues of trees stretching out into the level plains of the adjacent country, where already, to our northern eyes, vegetation appeared far advanced, amply rewarded our labour.

On the whole, we were much more pleased with Liége than we had been led to expect; for everywhere it is intersected with trees, the soft green of which refreshes by its appearance as well as by its shade. The shops too are very gay, the principal being in an arcade near the centre of the town. They have an air of fashion which is pleasant to a woman's eye. As for the people themselves, from the superficial glance the *table d'hote* dinner gave me, I should decidedly say that they are far from prepossessing. We were the only English at table; consequently, the cooking was chiefly adapted to the Walloons, who must have a greasy taste. A number of the guests were officers, but unlike those "at home," for they were coarse in their appearance, and boorish in their manners. One pleasant incident occurred during dinner—a man and a woman playing the guitar and singing, and drowning, with their really sweet music, the noise of the dishes.

We were advised to go in the third-class carriage to Verviers, which we did, in order that we might fully enjoy the various splendid views between Liége and Verviers; these are enhanced by tunnels occurring every three or four miles. Words are inadequate to describe the beauty of the various scenes of enchantment we passed through. On one side of the railway the Meuse winds; trees, cottages, and fields in high cultivation stud its banks; and so narrow is it, that numberless small wooden bridges are thrown across; while gently sloping hills, wooded to the tops, rise in rapid succession. On the other side, a wilder scene of equal beauty meets the eye, composed of fragments of rocks and high hills, with villages sleeping peacefully at their foot. One village in particular pleased me by its tranquil and secluded appearance, I mean Chaude Fontaine. It is much frequented by invalids, and seems to be a fit abode for the searcher after health and quiet. Before entering a tunnel, the eye rests on a valley of smiling beauty—the river winding through meadows, trees waving on its banks, and wild flowers, with their gay colouring, lending a rich tint to the waving grass. On emerging at the other side of the hill, an old castle looks frowningly upon you from its craggy summit; dark and stern rocks shut out the landscape, and in vain you sigh for the abode of peace you left two minutes before. This continued change keeps the attention of the traveller alive till he reaches Verviers, where the country assumes a tame agricultural appearance. At Verviers, our passports were taken, and our luggage partially examined, by the custom-house officers.

At 6 o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle. Having refreshed ourselves with coffee, we walked through the town, and at half-past nine went into the Redoubte, a splendid building set apart for the purpose of gambling. Newspapers, it is true, are kept in the place; but the real aim of all the inducements that tempt the unwary to enter is—play. We did not like to stay even a few minutes, though there was no lack of young and fair women playing with great eagerness.

22d.—Very tired, and, as the day was wet, did not go out, more especially as preparations were making, before the windows of our hotel, for the procession of *La Fete Dieu*; one, I believe, of the most important of the many Catholic solemnities. Fancy our amusement, watching each article which was brought, as mountebanks in a country village prepare for their tumbling feats! A carpet being laid down, on it was placed a table, a crucifix thereon, and on each side were long tapers, with gay flowers interspersed. Orange-trees were placed along the street, with chairs at equal distances. Then commenced the procession by women strewing flowers along the street; rows of boys chanting with real good-will, led by a dismal-looking priest; and after them came hundreds of little damsels, from the age of six to sixteen, dressed in white, their hair ornamented with wreaths of white flowers, and many with long white veils appended. Well-dressed women followed; and after them came men chanting with more ear-

nestness than melody; and again a long stream of the nun-like little damsels. One poor child, who seemed bore down with her grandeur of white satin and gold, preceded the priests, the gravity of whose demeanour, as they marched slowly and solemnly along the street, attended by boys swinging censors, gave no joyous idea of a monk's life. Over one, the highest dignitary, I presume, and whose dress consisted of as much lace and white satin as would have furnished full equipment for half-a-dozen ladies, a very splendid canopy was borne, from under which he stepped, and proceeded, after various prayers, to elevate the host, every one, except strangers, falling on their knees. The chanting, with its thrilling power, would have affected even the indifferent, had it not been for the ludicrous circumstance of a heavy shower of rain falling at the time. In an instant, the whole street, as far as the eye could reach, was one dense mass of umbrellas, of every shade and hue—the natives appearing to favour crimson, bright green, and other gay colours, more than sober hues. The day clearing, we went to the Cathedral, where we saw the whole scene re-enacted. Strange it is to observe the devout look of the worshippers. Not an eyelid seems to move as the bustle passes them. Some kneel abjectly on the cold stone; and, if sincere prayer can avail, their abasement will surely meet with that favour in the sight of Heaven which they appear to seek with so much earnestness.

In the evening, we walked to a hill called Louisberg, situated about a mile from the town. A large café invites wanderers to take refreshments, walks are laid out tastefully, with seats for the weary; and in summer evenings, a good band of music adds to the attractions of this very pleasant place. You can scarcely have a more delightful ramble, as all the way from the town you are shaded by a fine avenue of trees.

23d.—A day of little interest, though we visited the fountain of Elisa, or rather the Elisenbrunnen, at seven in the morning, the hour when the band commences. The mineral waters are so strongly impregnated with sulphur, as to be very disagreeable, both in taste and smell. Our party at dinner was a small one; but from one of the guests being a character, and requiring but little drawing out, we had more amusement than ordinarily fell to our share. He was a tall fair young man, with china-blue staring eyes, a moustache that was bristling with defiance, a wondrous quantity of satin and jewellery about his throat, and a tongue that defies description. I am sorry our penetration did not discover what countryman he was; but his "little villa" was situated on the summit of the Tarpeian Rock, where he was bored to death by the visits of his friends, the duchess of C., the marquis of P., &c. &c. His little anecdotes of himself and his titled friends, uttered with imperturbable gravity, were irresistible.

24th.—Very hot, but managed to take a long walk to a castle called Frankenberg. The road lying along the side of a "bonny wimpling burn," I had a pleasant dream of home; for happy as I was, a flower, a green knoll, or walk that reminded me of the days "o' langsyne," brought a glow to my heart, and filled my mind with a thousand pleasant memories. The castle, at a distance, looks picturesque; but on approaching nearer, it turns out to be only an uncomfortable old house. We returned by the village of Borcette, where the springs appear almost boiling. The houses, though intended for invalids, are badly and irregularly built. After dinner, we rambled over the town, enjoying an occasional rest under the shade of the trees, which the inhabitants of all continental towns appear to cultivate in great abundance.

25th.—Went to the springs in the morning. After breakfast, visited the tomb of Charlemagne; and showed my woman's nature, by buying various articles of dress. After dinner, we walked to Louisberg, where, reclining on the grass, we sang old songs, and talked of old friends. The sun, slowly sinking in the west, threw a rich gleam over all nature. It was one of those evenings when to speak loud or harshly would seem a profanation—so softened does the heart become by nature's holy influences.

26th.—Weather uncomfortable; but went to the Hotel de Ville, a strange-looking building, for our passports. We then rambled through the streets, trying in vain to find something new in the statue of Charlemagne, which, surmounted by its black eagles, stands in the market-place; but so often had I lounged past it before, that I began to be ashamed of looking it in the face. Thus the day lazily passed away; but the evening always brought with it fresh enjoyment. Then, how delightful to wander forth, call up the past, and dream over the future, though nothing could be greater than our present happiness! Oh! what in this world can give more heartfelt pleasure than to ramble with those we love in the cool of the twilight—the rich perfume of the flowers, after a shower, wafted past us by the evening breeze, which scarcely stirs the foliage above our heads—and with the undefinable freshness of feeling which exists but in spring, and which summer, with all its

radiant beauty, rarely bestows? Again, however, we were under marching orders; leaving, I must say, Aix-la-Chapelle, the city of Charlemagne, without regret, there being little in it to interest one for a long sojourn. The cathedral is a mixture of the Gothic and Egyptian style of building —not so pleasing as if it were wholly of either. This mixture of orders arises, of course, from its having been erected at different times. You are shown the slab which once covered the mortal remains of Charlemagne. In short, his name appears the key-note of everything. The town owes all its importance to the influx of strangers, hoping to benefit by its mineral springs. A handsome colonnade is built over them, under which, in wet weather, it is pleasant to walk. You descend from thence into a cavern, where, out of a lion's mouth, the hot sulphurous water gushes. Everything in Aix is half-and-half—the town being half modern, half ancient—the people speaking sometimes German, sometimes French—and the very money being a mixture of francs and thalers! The Redoubte is a very chaste modern building, the apartments white inside, with statuary in niches; which are reflected back by the lofty mirrors that plentifully adorn the walls. Splendid chandeliers, chairs and sofas covered with crimson velvet, complete the *tout ensemble*.

We had a long tiresome journey to Cologne, the railway taking it very easy. We had tea, and went to the theatre; but not understanding German, our pleasure consisted in listening to the songs, and guessing at their meaning.

27th.—Walked about this strange old town with its narrow streets till after dinner, when we drove to the palace of Bruehl. A large building near the railway station serves the humble purpose of a café, though it is handsome enough for a palace. Here we had "maitrank," a drink peculiar to Germany in the month of May, as its name denotes. The ingredients in its composition are Moselle wine, sugar, oranges, and the plant called wood-roof. We afterwards went to the real palace, which is well worth paying a short visit to, having a splendid staircase ornamented with statues. The most comical of all is the figure of a Chinese at the foot of the stair, his mouth wide open, from which issues a stream of water, giving one a most unpleasant recollection of sea-sickness. From the windows of the palace a lovely view presents itself, as the gardens are laid out like those of St. Cloud at Paris, with jets d'eau in the middle of plots of flowers, and orange-trees everywhere, while the rather formal walks lose themselves in the neighbouring forest of trees. The drive home was not the least of our day's enjoyment. The birds sang with a soft subdued melody, and we inhaled the sweet scent of the hawthorn as we drove rapidly past the hedge-rows on either side. The entrance to the town soon put an end to our ruralising, but we again tried to revive it by spending the remainder of our evening at a garden situated on the banks of the Rhine, where the good folks of Cologne sip their coffee and smoke their eternal pipes. It was now the dim "gloaming," but presently here and there lights glimmered and were reflected in the calm bosom of the apparently immoveable Rhine. Cologne has been called dirty and disagreeable, but that evening's panoramic view will ever stamp it in my mind as a much maligned town! But perhaps my more favourable impressions of it are due to the pleasant state of the weather during our visit.

28th.—Went in the morning to see the Cathedral, which, though under repair, was still used for public worship. The ghastly reliques of the three Wise Men of the East, whose skulls, gleaming with precious stones, grinned horribly within their gilded shrine, did not, I confess, give me much pleasure. At two o'clock we drove to the Polytechnic Institution. A most beautiful ride of eight miles brought us to the little village adjacent. There was nothing to interest any one in the bare rooms and coffin-like beds of the institution. Accordingly, we soon completed our survey, and rambled through the most charming little village in the world. Each cottage was a picture. Walks or rather paths, tempted us in every direction to stray among their mazes; the birds sang sweetly; the setting sun lighted up hill, dale, cottage, and even the spires of the distant cathedral, and at length sank behind the hills, as if loath to leave so fair a scene; and with our bowl of "maitrank" beneat the trees, felt equally disinclined to return to Cologne, the place of our temporary sojourn.

29th.—Left Cologne per railway for Bonn, which appeared a pretty little town, interspersed with trees. From thence hired a carriage, passed in our drive the ruins of Godesberg, which are exceedingly picturesque, and arrived at Lannesdorf, opposite the Seven Mountains, crossing by a bridge of boats to Konigswinter. The latter is a small and very pretty village at the foot of one of the Seven Mountains, where we found a comfortable hotel (the Hotel de Berlin); and having installed ourselves in a room overlooking the Rhine, we enjoyed a pleasant walk among the vineyards half-way up the Drachenfels.

(To be continued.)

———

Piquillo Alliaga ;*

OR, THE

MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SCRIBE.]

Chapter XXI.

PIQUILLO IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

On arriving at the viceroy's house, and entering the drawing-room, the garret and all the painful impressions which it revived were lost in the pleasant scene which met his eyes. Carmen, seated between her father and cousin, regarded the latter with looks of pleasure that she did not attempt to conceal. Don Juan, even happier if possible, said to his nephew, "Well, and what think you of your betrothed? Was I wrong in boasting of her as the prettiest girl in Navarre? I have taken care of her hitherto, but you must now endeavour to persuade the Duke de Lerma to conclude the Flemish war, so that you may not have to return thither. And hasten back to look after your bride, else our gallants of Pampeluna will carry her off."

Ferdinand replied in terms expressive of his affection, yet a keen or interested spectator would have observed that from time to time, even when speaking most passionately to Carmen, his looks were directed towards a corner of the room where Aixa was engaged with her embroidery. It was at this moment that Piquillo entered.

"Ah, here comes our secretary," said Aixa, laughingly, "how sedate and grave his new situation has already made him. One indeed can hardly recognise him."

But she immediately perceived that his gravity proceeded from sadness of heart, and her looks seemed to inquire the cause of it.

"My lord," said Piquillo, bowing to the viceroy, "your excellency will doubtless think me very ungrateful to request leave of absence on the very day of my installation into my new office, but I am obliged immediately to set out for Madrid."

"And what may be your business there?" demanded d'Aguilar, gravely.

"Ah, what?" echoed the young ladies.

"Affairs of importance, which, not concerning myself alone, I must beg leave to be silent on for the present; but I beseech you to grant me leave—a week will suffice."

"We can spare you for a fortnight."

"Nay, I ask not so much," cried Piquillo, eagerly, inadvertently casting a look towards Aixa; "but I must away immediately."

"If my uncle's secretary will accept of a seat in my carriage, I will conduct him to Madrid," said Ferdinand, advancing. "But," turning to Piquillo, "you have only an hour to prepare yourself, as I must start at noon."

Piquillo bowed, expressing his sense of the honour; and Don Juan, accompanied by his nephew and daughter, left the room, leaving Piquillo alone with Aixa, who by her looks seemed to say, "What is the meaning of all this?" and he hastened to answer.

"Ask me nothing, I implore—it is the only secret I have from you. If I succeed I will tell you all; if I fail, my vanity will make me silent. But whatever may happen, I will always remain worthy of your friendship."

"It is but fair," she replied, after a moment's reflection; "you have your secrets, and I mine. But if I knew to whom you were going, and could give you any information respecting them—"

"See here," said Piquillo, showing her the letter which the Giralda had entrusted to him; "do you know this name?"

"Ah!" said she, smiling, "you, Piquillo, already connected with the Duke de Uzeda, the son of the prime minister?"

"The son of the prime minister!" cried Piquillo, with a feeling of hope and joy he could not conceal; "is it possible?"

"Every body knows that except yourself."

"So far so good," thought Piquillo; "if the Duke de Uzeda is my father, I am grandson of the prime minister." But to do the poor fellow justice, he was not actuated by a grain of personal ambition, he thought only of the lovely Aixa.

"You will be presented at court, then?" said Aixa, inquiringly.

"Perhaps, if I succeed, which is uncertain."

"I seek not to know your secret; but on going to court it is necessary to keep up appearances, and I have just been entrusted with a commission by Don Juan, which comes very *à-propos*. He has desired me to advance you two hundred ducats as a present."

"He promised me but one hundred this morning."

"True, but on account of his daughter's marriage—"

"Ah! Carmen is to be married?"

"Yes, to Don Ferdinand. The marriage will take place on his return from Madrid, whither he goes with despatches from General Spinola to the Duke de Lerma, provided peace be concluded with the Netherlands. So I beg you to accept of this," said she, offering him a green purse, embroidered by herself, containing two hundred ducats in gold.

"And will you permit me the honour of writing to you?"

* Continued from page 234.

"Nay, I shall insist on it."

"And your friends, when far away, will not be forgotten?" asked Piquillo with faltering voice.

"In such a case, sir, distance only serves to endear them—with me, at least;" and she stretched forth her hand, which he carried to his lips.

Intoxicated with joy, hope, and love, he rushed from the palace. But his own good fortune had not made him forget the situation of his mother. He called on the corregidor-mayor, who, dreading the anger of the viceroy, undertook no longer to molest the Giralda; and to make more sure, Piquillo received a promise from the chief secretary of Don Juan that he would keep an eye on his conduct. He then engaged three elegantly furnished rooms, and payed for them in advance, in the name of the Senora Alliaga, who, half an hour afterwards, took possession of them. All this had been done within the hour allowed to him by Ferdinand, and then, with a light foot, and joyous heart, he bounded up to the obscure garret, and embracing the Giralda, said:

"I am about to set out in obedience to your commands; until my return you have nothing to fear—my friends will protect you, but I cannot leave you here—you must abandon this place. Come, follow me; and you too, Senora Urraca."

They arrived at their new lodging, where a good bed and a good fire had been previously prepared.

"You are at home now, mother," said Piquillo.

The Giralda looked around, and at sight of the comforts which surrounded her, and to which she had so long been a stranger, a flash of joy lit up her face, which soon resumed its habitual expression of sadness, and she murmured in a low tone, "He offers refuge to us who exposed him in the street at the gate of a convent. He has procured for us this sparkling fire which warms us—us who left him to the cold and rain, with hands outstretched to his mother, who heeded him not!"

"Think no more of it, mother; the past is forgotten—let us look only to the present. Henceforth, whether in prosperity or adversity, we will share our fortunes together. For my part, I have never been so rich as I am now," said he, producing the purse which Aixa had just given him; "two hundred golden ducats, half of which are for you."

And despite the remonstrances of the Giralda, who refused to accept of them, he threw the money on the table, embraced his mother, and tore himself away, saying, "Adieu! adieu! I am late—they are waiting for me."

And in truth, on his arrival, he found the horses already harnessed, and Don Juan and the ladies on the threshold; and after a tender embrace between Ferdinand and his affianced bride, and many adieus on all sides, the post-chaise rolled rapidly through the streets of Pampeluna, and was in a short time in the open country. They had a journey of eighty-two leagues before them to Madrid, and, besides, Ferdinand had to make up for the four or five hours he had spent with his friends. But by paying well, one can travel quickly, and Ferdinand did not spare his money, so that by night-fall the travellers had left Estella and La Guardia behind them, and crossed the Ebro, and continued their route all night. It was impossible not to be delighted with Ferdinand. He was adored by his soldiers and fellow officers, and almost worshipped by the tenantry of his immense domains. We have already seen with what courage, on his first introduction at the council-board of his king, he had spoken the truth and defended misfortune. It is true his conduct on that occasion had caused him a few weeks' confinement, but on his release from prison he received a commission as captain in her majesty's regiment, and since, notwithstanding the powerful enemies with whom he had to contend, his promotion had been glorious and speedy, and had been supported, much to his surprise, by some protecting and unknown influence, in the very camp of his general, Spinola.

Yezid had kept inviolable the queen's secret, and, besides, Ferdinand had been unable to see his friend for five or six years, having taken an active part in the war in the Low Countries.

Piquillo, during the journey, had shown himself acquainted with such a multitude of subjects, that Ferdinand, astonished, declared that he was learned enough for a Benedictine monk, and was curious to know from whom he had received his education. Piquillo, then, with the candour so peculiar to him, related the manner in which he had just taken up his abode in d'Aguilar's house, in quality of page, and how much he was indebted to Aixa and Carmen, and spoke with gratitude and pride of his great obligations to them for their kindness, and the benefits they had heaped upon him. Ferdinand never seemed to grow weary of the conversation, and it was only natural that he should discourse of Carmen, and even Aixa occasionally. The travellers kept up the conversation with spirit till nightfall, and Piquillo slept soundly till break of day, when he was awoke by a jolt of the carriage: he looked around him, rubbed his eyes, and could hardly believe that he was not still asleep. He fancied he was under the power of a ter-

rible dream, which led him back six or seven years of his life. An involuntary shudder came over him, and he looked out again. The situation, the landscape, the forest road, were too well known to him to be ever effaced from his memory. At his right hand, on the edge of the road, his eyes met an object that appeared like an immense giant, with blackened and withered arms. It was an oak, of such peculiar appearance that it would be difficult to have passed it without notice. In the midst of a group of trees, this alone was without verdure or foliage. A part of the trunk had been completely calcined: fire had commenced the work of destruction, and time had finished it. At sight of this place, which for an instant brought back all the horrors he had experienced there, Piquillo shrieked, which caused Ferdinand to awake.

"What is the matter? What is it?" inquired the latter.

"Do you see yonder oak?"

"A tree struck by lightning—its height was likely to attract it."

"Yes, indeed. I cannot account for my folly, but this unfortunate rencounter seems to me an evil augury," said Piquillo.

"Pooh! I am surprised at you—a young man of your understanding," answered Ferdinand.

"Where are we now?" asked Piquillo.

"In the Sierra d'Oca, or else the Sierra de Moncayo. I have travelled this road many times, but not always with so little molestation. Look there," said he, directing Piquillo's attention to some thickets, "do you see there, to the left, yon dilapidated tavern? (Not so fast, postilion; walk your mules.) You don't know that place?" continued he, addressing Piquillo.

The poor fellow knew it but too well: it was the den of Juan Baptista, the cradle of his infancy, the spot in which he had been partially reared; but he was very careful not to relate to Ferdinand the education he had received *here*. He caught a glimpse of the avenue which led into the forest, and where he had been tempted to take his first stroll. These ruined walls brought to his mind the scenes of which he had been a witness, almost an accomplice, and a cold perspiration spread over him as Don Ferdinand pursued his recital.

"You see that building—it stood a siege against me, about seven years ago, when I was in the queen's regiment. The place was defended by bandits, who fought like desperadoes. They even went so far as to wound some of my soldiers, and as it seemed likely to be rather a long affair, I ordered my men to set fire to the hovel, and then we let fly comfortably at the rascals who attempted to escape. It was only sparing the civil authorities the trouble, and very likely they would never have interfered. (Go faster, postilion, and make up for lost time.)"

The carriage proceeded, and Piquillo, buried in thought, began to compare the past with the present, what he might have been and what he was, and blessed Providence for having snatched him from his former life. It is true he had not to blame Heaven for his birth, on the paternal side; but on the other, he was probably the son of the Duke de Uzeda, and grandson of the Duke de Lerma. The eminence of the paternal branch might well balance the obscurity of the maternal, and between the two he argued his birth might be considered very honourable. Besides, had not history, which he had read so often and knew so well, presented at almost every page examples of illegitimate sons adopted by their noble families, and adding a brighter lustre to their names? Of the two sons of Charles V, who could deny that Don John of Austria was more illustrious than his brother, Philip II. who was only a king? And why should not Piquillo make himself worthy of Aixa? Birth was no longer an obstacle!

And the young traveller, full of such thoughts, finished his journey under the domination of his flighty imagination of castles in the air.

They arrived next day at Madrid, when Don Ferdinand offered him the use of his house and purse, which Piquillo gratefully acknowledged.

"One word more," said Ferdinand, laughing; "my pretty cousin Aixa, and my uncle himself, always address you as Piquillo, which I hope you will allow me to call you; but in the presence of strangers it will be necessary to address you by your surname. May I ask what it is?"

Piquillo was quite puzzled at such a simple question; he had never thought of that, yet it was necessary to return an answer, and that immediately. He could not say he belonged to the Uzeda family: his genealogy on that side was *rather* too uncertain. But he was quite sure, however, he was the son of his mother—unfortunately, there was no doubt in that quarter; and calling to mind his maternal ancestor, the brave soldier killed in the Alpujarras in defence of his religion and liberty, he replied, "My name is Alliaga."

"Well, then, Signor Piquillo Alliaga," said Ferdinand, shaking him by the hand, "in all times and circumstances you may rely on my friendship."

He then proceeded to the Duke de Lerma's with his despatches, and to give any information that might be required; and Piquillo, making himself acquainted with the locality of the Duke de Uzeda's mansion, at once proceeded thither.

Chapter XXII.

MADRID.

The Duke de Uzeda occupied an immense palace at Madrid, and on Piquillo's arrival his heart fell within him at the sight of the little army of servants and dependants that formed part of his establishment. However he mustered courage to inquire timidly for his excellency, and was informed he was not at home, he therefore returned to Don Ferdinand's hotel, with the intention of asking his advice, but he found that his friend, after a private audience with the Duke de Lerma, had immediately set out for Valladolid, whither the court was removed.

At a much earlier hour the next morning, Piquillo again presented himself at the duke's, and on requesting to see him, was informed that the only way to procure an interview would be by writing a request to that effect, and that he would not have an answer in less than a week. Piquillo returned to his hotel; and after having forwarded a note to the Duke de Uzeda, begging an audience, he wrote to Aixa and his mother. Our hero, to fill time, wandered about to see the different sights of the capital, and one day found himself in the Rue d'Atocha, where his attention was attracted, less by his sense of sight than that of smell, to a magnificent shop, over which was the inscription, "Andrea Cazoleta, Court Perfumer."

"Andrea Cazoleta!" he repeated, once or twice. The name was certainly not new to him; but where he had before heard it, he could not remember; so he proceeded on his road. A few steps further on, turning to the left into a narrow dirty street, his attention was attracted by the clattering of three little leaden plates over his head. On looking up to unravel the meaning of the sounds, which were caused by a violent wind which made them clash together, he found himself in front of a little shop, over which was the name of the proprietor, and on reading it, Piquillo's surprise and agitation were indescribable. For he saw, written in large characters, the words, "Aben-Abou, surnamed Gongarello, the barber." He had found an old friend! No doubt, Juanita lived there also. Unfortunately, although it was no *fete* day, the shop was closed, and to judge from the spiders' webs which covered the shutters and door, had been so for a length of time. Piquillo knocked, however: no answer could be got, and addressing the person next door, a fruiterer, he inquired for the Signor Gongarello.

"I don't know him," was the answer.

"But he was your neighbour," returned Piquillo.

"He has left here."

"How long ago?"

"Three years."

"And where is he gone to?"

The greengrocer, with a look in which extreme terror was visible, answered,

"I know nothing about him."

"And why is his shop not let?"

"Some people bring a curse on the houses they inhabit," was the evasive reply.

"I don't quite comprehend what you mean," said Piquillo.

"Oh! it's no business of mine—but if you want any oranges or citrons, here are some beauties, sir."

Piquillo could learn nothing more, but all at once a thought seemed to strike him, for he exclaimed, "Andrea Cazoleta!" He now remembered that Gongarello, on the evening he supped at the inn in the forest, had said in conversation that he was on his road to Madrid, where he relied on the support of his relative, Andrea Cazoleta, who was perfumer to the court; and in two minutes Piquillo found himself in the elegant magazine, where he was overwhelmed with the assiduities of the proprietor, a little man with round eyes and sharp nose.

"I am anxious to know what has become of Gongarello, the barber—your kinsman," said Piquillo.

"*My* kinsman!" cried the dealer, letting fall a parcel of gloves which he had in his hand; "he was no kinsman of mine—he was my wife's."

"'Tis of little consequence," replied Piquillo, "I am an intimate friend of his, and once saved his life in the Sierra d'Oca."

"Ah! he has related to us that adventure a thousand times," said the perfumer, beginning to recover his assurance; "but are you really the Signor Piquillo? I took you for an alguazil in disguise."

"I shall never forgive my appearance for having caused you such an idea—but do tell me——"

"Speak low, signor," hastily interrupted the perfumer, "for though I am particularly attached to the excellent Gongarello, who was a jovial fellow, and, moreover, a cousin of mine—I mean, of my wife's—I would rather say nothing about him."

"Then I will," said a low voice, which proved to proceed from the Senora Cazoleta, who had advanced unseen, and now joined in the conversation.

"Silence, my dear!"

"Oh, don't be afraid, nobody can hear us. Yes, sir, Gongarello is a relative of mine, and, like him, I am of the Moorish persuasion."

"But you have been baptised," interrupted the perfumer, hastily; "you are the same as a Christian by birth."

"Well, what matters that?"

"Why, a great deal, when one is court perfumer; were it not for that, and that I

might lose my situation, I should fear nothing—I would even have petitioned in favour of Gongarello."

"What has happened to him then?" asked Piquillo.

"Nobody knows. He was naturally a jovial, chattering fellow—one who knew everything; and he was much liked in this neighbourhood, for a talkative barber is at once useful and economical—one gets shaved and learns the news at the same time. He had managed to get an excellent business, in which he was much assisted by his niece Juanita, when one night, about three years ago, a man was observed to go into the barber's shop to get shaved, and not before it was wanted, for he had a black thick beard, and his appearance would have frightened anybody except Gongarello. Nobody knows the nature of the conversation that passed between them, but next morning the barber's shop was closed, and has not been opened since. He and his niece disappeared, and nothing has been heard of them from that day to this."

"It was rumoured in the neighbourhood," added the perfumer's wife, "that the man with the black beard was a member of the holy office, or an alguazil in disguise, who came merely to draw the barber into conversation; and it is even said by some that it was the grand inquisitor himself, Bernard y Rosas de Sandoval. Nobody dares make any inquiries about them, and that is all the information we can give you."

Piquillo sighed, as his thoughts reverted to Gongarello, and more especially to Juanita, his earliest benefactress. He purchased some perfumery, however, and often came to have a chat with the senora Cazilda, whom he found kind and obliging; and besides, there was Moorish blood in her veins, and the Moors always supported each other by sympathy, pecuniary aid, and friendship.

A week passed over, and no answer came from the Duke de Uzeda; then another week, and still no reply. Piquillo's patience was exhausted, and he proceeded to the duke's, determined to obtain admission, even by main force, if necessary. On his arrival, he was informed by the porter that his excellency had set out for Valladolid four days previously!

For a moment Piquillo seemed rivetted to the earth. How was he to act? Ferdinand had not returned, and he had no one to advise him. He hastened to the perfumer's. When he entered the shop, he found Cazaleta busily engaged with his shopmen in getting ready an order which was to be forwarded immediately, so that Piquillo conversed uninterruptedly with Cazilda in the inner shop.

"I have just been informed that the Duke de Uzeda has gone to Valladolid, but I know not whether it be true," said Piquillo.

"There is no doubt about it," answered Cazilda, "for we have just been informed of it by one of his servants."

"What am I to do? It is imperatively necessary that I see the duke; all my happiness, all my future existence, depends upon it. And if I were to follow him, I should experience at Valladolid the same obstacles as I have already found at Madrid. What can I do? how find means to have a private *tete-à-tete* with him? Yet such I must do; but where is there a friend powerful enough to procure me such an interview?"

"In me!" cried Cazilda.

"In you? have you really sufficient interest for that?"

"Yes, and this is how we will manage it. We have just received an order from the duke to forward to him at Valladolid a box of perfumery and cosmetics, which will be presented to him by the person by whom we send them. Do you understand?"

"Umph!" said Piquillo, doubtfully, for he had a great repugnance at presenting himself thus before his father for the first time; "is there no other way?"

"No other? why this will procure you the private interview you require, for in this box there will be a phial which the duke conceals from everybody."

"Indeed!"

"It is true," she replied. "The duke has a beautiful head of hair," and sinking her voice added, "splendid black hair—but it is not always black! Nobody knows the secret but ourselves, and our messenger is always received alone by the Duke."

Piquillo hesitated, but there seemed no other means, and at last he accepted the offer; and the next day the descendant of Royas de Sandoval and the Duke de Lerma, obliged to have recourse to an ignoble court perfumer to find admission into his noble house, set out for Valladolid, carrying with him the precious casket.

Chapter XXIII.

THE COURT AT VALLADOLID.

In a richly furnished room, which served as a library, sitting on a large sofa, at a bureau covered with books, and heaps of parchment, the Duke de Uzeda was very busily engaged—paring his nails! The door opened, and a servant announced that the Duke de Medina Cœli desired an audience.

"Tell the duke that had I been aware of his intention to visit me, I would have found means to spare him a few minutes,

but it is impossible this morning—I am too much engaged," and he recommenced cutting his nails.

A few minutes after, he rose, walked along the room with a thoughtful expression of countenance, approached a splendid Venetian mirror, and muttered, sadly, "My complexion does not improve—the air of Valladolid does not agree with me;" and he recommenced his walk, this time across the room, and again looked in the glass; he examined his teeth, which appeared to please him, and his hair, which did not seem so black as usual, and he fancied they began to turn a little red towards the roots.

"Pray heaven no accident happens to the perfumer's messenger!" he soliloquized, with an unquiet look, and he pulled the bell so sharply as nearly to break the rope, and the people outside waiting for an audience looked at each other, and whispered, knowingly, "Very important affairs under consideration just now!"

The servant rushed in in alarm.

"I am not at home," said the duke, gravely; "but if any one comes from Madrid—listen!" and though they were alone, he whispered something in his ear, and added aloud, "You understand?"

After having surveyed himself from head to foot, the result of which seemed to be satisfactory, and bestowed especial admiration on his legs, which were well-formed and elegant, and his dressing-gown worked in gold, the duke, making a desperate effort, and as if reproaching himself for the time he had wasted, sat himself again at his bureau, pushed aside the letters and papers which covered it, and—amused himself by mending some pens. He had been engaged in this trifling occupation, which is more habitual to statesmen and politicians than is usually supposed, when a gentle tap was heard at a concealed door which was covered by curtains. The duke rose with the air of one who had been called away from some very important business, opened the door with an air of gallantry and exclaimed, "The Countess d'Altamira!"

This lady, who has already been introduced to our readers, as being overheard by the queen relating the history of the present king's choice (if such it could be called) of a wife in the garden at the Moor's residence, now presented herself. It will be remembered that during the course of the conversation above alluded to, she made reference to having formerly been intimately acquainted with the Duke de Lerma, who had entrusted her with many state secrets. But the fact was, that she was naturally fond of intrigue, and had been mainly instrumental in raising the Duke de Lerma to his present high position, and this latter no sooner found himself at the pinnacle of his ambition, than he forgot the promises he had previously made to his adherents, and neglected to raise her or any of her partisans to any share of power or authority. Incensed at his ingratitude and perfidy, this woman, equally unprincipled as the Duke de Lerma, burned with a desire of revenging herself and party, but for some time was unable to conceive any plan, until at last, by a most daring scheme, she resolved to make the Duke de Uzeda a tool in her hands to overthrow his father! Nor were her efforts unsuccessful; by flattering his vanity, and pointing out to him the backwardness of his father in placing him prominently in the councils of the king (and she averred that he was kept in the background on account of his father's jealousy of his talents) she inflamed his resentment to such an extent that, together with his being desperately enamoured of the countess's person, he was easily induced to enter into her projects. But the real secret of the Duke de Lerma's apparent carelessness about his son's position at court was, that he was unwillingly forced to acknowledge the Duke de Uzeda was mentally incapacitated from holding any office requiring talent and responsibility—in a word, that his son was little better than a fool. The countess's object now was, with the assistance of the Duke de Uzeda; father Jerome, a Jesuit, and confessor to the countess; and another member of the society of Loyola, who has since become celebrated, named Antoine Escobar y Mendoza; to induce the king to divorce his wife, certain that the expulsion of the Duke de Lerma from power could then be easily brought about. After having propounded and discussed this notable scheme, in which the duke instantly joined (the countess, in fact, for the purpose of flattering him, almost made him believe that it was he who had just thought of it), his visitor took her leave, and immediately after, the attendant introduced Piquillo, who was thus alone with the duke.

Chapter XXIV.

THE INTERVIEW.

Piquillo was so overcome at finding himself for the first time in the presence of one whom he had been taught to consider his father, that a cloud seemed to pass across his vision, and his legs were unequal to support him.

"Take care what you are about," said the duke, hastily, advancing to support him. Piquillo was touched by this first

token of interest.—"Or else you'll let down the casket and break it." This second remark stopped the tears of gratitude which were about to flow, and he contented himself with placing the little box on a table.

"Good!" said the duke, opening it, and examining the contents with the most scrupulous attention. Piquillo took advantage of this to make more minute inspection of his father. The duke was tall, Piquillo short; the duke had a grave and noble, yet unintellectual countenance; Piquillo's air was less imposing, but more animated. Some of their features were a good deal alike; and altogether, Piquillo thought he discovered a wonderful resemblance.

"My grandmother was right," said he; "no doubt that is my father."

The duke continued meanwhile to examine the contents of the box, and remarking on each article as he drew it out:

"Circassian cream, for the skin—good; *eau du sérail*, for giving a rosy tint to the nails—capital; honey soap, scented with almonds, for the hands—that's something new: doubtless an invention of Cazoleta himself. Ah! here's the phial—the capillary elixir. I put a few drops too much last time, and the shade was a trifle too dark; you must tell me the exact quantity necessary, or rather you shall be there tomorrow. I will apply it in your presence—in fact, that was the reason why I desired Cazoleta to send some one."

"I must tell you the truth, my lord duke——"

"I understand—you have raised the price; quite right, quite right."

"No, your grace."

"So much the better! And how is the Senora Cazoleta? How well she keeps up her age—but no wonder, when she can so easily procure such washes for the skin. Nothing equals the *eau de Jouvence*. I suppose she has sent me a few bottles of it. Oh, yes! here they are."

"I wished to speak to your excellency on another subject," stammered out Piquillo.

"Indeed, my lad; well, proceed." And for the first time the duke honoured Piquillo by looking at him.

"Upon my word, a smart lad for a perfumer—the Senora Cazaleta is no bad judge. She has sent me a message?'

"No, my lord; but I have myself a request to make of you."

"Oh! ah!" thought the duke to himself, "he takes advantage of his situation to proffer some suit of his own," and his face suddenly lost its laughing expression, and became thoughtful.

Piquillo was at a loss to understand this sudden change, but he tried to recover his courage, and drawing the Giralda's letter from his pocket, he presented it to the duke with a trembling hand, and asked, "Does your excellency recognise this writing?"

"No—indeed."

"It is from a person who recommends me to you."

"A letter of recommendation! I'll look over it!" and he threw it upon the table amidst a heap of others, and said in a careless, languishing tone,

"Tell me your business yourself—it will save time. What do you want? What can you do? Proceed—I'm listening." And approaching the glass, he applied a small quantity of coral ointment to his lips, turning his back to Piquillo during this interesting operation. It would have been impossible to have met with a more disadvantageous situation for an *eclaircissement*. Piquillo wiped away the drops of perspiration that stood on his brow, and commenced—

"Your excellency, doubtlessly, will remember a female, at Seville, of whom, some time since, you were enamoured—"

"What was she called? There were so many."

"The Senora Alliaga."

"Alliaga! Don't know the name."

"Perhaps not," said Piquillo, deeply moved, "it was an honourable one; but she had another, which was not, and which you *must* remember—the Giralda!"

"The Giralda? Yes, by Jove! a fine, talented, superb woman! All we young Sevillians were distractingly in love with her. But she disappeared, vanished! Is she still alive?"

"It is she who writes to you, my lord."

"I guess what you want—some pecuniary assistance? or, perhaps, an engagement in the Valladolid theatrical company. But she's only fit to play old women now, eh?"

Piquillo started.

"She must be very old now?"

"Younger than your excellency."

"Indeed!" said the duke, evidently piqued; "then you can tell her, my good fellow, that I will see her when convenient—that I will look over her letter."

"No, my lord," replied Piquillo, firmly, "you must read it now."

"What am I to understand by that, sir?" said the duke, proudly, turning round.

"You must read it, sir; not on account of the Giralda, but for your own interest, for this paper concerns you."

The duke looked at Piquillo with an air in which a great deal of astonishment and some fear were perceptible, and took up the letter which he had previously thrown on one side.

"I will not leave this place till you have read it!" said Piquillo, helping himself to

a seat, and fixing his eyes on the duke, who tore open the letter, and as he read, his colour went and came: anger and vexation were visible in his countenance, but, with a desperate effort to control his temper, he smiled disdainfully, and with a cold look, said ironically,

"So this is the message you had the honour of bringing."

"There is but little honour either for yourself or me, but a harsh necessity," replied Piquillo, coldly, "for I see that we each feel equally humiliated; you in having me as a son, and I—in having you as a father!"

"Make yourself easy on that score," said the duke, with a furious look; "heaven be thanked that's not the case. People in my position often have such claims made upon us—it's a mere speculation."

"A speculation!" cried the indignant Alliaga.

"You must allow, sir, that if I were not a rich nobleman you would not have troubled me, and that the Giralda, your mother, would have chosen some one in a better station to have honoured with a doubtful paternity, which I unequivocally refuse to acknowledge; everybody could contest my right, and I'm not fond of litigation."

"Ah!" cried Alliaga, beside himself, "fortunate it is for you that a doubt exists, or you should never have finished that sentence, or left this room alive!"

The duke, alarmed at Piquillo's anger, and the fury which sparkled in his eyes, flew to the bell, which he pulled lustily.

"Ah! let me but have proofs that no relationship exists between us, which I desire, and I will then take the vengeance due to me! Yes, lord though you be, you shall atone for these insults!"

"This instant, if you please," said the duke, whose fears were dispelled on the entrance of three or four of his servants; he turned towards them with a dignified air, and said, pointing to Piquillo, "turn this fellow out of the house. And if ever he again dares show his face near my hotel, I give you permission to punish him as he deserves. Take him away!"

"My lord duke," cried Piquillo, "your position in society is very elevated, mine very debased. I know not what fate awaits me. but you shall remember this day—you shall remember that you drove me from your house—you——" But the domestics dragged him out without allowing him to finish his sentence.

The duke, left alone, felt an unpleasant sensation, which he was not accustomed to, and which he was unable to account for, but he could not waste his time on such trivial thoughts—objects of more importance required his attention. He dressed himself, and in the evening went to the palace, according to engagement.

Chapter XXV.

THE RETURN TO MADRID.

Piquillo was dragged to the gates of the hotel, which were closed against him. Repulsed, insulted, he wandered through the streets of Valladolid, rage in his heart, and planning schemes of a revenge which it seemed impossible to gratify. All his hopes were destroyed, his projects overturned, his future hopes once more annihilated. Plunged in his reflections, and walking whither chance led him, he saw at a distance the steward of Don Ferdinand d'Albayda, and accosting him, inquired for his master, knowing that in him he should always find a protector and a friend. What were his grief and surprise, however, to learn that he had again left Valladolid for the Low Countries; but his informant added that he had gone with despatches to the General Spinola, to conclude a truce for twelve years, and that his absence would not be very long. This information was a death-blow to Piquillo; he fancied that a fatality pursued him, and with fevered brow, and dry and burning skin, he returned to the mean tavern where he had put up on his arrival at Valladolid. He would have returned immediately to Madrid, and thence to Pampeluna, to see his mother, the only person to whom he could relate the insults he had received, before whom he could blush, and give vent to his emotions. But he was unequal to commence such a journey. So many emotions and fatigues, and, above all, the internal torments he had been compelled to conceal, had worn out his courage and strength. A burning fever attacked him. Left to the pity of strangers, without a relative, without a friend, the unfortunate youth was twelve days in a state between life and death. The landlord and his wife were, by good luck, kind-hearted people, and behaved with the utmost compassion towards him; and, by another stroke of good luck, his doctor was a man of talent, who did nothing himself, but left all to nature; and, thanks to this treatment and his own youth, Piquillo was soon out of danger, and in a few days more was completely restored. But not so his purse, which was very much exhausted, so that with a good stick in his hand he set out on foot for Madrid, stopping always at the meanest road-side inns, and subsisting on a crust of bread, a few vegetables, and a draught of water "fresh from the fountain."

Notwithstanding his mean appearance,

he was not ashamed to present himself at Don Ferdinand's hotel; where he was received in the same respectful manner as when accompanied by that nobleman. He there found a note for him, which he learnt had been lying there ten days. What was his surprise on recognising the handwriting of Aixa! He opened it, and read as follows:

"We are at Madrid. The moment you arrive, hasten to us, for we are very unhappy, and want all our friends; and therefore Carmen and I first thought of you. We await your coming. "AIXA."

And by way of postscript, "We reside in the rue d'Alcala, at the Countess d'Altamira's."

Notwithstanding the unlooked-for joy of so soon again beholding Aixa, an involuntary shudder shot through his frame. Some great misfortune must have occurred, and Aixa and Carmen could not be unhappy without his sharing their troubles with them.

He hastened immediately to the countess's, and was refused admission. He mentioned his name, and the doors flew open as if by magic. He rushed up the staircase, threw open the door, and saw the two young ladies, with faces pale and bathed in tears, sitting on a sofa, clasping each other's hands. Both were in deep mourning.

"You at Madrid?" cried Piquillo. "Where is he, I ask?"

Carmen covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Where is he, I ask?"

"Dead!" replied Aixa.

Piquillo uttered a cry of grief and amazement, and was for a time as one stupified.

"My benefactor is no more!" he exclaimed, at last, "and I not with him in his last moments to watch over and take care of him! to receive his last wishes!"

"He called for you, and gave you his benediction before he died," said Carmen.

"And besought you to watch over the safety of his daughter," added Aixa.

"You shall be obeyed, my master," cried Piquillo, raising his eyes to heaven. "You took the orphan under your protection, and nurtured him; he was without a shelter, and you invited him to your table. Aye, more, he had nothing but vices, but has learnt your virtues; he was worthless, but with your example before him he has become a good member of society! And therefore in his remembrance you shall never die, but he will remain the servant of your children, as he was yours."

The two girls stretched forth their hands to him, and answered the questions with which he overwhelmed them. It appeared that Don Juan d'Aguilar was seized with a kind of paralysis, and feeling his end approaching, sent for Don Ferdinand, in order to be a witness of his daughter's marriage, but, as we have seen, he had unexpectedly gone to the seat of war. He also wrote for his sister, the Countess d'Altamira, who promised to watch over them both. The old man, almost speechless, murmured his dying words in the ear of Aixa, who was stretched in prayer at the foot of the bed: "Tell them, Aixa, that I kept my promise till the last moment;" then, blessing his beloved daughter, and pronouncing Ferdinand's name, the soul of the just mounted to heaven."

After the expiration of a few days, Carmen and Aixa went to Madrid, being under the protection of the Countess d'Altamira. This latter lady, shortly after their arrival, took Carmen aside, and artfully endeavoured to draw from her the secret of Aixa's birth and parentage, but Carmen truly averred that she could give her no information further than that she was the adopted daughter of Don Juan d'Aguilar. Finding her efforts unsuccessful in this quarter, she had recourse to Aixa herself, who declared that she knew nothing of herself or family, but was sure that there was some one to watch over her, but who it was she was utterly ignorant, but that her future movements would be regulated by information which would be conveyed to her, in what manner she did not at present know, by her concealed friends. Thus foiled in both attempts, she was fain to wait in hopes that some lucky chance, or her own address, would aid her in the solution of the mystery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTAINING SOME INFORMATION ABOUT GONGARELLO THE BARBER.

Aixa and Carmen lived almost in seclusion, and the countess was so much engaged with court intrigues that she had little leisure to trouble them with her company, which, be it known, they did not much regret. It had been agreed upon that the two sisters (as they were always looked upon) should remain at the countess's till the marriage of Carmen and Ferdinand should be solemnised, which could not be in less than a year; and that Piquillo should accept of Ferdinand's generous offer, and make use of his hotel, on condition that he paid his respects to the two ladies every day.

Aixa said to him one morning in presence of Carmen, "The general has not forgotten you in his will, he has left you two hundred pistoles," which she handed to him. Piquillo's heart was too full of gratitude to allow him to speak, and he

rushed from the room to conceal his emotion. When he was gone, Carmen observed that her father's will only mentioned one hundred pistoles.

"Do you think so?" said Aixa.

"I am sure of it," was the reply.

"Then its my fault," answered Aixa, smiling; "and I must therefore pay for my carelessness."

"No, indeed, you shall not. What you said in my father's name is sacred."

Each insisted, but at length Aixa with an authoritative air, which she but rarely used, declared that she would have it her way, a decision against which there was no appeal.

Piquillo wrote to his mother at Pampeluna, informing her of the reception he had met at the house of the Duke de Uzeda, and also that he had taken lodgings for her at the Hotel de Vendas Novas. On his return from the post-office, he passed through the Rue St. Domingo, where then stood the Chamber of the Inquisition. Such a formidable mass stopped his path, that he found it quite impossible to proceed, and on inquiring of a man the object of the immense congregation, he was informed that in three days an *auto-da-fé* was to take place, and that the unfortunate sufferers were now about to march accompanied by a grand procession of ecclesiastics, to the chapel of St. Domingo. Piquillo found it impossible either to advance or retire; and was forced to remain where he was, and overhear the brutal remarks of a bigoted populace. At last murmurs of satisfaction succeeded the cries of impatience that had been loudly uttered on all sides, and amidst shouts "There they are!" the gates of the Inquisition opened. Piquillo had no alternative but to remain till the horrible procession had passed. But what must have been his feelings on seeing among the female prisoners a face, which, though changed by hardship, suffering, and privations, he could not fail to recognise as that of his first patroness—the poor little Juanita, whom he had not seen for so many years! He almost doubted his eye-sight, and fancied his overheated imagination had deceived him; but, alas! he soon found that it was a dreadful reality, for at the side of Juanita walked the once jovial Gongarello; but now sadly altered—pale and crest-fallen. The *cortége* continued its route, and on its entrance into the chapel Piquillo found himself alone.

Bewildered at the dreadful sight of which he had been an unwilling spectator, he ran in all haste to the countess's almost ignorant of what he was doing, and on his arrival there threw himself on a sofa, unable to speak. After some moments, however, he collected his ideas, and related all that he had heard and seen, and the horrible death which awaited Gongarello and Juanita. As he expected, the two girls were equally horror-struck as himself; and after in vain endeavouring to find some means by which these unfortunate people might be saved, Carmen went out of the room to ask the advice of her aunt; and Piquillo and Aixa conferred together for some time without any feasible plan offering itself, till at last Aixa said, in low voice, "May I reckon on your services in this affair?"

"Till death!" replied he, with enthusiasm.

"I believe you, and should we be lucky enough to succeed in the undertaking I am about to attempt, swear to me that you will reveal to no one, not even to Carmen, not even to these unfortunates themselves, that it was through my instrumentality they were saved."

Piquillo regarded her with amazement, but replied "I swear!"

"'Tis well," she said, sitting down at a table, and writing a letter which she tore, and then another, which shared the same fate, and a third, which seemed to please her better, for after having read it over, she sealed it hastily, and told Piquillo that all depended on his taking care that it was delivered into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed, and no other; and before she could give any more instructions Carmen entered, bringing the information that as the Countess d'Altamira was out of favour at court, she could render them no assistance.

Piquillo hastened home, took the mysterious letter from his pocket, looked at the address, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and after performing the same operation several times, was at last satisfied that it was intended for—her majesty the Queen of Spain! Still he was much perplexed to understand how Aixa, who had only been a week at Madrid, and knew no one at court, could presume to write to the queen. It was evident there was some mystery about it; but he had no time to lose in conjecture. He had undertaken to have it delivered into her majesty's own hand with secrecy and dispatch; but how was he to keep his promise? In despair, he walked down to the royal gardens, in hope of seeing the queen pass, and several times intruded so far into the royal domains that the sentinel's suspicions were aroused, and he pointed his musket at him. Piquillo was half inclined to rush across the barrier, in defiance of the soldier; but should he be killed, who would deliver the letter? Suddenly a bright idea struck him—he ran to Cazoleta's, the perfumer, where he found the senora alone. She uttered a cry of pleasure on seeing Piquillo, for he had not called on them since his departure to Valladolid. Here he learnt that the

Duke de Uzeda had been highly incensed with them for sending such a messenger as Piquillo, and threatened to withdraw his custom, if he was not immediately discharged their service—a piece of petty revenge which was, as may be conceived, easily granted.

Piquillo, in return, acquainted her with all he knew about Gongarello and Juanita, and the poor woman's heart was filled with compassion for their unhappy fate.

"In two days they will be sacrificed, then?" she sobbed.

"It depends greatly on you to aid them."

"Indeed! tell me in what manner, and I will do anything for their sakes—provided my husband knows nothing about it." And seeing him enter the shop, she retired into the little parlour.

"Now, tell me how I can be useful to them?"

Piquillo's heart was full of hope. He discovered that she had egress into the queen's presence with perfumery, on which occasions nobody was present, except occasionally a lady in waiting, and he gave her to understand that if she would give Aixa's letter into the queen's own hand, unseen by any one else, the lives of her two relatives would doubtless be spared. She embraced the proposal eagerly, and Piquillo, after a gallant salute, left the shop, buoyant with hope.

The next day an event occurred at the palace, which disturbed the entire court, and opened a wide field for conjecture. It was a subject for discussion during a whole week among the politicians of Madrid; the stocks rose considerably; the ambassadors wrote home to their respective courts. The cause of all this was, that the queen had sent for the Duke de Lerma, whom she had refused to see for many years. The prime minister was surprised, and somewhat alarmed, on being informed of it, and not less so when the queen, with her sweet calm voice, addressed him as follows:

"My lord duke," said she, "you have enjoyed an unmolested reign during many years. You might have governed better—you might have governed worse—but I shall leave to others the task of calling you to an account for your actions. But while you sit at the head of the council-board, while you control the finances, direct the operations of the army, declare peace and war, I, separated from my husband, left alone in my apartment, banished from all authority, watched in all my private movements, I seem to acknowledge your supremacy, your empire, your clever policy. Undeceive yourself, sir. That success which you attribute to your own talent is only due to my indifference. You deem yourself secure, because I allow you to work on the imbecility of your master; clear-sighted, because I do not interfere. But let me tell you, sir, if I wished it, if I chose but to speak one word, the king's chamber would be closed against you!"

The duke was startled.

"The master whom you think adores you and cannot live without you, would bestow on you not a single regret, not a single thought. Your presence alone made you necessary, your absence will render you useless. Absent from his sight, you will be so from his heart, and in a few days he will care not whether you exist."

The duke turned pale. Conscious of the truth of the queen's words, he began a long oration, which evidently would end in offering the queen a share of power, but her majesty, divining the proposition that would be made, checked him, by declaring that she was not ambitious of authority, but in allowing him to exercise the privileges of the crown, she should reserve to herself the power of doing good, and intended to commence by stopping the *auto-da-fé*, by liberating the barber and Juanita, and by protecting the Moors. On conditions she was not thwarted in these projects she promised no more to interfere in state affairs, but should she be opposed, she would effect a reconciliation with the king that very evening, procure the dismissal of the prime minister the next day, and the grand inquisitor in his turn.

The duke took leave and proceeded to his brother Sandoval, who obstinately refused to agree to the queen's terms, but on learning that a priest of the society of Loyala had had a secret interview of an hour's duration with her majesty, he changed amazingly, fearful lest the queen had entered into a private alliance with the Jesuits, sworn enemies of the inquisition, of which he was the head.

(To be continued.)

Two Tragic Muses of the Nineteenth Century.*

BY ION.

We are beset with the most poignant regret whenever we reflect upon the vast amount of unappreciated talent which exists amongst the mass of the population of this country. Timidity, sometimes discretion and prudence, often prevents a man, "until urged by the advice of friends," from emerging out of the obscurity in which perhaps nature destined him to remain. When, however, he has

* "Bianca Capello." A tragedy in five acts. By Henry P. Horne. "The Horatii." A tragedy. Anon.

once done so, the desire of reappearing comes upon him every now and then, to the great grief of the world, but more especially of critics. Young geniuses generally commence with a tragedy, into which they feel they can throw all the fervour, the rapture, the enthusiasm, the dreamy ecstasies of nineteen years; for we always date the commencement of a tragic poet's career from his birth. Could we discover the fact, we should find that the very pap which they swallow is invested for them with a great amount of poesy; perhaps they discover in it a stream of melted clouds, or something equally fine and original. We like tragedy—we have always been accustomed to regard Shakespeare with profound respect, and are particularly partial to all who aim at being compared to him, or who endeavour to imitate his example. More than any one else, Shakespeare possessed the power of blending comedy into his tragedies. And in this, Mr. Horne, in "Bianca Capello," endeavours to emulate him; and, in fact, succeeds so well, that we find ourselves at a loss sometimes to conceive which is intended for serious, which for comic writing. This will prove more than anything how great a genius this author is, though much might be argued from the fact which he owns in his dedication, that he wrote under the inspiration of Lady Bulwer, and was incited to write his tragedy after rising from the perusal of some splendid novel from her pen. What we more especially admire in this delightful author is, that he asks for counsel; and since he does ask it, we would venture to suggest that "Bianca Capello" is quite *sufficient* to hand his name as far as he could expect it to extend. Nothing more is required. He need not exert himself again. But of course Mr. Horne may do as he likes, and may, if he pleases, spend a little more of his valuable time.

The story of Bianca Capello is well known, and, as rendered by Mr. Horne, will be found of thrilling interest. We shall, in order not to spoil the effect, give a brief outline, keeping strictly to the tragedy; and in some instances perhaps, when we desire to be more emphatic, quoting the words of the play.

The first act opens with a scene in the ducal palace; and three persons, Francesco, Ricci, and Fidelio, are found talking together quite naturally about a letter. Then Francesco suddenly vows "he won't marry Austria." Ricci raises his eyebrows (all these things constitute the action of the piece), and wonders how he can refuse so nice a young lady; witnessing which, Francesco exclaims that he would'nt be persuaded to do it—no, not on any account whatever:

> "Not all the *fishes* in the Danube should
> Convince him *thatward*, though they *spake with tongue*."

A new dish this! Fish and tongue!!

Ricci wonders what the council will say, and Francesco says he don't care, they may say what they please; and then it appears that there is another lady in the case, who is no other than Bianca Capello. Francesco now leaves the room, and Ricci in confidence tells his friend that

> "I never see this potentate of ours
> But I begin to think of Solomon,
> While visions of a mortar and a fool
> Saddle this nose in spite of loyalty."

Fidelio, with proper spirit, answers, that if war does ensue,

> "What the devil does it signify?"

No, of course it don't signify; and if

> "Shame and ruin rear
> Their idol fronts, we'll kiss the images
> Till their ears crack."

Thus ends this conference; and then in the Capello palace we find some servants dusting the rooms, and quarrelling because one called the other a sheep-stealer. The other appeals to Wool:

> "Wool is my witness that I said it not."

Then, after order is restored, and the room is put to rights, the Capello comes in, and sends for his daughter, to impart the joyful news that she mustn't fall in love with a poor fellow, or else he'll be strangled. Bianca doesn't much like it, and asks her father if love's a phantom. He says it is; and when a man arrives at a certain age he is convinced of the fact, and at sixty men become as vicious as old cows:

> "And when the snows of three score whiten us,
> We become vicious like to *aged kine*." (!!)

This pastoral image is full of beauty, and redolent of the country. We immediately fancy ourselves in green meadows, walking along, dreaming of the stars, when suddenly our meditations are interrupted by the approach of a wicked old cow. Can anything be more touching? Nothing in "Jack the Giant-killer" surpasses this.

The young lady refuses to believe that love is a phantom, more especially when she feels that it is settled in the bosom of a handsome young fellow, whom she has accidentally seen. She tells her father that he is "very unkind." He on his part replies, "he didn't mean to hurt her feelings;" but when he comes home from the city—we mean, from the council chamber—he talks of it again. Papa goes away, and Clara, servant and confidante combined, enters, and tells her that Pietro is coming to sing under the window, which sounds very romantic. Bianca confides

her sorrows to her waiting-woman, who, for what object we couldn't exactly discover, tells her "she once knew a lady;" and

> "I knew a lady not a league away
> Who prayed to be a locust."

Whether Clara intended Bianca to turn into a locust, that she might devour her papa, we cannot tell. However, Pietro next comes in, engaged in the act of disclosing how in a crowd somebody struck him on the cheek, and gave him a paper, on which was written:

> "Love is not love, that's born and dies in thought,
> True loves dares all in hope to conquer aught."

Voglio, the listener, whether he was astonished at a declaration from a lady to a gentleman or not, was at all events surprised at something, so he cries out:

> "Wonderful wonder, wondrous wonderment."

Next ensues a scene from a balcony, something like a scene in "Romeo and Juliet," but of course not much like. Mr. Horne never imitates Shakespeare—he is *incapable* of it. Pietro vows by amethysts, smiles, and Dodona's doves, that he loves Bianca. She, in different words of course, tells him, "La, now, you're flattering me." Pietro vows again. Bianca then calls him "dear Florentine," tells him she has loved him long, but hopes he won't think her unmaidenly, &c. &c. When she has made a long speech, she exclaims:

> "But do I talk too long?"

Pietro tells the "bright angel" to go on, as he's "trained to listening." At the sound of her voice, and the idea that one so *wealthy* should ——Bianca interrupts him; a dialogue ensues, carried on with much spirit. They hear a noise; Clara rushes in, and says that Mr. Capello is up, and is walking up and down the passage with

> "A stride most fatherly."

Of course Pietro runs away, and the next scene occurs in another room. Capello inquires

> "Though many came there in the train?"

Now living in a railway age, our thoughts naturally reverted to the "Great Western;" but it is a mistake. He asks Clara why his daughter doesn't come, who answers that she is airing herself in the balcony, and Capello likens her to a cat, and so the affair concludes.

A most impressive scene now ensues in the street. Bianca comes in, and soliloquises about "Atlas," "love sickness," "goat sluices," &c., in the midst of which Pietro enters, and both disappear; after which Voglio comes in, and finding the door by which Bianca has left the house, and through which she hopes to return, open, shuts it. Pietro returns with his wife Bianca; and feeling about, she discovers the door is shut, whereupon she gets into a tremendous passion, and inquires

> "What black officious fiend,
> What wretch who lines his stolen pillow with
> Small feathers, torn from bosom of the wren,
> What devil, venting spite devised in hell,
> Hath out stabbed murder's stark and horrid self."

"What's the matter?" cries Pietro. "Hah!—the door—the door," answers his wife. Pietro tries to burst it open, but finds it quite impossible, so he says they had better run away; but Bianca, full of indignation, goes on:

> "'Tis villainy, and is not possible,
> For I will have it be impossible!
> 'Tis perfidy—trick—malice—treachery—
> Foul witchcraft—sorcery and magical—
> It will not—shall not—cannot—must not be!"

Bianca faints, and Pietro carries her off. The following passage is impressive:

> "To hear a strutting, leather-throated swine
> Grunt proclamation, ostentatiously
> Inviting all the blood-fed miscreants," &c.

The crier still continuing his operation, a gentleman exclaims, twirling his cane, we suppose, and looking very fierce:

> "You bellowing, remorseless ruffian!
> Have you no pity, no compunction left?"

For the sake of contrast, we extract the following, which is really pretty:

> "'Tis known that in the autumn you were borne
> Through Valembrosa's wild and tangled dells,
> The red leaves from the hollow beeches fell
> With a peculiarly mournful sound.
> That year the redbreast following the axe,
> Chirped shriller than his custom (sylvan men
> Call it the robin's grave digging)."

We could have wished the word "peculiarly" somewhere else.

The catastrophe is now approaching—a mask, a very Iago in villainy, helps to make matters worse, and tells Bianca that her husband is a deceiver. She in revenge goes to the council, and betrays him; but first she has an interview with Pietro, in which they mutually vow to hate each other as intensely as once they vowed to love. The dialogue concludes thus:

> "Amen, amen—we are two blotted scrolls,
> And margined both for miserable quote (!!)"

Bianca finds out her mistake, and is then very sorry she betrayed him, and endeavours to console him for the loss of his liberty and life, by lavishing upon him a few endearing epithets; and when he is accused of having stolen her away, cries out:

> "What's all this *headache* about robbery?"

Pietro is marched off to prison, and Bianca goes to Francesco, to ask him to save her husband. He offers her marriage, and on that condition he promises to let him live; but she offers to stab the duke, and they part mutually in a passion. Bianca, however, marries Francesco after Pietro has been executed; as a servant remarks,

"He being the duke, mark me,
A chopper-made, a hatchet-widow she."

The great hall of the ducal palace is prepared for a banquet. A host of people are assembled—Mr. and Miss Capello that was, Francesco, Cardinals, &c. &c. A goblet appears upon the scene, which Bianca having duly prepared, passes to her father like a dutiful girl, drinks herself, and hands to her new husband. In a minute, the duke feels unwell, falls down, and is followed soon by Capello, whose daughter imitates his example; and while all these are lying on the ground, a dialogue ensues of striking originality. This would make a splendid scene, if acted. They all three begin to think what they should like best to be. Francesco prefers being turned to coral. Bianca thinks this fate too good for him, and cries out:

"Toss him the cloak of fetid pools to suck."

Let the reader dwell long and fondly on the above image, and let him remember a line in Shakespeare about

"The green mantle of the standing pool."

Francesco begins to feel uncomfortable under the effect of the poison, so he proceeds to make his last confession and dying speech:

"I am a stolen nestling urchin-crammed,
A crucible of molten minerals;
Oh, I am all one anguish—all one pain,
Hemlock and nightshade and mezereon;
On my hot ashes setting ye to grow,
Beget a fiercer drug to kill mankind."

Finding his end approaching, he tenderly inquires after his wife:

"Where is that devil fair——"

"Here I am," cries Bianca:

"Monster, I revel in your agonies."

Francesco now cries out "ah," and dies; while Capello, letting them have all the talk to themselves, quietly expires. The Cardinal then turns round to Bianca, and calls her a "wretch;" she retorts, and declares he is "a sleek unctuous hypocrite;" and losing sight for a moment of all filial respect, tells him, pointing to her father, to go and "blink beside that old mummy," after which she rolls round and dies. Three corpses, or rather mummies, now decorate the stage; and Ricci, coming in with a crowd, asks "What's the matter?" The Cardinal replies with much calmness, and with great condescension accepts the succession to Francesco's chair, having comfortably settled himself in which he finishes the piece by saying he didn't see why Florence should regret what had happened.

Our readers will find a fund of *entertainment* in the pages of "Bianca Capello," and we accordingly earnestly recommend it to their notice.

Of the second tragedy, "The Horatii," we have left ourselves little space to speak. The writer humbly confesses he is a novice in such matters, says he didn't intend it to be printed, and regrets to see it in print. But we suppose he couldn't help publishing it! The play has a most decidedly English character. We cannot imagine ourselves in the Roman forum, or latinise the words "marry, come up," "moral magging," &c. There are, however, some good passages in it; altogether, it is a more serious piece of composition that the other to which we have endeavoured to direct attention. Were it altered, it might be adapted for acting.

Civilisation in France.*

France was very like England in her progress. In ancient Gaul, various savage tribes, occupying forests, morasses, and uncultivated tracts of land, waged war upon each other. Then arose petty kingdoms, then came an attempt by a warrior to place the whole under his sway, which ended in the feudal system. The gradation from tyranny to revolution, ending in representative government, is natural. It is truly stated that Cæsar's words are yet correct in regard to the French:—"Omnes fere Gallos novis rebus studere, et ad bellum mobiliter, celeriter que excitari." The consequence has been that, engaged in internal wars and revolutions, civilisation has been of slow growth in Gaul. Still, in all nations emerging from barbarism, there is a certain degree of progress, and here, as elsewhere, the first step was the formation of a middle class. Mr. Mackinnon says:—

"In France, as elsewhere, as soon as the people had rid themselves of the feudal tenure, and personal property began to be formed, every discovery or improvement introduced in manufactures or commerce increased the middle class. Every new want or desire which craved indulgence was a step towards the level of the extreme classes. The taste for luxury and for improvements of every description co-operated to enrich the poor, to impoverish the rich; in fact, to raise a middle class at the expense

* "History of Civilisation." By W. A. Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. 2 vols. London, Longman.

of the two extremes. 'If we examine what has happened in France at intervals of fifty years, beginning some centuries back, we shall perceive invariably that a twofold revolution has taken place in society. The noble has gone down on the social ladder, and the man of trade has gone up; the one descends as the other rises. Every half century brings them nearer to each other, and they will soon meet.' (Tocqueville, vol. i. Intr)."

In the unexampled viciousness of her kings and in the profligacy of her court, in the grossness of her literature (an evil still not wholly corrected), we read many of the causes of France's miseries, and also of her want of progress. In early times, we learn from Duchesne, that the greater part of the husbandmen, having had their farm-horses seized, were under the necessity of making their wives and children drag at the plough; while others, driven to desperation, quitted the country, after destroying their wives and children, who were starving with hunger. Under Charles IX and Henry III, war, rapine, bloodshed, and murder, were rife; even Henry IV exhibited extravagance, gambling, and profligacy; while from his time to that of Louis XVI, the state of court depravity was appalling. We quote from a native writer:—

"'Shall I speak of the thefts and atrocities committed by the scholars; of the violence of the valets, that puts the entire town into confusion; of the rage for duelling; of the many murders committed by paid agents; of the number of gaming houses; of the licentious representations at the theatres; of the fevers and pestilential diseases, engendered by poverty, dirt, and a bad police? Do not let us forget, to crown the whole, the assassination of a beloved monarch—a marshal of France murdered by his rival, who is rewarded for the murder with the baton of connetable; the mother and the brothers of Louis XIII driven from Paris by order of the monarch, who was too weak not to be cruel. The greatest libertines of the eighteenth century had been nurtured under Louis XIV. One may imagine, by their lives, the examples and lessons he afforded. Far be it from me to take away from that period the celebrated and admirable characters, the sublime patterns of virtue and piety, and the powerful productions of genius exhibited by individuals. But we will consider masses of people, not particular persons; and what has caused this reign to appear in such brilliant colours, is, that it has been judged of only by the productions of a few men of genius, who, by the lustre of their talent, have thrown into shade the mass of human turpitude and misery. Louis XV ascended the throne. I will not shock modesty by attempting to depict his private conduct. The events of these times were the precursors of the revolution.'"

Under all these circumstances, it is little to be wondered at that Mr. Mackinnon says:—

"In the early days of civilisation in France, her trade, both internal and external, was trifling. With all the advantages of climate, soil, and situation, the people were in a miserable state. Whatever wealth was acquired, whatever labour could be spared from the necessary, though imperfect, cultivation of the soil, was expended either in luxurious idleness by a few, or wasted in unprofitable, sanguinary, and unjust and unnecessary wars."

One of the great drawbacks against the advancement of civilisation in France, as well as in England, was the state of war which existed between the two countries, arising from a total want of public opinion, from popular ignorance, which allowed ambitious and unprincipled rulers to lead them on to destruction. In France, however, more than in England, was the *furor* of war generated; and hence much slower was her progress, the genius of the people being diverted from commerce, from manufactures, from all the arts of peace, to follow in the cheating path of military glory, as wars, which pander only to the passions of kings, are but piratical expeditions on a large scale. Upon the rise of the middle class, Mr. Mackinnon gives us the following acute and interesting observations:—

"Under the reign of Louis XV the middle class began to rise, and have some influence. Among them might be enumerated all the possessors of land who had purchased their property within a certain number of years—all the lawyers, physicians, counsellors of the several courts, merchants in the capital, and in the commercial and trading towns. These were the persons likely to give power to public opinion, and to influence the lower classes of society throughout the kingdom. By an inconceivable folly in the government, this class was not permitted to enjoy the same rights, nor to partake, under any circumstance, of the same privileges as the old noblesse; and its members were consequently decided in their condemnation of the abuses in the government and tyranny in the crown. They seem to have given the first impulse to public opinion concerning the revolution; they increased, though slowly, until they discovered their own power. In the year 1780 this class presented a formidable body, not only on account of their property and numbers, but because they possessed almost exclusively all the information in the country. The noblesse, being chiefly intended for the army, had generally but an indifferent education, except some of the younger, intended for the church. The style of living in the French court was one of oriental magnificence, which, compared with the poverty of the nation, must have formed a striking contrast. It formerly appeared as if the happiness of the people, and all they held most dear, was interwoven with their monarch; and each individual seemed to have felt what occurred in the king's family, as keenly as if it had happened in his own. Such were the feelings that filled every breast, from the highest to the lowest throughout the kingdom, and thus they continued until the seeds of the revolution began to germinate. This predilection might have existed among a generous people like the French, even with the establishment of public opinion, had the crown been sensible of the rise of the middle class, and of the necessity of granting to all equal rights and equal justice; in short, had it taken warning from our history in the days of Charles I. When the revolution began it was too

late; the middle class had excited the lower, and found themselves too weak and powerless to direct or influence the result."

Mr. Mackinnon's next chapter, and one which will be read with pleasure, for its animated style and facts, is on the causes of the French revolution. He is, however, too severe on the people. The vice, profligacy, and beastiality of the French kings and aristocracy it was that barbarised the lower classes; and the explosion, bloody and dreadful as it was, was necessary to clear the atmosphere, and lead to a more genial state of things. We, too, wonder with Mr. Mackinnon that Montesquieu, Delolme, and others should not have foreseen the revolution, natural consequence as it was of centuries of corruption, arbitrary domination, and insolent oppression. Mr. Mackinnon says:—

"So much has been written and said on this subject—so many horrors have been detailed of the judicial murders and other atrocious deeds perpetrated under the name of liberty in the progress of this revolution, that the mind recoils from the task of recapitulating them. Let us therefore direct our attention, not to the details of that revolution, but to the causes in which it originated, and their inevitable effects, by which an old-established dynasty of monarchs, long revered by the nation, an established church, and the oldest nobility in Europe, were utterly annihilated in an incredibly short space of time. The throne of France, like that of Spain, and of most of the absolute kingdoms in Europe, was mainly supported by the army and the church."

Our answer is, because the dynasty of monarchs were a dynasty of bloated debauchees, without any talent but for profligacy; her church, a church founded on superstition, and supported by mere trading bravoes without religion or decency; her old nobility a heap of decrepid rakes, bullying and gambling youths, and women without honour or modesty: their fate, therefore, awful though it was, was but a just retribution for centuries of sin and iniquity. But for the revolution, bloody and sanguinary though it was, France would be behind even Spain in civilisation, as would England be a century in the rear but for the days of Cromwell and the Puritans. Of Napoleon, the scourge of France, born of the hydra-headed mob, and raised by the ignorance of society to his mighty elevation, we have a most admirable chapter, full of energetic views, and abounding in information. The following sketch is most ably done:—

"It is universally admitted that Bonaparte possessed the greatest talents both as a politician and a general. He was endowed with a most valuable quality in a public man, an unusually quick insight into human character, and great facility in ascertaining the dispositions and inclinations of mankind. Educated in the camp, and brought up in the midst of the revolution, when enthusiasm and popular clamour were triumphant, he was too much accustomed to influence the people by appealing to their passions, or feelings, or imagination. When a particular object or favourite point was to be gained, he attempted to excite one or other of these, as is apparent in his well-known addresses to his soldiers on various occasions (particularly in that made on the Battle of the Pyramids in Egypt), on his return from Elba, and in his bulletins. He confounded public impulse with public opinion, or imagined that one might prove no bad substitute for the other, as the means of furthering his ambition. When he assumed the sovereign power of the state under the name of First Consul, he found the country in a deplorable condition. Democracy and the lower class were predominant. In the commencement of his political career, the First Consul studied the feelings of the French; he fostered the middle class, and the remnants of the old noblesse, and the clergy were protected and supported. By the great success which he obtained over the continental powers of Europe, the means of augmenting his army were such, both by contributions levied on the states that he overran, as well as by the spoils of the nobility and clergy in France which had been confiscated under the Republic, that a sort of fourth class, if it might be so termed, was called into existence, a class wholly incompatible with either liberty or public opinion. We allude to the immense armed force that he set on foot, a body or class of men taken from the people, and who ought to have entered into the sentiments of their brother citizens, but who became enthusiasts in the cause of glory, war, and conquest. This body of men might probably in course of time have adopted public opinion, had no stimulus by war or conquest been afforded them. In this case, they would, as a matter of course, have sunk back into the body of the people. Until then, however, they were devoted to their emperor; and, with such a spirit, so large a mass was equally formidable and hostile to the national freedom as to the peace and security of their neighbours. The enthusiasm by which they were impelled and fostered, if not created by the sagacity of Napoleon, bore some resemblance in its effects to the puritanical fervour of Cromwell's soldiers, the fanaticism of the early Turkish conquerors, or the pride of the Prætorian guards in the early days of the Cæsars. Any large armed force in a nation imbued with enthusiasm on any particular subject is a dangerous antagonist to public opinion. Supported by this armed force, Napoleon, superior to the Roman emperors of old, was able to control for a time even the increasing influence of civilisation. At the head of the French army, he either overawed or despised public opinion, repudiated the mild and conciliatory conduct he had adopted at first, made himself despotic, and endeavoured to bring the whole of Europe under his sway. The moment that the chances of war and severity of climate had destroyed this sort of fourth class, he found himself deserted by the others, and his reign was at an end. There can be little doubt that if Napoleon, in place of raising this fourth class into existence, had consulted only the welfare of France, promoted industry and commerce, avoided war, and followed public opinion, he might have accelerated for that fine country the course which France has now so wisely adopted. His ambition, however, out-balanced all these considerations; and the desire of transmitting despotic power to his descendants swayed his resolves, and led to his downfall."

We must, however, pass over this interesting topic to say that we have valuable chapters on Spain, Portugal, and the Italian republics, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Russia, Asia, &c.

We now with regret take leave of volumes which have afforded us infinite amusement and instruction, and hope soon again to have something more to notice from a pen which might with advantage be exerted upon many an interesting historical subject.

Reviews.

The Brigand; or, Corse de Leon. By G. P. R. James. London, Smith & Elder.

Wild and startling adventure, in castle, inn, and mountain, with an occasional glimpse of the court, is the characteristic of this admirable romance, which has just been added to the collected edition of Mr. James's works. The principal character, Corse de Leon, is drawn with energy and power, and there are many scenes which do great credit to the accomplished writer, especially that of the clandestine midnight marriage, so tragically and sadly interrupted. The tale opens in the mountains bordering on France and Piedmont, where the hero is journeying. He puts up at an inn, where he meets with the renowned bandit; their adventures together are replete with interest, as are the scenes in which Diana of Poictiers and Louis of France play their part. We give three extracts; two descriptive; the third in illustration of Mr. James's moralising style.

EXTRACT I.

"There are few situations in life which convey to the mind of man more completely the sensation of comfort, security, and repose, than when, after a long day's ride, he sits at ease by a glowing fire and hears —while all the ready service of a well-conducted inn is in bustling activity to minister to his wants, or satisfy his appetite—the rain patter and the tempest roar without. Nor is it from any selfish comparison of their own fate with that of others less happy that men derive this sensation, notwithstanding the dictum of the most selfish of would be philosophers. It is, on the contrary, from a comparison of their own situation at the moment with what that situation sometimes has been, or might even then be, that the good and the generous experience such feelings; and though the thought of others, exposed to the tempest, must, naturally, cross their minds, yet that thought is mixed with pity and regret. The little inn towards which Bernard de Rohan and his companions were proceeding, under the guidance of the priest, when last we left them, though the village in which it stood contained not above nine or ten cottages, was good for the time and the country. Its only sitting-room, of course, was the great kitchen into which the door opened from the road; but that kitchen was well fenced from the wind and rain; the windows were small and cased in stone; the door was sheltered by a deep porch, where host and travellers amused themselves in the summer day time; and as it was the first house met with after passing some of the steepest mountains between France and Piedmont, everything was done to make it attractive in the eyes of weary wayfarers. The thunder had passed, the air had become cold and raw, the night was as dark as a bad man's thoughts, a fierce wind was blowing, and the heavy rain dashed in gusts against the clattering casements; but all these indications of the harsh and boisterous state of the weather without did but serve to make the scene within seem more comfortable to the eyes of a traveller who sat in one of the large seats within the sheltering nook of the chimney, watching the busy hostess prepare more than one savoury mess for his supper on the bright wood fire that blazed on the hearth. In the meantime several attendants of various kinds might be seen in different parts of the wide kitchen, cleaning and drying harness, clothes, baldrics, and weapons, or preparing other matters for the service of their lord, with all the devices of courtly luxury."

EXTRACT II.

"His appearance now, however, left Bernard de Rohan scarcely a doubt in regard to the nature of his usual occupation. When his cloak was thus thrown off, his chest and shoulders were seen covered with that peculiar sort of corselet, or brigantine, which originally gave name to the bands called brigands. His arms were free and unincumbered with any defensive armour; and over his right shoulder hung a buff baldric, suspending his long heavy sword. This was not all, however; another broad leather belt and buckle went round his waist, containing, in cases made on purpose for them, a store of other weapons, if his sword blade should chance to fail: among which were those long and formidable knives which in the wars of the day were often employed by foot soldiers to kill the chargers of their mounted adversaries. Daggers of various lengths were there also, together with the petronel, or large horse pistol, which was so placed, however, as to give free room for his hand to reach the hilt of his sword."

EXTRACT III.

"The observation may seem trite, that to every period of life is assigned by the almighty and munificent Being, who, at our creation, adapted to each part of our material form the functions that it was to execute, and the labours it was sustain, either peculiar powers of endurance or counterbalancing feelings, which, under the inevitable cares and sorrows apportioned to every epoch of our being lighter and more easily to be borne. The woes of childhood are in themselves easily forgotten. The pains are soon succeeded by pleasures; and care, gnawing care, the rack of after life is then unknown. Boyhood—eager, enthusiastic, hopeful boyhood—the age of acquisition and expectation, though it may know from time to time a bitter pang, scarcely less in its degree than those that afflict mature life, has so many compensating enjoyments, its own sunshine is so bright, the light that shines upon it from the future is so dazzling, that the griefs serve but as a preparation and a warning too little remembered when once they are past. Old age with its decay, with the extinction of earthly hopes, with the prospect of the tomb, has also dulled sensibilities, that allow us not to feel many of the more painful things of early years. The blunted edge of appetite may not give so keen a zes

to pleasure, but the apathy which accompanies it extends to grief as well as joys, and if wisely used is one of the best preparations for a resignation of that state of being which we have tried in the balance of experience and have found wanting—wanting in all that can satisfy a high and etherial spirit—wanting in all things but its grand purpose of trial for a life to come. But besides this, unto that period of old age, thus prepared and admonished for another state, God himself has also given comfort and consolation, a promise and a hope, a promise brighter than all the promises of youth—a hope brighter than all those that have withered away upon our path of life. There is still another age however, an age the most perilous, often the most full of pains, an age when the eager aspirations of youth reach out the hand towards fruition, when the great truths of disappointment break upon us; when we first learn the bitter lesson that hope has told us idle tales, that fortune is of fickle favour, that friendships are too often false, that our own hearts do ourselves wrong, that enjoyment itself is often a vanity, often a vision, that we must suffer and grieve and repent in the midst of a world which shortly before we fancied was composed of nothing but brightness and beauty and happiness. I speak of the time of life when we first put on manhood, and meet all its sorrows at the moment when we expect nothing but its joys. For that period too there is a bright compensation given, there is a sustaining principle planted in our breast, common to the highest, the lowest, the savage, and the civilised —a principle that furnishes a balm for many wounds, that surrounds us with an atmosphere of consolation, hope, and joy, and enables us to live on in one splendid dream even in the midst of hard and dark realities."

Lionel Deerhurst. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. London, Bentley.

We have always deprecated the practice of writers of known celebrity attaching their name as editor to the productions of friends, since, in a measure, they are thus supposed to afford their sanction to the opinions put forward, and the principles advanced by the author, whoever he may be. It is, therefore, with sincere regret that we find Lady Blessington's name attached to "Lionel Deerhurst" as the editor. The author has trespassed upon her kindness in so doing, and has presented the public with a series of the most disgusting scenes of the grossest depravity—with characters of the most degraded description—with sentiments the most false, hollow, and immoral, that it is possible to conceive. The story is the dullest we ever remember to have seen attempted to be worked out. There is nothing to redeem "Lionel Deerhurst" from the utter oblivion into which we hope and trust to see it fall. There is nothing to read, nothing to admire. From one end to the other, it is a tissue of vice and false views of human nature. Without exception, we pronounce it to be the worst novel we ever read.

The White Stone Canoe, or The Better Land. By Percy B. St. John, author of "The Eagle's Nest." London, Lewis.

[From the "Sunday Times" of October 25.]

Though in this delightful little volume there be a few trifling improbabilities, it is by far the best of the three stories of the same kind which have come from this writer's pen. There is in it more flow of language, more of that description of nature in which Mr. Percy St. John more especially excels. The story is very simple; there is in it no retrospection, no lengthened explanation. It is comprised in a brief period of time, and, accordingly, the narrative proceeds rapidly, without suffering the interest to flag a moment. An Indian wigwam is the first place we enter, where a warrior is sleeping while his wife prepares a meal. The happiness of the pair is perfect, and a child strengthens the link between them. But Isaonie is not content; his heart is sad; he has seen a vision of a creature more beautiful than can be conceived, and his mind is therefore disturbed. In vain his wife and child allure him by their united efforts; he leaves his wigwam, and seeks the silent stream, on which at night floats down the white stone canoe, with the lady in the bark. Here we venture to differ from the author. The legend of the stream might have been equally well introduced in some other way. It was a pity that, even in thought, the harmony of these two beings should have been disturbed, or that our respect for Isaonie should be diminished by beholding him yield to a weakness, the consequences of which, as the story turns out, might have been most fatal. As it is, he is only saved by the accidental appearance of the wife, with the tidings that Manitou will soon summon the spirit of his child into another world. Elea also quits the wigwam, and goes out to seek counsel of the great medicine man of the tribe—a half-witted lover of hers in other days, who henceforth, in the absence of her husband, constitutes her protector, and attends her with much devotion. The third chapter opens with a description of a most exquisite kind. It is really beautiful. We are now introduced to some new characters, and we are compelled to make an observation which may perhaps be distasteful to the author. The time which Miss Amy Wilson passes in the wood along with Richard Seaton is very much protracted—too much so for our notions of what is really consistent with ideas of delicacy. She is not a Comanche Indian, but an English girl, nurtured in all the refinement of an English home. It is true old Job accompanies her in her elopement, but some old Nancy would have been infinitely better

Her cousin married her when we should not have done so. The description of the White Stone Canoe, as it appears to Isaonie, which occurs near the place, is very capital:

"On it came, first distant, as if it were the faintest note of fairy music, then swelling organ-like, and to him filling all space and being. It was as no human paddle; so regular, so measured, so fragrant of divine perfume in its very dip, that the Indian's heart beat with renewed violence. Then, with a sweep and rush of music, it came in sight, rounding a corner, and parting, with exquisite and gentle murmur, the unruffled waters, which, undulating away to the right and left, made a vast and always-increasing wake, until tiny waves, dancing to the sound of the oars on the flowery banks, marked the extreme verge of the boat's influence. It was the white stone canoe, shining like pure alabaster, white as the flaked snow that sleeps eternally on the top of the Andes and Koosh, untrodden by any foot, save that of the wild genii of the air, on it came. It was of stone, while its elegant paddles were of the same material and colour; sea shells and coral forming the row-locks, while the thwarts were of the cedar and cinnamon. In the boat sat the white lady, and such a fairy creature no pencil ever drew or pen wrote of. Airy and light, changing, cameleon-like, her varied charms at every glance, there was a spiritual essence about her which no poet or painter could ever seize, while around her spread a halo of light, illuming lady, bark, and water."

From what we have said above, we feel assured that the public will be inclined to discover for themselves fresh elements of amusement from those we have pointed out in the pages of "The White Stone Canoe." Its appearance at the present time of the year is peculiarly fortunate, since it is just in time to be ready for the Christmas presents bestowed on youth as marks of affection, approbation, or friendship. The blemishes we have pointed out will not detract from the general interest of the story; and as the moral of the whole is to show the triumphs of good over evil, they will easily be forgiven. In so small a volume we seldom remember to have seen so many admirable passages or found so well-sustained an interest in the story, which, while simple, is original and touching.

The Poet's Bazaar. By Hans Anderson; translated by Charles Beckwith, Esq. 3 vols. London, Bentley.

This is a delightful book; full of anecdotes, sketches, incidents, and tales. The author, in his travels through Germany, Italy, &c., has collected a fund of entertaining matter, which he presents to us clothed in a most agreeable style. One story in the volume is of surpassing beauty; it is called "The Powney Hog." Our readers, when they peruse it, will agree with us in thinking it to be full of nature, of sentiment, and even feeling. The little child's ride though the gallery of paintings at Florence, through the churches and the town, his dream, his subsequent struggles, and his melancholy fall, are described with touching simplicity. Altogether the volumes are most worthy of attention, and are translated in a very elegant manner, which does much credit to Mr. Beckwith.

Wit and Humour. By Leigh Hunt. London, Smith and Elder.

We receive this delightful, fanciful, and elegant volume, full of pleasing original remark, and exquisite quotation from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Butler, Dryden, and others who have enriched the field of wit and humour, at too late a period for notice this month. It will have ample space in our next.

Observations on the Advantages of General Education. By F. B. Ribbans. London, Whittaker & Co.

This is a pamphlet addressed to "Parents, Preceptors, and Pupils," pointing out in a clear and comprehensive manner, the most advantageous course to be pursued by the youth of different classes; showing the devastating effects of wasting away the spring time of our days, while it teaches what studies are most suitable and profitable in the different vocations allotted to the young; avoiding those which, while they consume much time, and occasion much mental wear, will, in the end, produce but little advantage. The advice given is offered in such a kindly, parental spirit, and contains so many truths, that we recommend the perusal of this little work to those who have the education of our youth, as well as to the pupils themselves.

Advantages of a Classical Education to Merchants. By A. Amos, Esq., late Member of the Supreme Council of India. London, Bentley & Co.

It is a fact no less remarkable than it is to be regretted that the youth of this country are, with so few exceptions, so little acquainted with classical literature. By using the word *youth*, we would not willingly be misunderstood, nor have our opinions misinterpreted. We allude not to that countless body, whose sole avocation is following the plough and tilling the land; nor to the multitudinous hordes, who are very creditably and honourably engaged in the various mechanical pursuits, for which this kingdom affords so many facilities. Our remarks have not reference to their order, but to the middle classes—to those who, by their wealth and numbers, may truly be said in these days to constitute the "people,"—in whom is centered the vast riches and intelligence of the kingdom—to whom, virtually, is entrusted the

safe keeping of our commercial intercourse with other nations; and of this important and responsible class not a tithe, we fearlessly assert, possess even a shallow knowledge of ancient classical authors, and still fewer can translate, either with fluency or accuracy, a passage from Xenophon, or scan a line in Horace. No more are they acquainted with the writings of those men, from whom the most elaborate and correct character of the ancients may be gleaned, than are those who at this day inhabit the back settlements of North America. They would have us believe that with them an intimate knowledge, verging on an appreciation of classical authors, would inevitably tend to depreciate their talents and abilities for commercial engagements; and so steadily and to such an extent does this assertion gain credence, that from the time that a youth leaves college or school, he believes himself incapable of receiving a farther and more efficient supply of knowledge. No more does he read, but unhesitatingly plunges into the vortex of vice and dissipation, from which he is not extricated without a vast sacrifice, not only of time but pecuniary expenditure. This is universally believed to be an established and uncontrovertible truism among those of narrow minds and limited capacity. Money is lavished unrestrictedly upon their education; the most accomplished tutors are engaged to watch over them, until, on emerging from this probationary state, and when at a sufficiently mature age they are considered free from the dominion of the proctor, a new era takes place, which might not inappropriately be termed the era of idleness. Books are but regarded as mementoes of the past—as things which have held a place in their being, but upon which it affords no realisation of pleasure to contemplate. And not only to those who compose the mediocrity do these allusions refer; even amongst the sons of our aristocracy, previous to the examination for the "Little Go," private tutors are in much request for "cramning" those who are anxious to pass, with the ultimate hope of exhausting the competency of some rich guardian; and after this their stock of knowledge becomes remarkably scanty, and exists but in remembrance. Can anything be conceived likely to exercise a more pernicious influence upon the dealings of the merchant (for we now make special reference to that body), or act as a more effectual barrier to his advancement in commercial enterprises, than to exhibit a deficiency in classical education? As a natural circumstance of his profession, he will be repeatedly thrown into active connection with men of rank, wealth, and intelligence, possessing minds of a high order, and evincing ideas of peculiarly aristocratic tendencies. Is it not incontestibly clear that from their deficiency in learning they would naturally shrink from any more intimate connection, which would show their ignorance more clearly, and much more palpably mark the relative distinction; and hence, regarding it only in a commercial point of view—looking at it only in a monetary sense, their interests would materially suffer by their incompetency to enter into collision with those who would have the power to benefit the trading interests of the merchant. Among the representatives of the people in parliament are merchants of high repute—men of undoubted integrity and honour, remarkable for their zeal and perseverance, who are intrusted by their fellow-citizens with the important task of watching their interests and concerns, but some of them not distinguished for their literary abilities; a glaring instance of which not long since occurred, when a very animated debate ensued, resulting upon the *precise* locality of a port upon the Baltic; and still later, an honourable member was detected in a false quantity, when using a Latin quotation; for it is a fact worthy of remark that those who can claim but a moderate acquaintance with the classics, are invariably the ones who more frequently introduce them, and with infinitely less effect than any more fortunate admirer of Homer or Cicero; a species of mental display which, without a man can boast of some true pretensions to being a scholar, should be brought into action as seldom as possible, for without the quotation be judicially used it will universally have the effect of setting down the speaker as an impertinent pedant and narrow-minded man. We are, as a nation, extremely tenacious at the bare thought of a comparison with others striving to reach the goal of civilisation. We look derisively on those who place themselves in juxtaposition with ourselves, and regard with no small degree of contempt any efforts of those wishing to be estimated as our parallels. We believe we assimilate more closely than others towards the attainment of that perfectability of human happiness to which all are looking forward. We refer with mingled emotions of pride and pleasure to our acknowledged superiority in mechanical arrangements, and maintain exclusively for ourselves a priority in improvements and discoveries, while we assert that every iota tending to nourish the germs of civilisation not only receives an additional impulse, but had its origin in England. We energetically refute the assertion of a French historian of celebrity, that every budding branch of refinement has had its idea in France, and are not dilatory in accusing him of partiality, and of claiming for his country a nationality to

which it has no legitimate pretensions. With all these apparent advantages, in proportion as we are superior in refinement, we are infinitely behind other nations as regards the education of the middle classes. Countries considerably our inferiors in many respects, surpass us in points of education, for in all countries where the Romish religion is tolerant, not only is the church service performed in a dead language, but the chief method of conversation amongst learned bodies is in the Latin tongue. If indeed one circumstance more glaring than another could be brought forward to illustrate the truth of these remarks, it would be that the few men, comparatively speaking, that adorn our peerage, who have attained that meritorious and honourable position, either from a success in military or naval achievements, or from any other cause whatsoever, are unexceptionably men of superior abilities and talent. Mark the bishops on the bench—the judges on the seat of law, they are men who have distinguished themselves above their fellows, and although at the bar there are men, it is true, who stand not pre-eminent for their learning (as an acquaintance with classical literature is not a matter of absolute necessity), a close observer will not fail to remark that but seldom are men of this stamp ever graced with a "silk-gown" or any honorary reward, and indeed it may be noticed that whether amongst divines, lawyers, or in fact any profession, the men who attain any distinction are those who are celebrated for their learning and have "drunk deep of the Pierian spring." And with the merchant, why too should he not claim companionship with ancient lore? They whose especial duty is travelling round the globe and associating with men of genius, and are at this present time entrusted with the internal management of a vast Oriental empire—in whom is vested the governing of upwards of a hundred millions of people, and whose duty is to strive with unceasing energy to eradicate the seeds of ignorance and superstition which now lamentably exist, and cultivate morality and enlightenment—and who will urge that a classical education would not act as an auxiliary in this great work? Mackintosh truly observes, that between classical learning and morality there is a connection, and were a method to be devised for infusing morality into the minds of youth, it should not be attempted by arguments and rules, by definition and demonstration, but by insinuating morals in the guise of history, poetry, and eloquence, by heroic examples, by pathetic incidents, by sentiments that either exalt or fortify, or soften, or melt the human heart. The author of this excellent work has given abundant reasons to show that a classical education would act as a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary educational system, reasons which we not only do not for a moment dispute, but which carry with them a degree of truthfulness with which any reader will be impressed. Mr. Amos tells us that it was during the time he was occupied with some historical researches to illustrate the trial of the Earl of Somerset (a work to the publication of which we look forward with much interest), that an object of more immediate practical utility presented itself to his notice, the offering to the City of London School a series of lectures for the prize offered by them for compositions upon the subject of this work. From the superiority of these lectures not much wonder will be excited that the author's offerings were selected as being the most likely to tend to draw public attention to the object in view, from the masterly style in which they were written, although many men of eminence competed for the honour; and he adds that his own trouble is but of inferior moment, in comparison with the prospect of rendering a public service. That was not only obviously important, but immediately wanted. We believe this statement to be sincere, for those who remember the author either as a member of the supreme council of India, or in his recordership at Nottingham, will speak with pleasure of a man whose almost sole study appears to have been the ameliorating the condition of some one class or other, and will acknowledge that there is no man more fitted than he to point out the remedy to be applied to the present defect which shows itself so glaringly in the education of the merchant. We would call especial attention to these lectures, not only because they are the production of one of the most eminent scholars of the present day, and who holds a high position in his Alma Mater, but more particularly from the growing importance of the subject upon which they treat, and referring as they do to an increasing and responsible body, it is a matter of absolute necessity that the public mind should be fully acquainted with the case from the pen of some one who is competent, not only to illustrate an evil, but propose a remedy, and we pronounce this work to be of such a character, and likely to effect the improvement at which it aims.

An Easy Introduction to Chemistry. By George Sparkes. Second edition. London, Whittaker & Co.

It would, indeed, as our author truly remarks, be quite superfluous to enter into any statement relative to the practical

value of chemistry, or of the innumerable benefits which we have derived through its wonderful agency. Many object to chemical studies—and hence they are circumscribed in their operation—that they are difficult, dangerous, and expensive. Mr. Sparkes in the present delightful little volume shows that a course of chemistry may be easy, safe, and carried on at little outlay. His preface, succinct and neatly written, proves this satisfactorily, and we therefore highly recommend his work to public opinion. It has been pronounced by the most competent authorities to possess many good qualities—we ourselves beg to add our testimony to its value. It contains, indeed, everything which it is requisite for the young chemist to know, and as a preliminary to severer studies, is absolutely necessary. The author's account of metals and metallic oxides is not only valuable to the chemist, but most interesting to the general reader, as is indeed the whole work, containing curious and highly suggestive information. The writer's own experiments are sometimes recorded, and are described in a neat and lucid style, which is exceedingly pleasing. We hope to see this work widely diffused. We may perhaps at a future time make it the foundation of an article on experimental chemistry, and quote largely in illustration.

Ignez de Castro, a Tragedy in Five Acts. By the author of "Rural Sonnets." London, H. Hurst.

It would be impossible within the limits allowed us this month, to do justice to the present production, which whether we consider it as an acting or reading play, is as far superior to the ordinary run of modern dramatic compositions, as light is to darkness. One statement, however, in justice to the author, we do make, that though unacted, it has been long accepted by Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, and will be represented by them whenever a suitable opportunity occurs. With these remarks, we leave "Ignez de Castro" for the present, giving, however, a taste of its quality:—

FIRST NOBLE.

The dances flag, and more substantial claims
Summon their votaries—to eat and drink!

COUNTESS.

The trumpets challenge royally!

FIRST NOBLE.

They ought,
When halls of banquet—

COUNTESS.

Sneerer, hold your peace;
You have not seen as I have—if you had,
You cannot paint as I can—so, be dumb.
The board's ablaze with gold and jewell'd plate,
And ornaments of filagree; and cups,
Translucent, or of silver, boss'd, or plain.
Above—amidst—in flaming bright array,
Pensile, and standard lights o'erbranch the scene;
While chrystal sconces stretch along the walls,
In rainbow-rich refractions; and from shapes
Fantastical, curl forth the censer's streams.
The interspaces glow with burnish'd arms,
A panoply of breast-plates—helms—and spears—
Gauntlets—and battle-axes—greaves—and spurs—
And swords—and shields, like mirrors in the sun.
Gigantic fans of peacocks' plumes, aloft,
At either end, are wav'd by subtle means,
And stir the air, and much refresh the eyes.
The roof's festoon'd with evergreens; beneath,
Vases with flowers look fragrant as the morn;
In six recesses, ceaseless fountains jet
Rose-scented showers, and sparkling—plac'd on high,
Minstrels, with thrilling harp, and glorious verse,
Exalt the festival: below, a band
Of youths and maids, now dancing, now at rest,
Shed poetry on motion—group—and form.
I'm rapt to say they do so, ere 'tis done.
Let's in, and help all forward! Knights, lead on,
One grand resource for pause of step, or song,
Our martial music takes unusual place,
Where Moorish standards, droop'd above his chair,
Record our sovereign's feats, and Lusian fame.
All was illuminated ere we met;
I have the priv'lege; the display's superb.
Let us not lag, to be the last behind;
I sit between my heroes—not next, France!

Indian Corn. By Elihu Burritt. London, A. Dyson.

This is a penny pamphlet by the eminent and learned American Blacksmith, which should be purchased by all desirous of enjoying the luxury of Indian corn cookery. It is concise and clear in its directions.

The Christian Witness, No. 34. London, J. Snow.

This is a monthly magazine, published by the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the benefit of aged ministers. It is a prodigy of cheapness, and its contents are most excellent. Its general contents are "The cultivation of the heart," "Thy Maker is thy husband," "What is death," &c., &c. We quote with much satisfaction the following, supporting as it does our own opinion of Mr. Garrison:

"We wish our introduction of the subject of slavery, at the present time, to be rightly understood. Our act is wholly unconnected with the meeting held at Exeter Hall, to review the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance. Although repeatedly honoured by a request to share in the business of the said meeting, we preferred to stand alone, and take our own course. We act on grounds entirely independent, while our deed is prompted mainly by the course adopted by the Free Church of Scotland, and the Evangelical Alliance, respectively, with regard to American slavery. We know little about the new League that called the meeting, and we

are not exactly at ease respecting Mr. Garrison. His high qualities, and his heroic course, are not unknown to us, and to these we accord due respect and admiration; but still there were, there are, great difficulties in the way of our comfortable co-operation with him. We attended the meeting aforesaid, in the spirit of candour, to hear and judge for ourselves; and the result, as to Mr. Garrison, was far from favourable. The speeches of Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Douglass were all that could have been desired; both were worthy of the occasion, and of themselves. For America, we cannot speak, but we unhesitatingly affirm that, in England, Mr. Garrison will command small sympathy, and few friends, among either the wise or the good. He is not adapted successfully to address an English audience. He seems to have made the science of offence a special study, and he has, we think, attained to a high proficiency. He repeatedly went out of his way to assail the principles, or, if he chose, the prejudices, of his audience, in a manner from which to us he appears to breathe a spirit of fierce hostility to evangelical religion, and to cherish a feeling of bitter contempt for its institutions, its ministers, and its professors; and such, we have the fullest reason to believe, are also the characteristics of his party in America. As an illustration of this, we offer the following resolution, lately adopted in New York, at one of their great gatherings, in the Broadway Tabernacle, on the 12th of May last, W. L. Garrison in the chair: 'Resolved,—That this society rejoice in the present declining state of American religion, inasmuch as it voluntarily comes forth to baptise and to sanctify slavery, which Mahommedanism abolishes, and Catholicism condemns; and that it will endeavour to warn the world, particularly the so-called heathen portion of it, against its influence.' 'Decline' is the precursor of dissolution. If, then, the 'decline' of religion gives joy to 'this society,' surely its extinction would excite rapture. The principle, then, of 'this society' is, INFIDELITY! Its meet motto, we infer, is, 'Let Christianity perish, that the slave may go free!' In harmony with this view, 'this society' 'will endeavour to warn the world, particularly the so-called heathen portion of it, against the influence' of American religion. We hope this new mission of mercy against Christian missions will commence its labours among the Sandwich Islands, and make its appeal to the natives there, who are now fully able to decide the question. Is, then, the hope of the slave founded on the extinction of Christianity? Is it come at last to this? Such, at least, is not yet the doctrine for the people of England. Whosoever may constitute this new Anti-Slavery League, it behoves them well to consider their relations with 'this society,' of which Mr. Garrison is the head and chief. But we think before this League proceed much further, it ought to stand forth with proofs of its necessity, as new societies are not to be unnecessarily multiplied. It strikes us that our old, tried, trusty British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is a ready-made institution, sufficient for every purpose connected either with the present or with any future emergency. It is, we doubt not, neither dead, dormant, nor indifferent. Let it then take sword and shield, and once more step forth to the field of conflict in behalf of the oppressed! It deserves, it has the confidence of the empire. It can—will it not?—do essential service to the American slave! While the American churches, in this matter, are steeped in guilt, the slave there is far from friendless. The American Anti-Slavery Society is a wise, a noble, a powerful, laborious, and efficient confederacy, enjoying the confidence of the mass of the slave's true friends, and meriting that of this country. A body comprising such men as A. and L. Tappan, J. G. Birney, A. A. Phelps, J. Leavitt, H. B. Stanton, G. Smith, W. Goodell, B. Green, J. Kellogg, J. Blanchard, and Dr. Brisbane, requires no certificate.

The Indian Meal Book. By Eliza Leslie, of Philadelphia. London, Smith and Elder.

The fact that the general failure of the potato crops must produce much misery, which it is desirable to alleviate, has induced the publication of this little volume. Maize or Indian corn is generally admitted to be the best and most available, as it may be procured at little more than half the price of wheat, and is much more nutritious than the potato, while the vast continent of America is able to supply the British markets with almost any quantity required. A well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, dated from Sligo, after discovering the imminent danger from impending famine in Ireland, says, "Indian meal and American flour are the only articles from which we can expect relief." Containing as it does a series of excellent receipts, such as Indian Mush, Indian hasty pudding, meal gruel, bread fine and common, egg pone, gorddle cakes, and Johnny cakes, &c., we recommend it to all housekeepers. The following fact is useful to be made known: "In London flour made from Indian corn is sold at eight shillings per bushel, by Mr. Thomas Hays, 28, Fore Street, Cripplegate, and by Mr. Turner, 67, Bishopgate Street Within; at both these shops bread made of Indian corn flour may be bought. Mr. Turner sells

the flour at 7d. per quartern, the price of the best wheaten flour being 9d.; it may doubtless be had at other parts of the metropolis and in country towns. Mr. French, of Exeter, has been selling large quantities of Indian corn, and the demand is increasing: the meal, which is much approved of, is sold by him at from 1½d. to 1¾d. per lb.

The Aristocracy of England. By John Hampden, Jun. London, Effingham Wilson.

Upwards of two centuries ago, Milton, in a passage of unparagoned eloquence, thundered in the ears of a commonwealth that it was England's proud prerogative to teach other nations how to live—thereby defining that we had arrived at a more civilised and refined and happy position than any other country. Since that period statesmen and politicians of the highest order have vied with each other truthfully to carry out the saying, poets have made it the subject of their muse, historians their theme—reform after reform has been introduced, professedly to render purer and more perfect our constitution. Remedial measures have been as frequently taken as often as new governments have arrived at power, all with the universal aim and grand intention to remove blots which disfigured the statute-book, and eradicate defects made prominent by their vicious results. That abuses and injuries of this nature have been glaring, is made evident from the strong and severe measures taken to check their further progress, but the question which now offers itself for solution is, how far these remedies have operated, and the effect, whether hurtful or otherwise, they have had on the nation. Upon this matter appears to hinge the entire necessity of the bringing forward this anatomy of rank, for, if it can be successfully proved that the antidote which has been applied is in itself sufficient and active, then this book is a superfluous and unnecessary production, but if, on the other hand, there is an *hiatus* to be filled up, the component parts of which must, in their nature and essence, be of a remedial character, then it remains for some suggestions to be offered in order to supply the deficiency. Believing, then, that such vacancy does exist, and that the matter before us not only deserves criticism but demands serious consideration, we proceed to descant upon its merits, and consider the advantages it proposes. There are a vast many who in these days regard the aristocracy with a reverence and respect approaching to worship and idolatry, from an erring and mistaken notion that the mere accidental circumstance of birth associated with rank and wealth attaches to these concomitants any order or degree of merit. Men born under the rising sun are viewed as beings of another sphere, capable of better things and more enlightened views. Aristocrats in name, by the vulgar they are regarded as aristocrats in nature, and the ermined cloak, the jewelled cap, the "purple and fine linen," receives an amount of homage not only incompatible with the *man* itself, but is the precursor and pioneer of a like system of erroneous imagination and falsifying considerations. Now, this *idol* so much venerated is in every respect an aristocracy of rank, no claim can be laid to its ever having been or being one of merit. If we are to allow the existence of hero-worship, the idols which must be reverenced and to which only the knee should be bent, must be men who by a mighty concentration of talent and genius have carved for themselves a path which time itself cannot destroy. To these who are exalted from accidental circumstances surely no respect on that account should be paid, not that it must be inferred they are from this fact ineligible to receive homage, but we would have it deservedly and fairly bestowed. It can be imagined that to a band of men who have "served their country for their country's good," who having freely rendered some needed service, either in the field or in the city, some respect bordering on admiration should be paid, but to a herd of men whose almost sole occupation is an unremitting attendance on singing women and ballet dancers, it is a matter of surprise how any man with an honest heart beating in his bosom can recognise in these the representatives of those who from courageous and chivalric deeds he honours and respects. A question of infinitely greater vitality and importance here suggests itself, whether an aristocracy of rank is favourable to the stability and well-being of any nation whose constitutional form of government assimilates with our own? To some this may appear a query which can only be speculatively answered, but perhaps it may assist the matter we have in hand if we are content with an adjudication, not by the standard of any philosophical or imaginary similitude, but by cases which have actually occurred; and take for our rule of guidance actions which have at some period or another been similarly situated to ourselves, but from mismanagement and false conclusions have been swept into irrevocable decay. The intellectual states of Greece fell from aristocratic ambition—Rome's decline may be dated from the time when she was rendered despotic and arbitrary—Spain and Germany shared the same fate, the ancient freedom of both empires having been undermined by the nobles—and France, too,

has followed in the wake, infected with the same contagious disease—a victim to the arrogance and despotism of a miscalled nobility. These are facts of which if there be any desire to judge rightly must not be overlooked, for it is apparently clear that no country, regardless of any age, wherever aristocracies of rank have appeared in the ascendant, has it escaped the plague of destruction. May England, which hitherto has glided safely and smoothly over breakers and shoals by skilful helming and pilotage, yet escape the rocks which so innumerably beset her! With the advocates of equality we have no sympathy, for it does not require much wisdom to be brought to bear upon the subject to convince those who may be halting or hesitating, of the utter futility of the scheme. An equalisation of wealth could not for an instant be supposed—the one man would hide his talent, a second multiply it threefold, and a third tenfold—hence the destruction of the doctrine of equality; but then we shall be told that the "poor shall never cease out of the land." We allow the premises, but shall it be said that their existence is to be hand in hand with misery and woe; shall it be urged that it is an infringement or encroachment upon the wealth of the rich to expect that some assistance be rendered to the poor—they upon whom the burden presses heavily—whence let it be asked does the immense accumulation of money possessed by titled persons arise? Primarily does it not emanate from the people through taxation? And on whom are the taxes in comparison with the relative incomes mostly levied but on the poor. It seems to have been, until very lately, the unflagging desire to put the greatest amount of taxation on those least able to bear it; and proceeding farther into the case, it is apparent that the inflicting of duties of this kind have invariably been levied by an hereditary aristocracy. *O tempora, O mores!* There are some to whom the direst calamities afford no example; it would have been thought that about the time of the Commonwealth the scene which rises to the imagination of any reader of history, would have not failed to have its effect, for no time shows the unrestrained power of an oppressed people more distinctly and vividly. Public opinion, and that alone, goaded on by the tyranny of the higher classes, arraigned, condemned, and executed a monarch—it was a terrible enactment of the great and solemn drama of avenging patriotism—strictly speaking followed the institution of a republic, but consequent upon the formation of a league between the second Charles and the aristocracy, who by this confederacy was relieved of their feudal duties, a new order of government arose, by which the taxation fell more heavily and unequally on the people. That amongst the aristocracy there are men of unblemished reputation, of strict integrity, and unimpeachable morality, will be allowed—but this is the exception, not the rule. It would be believed that the higher classes, whom from the facilities they possess for the attainment of the highest and most refined order of mental cultivation, would serve as an example to the remaining classes of society. Very different, however, is the case; for there are occurrences in that station for which the most unedified and uneducated among the middle classes would blush. From the advantages which they possess from their accumulation of wealth, no difficulty could have occurred, if properly carried out, in maintaining their position, which would have ensured them the support of the people, and cemented between the two orders a chain which would have been inseparable—but with a short-sightedness most unaccountable, not to mention its injudiciousness, they have entirely neglected it. Democracies separated from discrimination are the most dangerous of all governments; and we are now making daily rapid strides to a democratical system; for we see men raising themselves by untiring energy and indomitable perseverance to the most exalted places in the legislature; and if any one conceives it is prudent to repel these levelling movements, the most effectual method to check them (the necessity for which we ourselves cannot perceive) would be by a continued series of unaffected efforts of kindness, as far as possible, to alleviate the somewhat oppressive condition of the people. Having thus far sketched the main features of the aristocracy suggested by this work, we shall not be expected to enter very minutely now into its details, which for six years has occupied the author's pen. From the introduction of the aristocracy into England at the time of the Norman conquest, through the middle ages, then at the time of the Restoration, down to this present year, there is given a most faithful and eloquent, yet dispirited and heartless account of the "men of noble blood." There seems to us a remarkable similarity between it and the style of the "History of Priestcraft;" and although it assumes the title and name of one of the descendants of one of the greatest patriots that ever lived, some further and more substantial proof must be adduced before we can believe that it is any other than the production of William Howitt. We admire it for its eloquence and truthfulness, for the good which it contains, for the information which it is likely to spread, and for the

beneficial influence which it is certain to cast upon the great masses of the people. It is a book which should be read by all, not only those who agree but those who differ with the author; and we cannot, in concluding, but re-echo his sentiment, that never should the glorious truth be forgotten, that the good and the salvation of the world always come, and always have come from the hut—Christ came thence, the patriarchs, the prophets, and apostles—the greatest sages, and philosophers, the true founders and builders of national wealth and glory, of the power and happiness of man—have come thence in all ages.

Peasantry of England. By G. W. Perry, Esq. London, C. Gilpin.

Any one who has noticed with any degree of attention the condition of the English peasantry, cannot fail to have remarked, with feelings of intense anxiety, the impoverished state to which, as a class, they are reduced. Not only is an improvement of their moral as well as their physical position a matter of urgent and absolute necessity, but it is clear the change must not be through a series of tiring and exhausted gradations — it must be immediate and effectual. A salutary influence should directly and instantly be felt: decision must now step into the seat of hesitation, and the means to effect the required alteration must be no longer delayed. None are sufficiently perverse to deny that a grievous wrong exists; all acknowledge, all are agreed, that it would be but an act of justice to remedy these defects, and, moreover, that the antidote to the poison must be speedy. It is with deep regret we read of the varied circumstances which have led more particularly during the present century to the degrading and servile state of the majority of the agricultural population, and which have tended to the rapid decline of their morals, undeniably consequent upon the deplorable change which is too apparent in their physical condition; for so firmly and inseparably is the one connected with the other, so closely does the machinery which works the mind assimilate with that which directs the body, so immediately dependent is the perfection of the physical upon the state of the moral, that let the slightest and apparently most trifling alteration occur in the former, and the result, be it either immediate or remote, will fearfully operate upon the latter. No longer is to be seen a peasantry referring with honest and manly pride to their county and themselves; the germs of patriotism have long since been "sown on rocky ground, and brought forth no fruit;" no longer does the searching eye witness cleanly habitations, happy inmates, or smiling children, or the face of prosperity, and feelings of kindness or respect for the landlord or the squire; no more is the labourer proud of his position, earned by "the sweat of his brow," nor can he believe the most honourable labour to be that of cultivating and tilling the soil. 'Tis but a dreaming and clouded visitation of the past, the chaste and hallowed remembrance of which has left, as its legacy, gloominess, poverty, and misery. A change, discreditable in itself, and searching in its operation, has transformed, by its progressive but deadly power, a people that were once a country's pride to a nation's curse! That this is but a candid and honest description will be universally admitted; that it is no overrated or exaggerated account present events will fully bear witness; that among the people—the agricultural population, we would say—this exists, no one will deny; but that it should live with those whose heroism in the field of war, in addition to their home labour, has not unfrequently been called into active requisition to repel the foreign invader or suppress the discontented rebel, is a matter as discreditable on the part of all in whom power is invested, and in whose hands the remedy lies (though, it may be said, inactively), as it is humiliating and hurtful to the feelings and minds of the English labourers. Can any one walk through an agricultural village, no matter where the selection, with but few exceptions, and fail to remark the wretchedly-emaciated condition to which, as a body, they are reduced? Can they help believing that with them there are no manifestations of delight or comfort. No signs of happiness or joy to cheer their progress—the absence of these attributes is supplied by the presence of misery and sorrow—can they disregard the dilapidated tenements, the want of neatness and of order, not only in the interior but in their external appearance. In them and their dependencies but one characteristic is visible, that of spoliation. These faults are not to be attributable solely to the poor; let those who, favoured by rank and wealth, are the occupiers of princely dwellings and costly habitations, who have not yet felt the deep harrowings of poverty, who, nursed in luxury, insensibly hear of their fellow-creatures' wants; let them travel but a day's journey into some of the agricultural, and, we would say, less favoured districts, and they will find that that this is no statement drawn up for party or sectarian motives, no picture in some parts highly tinted, to throw more deeply into the shade other and less pleasing figures, but facts which rest on evidence incontrovertible, and testimony irrefragable. In thus speaking, far be it

from us to detract, in any way, from the merits of the aristocracy, we speak not in relation to an aristocracy or democracy, we are not politically arguing—we speak of the Rich and the Poor, between whom we would see more sympathy, who now are guided by different laws and rules of conduct, and breathing atmospheres of different natures. The one cannot, and the other will not, cross the stream to offer help and relief—we repeat, we speak only with the belief that this might be remedied and materially changed. If but a small portion of that countless sum which is now exhausted in extravagance and ribaldry were devoted to alleviate the sufferings of the people—but a little would suffice, and surely it would not be missed, which, if properly and judiciously applied, could not fail to be other than an infinite source of satisfaction, not only to the reliever but to the relieved. It is a matter of general remark that too little attention has been bestowed on the moral culture and physical condition of the working section of the people, those who have too little regard paid to their wants and sufferings, too few efforts made to aid their inability to obtain work, or to alter their low scale of wages, and this indifference affords a well-grounded though seldom heard-of source of complaint. These are topics daily, aye even hourly discussed, they afford fuel for vehement debates both in and out of Parliament, which act as a stimulus to bring into vigorous action the more kindly feelings, yet they fail to enlist either the sympathies or the endeavours of the powerful or the great. True, the wealthy are lavish of their theoretical suggestions to remedy the evil, they embody these in volumes of eloquence and language, but practically fail to illustrate them—could not in this case the theory be identified more closely with the practice? It may truthfully be said of us, that we are, as a nation, far more attentive to and susceptible of the stranger's wants than our own. Essentially do we strive, and with credit be it said, to smooth the rugged path of the foreigner, but with strange apathy we see our countrymen in destitution. Mines of wealth can in an incredibly short space of time be raised for pursuing a public undertaking or remunerating the losses of men previously rendered notorious for their wealth, but with no energy do we contemplate raising funds for the benefit of the peasantry. Primarily should the wants of our own people be satisfied; we are a wealthy nation, and, after supplying their wants enough would then remain to associate our names with charities abroad. The condition of the labourer, morally, socially, and physically, is painful to look upon; in each point of view he has become equally degraded. In this age it is believed to be a truism, that a fair day's work should receive a fair day's wages—the country receives from the agricultural labourer invaluable service, and a corresponding remuneration should be unhesitatingly awarded. At present the reward the peasant receives is inadequate to give to his family education; how, if it can be shown that it is desirable to keep the English labourer in his present state of ignorance, or that his condition should in the least degree assimilate with that of the North American savage, then these remarks are futile and worthless; but if, on the other hand, he is expected to discharge, with a true and just discrimination, the duties of citizenship, if, in fact, he is to be a part and parcel of a responsible community, it is obviously clear some change is wanting, some radical improvement necessary to place him in his proper sphere. Some may and will doubtless reply, that education amongst the poor is likely to excite discontent and dissatisfaction. This we strenuously deny—no man ever was intended by the Almighty to remain uninstructed and uneducated. Instil into his capacity the sound rudiments of knowledge; these properly inculcated will not only make him sensible of his obligations to his country, but obtain a greater amount of obedience and respect than in any other condition and in any other circumstance he could possibly render. Not only does a deficiency of education entail upon the *man* a series of evils severe in their application, besides acting as an impassable barrier to his future advancement—not only is the *state* deprived in an injudicious manner of a valuable auxiliary on whom it should have looked with pride and satisfaction. We are led into these remarks in reviewing Mr. Perry's work on the condition of the Peasantry of England; a subject upon which we have long and deeply thought, and upon which few books of any value have been written. The book we now mention will be instrumental in this good work of raising the British peasant to the right level to which he is so justly entitled, written as it is by a man comprehending the subject to which he calls public attention, and who has witnessed many of the heart-rending scenes common in the country—and being connected with an association formed for the purpose of collecting and disseminating information relative to the precise condition of the peasant, has, we do not scruple to affirm, faithfully performed his mission. May it receive that attention to which it fairly and honestly lays claim! It is forcibly and eloquently written, and we rejoice to see any man have the moral courage to stand forward as the champion of the poor.

The Debater. By F. Rowton, Esq. London, Longman & Co.

We have for a long time thought with the author of this work that a fundamental error prevails in the mode now adopted to convey instruction in the art of public speaking. Perhaps few are more capable of removing the impediment and substituting a more perfect and complete method of teaching this branch of education than Mr. Rowton, for his general experience as a lecturer on general literature, added to his intimate connection with some of the principal debating societies in London, must have necessarily made him a man of observation and well qualified for the task he has taken in hand. That at this time there is not only an incomplete manner of teaching this art, but a very displeasing one, cannot be for a moment doubted. For a man to attain any degree of proficiency, it is essentially necessary that he should have had immense practice. He may, possibly, be eloquent—his ideas may have originality; yet, if he is destitute of a pleasing and impressive style of expression, his opinions, the most profound reasoning, the most sublime thoughts, will grate harshly upon the ear, and fail to engage the hearer's attention. This evidently arises from a want of style, which can only be attainable first by proper instruction, and afterwards by dint of immense practice. If, then, the instruction in the primary instance be injudicious, the most untiring perseverance will never eradicate the defect; for how many public men do we daily see incapable of expressing their ideas even in an ordinary way, which may be traced to the imperfect system at first used in instructing them in the mysteries of public speaking. Not very long since, an article from the pen of a dignitary of the Irish Church appeared in a monthly magazine of celebrity, strongly condemning the existence of a course pursued at debating societies in general, affirming that their tendency invariably was to produce "flippant speakers and unsound thinkers." Doubtless, in many public gatherings of this nation, there will be found men answering the description given by the learned archbishop; but that all should be included under the anathema, we hold to be rather severe as well as unjust. An easy reference might be made to men possessing talents of a high order, and holding situations in immediate connection with the state, who have figured at debates with remarkable success. A "flippant" speaker can scarcely, we allow, even be said to be a sound thinker; and the converse may be as easily defended, for to become in any way successful in extemporaneous speaking, a man must be a "sound thinker"—he must weigh well his subjects, probabilities, and influences—have attained a complete mastery over his question; and to do this, it is essentially necessary that he should think deeply. At the Union at Cambridge, some of our first men were members—statesmen, chief barons, eminent barristers, with innumerable others. The author has proceeded in a very clear manner to lay before his readers his object, and has given in his work the rules usually in use at debating societies, which are followed by complete debates upon subjects of all kinds—social, political, and metaphysical: then come a variety of outlines for discussion, with references to the standard books necessary to be read for each question; and from the selection made, Mr. Rowton has shown that he is a man who has read much and profited by his researches. We hope his efforts will be attended with success.

Gleanings from Pious Authors. Edited by James Montgomery. London, C. Gilpin.

James Montgomery has edited a volume of gleanings under the following characteristic titles:—"The Wheat-sheaf," "Fruits and Flowers," "Garden and Shrubbery." Significant are these names of the goodly things the book contains. We have passages from some of the wisest and most holy of our authors: no sectarian bitterness clouds over them, but doctrines of practical holiness and religion, preached by men like Hooker, Jewell, Jeremy Taylor, Usher, Baxter, Howe, and Watts, and a host of holy men whom we have not room to mention. This work should be in the hands of the head of every family: from it can be drawn lessons of goodness and of love, by which he can lead his young ones into the paths of that Christianity which is the only guide to their happiness. It shows a universality of spirit; and whatever may be the peculiarities of a man's religious creed, it is one of the few books essentially religious that he can take up, without finding anything offensive to his own peculiar views.

The Art of Elocution; from the Simple Articulation of the Elemental Sounds of Language up to the Highest Tone of Expression in Speech attainable by the Human Voice. By George Vandenhoff, Professor of Elocution. London, Wiley and Putnam.

Before entering on the exposition of this theory of the art of elocution, Mr. Vandenhoff undertakes, in opposition to Dr. Whately, archbishop of Dublin, to prove that it is an art. This labour might have been deemed superfluous, were it not that there have, in all ages, been persons paradoxical enough to maintain that a certain body of knowledge, acquired by study,

and based on principle, is incapable of being transmitted from one man to another. The archbishop's position is obviously untenable; and in illustrating this truth, Mr. Vandenhoff displays as much positiveness as logic, and had we been at all doubtful before, would have produced the most thorough conviction in our minds. Probably the theory, the exposition of which is given in the present volume, originated with that distinguished ornament of the English stage, the author's father, who, in performing the noble characters of Shakespeare, displays a tact, a quickness of apprehension, and a fine and noble discrimination, of which we know no parallel on the stage. Studying under such a guide, Mr. George Vandenhoff could scarcely fail to become a master of his art. His doctrine, accordingly, is philosophical, and his explanations so clear and forcible, that no one engaged in the study of oratory can fail to benefit by his precepts. The want of such teaching, we are sure, must be widely felt. In the church, at the bar, and in the Houses of Parliament, we perpetually see the most unequivocal proof of the neglect of elocution; for men, otherwise able and enlightened, are so deficient in the art of speaking, that they only inflict pain, while they should impart pleasure, and perplex and obscure the subjects which they undertake to elucidate and render attractive. Mr. Vandenhoff's style is simple and agreeable, and so perspicuous that he never fails to put the reader in possession of his full meaning. And this is a great merit in a composition designed to explain a somewhat complicated subject. The peculiarity of the system consists in making use of musical notes, to regulate the movements of declamation through all these infinitely varied inflections of voice required in the delivery of an eloquent speech. To comprehend the plan, however, the reader must study it in the work itself, where its explanation is as concise as is compatible with clearness. Much of the volume is devoted to examples of eloquence, drawn from the works of our ablest writers, which, recited or declaimed according to the rules given, cannot fail to produce a powerful effect. The author has enjoyed the benefit of great practice in teaching, which has enabled him to foresee the difficulties likely to present themselves to any class of students, and at the same time to remove them. The success of his work has already been considerable, the present being the third edition; and if the press of this country will be at the pains to make it properly known, we think it likely to enjoy hereafter much wider circulation.

Not One Lash. London, Gilbert.

The author of this little pamphlet is Mr. Reeve, of the Chase Lodge Grammar School, Hounslow. It is in the form of an address to the queen, against the present cruel and degrading system of flogging. Mr. Reeve has treated the subject in an eloquent manner, and shows how abhorrent to the principles of Christianity is such a system. The following, from the *Morning Advertiser*, contains some additional information. Our contemporary says.—"He informs us that he has forwarded the work to the Duke of Wellington, and that the following is an extract from the letter accompanying it:—

"'May it please your grace,—I beg to present for your acceptance the enclosed little address. The subject cannot but be deeply interesting to your grace; and although the petition is addressed to her majesty, yet am I persuaded that the granting of the object prayed for depends, in great measure, on your decision. Since writing this pamphlet, my attention has been directed to the following remarkable contrast:—In the 12th Lancers, a part of which has just entered these barracks, not a man has been flogged for thirty years; yet the whole regiment is in a high state of discipline. On the other hand, the 7th regiment of Hussars, which has just left us, and is become almost notorious for its floggings, is frequently rife with acts of disobedience and disorder; and the unhappy officers, unable to bear the odium naturally incurred by the execution of this revolting law, are glad sometimes to exchange, perhaps with pecuniary sacrifice, into other regiments. The former part of this statement, your grace will allow, places the practicability of preserving discipline in a regiment, composed of British troops, without the coercion of the lash, beyond all doubt, and establishes it as an adamantine axiom, on which the lance of the most logical antagonist must be eternally shivered. Let me, then, entreat your grace to abrogate this law *in toto et instanter*: so shall fair Mercy's hand entwine amidst your well-earned laurels some of her amaranthine flowers, which shall bloom and emit a fragrance grateful to posterity, when the voice of the war-trumpet shall be hushed for ever, and valour become superfluous and obsolete.'"

Frazer's Magazine. October.

By far the most important article in the present number is that upon "Our Commercial Relations with the Indian Archipelago," in which the writer, with remarkable talent, describes that group of islands, and gives us a brief outline of what results

may be hoped for from cultivating our intercourse with these favoured isles. There is an excellent commencement of a story entitled "The Rector's Daughter," and many other articles of a very interesting kind, which our space will not permit us to mention.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine. October.

There are some very good things monthly in this periodical. "St. Giles and St. James," by the editor, is continued with much spirit; and there are several stories of considerable interest, along with some poetry of a clever kind beside. An article upon "The Commerce of the Oriental Archipelago" will be found to be replete with very valuable information, and contains some important suggestions.

United Service Magazine. October. London, H. Hurst.

An excellent number, full of capital articles, among which we may mention the admirable continuation of "The Sikhs and the Punjâb," a paper full of interesting information, equally important as interesting. However, at the present moment, "The Second Natchez War and Massacre" is full of entertaining and exciting matter. The continuation of the "Tale of the Sea" quite sustains its character, and the "Exploring Expedition into New Zealand" is full of valuable matter.

Notes of the Month.

The Parliamentary Societies of London and Birmingham.

The faculty of being able properly and neatly to address a public assembly is not only required by the aspirant for legal, clerical, and senatorial honours, but by every man likely to be called upon to act in public life. Debating societies have for many years endeavoured to give the necessary practice, but from excluding the chief questions of the day, and confining themselves to historical questions, or at all events merely literary subjects, have failed to rouse the necessary degree of interest. To obviate this evil a society was formed in June, 1845, which, in order to confine its deliberations to the exciting questions of the day, upon which all members would be more or less qualified to speak, called itself the Parliamentary Society. The matters discussed are those before Parliament, and in order to impart additional zest to the proceedings, the society modelled itself upon the House of Commons. At the opening of the session a speaker is elected, the various parties striving for the mastery, and the speaker chosen calls upon the leader of his party to form a ministry. This ministry brings in bills, which are opposed even fiercely by the opposition, who strive all they can to oust the officials. Much practice, both in set speeches and debating is thus gained, and great advantages necessarily accrues to the members, consisting chiefly of young literary men, members of the legal, clerical, and other liberal professions. During the past session some admirable debates on Poland, the Corn Laws, Education, &c., occurred, in all instances attended by crowded audiences, principally consisting of ladies. A gentlemen from Birmingham having recently visited the society, its fame spread into the metropolis of the Midland Counties, where an effort is being now made to form a similar institution, commencing with one hundred and fifty members. We believe it has every prospect of being a successful institution here, and with this conviction, several influential men in Birmingham have given it their countenance, while, at the request of the committee, we ourselves have accepted the office of vice-president. The committee, we believe, intend opening with a *soirée*, of which we shall speak in due time. We must not forget to mention, that this society seems to owe its origin and probable success to the exertions of Mr. James L. East, Barford House, Barford-street, Birmingham.

College of Preceptors.

The very slight qualification which has hitherto been considered necessary for those whose important duty it is to educate the young, has long been a crying evil in this country. Until late years, any man was considered good enough for a schoolmaster. The ancients were wise in their generation. In Greece it was thought one of the highest offices in the state. Mr. James Augustus St. John, in his "History of Grecian Manners," says:—"Whether on education the Greeks thought more wisely than we do or not, they certainly contemplated the subject from a more elevated point of view. They regarded it as the matrix in which future generations are fashioned, and received that peculiar temperament and character belonging to the institutions that presided at their birth. Their theories were so large as to comprehend the whole development of individual existence, from the moment when the human germ is quickened into life, until the grave closes the scene, and in many cases looked still further; for the rites of initiation and a great part of their ethics had reference to another world. On this account we find their legislators possessed

by extreme solicitude respecting the character of those teachers into whose hands the souls of the people were to be placed, to receive the first principles of good or evil, to be invigorated, revised, and purified by the former, or by the latter to be perverted or precipitated down the slopes of vice and effeminacy, by which nations sink from freedom to servitude. Among them, moreover, it was never matter of doubt, whether the light of knowledge should be allowed to stream upon the summits of society alone, or be suffered to descend into its lower depths, and visit the cottages of the poor. Whatever education had to impart, was, in most states, imparted to most of the citizens, as far as their leisure or their capacity would permit them to receive it. The whole object, indeed, of education among the Greeks, was to create good citizens, from which it has been by some inferred that they confined their views to the delivering of secular instruction; but this is to take a narrow and ignorant view of the subject, as religion was not only an element of education, but regarded as of more importance than all its other elements taken together." The great evil arising from the small qualification required by schoolmasters, it is proposed to obviate by the establishment of a College of Preceptors, to which our attention has been forcibly directed by the following remarks in *Hood's Magazine*:—

"We are glad to find that, during the past month, the parties who organised the Incorporation of the Scholastic Profession, and propose constituting a College of Preceptors, &c., &c., have been in full activity in different parts of the country, as well as in the metropolis, and that there is now no longer any doubt of the project being ably matured, adequately sustained, and effectually carried out. We are writing on the 24th current (September), having only within the last two or three hours received a pamphlet, just published by Relfe and Fletcher, entitled 'The Origin, Objects, and Transactions of the College of Preceptors.' To this pamphlet we shall pay full attention in due course, and in the mean time recommend all who take an interest in the elevation of the character of the scholastic profession (and who ought not to do so?) to procure this manifesto, with its subjoined minutes of initiatory steps and proceedings, and to make themselves acquainted with the objects proposed to be achieved by the Incorporation of the Scholastic Profession. The subject is of high importance in every point of view, and we trust that the public press will universally take it up, and expound its bearings upon our present and future social development and position."

The College of Preceptors appears to have been originated by Mr. John Parker, supported by a large body of influential instructors of youth, anxious to raise their profession to that high level which it deserves to hold. The schoolmaster is a teacher only second in rank to the minister of the gospel, if indeed he be second, as laying the foundation of the training which the pastor will perfect. We, therefore, hail with gladness and hope a movement which will, we believe, end by doing a vast amount of good; and should the College of Preceptors steadily pursue this course, they will at once be entitled to rank beside Oxford and Cambridge. It is the bounden duty of the legislature to give to them its sanction and support, and to decide by act of parliament that after some stated and given period, IT SHALL BE WHOLLY ILLEGAL FOR ANY MAN TO KEEP A SCHOOL OF ANY KIND, WHO SHALL NOT HAVE UNDERGONE AN EXAMINATION IN THIS OR SOME OTHER SIMILAR INSTITUTION, SATISFACTORILY. Men will then study as they should do for the profession of a preceptor, as they would for the bar, or the church, or medicine, and the progress of the educational movement would receive an immense impetus.

The movement to which we now allude was commenced by reading a paper at the Brighton Literary Institution, which was followed up by a provisional committee being formed, consisting of the following gentlemen, whose names deserve to be remembered:—

Chairman—H. S. Turrell, Esq.; Hon. Secretary—J. Parker, Esq.; Rev. W. H. Butler, D.C.L.; Jas. Wharton, Esq., M.A.. Rev. Mr. Lee; J. Andrews, Esq., all of Brighton; J. P. Hall, Esq., King's-road, Chelsea; D. Gunton, Esq., Soham, Cambridgeshire; R. Stokes, Esq., Ongar, Essex; J. Sansbury, Esq., Rose-street, Soho; T. J. Coleman, Esq., Sandgate, Kent.

Subsequently a meeting was held in London, most respectably and numerously attended, when the college was *de facto* constituted. It now remains for the government, for the general friends of education, to give it their sanction and support, and for the profession to come forward as one man and support their order. How they can do this they must well be aware. There is much yet to be done, and much will be done, if the work be entered on cheerfully and heartily. The objects and prospects of the College may be now fully learned by the perusal of a pamphlet which has been published for gratuitous circulation. One important item we willingly quote, as strongly desirous of aiding in the cause:—

"That for the purpose of obtaining in the metropolis appropriate premises for the objects of the institution—the formation of an annuity fund for decayed members—

provision for widows and orphans—the secretary be empowered to open lists for subscriptions from the profession, and others interested in education."

THE PEOPLE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

It has long been known that, despite the progress of cheap literature—despite the strides made by mechanics' institutes and literary institutions—the working classes—indeed all who, in poor circumstances, desire to follow earnestly the path of study—have, as yet, no means of gratifying their laudable ambition and desire. Cheap books, except they be reprints of works of which the copyright has expired, cannot supply, in any manner or form, the want, because the publishers cannot afford to pay a sum to an author which will induce him to devote years of study to the production of beneficial and important volumes. Solid and enlarged history, biography, scientific books, the higher class of romantic fiction, poetry, and indeed all such works as may be required by the poor student, must be always too bulky and expensive to be within his reach; and as the labourer is worthy of his hire, and no literary man will consume the midnight lamp, and pursue the higher walks of his laborious art, without the joint expectation of reward and fame, it is neither to be desired nor hoped that any other state of things will ever be. Even in America, where they pay nothing for copyright, the books required for the studious man are always high-priced. Cheap books are admirably adapted for general reading; they convey a sufficient amount of knowledge and information for the million, and they diffuse widely and extensively the thirst for increased intellectual light.

Desirous, however, of placing within reach of the humbler classes the higher branches of English, foreign, and American literature, it is proposed by a committee of gentlemen, who are willing to devote a portion of their time and energies to labour in a good cause, to establish a "*Circulating Library for the People.*" This committee, desirous of not coming into contact or collision with the already established libraries, have determined upon a series of regulations to which it is their intention strictly to adhere, under the sanction always of the general body. In the first place, no works will be purchased to lend out to read, which a working man can afford to buy, because it is highly desirable to promote the sale of such publications, giving, as they do to the poor man the feeling of possessing of his own some intellectual food. Such excellent works as the "Journal" and "Miscellany" of the Messrs. Chambers indeed would highly aid the operations of the committee, as containing, in addition to their original articles, numerous selections from, and notices of, new and expensive works, which their readers would, by means of the present library, be enabled to peruse. The works which would be selected would be those on divinity, law, history, science, biography; and as an encouragement to all tastes to support the institution, romances, tales, poetry, the drama, would be placed on their shelves, excluding only the immoral and the inferior. The quarterlies and more important monthlies would be included.

Many excellent results would follow the establishment of this institution.

1. The sale of important works would be promoted by finding a new channel, and thus the cause of literature would be extensively advanced, as the institution would establish branches requiring numerous copies, as their operations extended.

2. The poorer classes would have within their reach the same class of reading as the rich.

In order to enable the committee to lay out the whole of their receipts from subscribers in the purchase of books, it is proposed to have honorary members, paying one pound per annum, who will rigidly be excluded from participating in the advantages, as the committee wish it to be clearly understood that they do not wish to place themselves for a moment in antagonism with the existing institutions, which, as far as they go, are admirable. These honorary members would consist of noblemen and gentlemen, friends of education and enlightenment—of publishers and authors, whose interests would be served, and this sum would be used in defraying the expenses of the establishment, irrespective of the purchase of books.

The subscription of the working classes would be 5s. per annum, or 1s. 6d. per quarter, and one halfpenny every time a volume was taken out of the library. No subscriber would be admitted without filling up a printed form, giving his name and address, with that of his employer, as a reference to character, to be inquired into by the committee or their agent.

The committee of this society being wholly actuated by philanthropic motives, state in their prospectus that they will, every year, at the annual meeting for the election of officers—at which all subscribers who have paid their year's subscription, and all honorary members, will be entitled to attend and vote—submit their accounts to auditors elected by the meeting, thus giving the government of the institution into the hands of the subscribers.

We ourselves think highly of the proposal, and shall at once give the matter our countenance and support, and for this

purpose shall be happy to receive communications on the subject addressed to the editor of "THE MIRROR," which we will forward to the provisional committee, whose names, with those of the patrons and honorary members, will shortly be ready.

WHITTINGTON CLUB.

A public meeting was held last evening at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street, for the purpose of adopting measures to establish an institution under the above name. Mr. Price having been called to the chair, in the absence of Mr. Howitt, who was unavoidably absent, he shortly stated the object of the meeting, and the intended character of the institution, after which the secretary read the report, which strongly recommended the formation of such a club, which was to combine coffee rooms, with all the other accommodations of the best clubs, besides classes of mutual instruction, lectures on literary and scientific subjects, conversaziones, soirées, gymnastics, dancing, concerts, and all the other means of moral and intellectual culture. With all these advantages the terms of subscription were to be very moderate, being for gentlemen, to constitute a life member, ten guineas, or a yearly subscription of £1. We wish this institution every success.

LEARNED SOCIETIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

The meetings of the various learned societies of the metropolis, which partially commenced during the past month, come into full activity in the first week in the present month, and continue so until June. There will then meet periodically no fewer than forty societies for reading papers and the discussion of the various matters of literature, science, and art, which they respectively embrace, in addition to twenty-one for the delivery of lectures, and which hold occasionally *soirées*. At the head of all stands the Royal Society, embracing the whole range of the various departments of mathematics, natural philosophy, and natural history. There are four devoted to antiquities: the Society of Antiquaries, established in 1717; the Numismatic Society, the British Archæological Society, and the Archæological Institute of Great Britain. Natural history in its various departments is cultivated by eleven: the Linnæan, Zoological, Entomological, Horticultural, Royal Botanic, Botanical, Medico-Botanical, Floricultural, Microscopical, and now the Pathological Society, whilst the Royal Agricultural Society also holds monthly meetings for the discussion of the practice and science of that art. The science of medicine has nine devoted to its especial cultivation: the Westminster, London, South London, and North London Medical, with the Medico-Chirurgical, Physical, Hunterian, Harveian, and London Homœpathic Societies. For the cultivation of chemistry there are three—the Pharmaceutical and Chemical Societies, and the Royal College of Chemistry. The study of the heavens embraces the resources of two—the Royal Astronomical and Meteorological Societies; whilst three devote their attention to the earth, its structure and human inhabitants—the Royal Geographical, Geological, and Ethnological Societies. Addressed to specific objects are the Statistical and Royal Asiatic Societies, Syro-Egyptian and Hellenic; and for the prosecution of literature there are two—the Royal Society of Literature, and Philological Society, in addition to nine which hold no periodical meetings, with the exception of anniversaries, and are confined to the re-publication of the works of the earlier writers. These are the Camden, Parker, Percy, Cavendish, Ray, Shakespeare, Sydenham, and Handel Societies, with the Oriental Translation Fund. The useful arts and the kindred subjects of architecture and engineering, embrace the services of three—the Society of Arts, Institution of Civil Engineers, and Royal Institute of British Architects. At the Royal London and Russell Institutions, lectures of the highest order of merit on different branches of science are given; while sixteen other institutions, in which lectures on the general branches of literature and science are delivered weekly, are scattered throughout the metropolis and suburbs. Of the above learned societies, seven hold their meetings weekly, eighteen twice a month, thirteen monthly, and two at intervals, as also occasional *soirées* are given by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, which are not included in the above list. Four only receive national support in the grant of gratuitous accommodation—the Royal, Astronomical, and Geological Societies, and Society of Antiquaries; and two royal grants for premiums to the Geographical Society and Royal Institute of British Architects. The revenues vary much, the two highest being the Zoological and Horticultural Societies; but the gross amount of the sums annually expended by the members in the prosecution of objects of scientific and intellectual research, may be stated on a moderate estimate as £56,700 dispensed through their means, to which may be added at least £7,000 for the support of the sixteen minor institutions for scientific instruction. To the above may be added the sinecure endowment of Gresham College, where seven courses of lectures are delivered at the commencement of every term.

Gun Cotton.

This discovery calls forth the following remarks from our excellent cotemporary the *Athenæum:*

We had the opportunity of witnessing, a few days ago, a series of highly interesting experiments made with the above cotton —principally in order to test its relative force and efficiency as compared with gunpowder. These were carried on in the grounds of Mr. Barron, at Stanmore; under the immediate superintendence of Professor Schönbein himself. In our present ignorance of the constituents of the gun cotton, it would be rash to speculate on its ultimate use in a commercial point of view—since that must depend on its course as compared with that of gunpowder: but there is no doubt of its being an extraordinary motive agent—possessing far greater force than an equal weight of gunpowder. Previously to trying its power with fire-arms, the Professor made several experiments to show its explosive properties and perfect combustion. He placed some gun-cotton upon a heap of the strongest and most easily ignited sporting gunpowder. The cotton was then fired by heated platinum wire; and, although there were innumerable points of contact between the cotton and the powder, the former exploded so instantaneously as to leave the gunpowder unexploded. The gun cotton explodes at about 400° of Fahrenheit; with a vividness of flame which is perfectly dazzling—leaving scarcely any residue behind. It has been stated that no smoke is emitted:—this is erroneous. A slight smoke, or rather vapour, is thrown off; but it so soon disappears as to occasion no inconvenience. After repeated explosions of the cotton, the room in which the experiments were conducted was perfectly clear.

It is difficult to over-estimate the advantages attendant upon the use of the gun-cotton in mines; since the smoke proceeding from the coarse gunpowder used for blasting purposes occasions so much annoyance and injury to the health of the miners. The experiments in blasting tried in the Cornwall mines a short time ago, were most satisfactory and conclusive in favour of the gun-cotton. Another of its strange qualities consists in its not being deteriorated by damp or wet. Some gun-cotton which had been steeped in water for six hours, and dried by exposure to the air, exploded with the same facility, and as instantaneously, as cotton which had not been wetted. Professor Schönbein stated that immersion in water for two months has not impared its explosive qualities in the slightest degree.

The experiments with fowling-pieces and rifles were highly interesting and satisfactory. A gun charged with thirty grains of prepared cotton propelled an equal charge of shot with greater force and precision, at a distance of forty yards, than was done by the same gun loaded with a hundred and twenty grains of gunpowder. A rifle charged with forty-four and a half grains of gunpowder sent a ball through seven boards half an inch in thickness, at a distance of about forty yards: the same rifle charged with forty grains of gun-cotton, propelled the ball into the eighth board. Another rifle, which had been used for elephant shooting, and consequently carried a much larger ball, charged with forty grains of gun-cotton, propelled the ball through eight boards, at a distance of ninety yards. In no case was the discharge accompanied by a greater recoil than usual; and the reports were not louder than those accompanying the discharge of guns and rifles loaded with gunpowder. We understand that a hundred weight of the gun-cotton is on its way from Basle to Woolwich; having been ordered by government with the view of testing its applicability to heavy ordnance. Professor Schönbein states that the manufacture of the gun-cotton is unattended by risk; and that it can be effected in the small space of eight hours, and at less cost than gunpowder. If these statements shall turn out to be correct, the adoption of the gun-cotton will follow as a matter of course.

When Columbus cracked the egg, all the world immediately jumped at the secret;—and now that Prof. Schönbein has exploded his gun-cotton, all the scientific world is also exploding cotton. This is hardly fair to Prof. Schönbein: who, like a single-minded philosopher, has been most liberal both of his secret and of his cotton—and has only since he came to England been persuaded to secure his right by patent. In fact, the words gun-cotton and Schönbein were of themselves sufficient to indicate to any one acquainted with the character of both very clearly in what direction the secret lay. His own previous discoveries, freely communicated to the world at the former meetings of the British Association, were plainly preliminary to this invention; and we could mention half-a-dozen of British philosophers, who, on hearing the announcement, immediately divined its nature accurately. We are glad, for the sake of British science, that none of our countrymen have claimed any share of this invention—for which purpose, already, some half-a-dozen continental chemists are blasoning their *ex post facto* experiments. Among others, we notice the names of Böttger of Frankfort, Morel of Paris, Dr. Otto of Brunswick, M. Chodsko, a Pole, and a couple of others at Mayence—all pretenders to the invention.

It does not appear, however, that any of them made their experiments until the recent announcements of Schönbein; and it would be more creditable to men of science to call their experiments reproductions of Schönbein's (the original discoverer's) cotton. Dr. Otto says that he "scorns to take out a patent" for his invention. We think him quite right. His first certified experiment is on the 4th of October:—Schönbein's had been used in the mines of Cornwall in August last. We hope there are few men of common honesty who would not "scorn" to take out a patent for another man's invention, on the strength of experiments so long subsequent. We trust, however, that Prof. Schönbein will meet in England with that honest acknowledgment and cordial appreciation of his merit of which abroad they appear so much disposed to rob him.

Early Closing.

A public meeting, convened by the Metropolitan Early Closing Association, was held during the month at Radley's Hotel, Bridges-street, Blackfriars; for the purpose of electing a committee to conduct the business of the association. Mr. Nash, the secretary, to whose indefatigable exertions the society owes much of its success, presided, and shortly addressed the meeting, observing, that they had assembled, in accordance with the custom of the association, to elect a committee for the ensuing year, and also to announce that what was the "Metropolitan Drapers' Association" had ceased to exist, and had merged into the "Metropolitan Early Closing Association." They had proved by this act that their efforts were never meant to be confined to a particular class, but to extend to every one suffering under the effects of the late hour system. There had been three plans proposed for the attainment of their object:—To appeal to employers, to obtain an act of Parliament, and to appeal to the people themselves. The last had been preferred, it being with the public alone that the matter rested. For this end funds were necessary, and they asked a small subscription from those interested in their object. Mr. Fivash then proposed, and Mr. Cockett seconded, a resolution appointing a committee for the ensuing year, which was carried unanimously. The names represented various trades. A gentleman from Sidmouth, in Devonshire, observed that the early-closing system was carried on with great success and advantage in his neighbourhood, where the shops were all shut at seven o'clock. Several district meetings with the same object were held simultaneously with the above.

Le Verrier's Planet.

A great triumph in theoretical astronomy has been achieved by the accurate prediction and discovery of another new planet. Sir F. Herschel writes to the *Athenæum* that, on July 12, 1842, the late illustrious astronomer, Bessel, conversing with him, "on the great work of the planetary reductions undertaken by the Astronomer-Royal—then in progress, and since published—M. Bessel remarked that the motions of Uranus, as he had satisfied himself by careful examination of the recorded observations, could not be accounted for by the perturbations of the known planets; and that the deviations far exceeded any possible limits of error of observation. In reply to the question, whether the deviations in question might not be due to the action of an unknown planet? he stated that he considered it highly probable that such was the case—being systematic, and such as might be produced by an exterior planet." These unaccounted-for perturbations became the subject of calculation, and Le Verrier having resolved their inverse problem, pointed out, as now appears, nearly the true situation of the new planet. Other observations and calculations carried on by Mr. Adams, a young Cambridge mathematician, quite independent of those by M. Verrier, produced the same result, of the correctness of which Sir F. Herschel was so convinced, that, speaking of the indicated planet, he said, "We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain. Its movements have been felt, trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty hardly inferior to that of ocular demonstration." This has at length been afforded. Mr. Hind recently announced in the *Times* that he had received a letter from Dr. Brunnow, of the Royal Observatory at Berlin, giving the very important information that Le Verrier's planet was found by M. Galle on the night of September 23rd. It is a star of the eighth magnitude, but with a diameter of two or three seconds. Mr. Hind observed the planet at Mr. Bishop's observatory, in the Regent's-park, on Wednesday night last. "It appears bright," he says, "and with a power of 320 I can see the disc. The following position is the result of instrumental comparisons with 33 Aquarii:—Sept. 30, at 8h. 16m. 21s. Greenwich mean time—Right ascension of planet, 21h. 52m. 47.15s. south declination, 13 deg. 27m. 20s."

Mr. Heraud's Lectures.

Mr. Heraud's lectures have met with both crowded audiences and high encomium. The *Morning Advertiser* gave an extended report; we have but space for a brief notice from *Douglas Jerrold:*—

"A series of lectures on the 'Moral Poets of the Nineteenth Century' has just been delivered at the Islington Literary and Scientific Institution by Mr. Heraud, author of the 'Judgment of the Flood,' &c. These lectures are worthy of observation, not only on account of the orator's peculiar fitness for his theme, but as an evidence of progress in the spirit and conduct of our literary institutions. Lectures on poetry have hitherto been, for the most part, dull historical disquisitions, or recitations adapted to excite superficial sensibilities, and connected by a slender chain of uninstructive comment. Mr. Heraud has boldly and successfully attempted to familiarise popular audiences with the principles of imaginative art. He has demonstrated its moral origin and tendencies, and shown their presence and influence even in the observations of those to whom

'The vision and the faculty divine'

have once been imparted. The mind's recession from a moral standard, Mr. Heraud, however, rightly feels, and incontrovertibly shows to be, *pro tanto*. its recession from poetic excellence.

"Mr. Heraud's lectures commence with Cowper, and embrace our most recent contemporaries in poetry both British and continental. It is needless to add that the critical estimate contained in this gentleman's discourses was, as a whole, profound, generous, and discriminating. We could have wished, however, for a deeper and more serious appreciation of Thomas Hood's genius. When we state that Mr. Heraud, though never compromising the subtle or elevated truths connected with his subject, reduced them all to the delighted comprehension of his audience, by the clearness of his reasoning, the felicity of his illustration, and the general earnestness of his exposition—we bestow a high but most merited encomium. We trust that these discourses will be frequently repeated, and that they will prove the precursors of many similar ones by the same accomplished poet and critic."

The Victoria Club.

Opposed though we are to irresponsible benefit societies, especially to the Odd Fellows, the anomalies and fallacies of which system we intend exposing, the following appears so completely fair and straightforward, having especially no public-house drinking bouts connected with it, that we give publicity to it at once.

"The inhabitants of Reigate, and the other parishes comprehended in the hundred of Reigate, are informed, that it is intended to establish a friendly society or benefit club. on improved principles, for this district, to be entitled 'The Victoria Club:' approved and promoted by the Right Hon. Earl Somers, Viscount Eastnor, M.P., Sir William Jolliffe, Bart., M.P., Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., James William Freshfield, Esq., and others of the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood.

"Subscription to friendly societies, or benefit clubs as they are commonly called, for the purpose of affording maintenance during suffering from disease or sickness, or from accidents and consequent inability to work, is universally felt by the working classes to be a prudent forethought, and a wise and provident proceeding. But from various errors which have occurred in their management. they have often failed in their object; and industrious men, after having paid to the fund for years, have, when they most needed assistance, found, to their misfortune, that there was no longer any fund to depend upon—that the staff of support, on which they relied with an assured confidence, had proved a broken reed. When these institutions are first established, the members are for the most part young, and in the prime of health and life: few casualties and few claims on the funds occur; but it is in the very nature of these societies, that in the process of time the claims upon them increase in an accelerated ratio, and so rapidly, that before parties are aware of the impending danger, the whole concern is bankrupt; and those most in need of its assistance, and who have paid their subscriptions for many years, feel their utter disappointment and destitution. Another error occasionally fallen into, consists in an absurd wish, after a few years, to divide the stock or capital; and so, by an almost childish cupidity, for the sake of pocketing a few pounds, defeat the very object for which the members have been associated. Unnecessary expenses, as well as erroneous calculations, have also a prejudicial effect, and lead to bad habits, the reverse of those of frugality, economy, sobriety, and forethought, which ought to be the proper attributes of such institutions; and which the friends and promoters of this intended friendly society so much wish to encourage among all classes. The benefits to be derived from this society will be proportionate to a correspondent scale of contributions, ascertained by safe calculations, and vested in Government security at the Bank of England; so that the safety of the fund will be unquestionable.

"It is proposed to be entirely prepared for business, at the town-hall, Reigate, on Saturday, the 3d October next, at twelve o'clock, when those intending to offer themselves as members will attend, pro-

vided with certain certificates properly filled up, forms of which, and all necessary information on the subject, may, in the mean time, be obtained of Mr. Martin, surgeon, of Reigate, the honorary secretary; or of Mr. Read, at the national school, the assistant secretary, on any morning before nine o'clock, or on any evening after six.—14th September, 1846."

REIGATE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Having occasion to visit this town for the purpose of delivering lectures on the 15th and 29th, we were much struck at the spectacle presented by this rural institution. Owing its formation to the indefatigable exertions of Thomas Martin, a philanthropic surgeon, who appears to have grown grey in the service of education and the cause of benevolence, it is supported mainly by the principal tradesmen in the town. It is a small affair; but though little, has done, and is doing, very much good, as may be seen by the annexed extracts from the report:—

"On the completion of the ninth year of the history of the Reigate Mechanics' Institution, the committee of management beg permission to present to the members generally the usual annual statement of the proceedings of the institution, and to report as follows:—

"Lectures were delivered during the last session in the following order:—On astronomy; the art of reading and rhetorical delivery; the life and times of Alfred the Great; the pleasures and advantages attending the pursuit of knowledge; historical and oratorical illustrations of some of the great orators of Ireland in 1782—1798—1800; the moral and intellectual influence of woman on society; iron and its manufactures; the tools and the implements of industry and art; coal—its nature, the method of obtaining it, and the accidents from explosion which occur in coal mines. In the engagement of lecturers, the committee have been desirous of selecting those whose discourses combined entertainment with instruction, both in subject and treatment; interesting and provocative of further inquiry; without demanding a closer attention than a miscellaneous audience of both sexes are, at present, able and willing to give. At the lectures, the presence of the female relatives and friends of members is considered by the committee to have a most favourable influence, and essentially to conduce to the prosperity of the institution. The committee having, for the reasons stated in the last report, invited the ladies of Reigate to join the institution as members, they have the pleasure to announce that there are now nineteen lady members; and they entertain a confident hope of enrolling many more in the course of the present session.

"With respect to the library, the standing and staple source of support, the constant and abiding fund of interest and attraction, there are now 816 volumes. The periodicals at present in use are 'The Builder,' 'The Athenæum,' 'Chambers' Journal,' 'Chambers' Miscellany,' 'The Student,' 'The Zoologist,' 'The Visitor,' 'Knight's Monthly Volume,' 'The Mirror,' and 'The People's Journal.' Two volumes only have been presented to the library in the course of the past year—these are the two last volumes of 'Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education,' from Mr. Kay Shuttleworth; the second volume of which, particularly, the committee beg to recommend to the perusal of all who take an interest in the important subject of popular education. The committee have, for several years past, recommended the members to devote a day to visit and inspect objects of curiosity and interest in the metropolis; and this year a party visited the London Docks, the Thames Tunnel, and the Tower of London, very much, as the committee believe, to the gratification of all those who were engaged in the party."

In conclusion, we cannot but say that in the hospitality of its excellent president—in the courtesy and urbanity of its committee, and in the good nature of its audience, the Reigate Mechanics surpasses any institute which we have yet had the pleasure of visiting as a lecturer.

Our Tattler.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

As this delightful amusement will have commenced before we publish, we can but give publicity to Mr. Jullien's novel and tempting announcement:—

"*Theatre Royal Covent Garden.*—M. Jullien's Annual Series of Concerts for One Month only.—M. Jullien has the honour to state that his annual series of concerts will commence on Friday next, Oct. 30, and be continued for one month only. During the recess he has composed a new grand descriptive military quadrille, to be entitled 'The British Army Quadrille,' and intended as a companion to 'The British Navy,' which was, last winter, honoured with such distinguished approbation. In order to render complete the grand and novel effects introduced in this piece of music, M. Jullien has (by the kind condescension of the military authorities) succeeded in engaging (entirely in addition to his own complete and numerous orchestra) four distinct military bands, viz., the band of her majesty's 2nd Life Guards, her majesty's Royal Horse Guards (Blue), her majesty's Grenadier Guards, her majesty's Coldstream Guards. These four grand

military bands will, during the progress of the quadrille, be combined with the concert orchestra, and form a musical ensemble at once novel and extraordinary. The whole conducted by M. JULLIEN."

THE THEATRES.

The pressure of more important matter —as theatres are, after all, but mere amusements—compels us to state merely, that Mrs. Bishop, with a weak voice, and much artistic skill, is filling the walls of Drury Lane; that at the Haymarket, Farren, Buckstone, and delightful comedies and farces, are splitting the sides of all who are laughingly inclined. Wright, Munyard, and Celeste, continue to influence the treasury at the Adelphi in a most satisfactory manner, added to which Mrs. Gamp has appeared with éclat; Mrs. Harris is at home at the Lyceum, and will we are sure continue for some time. Miss Laura Addison, a lady who will be a bright ornament to the stage, has played in many and varied characters at Sadler's Wells, while the elegant Olympic theatre has been made the scene of Mr. George Bolton's absurd and lamentable exhibitions of vile writing and viler acting. The company otherwise is excellent, and we pity their position. Will not the voice of the whole press open this young man's eyes to his false and ridiculous position?

POLYTECHNIC.

Never was there, perhaps, an exhibition set on foot more worthy not only of being seen but crammed from one end to the other. We earnestly advise such of our readers as have not been there to go at once, since we venture to assure them they will, while they derive the most intense amusement, find a vast field of knowledge opened to their view. The object of the institution is admirable. The exhibitions made there of scientific skill are calculated to awaken in the mind of all persons, but more especially of the young, an ardent desire to become acquainted with a number of subjects to which their attention would otherwise not have been drawn. They hear of railways, steam engines, chemistry, and a variety of other things, but are never incited to inquire into the principles which govern these things, because their attention is not specially directed to them. In the rooms of the Polytechnic they may learn much; they find themselves there surrounded by a thousand objects calculated to awaken interest; a continual motion buzzes through the air; a hundred different kinds of engines are in movement in various parts of the room; specimens of the most extraordinary kind are to be seen—a link may, in fact, be said to be established with every nation in the habitable globe; curiosities, shells, specimens, caps, firearms, models, &c., crowd around, while a multitude of objects, gathered from every part of the United Kingdom, attest the progress which has been made in every art and science. From a hurried passage through the room, it is impossible to conceive one quarter of the treasures it contains. It would take days, weeks, we might say months, to examine all in detail. The arrangements, however, are slightly defective. Some more systematic plan ought to be devised, whereby persons might know when to quit the large room for others. The attic bell is no guide, since no one knows whither it summons us. Some large placard should announce the exact hour at which each exhibition takes place, and the arrangement should never be altered. The dissolving views are of extreme beauty, and the music is in such perfect harmony with each separate piece, that as we sit we fancy ourselves in a dream, or in reality partaking in the duties of the man in the various churches, which are represented with wonderful beauty and clearness. All who have not been should hasten to spend an hour in the Polytechnic Institution, which is by far the most curious exhibition in the metropolis, and filled with greater objects of interest than perhaps any other.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

This is decidedly one of the most elegant exhibitions of the metropolis. For some years it has gone on improving, gaining in interest, and adding new attractions to those it already possesses. No terms can express too forcibly the great taste displayed in the choice of costume, while in general the grouping of the figures is equally admirable. We say in general, because there *are* some few exceptions which we do not pause now to point out, but which will immediately strike the observer. We were struck, upon the whole, with the paucity of female figures; those, however, which do present themselves, almost compensate for the absence of others. The sweet face of Mary, queen of Scots, is exquisitely natural. There is a tender melancholy thrown over her features, and a sad expression in her gentle eyes, which prevents us for a moment from imagining that we gaze not upon nature. The best group, however, is that in which the noble-spirited Oliver Cromwell appears. There is a marked character about his face—a stern but not cruel expression, and a something even of sweetness about his mouth, which is admirably represented by the figure in Madame Tussaud's. All who feel any interest in this great man should see him here. We cannot now pause to mention many figures, but hope, some day, to devote a more lengthened space to what this exhibition contains.

F. A. B.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 5.] DECEMBER. [Vol. 2, 1846.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Chapter XIV.

HOW BIG GRIDDLE VISITED THE NEST.

"Why he is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled and another laced; an old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders, swayd in the back, and shoulder shotten; ne'er legged before, and with a half-cheeked bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been oft burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, facily set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread."

Shakespeare.

As, until the arrival of the looked-for succour to be brought by Chinchea, there was little hope of the attack diminishing in violence, the whole garrison remained on the alert, even Alice and her negro attendant, accompanied by Margaretta, keeping a constant look out. No further sign was given, however, of the presence of an enemy for many hours, and it wanted some two of sundown, when the whole party were collected on the raised terrace which commanded the drawbridge, the men smoking, Don Juan, who, though still very ill, had risen from bed in a comfortable arm-chair, supported by pillows, and Edward, with Alice and Margaretta, chatting near the walls.

"Your promised visit to the Comanche Indian village will be delayed, I fear," said Alice, "if not prevented."

"I hope not," replied Blake; "for I have a great wish to see this famous tribe, of which I have heard such great things. You have seen much of them."

"Nay, not much," continued Alice. "Chinchea often wanders hither on a hunt, and the Nest people go and stay weeks beyond the Canon de Uvaldi;* but I have never seen more of them."

"Let us then form a party," said Edward Blake, eagerly; "and when these robbers have been repelled, we can make an excursion to the camp Comanche, and witness its wonders."

"Am I to be one of the guests?" repeated Margaretta.

"Of course," replied Edward, quietly.

"Well, I reckon that are a queer start," suddenly exclaimed Cephas Doyle.

"What?" said Edward, turning round half fiercely, as if he thought the Yankee were commenting on his plans.

"If there arn't big Griddle, the Newtown pedlar, darn my old granny."

"What mean you?" said Philip, while the whole party gazed eagerly out upon the prairie.

"I say, I *do*, that yonders big Griddle; if it arn't, I'm bound to be a liar, that's all."

* Continued from page 268.

* See description of this remarkable place in "The Enchanted Rock," a Comanche legend.

Mounted on a tall horse, that took strides of Garguntuan dimensions, a horse of more bone than flesh, and which wheezed perseveringly as it came along, sat a man who, in his whole attire, presented a strange and anomalous appearance. His steed, like the Rozinante of Manchian renown, seemed fitted to the rider, and rider to the horse. The master wore a tall steeple-crowned white felt, bedizened with tags and tatters:

"And his horse, dear creter, it prances and rears,
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its years."

On the rider's shoulders was a variegated mantle, that had saved all the stray patches which otherwise had been undoubted rags, the play of circumstance; while his steed had a saddle-cloth so multifarious in its hues, he seemed to have endured more cudgelling than kindness, if colour were to be taken in testimony; the rider's boots were a six good inches above the knee, and had seen many a year of service; in this the horse's legs resembled their master, being encased in a thick coating of mud, of much similar colour to his rider's splatter dashes; on they came, so glued one to the other, so compact, or completely one, so Centaur-like, that all who looked on without knowing the man were amazed and puzzled.

Whiz went bullets from the nearest cover. But neither horse nor man increased his pace one jot, appearing to treat the hostile missiles with philosophic contempt.

"Who, in the name of wonder," said Edward Blake, "is this strange arrival, who appears so anxious to gain shelter here?"

"Which he shall have, and welcome; down with the drawbridge," said Philip.

"Are you quite sure he is no enemy?" said Jones, with much caution.

"Faugh!" replied Philip; "an he were, why fear a solitary man? a dozen might alarm you."

"A dozen?" said Jones, slightly pale; "heaven forbid. I would not have a dozen——"

"No, not a dozen rats," interrupted Philip; "they would fright you more than a dozen men, me."

Jones replied not, but turned sullenly away.

"And you arn't hearn tell o' Joe Griddle, Big Griddle, Griddle the pedlar," said Cephas Doyle, answering Edward's question; "why he's a natural born carakter. He is the best hand at a yarn in all west country, and will whip more cats, tell more lies, and eat more pork, than any fellow in Texas."

"He must be a curiosity," observed Edward, with a smile, in which he was joined by Alice and Margaretta.

"An't he jist, though?" continued Cephas; "why he'll swar he can smell a hog a mile off; he's rare, jist the chap, and no mistake. *He's* seen the elephant, I imagine, a little more nor twice, I expect."

By this time the object of this lucid description had reached the Nest, and was in the act of crossing the narrow bridge, without dismounting.

"Roast pig in the larder, good people," said he; "just what I smelt, inviting me to dine, as I came through the wood. It's a fact, but I swear them thieving vagabones have sucking bacon for *their* breakfast, and I had——nothing for mine."

"There is plenty here," replied Philip, helping him to dismount, and bidding a man take his horses to the coral, where the cattle had almost consumed every article of food; while Jones eagerly looked to the closing up of the entrance.

"Well, I reckon you're above a bit soft," said big Griddle, whose saturnine visage somewhat belied the merry, hearty tone of his voice, "to tell me there are plenty. But as you don't disguise it, just hand it out yar, for I jist want to enjoy the open air, a rare sauce for appetite, good people."

"Why, big Griddle, my boy, are you bin in the wars that you look so black, or are you catched a cold that your voice is so almighty soft?" inquired Cephas Doyle, looking curiously at him, and bent, it seemed, on drawing him out.

"What brute speaketh?" replied the pedlar, irately, and even impatiently. "Big Griddle arn't in the habit of wars, no, nor of catching cold neither. He should like to see a cold catch him, that's all; he'd be like a dirty, sneaking, pig-faced Yankee I know, and pretty glad to let go."

A roar of laughter greeted the eccentric pedlar's reply.

"Who *are* you speaking to?" asked Cephas Doyle, somewhat angrily.

"To you, my sharp-eyed, butter-eared friend."

"Do you know who I am, or have you forgotten me?"

"What! big Griddle forget the bandy-legged tailor of Houston, who made him a waistcoat out of seventeen pieces, each big enough for a coat?"

"Tailor!" thundered Cephas Doyle, amid another volley of mirth; "I, Cephas Doyle, a tailor! Big Griddle, I am a free-born American, I am; and I arn't no tailor."

"Many free-born Yankees is, I expect, or the worse for decency, I reckon. I do conclude, howsomever, that if all tailors were like you——"

"Big Griddle, you're drunk," said Cephas Doyle.

"You're another," replied the pedlar, nodding at the same time to Norah, who had placed before him a wooden tray, covered with eatables and drinkables, roast pork and spruce beer forming the principal ingredients.

"Big Griddle!"

"Yes."

"You are a liar!"

"Don't be alarmed, I've got a job for you," said the pedlar, with a laugh; "and you shall do it, as sure as my name's Griddle."

"But it arn't," said Cephas Doyle, in a cold sardonic tone, which drew the whole party, including Edward and the two women, hitherto standing aloof, around the tonguey combatants.

"What are the fool arter now?" replied the pedlar, still eating his meal, but casting a wary eye around.

"I tell you," said the Yankee, with a gleam of horrible satisfaction, "you may have robbed, most likely have murdered, big Griddle, but you arn't him, though you are in his clothes, and *do* about a bit make him up."

"Then who am I?" said the other, insolently.

"One, I expect, everybody will be very glad to see," exclaimed Cephas Doyle, tearing, at one grasp, wig, beard, and hat, from the false pedlar.

"THE BLOODY BLACKHAWK!" said one or two of those around.

"Harry!" cried Philip.

"Murder!" exclaimed Jones, who turned perfectly livid.

"Captain Coulter!" said Edward Blake, coldly.

"Heaven have mercy on him!" faintly exclaimed Alice, who nearly fainted and fell to the ground, while the bandit chief fixed a look of peculiar meaning and sneering familiarity upon her.

"So I am found out," said the bandit, with a cold sneer; "I must say I thought myself a better actor. That blundering fool Doyle must betray me too. Well, it cannot, I suppose, be helped. Glad to see you, Philip; and you, Jones; and you, Alice dear; ah, my little water spaniel, whom I picked up on lake Sabine, Mr. B—B——"

"Brown," said our hero, biting his lip.

"Brown was it?" replied the bandit; "I thought not. But of course you know best."

Philip and Jones had retired slightly from the group, while this colloquy took place, and for the first time for days spoke together with anything like confidence. They appeared, by the glances they cast at Blackhawk, to be discussing the prospects of some proposed measure with regard to the bandit. The face of Philip was stern and pallid with passion; that of Jones white with fear, and scowling with hate.

"Harry Markham," said Philip, advancing, "alias Coulter, alias Blackhawk, for it appears you are that bloodthirsty hound, who has been thirsting these days past for our blood, you are now in our power."

"I rather think I am," said the other.

"And as surely as you are in our power, so surely must you pay the forfeit of your folly."

"Why, what the deuce are you prating about?"

"In New Orleans I owed you a grudge; there you robbed me at the hazard-table——"

"Fair play—fair play, by Jove," said the bandit.

"Here you have, though I knew it not, stolen my cattle and horses, and killed one of my men," continued Philip Stevens, sternly; "am I to let you live?"

"You won't kill me," replied the other, quietly.

"Nay, take not the law into your own hands," said Edward Blake.

"There is no law, here, young man," exclaimed Philip, "but the law of self-preservation. It is he or I. If he lives,

he will take my life; to prevent that, I must take his."

"Yes, *his*," repeated Jones; "he's a raging wolf; kill him, kill him." And the arrant coward crept behind Cephas Doyle, as he uttered these menacing words.

"He's a bloody varmint, he is," put in Cephas Doyle, with a solemnness of manner which was strongly in contrast with his usual levity; "for if he arn't murdered big Griddle, and stole his fixins, my name arn't Cephas, I'm bound to swar."

"You'd swear a man's life away mighty cool," replied the robber, quietly. "Big Griddle's better off than I am this minute. I tell you, Yankee, I never kill unless to serve a purpose, and then in fair fight. The pedlar will ride on his way as soon as he finds his horse and trappings, which, it seems, I have been foolish enough to borrow."

"Well, if big Griddle ain't dead," said Cephas, much mollified, "and how so you'll send him up yar, why I don't care if I swap you agin him, which arn't quite fair nether, seein' he'd make three of you."

"But I have nay to say to this, Cephas Doyle," exclaimed Philip; "for the present, he stays with us. Yonder woodhole will be his prison, until better men than he decide his fate."

"Thanks!" said Edward, who saw in this middle course a submission to his influence; "let him at least have a fair trial."

"He shall have fair trial before all here," replied Stevens, solemnly; "here, on this spot, in an hour hence, I, Philip Stevens, will array him as a thief and murderer."

"*Murderer!*" repeated Blackhawk, fixing his now cold and impassive glance on the other's face.

"If not," said Philip, cowering before his glance, "at least one who has killed many."

"None in cold blood, Philip Stevens, save one who would have brained me yester morn," replied Blackhawk, quietly.

"Cease this parleying, away with him to his cage," cried Stevens, hoarsely.

"Yes, away with him," said Jones, in a shrill voice, the voice of fearful but terrible passion.

Cephas Doyle and the rest seized the bandit, and dragged him to the small block-built outhouse, that was to serve for his prison, in which thrusting him, he was left to his meditation.

Pale, with eyes resting fearfully upon the daring outlaw, with bosom heaving, and hands clenched convulsively, Alice had remained a spectator of the above scene. To a casual and unobserving looker-on, her emotion would have appeared nothing more than the natural terror of a maiden, brought suddenly in contact with so notorious and daring an outlaw. But a careful observer (and on the present occasion Edward Blake was one of these) might have noted something of more painful interest in her manner. There was terror at the man, but still greater terror manifested at the idea of his punishment, and an inexplicable look of sympathy, which the young sailor vainly endeavoured to explain to himself.

"Thank heaven!" she muttered, as she lost sight of him, by his entrance of the cell.

"Now," said Philip Stevens, "we have work but for men. Alice, take your guest to your chamber; this is no place for women."

Edward Blake was standing with his back to the speaker, and he noted a scornful smile on Alice's lip, as she advanced to obey his mandate. As to reach the garden she had to pass between our hero and his host, the young sailor expected a word of salutation, and turned to receive it. What was his surprise to see the gentle Alice, standing with sparkling eyes, and menacing mien, before her father.

"Philip Stevens," said she, in whispered tones, tones clear and distinct, which reached, however, but one more ear than they were intended for; "lay one finger on him at your peril. I, Alice—".

"Hush, not that name, girl," replied Philip, who was ghastly pale.

But she had said it, and Edward Blake, who alone had heard it—for Stevens turned away too abruptly to catch the words—stood as if rooted to the spot, chained, as it were, by some mysterious fascination. All was now clear to him as noon-day, and the warm blood ran cold and chill in his veins, and he walked to the walls to hide his deep, his awful emotion.

The blood-made orphan, the fortune-robbed child, stood in the presence of the secret of his life, to fathom which he felt a degree of coolness and courage, and even

of dissimulation, was necessary, to which, though one week before he might not have been equal, yet now he could, he knew it, exert. The undefined dreams of his first night in the Eagle's Nest, the strange visions of his sleepless couch, now took body and shape, and Edward Blake vowed in his inmost heart to unravel and detect the mystery.

Alice meanwhile had left the terrace, and betaken herself, with Margaretta, to the solitude of her own chamber.

Philip Stevens then sternly addressing the whole party, summoned a council of war, or rather of death.

Chapter XV.

THE PRISONER.

" —— Reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair."—*Milton.*

"Blackhawk is now in our power," observed Philip Stevens, as soon as the whole party, Edward Blake excepted—Don Juan had some time since been carried to his bed—had congregated around him; "and it is for us to consider how we may best rid ourselves of one who is the scourge of the frontier, who steals our cattle without mercy, and who makes the woods not only unsafe for the women, but for the hunter in search of game. Jones, what say you?"

"Dead men trouble not the living," replied the coward, who believed in no safety from an enemy but death; "let him die. We may never have another chance."

"I thought as much," said Philip, with a sneer; "and you, my hearties?" addressing the men.

"Kill him! kill him!" was the unanimous answer.

"Cephas Doyle, what advice give you?"

"Why seein' he arn't an Ingin or a niggar, I arn't for cuttin' him off in this are cool style, if so be as he arn't killed big Griddles. If he are, I'm bound to strangle, I say. Only think of the varmint, with his roast pork; but he was out. He warn't a gwine to take in Cephas Doyle, not by no manner of chalks."

"Then you are not for his death?" said Philip.

"Sartin not."

"Nor am I."

Edward Blake turned full round, and gazed in surprise on his host, near to whom he advanced.

"You look astonished, Mr. Brown?"

"Not at all. I heard what *she* said," replied Edward.

"Who?" whispered Stevens, hurriedly; "my daughter?"

"Miss Alice," said Edward, with emphasis.

"What mean you?"

"Nothing; my words are very clear," replied Edward, with a cold shudder as he spoke, for he could that instant willingly from his heart have raised his hand, and struck the man he spoke to dead to the earth.

"Well, whatever it means, we can discuss it anon; in the meantime, how purpose you finding if big Griddle be dead or not?"

"I'm bound to go and see," replied Cephas Doyle.

"What, venture out among the vermin?"

"I tell you, Capt'n Stevens, if so be Blackhawk have killed big Griddle, I'm bound to kill him; and when I says it, I reckon I mean it. You know as how I don't poke fun in these locrums."

"I do know."

"Well, it arn't in natur' to believe he an't killed big Griddle, on his own word; seein' his word arn't above a bit good. So I say, Cephas Doyle will go and spy for hisself."

"Be careful, Doyle," replied Philip; "once in the hands of these knaves, it may be hard to get out."

"It will soon be dark, I guess; and I'm sartin the varmint will be on the look-out for signals. Blackhawk arn't slipped his head in the noose for nothing, I expect. Well, I leave these diggens, and I go to the wood, and if I don't ferret out big Griddle, if he are alive, he never smelt roast pork, that's all."

"A wilful man will have his way, Cephas," replied Philip; "and since you will, you will. Meantime, do you, Jones, see that Blackhawk is safe; and if he have killed this pedlar in cold blood, he shall die, though he were twice her——" This was said in a low, muttered tone, of which Edward alone caught the import.

"Her what?" said Edward, hastily.

"You seem deeply interested in the girl,

and watch all she says and does with marvellous care," continued Philip Stevens, with a smile, as they moved apart.

"I do," replied Edward, deeply gratified to find the other on the wrong track, when his own indiscreet words might have led him on the right.

"You are frank, at all events, Mr. Brown," said Philip, with a quiet smile; "and Alice may well be proud of such a suitor."

"I said not I was her suitor; I could not be, while so much of mystery hangs about herself and you."

"Mystery, Mr. Brown?"

"Mystery."

"In what way?"

"She is not your daughter, and yet she passes as such."

"Not my daughter, sir?"

"She said as much just now," replied Blake, firmly.

"True! true! poor thing, she never knew a parent's care," said Philip, mournfully; "but if she be not my child, can you blame me for taking a parent's place?"

"Certainly not," replied Edward, with a choking sensation in his throat, a tingling of the eyes, and a stern dilation of the nostrils; "but why call her Miss Stevens, when her name is——"

"What?" asked Philip, in a low, hushed, sad voice, while his face for a moment borrowed the fearful and terror-stricken expression of Jones.

"*Blake*," replied the young man, in as careless a tone as he could assume, and pretending to light his pipe, in order to conceal his intense emotion.

"Blake!" said Philip, in a hushed whisper, glancing fearfully around into the nooks and corners of the building, where the closing darkness had already taken up its abode; "how came you to know that?"

"Said she not so?" replied Edward, calmly, though what was hid beneath his calm, he alone could tell.

"Ah, did she say so? But, young man, why these questions?" asked Philip, sternly, almost menacingly.

"Said you not I was her suitor, sir? if so, excuse my questions; they have meaning."

"Mr. Brown, I know little of you, save that you carry a good letter of recommendation in your face, which, I knew not why, excited at the first glance my sympathy."

Blake shuddered fearfully, and curbed his tongue only by a violent effort.

"You appear to like my ward; I dote on her. Yes, sir, though, as you may one day learn, she be no relative even of mine, and though from reasons between her, myself, and our God——"

"And I," thought Edward.

"She likes me not; I would fain see her happy. It is my one hope; to bring that about I would peril life, fortune. She has perhaps to thank me for much suffering, mental and bodily. No sacrifice that I can make shall be too great to make up to her for whatever fault she has had to find in me."

Edward gazed in surprise on the owner of the Eagle's Nest, and a glance of pity stole upon his face, followed, however, on the instant, by a glance of scorn and undying hate, which Philip Stevens, wrapped in gloomy thought, saw not.

"Did she love you, and you her, you should know the history of my fortunes—you should be my confessor, and in your hands should be the means of reparation."

"There is then guilt?" said Edward, sternly.

"Are we not all guilty, Mr. Brown, in this world?"

"Aye, more or less; but some more than others."

"Of these," said Philip Stevens, speaking more to himself than to the other, "I have been, and yet *'twas he that urged and did the deed.* But, Mr. Brown——"

"*Mr. Blake!*" said, or rather hissed, the young sailor, in his ear. "I, Edward Blake, or rather Sir Edward, son of Sir Hugh, who by your hand——"

"God of heaven!" cried Philip, pale, white, trembling; "have mercy on my guilty soul."

"You said just now that 'twas *he* that did the deed. If so, there is yet pardon. But, mark me, Philip Stevens, this secret is between you and I. I have my reasons for remaining sometime concealed. You have time yet to think of what to do. If you be not wholly guilty—if the accursed deed were not yours—you can clear yourself."

"How?" asked the other, gazing horror-struck on him.

"Let me, as a stranger, win her confi-

dence; let me hear from her lips the story of *that night.*"

"*That night!* oh, God of mercy."

"And if, from mere confidence in one she loves, she tells me all, and you are exculpated, the guilt falls on other heads."

"Sir Edward, you shall hear it from her lips—she best of all can clear me, not of guilt, but of the damned, accursed deed."

"Until she does, Philip Stevens, I must look on you as guilty."

"So be it," groaned the other, whose resolution had wholly departed.

"Then let us be as before. I, Mr. Brown, to you and all. You, my host."

"As you will."

"Here comes Cephas, bound on his wild expedition. My brain is on fire, action is needed, and I will accompany him."

"Just as you will."

"Captain Cephas," said Blake, "I am curious to see this pedlar, who must be quite a character."

"Rather, I calculate," replied Cephas; "spry and active as a painter, and cute as an Albany needle."

"When start you?"

"In about ten minutes. Lord, Lord, won't I and Griddle have a talk, I expect, when we two gits together. Darn my old skin but it will be no mistake."

"You have known him long," cried Edward Blake, while Philip Stevens walked away towards the room where the party usually congregated at night.

"I reckon he seed me first, for I warn't above a fut high, and he wur the doctor as assisted me into this univarse, I'm bound to say, seein' my old grandmother's told me so ever so many times."

"Doctor!" said Blake, endeavouring to be amused, in order to draw his mind from the wild and startling thoughts which filled his soul; "why he has many professions."

"As many, I reckon, as there are hairs in a bull's tail," replied Cephas; "an' considering all thin's, that's a deal, I reckon."

"What is he, besides a doctor?"

"He'll tell more fortunes in a day, nor a Spanish pedlar in a month."

"What else?"

"Why, thin he's a mighty tall clockmaker, most as good as Sam Slick, as you Britishers bin poking fun about."

"So Sam Slick is a real character?"

"Real, arn't he jist? Why he's in a book."

"That is no proof; many men invent characters."

"Well, I hearn tell of that before; but I ain't availed it can be true. Thir are so many busters of characters, rigilar good ones, as ud kill a crocodile with laughing. I can't account it true any man ud be sich a Rhode island jackass as to invent one."

"Certainly, if there were many big Griddles," said Edward, smiling in spite of himself, "I expect romancists would require little invention. They would have but to copy nature."

"As I see'd a born fool do down east. He showed me a daub of paint jist like a broom, and swar it was a tree. Lord, I could see with half an eye he was poking fun. I reckon nobody ever seed a tree sich a size. Why, my hand was bigger."

Much amused with Cephas Doyle, and perceiving that there was stuff in the man worth bringing out, Edward Blake, whose mind was of that elastic character which could accommodate itself to circumstances, went to his room, and, arming himself with rifle and other necessary weapons, prepared to accompany the Yankee in search of big Griddle, whose acquaintance the young sailor promised himself much satisfaction from making.

Chapter XVI.

BIG GRIDDLE, THE PEDLAR.

"I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament."—*John Tobin.*

"With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags."
Robert Pollock.

In the very heart of the forest facing the Eagle's Nest, and near a purling and pellucid stream, where at nightfall came to water the sandhill crane or stork, and where tasteful deer, wandering through the woods during noontide heat, would slake their thirst, and where all travellers who wended their way through the neighbourhood at night were wont to camp, is an aged tree, a sycamore, whose huge branches made pleasant shade in sunny weather. Its roots, gnarled stumps, peeped forth above ground, as if scorning to be buried

beneath the green sward, though quiet and pleasant enough looked the grave. Some even, more disdainful of mother earth than common, peaked their points a foot higher than others; and to one of these, tied by stout cords, the tether of his own horse, was attached a man of somewhat colossal dimensions.

Six feet high, thin, gaunt and yellow as any guinea, or as his own leathern breeches, his only garment save and except his boots and red flannel shirt, he sat up in the twilight the very ghost of the tree against which he leaned, to all appearance gloaming on all arboriferous nature. Near his right hand was a bottle, whence escaped at the same time a faint odour of recent brandy, and a secret worth knowing. To that huge vegetable excrescence—for it was a gourd that had served its turn as brandy case—the delinquent owed, *imprimis*, that he went to sleep in a strange place, without keeping one eye awake; secondly, that being thus asleep, he suffered the loss of his hat, coat, waistcoat, and cloak, to say nothing of his jargon, which men could only borrow, and that further loss which was common to himself in Upper Texas, and to Sancho Panza in the Sierra Morena —the stealing away of his beloved dapple.

Big Griddle—for it was this renowned pedlar—had, during his tour out west, heard tell, sometimes as a thing believed, sometimes as a thing doubtful, that the Eagle's Nest—so called from its position by all wandering hunters—was inhabited by a bold squatter, and a numerous family. Now as men and women were, in big Griddle's eyes, but so many animated hedges whereon to hang his pedling ware, or big eyes to look at his clocks, or if women, as persons who brought forth children, and who therefore might want his attendance —for he regarded all mankind medicinally, as mere viaducts for the conveyance of his medicines,

> "Which whoever took is dead since,"

he determined that the in-dwellers in the habitation that bordered on the Cross Timbers should no longer suffer from the want of his visit.

Strapping an extra bale, taken from some well-contrived *cache* known only to his beast and himself, upon the back of his faithful animal, doctor, alias pedlar, alias big Griddle, started accordingly in the direction of the region which he supposed likely to turn out a good investment. As he went, his bale became lighter and his purse heavier, for no corner, no nook, no cranny, where house or hut could perch or sit hen-like, and hatch melancholy in the shade, was too remote for him. His nose was as acute for a customer, as it was sharp for roast pork—sharp enough, as he would often playfully and facetiously remark, for vinegar sauce to his favourite dish, a pig at nurse—or rather unnaturally deprived, cut off from lactial nourishment.

Months therefore ensued between Griddle's coming to the decision, and being able to carry it into effect—months which rendered three distinct voyages to replenish his bale necessary. He had reached the very verge of the prairie in which was situated the post it was his ambition to gain, when, fatigued with his journey, and having mercy on his beast, towards which he entertained a perfectly Pyladian friendship, he halted at the spring to drink, and perchance to discuss his morning meal, when his nose and eyes were at the same time irresistibly assailed, and the double garrison of sight and smell carried by storm.

"By my father's old huckleberry stump, sweet pork by ——; a remnant, a fag-end, a sample, the leavings of some dainty mortal, more nice than wise, though I say it that should not say it, who am benefited by it; but still roast pork, by the head of the immortal Van Buren, General Jackson, and the army of *the U*—ni—tid States," continued he, using his favourite oath, or expletive, as the moderns have it, as he dismounted, and opened a carefully corked gourd accidentally left by one of the banditti; "brandy, by ——."

This was a nasal asseveration, in a double sense, because he judged by the odour, and spoke through the nose; but before he proceeded to make assurance doubly sure by the employment of any other faculty thereupon, he acted in some particulars with his accustomed circumspection. Tying the bridle of his horse to a long rope, and having removed saddle and bale from his back, he allowed him the range of the lasso, which sufficed near the fructifying stream for some hour or so's consumption. The bale and purse were hoisted by a leathern thong thrown over a branch into the very thick of the boughs

f the tree which thong was then concealed behind the parasitical plants which crept up the huge trunk of the sycamore.

"Now I reckon I can eat," said big Griddle, with frightful grin, quite ogrian in its intensity. "Gen'ral Jackson and *the* army of *the U*-ni-tid States, but this pork is good. By mother's distaff—poor Mrs. Griddle—but it is not long enough though —talking of old Mrs. Griddle, puts me in mind of my Mrs. Griddle, she did used to fry a pork chop spry. Darn my old horse's sack-cloth, but I should like to know how she gets on in the north. She must have increased the population of New Jersey since I left; by ——, and I not there. I suppose they sent that for darned old Whiffles —Ugh! the brute. There's a state of things, one's own family supporting the opposition. But these women are so obstinate. I told her I'd be home on purpose, if she'd wait until next Christmas. Oh, my! that brandy *is* first chop; French, I conclude. Well, I do think that are tree's winking at me. Gen'ral Jackson and the army of *the U*-ni-tid States."

In this mumbling, incoherent manner, the old pedlar went on until he had consumed the whole of the animal portion of his supper, undiversified by any of the vegetable; he then applied himself to the brandy bottle, and to that universal weed which King James hath counter blasted with such determination and vigour, and not being generally habituated to other liquids after supper, speedily found himself in that delightful state, when a man, if he has any remnant of reason left, begins to have an acute perception of his being first cousin to that antiquated female pig, who, in the days of one David—a Welch David, we opine—originated by some improper conduct the vulgar proverb.

In this agreeable state was big Griddle found by the rambling Blackhawk, when scouring the woods in search of Chinchea and the other fugitives, and knowing the pedlar well, having cheated him more than once, he resolved to purloin his clothes and horse, and thus obtain an entrance into the Nest. As he felt convinced the pedlar had money and goods near at hand, he bound him fast to the tree, determined, as soon as the capture of the Eagle's Nest was effected, to return and force from the unfortunate huckster the confession of where was his pack.

Big Griddle, when introduced to the reader, just as evening was drawing in, had just awoke, the somniferous and stupifying effect of the quart and more of brandy he had imbibed, having hitherto bound him in heavy durance. Uttering a volley of oaths —for big Griddle was, if a Christian at all, a cast iron one—he struggled violently to get loose.

"Darn that old horse," he cried, half inclined to laugh at first at his mishap, "he's bound to have walked round me until he's bound me to the tree; I'll swar the brute was brought up in a mill, I do. Joe, you varmint, won't you walk back agin. Gen'ral Jackson and *the* army of *the U*-ni-tid States, but thar knots, I'll go bail. Oh! old hickory, I'm cotched. What coon's in the woods to deep for old Joe Griddle? Darn that brandy, as my poor old father used to say—oh, his old huckleberry stump—its the fertile river whence many sources of evil spring. But wars my horse? Oh, Billy Power, where are ye? Joe, Joe! name sake, whew! And my pack, oh, by the head of Martin Van Buren —and considering all things that's a big oath—that's safe, anyhow you can fix it. But Joe Griddle, my boy, this sarves you right, drinking that catankerous brandy. Darn it's old stockin. Well, I'd give the best clock out of Maine—though that ain't offerin' much—to git loose from this here state of moral petrifaction, I would. And my coat, lud! there's all the pieces I've carried about as samples for this twenty years in that old coat; and the hat, my go to meetin' hat, though go to meetin's neither here nor there. And old Joe, my poor horse, here's a fixin. I only wish I had the varmint, the unchristened coon, I'd make him suck his fingers without molasses. Talking o'lasses puts me in mind of pork. Pork and 'lasses is a rare drink. I smell pork; ah, it's only the odour."

"You're right, Griddle, my boy; I knew I was bound to find you. Well, I never did expect to see you taking it cool ater this fashion."

"Jist look out. I'm savage. If you've bin poking fun at me you're bound to pay for it."

"I," cried Cephas Doyle; "why, big Griddle, you're drunk."

"Don't," said the pedlar, "I ave bin, but I arn't jist. But I smell a rat about

these diggins; your Captain Cephas Doyle as was at Saba."

"I am."

"Thin jist operate."

Cephas Doyle, assisted by Edward Blake, who could not, despite his far from agreeable humour, repress a smile, now quickly unloosed the knots which bound the pedlar, during which operation the huge specimen of humanity who followed this useful occupation, received an account of the way in which the Nest had been imposed upon. Cephas Doyle, who loved a joke dearly, made the most of the scene, and Joseph Griddles was wondrous irate at the use made of his person.

"Gen'ral Jackson and *the* army of *the U*-ni-tid States, but I'll pound his jacket, I will. To ask for roast pig too; why, he might have deceived poor Mrs. Griddle herself," and the pedlar's hair actually stood on end at the bare thought of such an enormity.

"Oh, but he ain't so tall as you, Joe. and then Mrs. Griddle's ain't like strangers, you know."

"Martin Van Buren and the electoral college! I don't know; women make strange mistakes; there's Mrs. Griddle—" and the pedlar narrated, with strong emphasis, the disagreeable support which he supposed a rival to have received during his absence.

"But I think we had better regain the Nest," observed Edward, quietly.

"Young man, I expect you're right," and whisking his pack upon his shoulders, having removed it from its elevated position, the gaunt pedlar, side by side with Edward and Cephas, went rejoicing on his way, and advanced towards the Eagle's Nest, to reach which had cost him so adventurous a three months.

Walking along, the eccentric huckster excited the risible faculties of Cephas to the utmost by the droll account of all his wanderings, which he narrated with infinite relish and humour, as if he, as much as anyone else, could appreciate the fun which existed in his own character.

"That Blackhawk 's a rare brute, I expect; I should like to have his portrait taken, and send it to Mrs. Griddle, I do think."

"Perhaps she would fall in love with it?"

"Fall in what? Martin Van Buren squeeze me into eternal atomy, but you're poking fun at an almighty big rate, Mr. Cephas.

"Women are mortal," said Cephas, drily, "and there's no accountin' for taste."

"Gen'ral Jackson and the army of *the U*-ni-tid States, you're about right, I guess," replied big Griddle, with a huge grin, "or else you'd never git a wife."

"What, you're at that game, are you?"

"What game?"

"Why, a makin an almighty big donkey of your own private self."

"Captin Cephas Doyle," said big Griddle, solemnly, "do you reckon who I am?"

"I conclude, big Griddle; Griddle the pedlar."

"You do?"

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Because pedlars ain't generally called donkeys without speaking their mind."

"But we were calculatin' that are fellow, Blackhawk," said Cephas, who saw that Griddle was a slight degree offended.

"Oh, he'd smell roast pork, he would," replied his companion. "I expect you'll hang that chap."

"No!"

"Not hang him?"

"Sartin not."

"Then, Cephas, you're a brute."

"A brute!"

"Yes; ain't that plain? You want something stronger, I expect."

"No!"

"Then jist explain the cause of not hanging that are brute."

Cephas Doyle accordingly, with many a hearty laugh, narrated the account of the trial, during the progress of which the whole party reached the Eagle's Nest, and the true and false Griddle were brought into familiar contact.

(To be continued.)

LINES.

PART I.

My heart's so full of joy to-night,
It fain would burst its bound;
Each thing mine eye doth rest upon
With joy seems circled round.

How softly blue the arching skies,
How bright each trembling star;
How sweet the sound of yonder stream
Comes murmuring from afar.

How softly plays the gentle breeze
Through the trembling foliage round;
How clearly through the evening air
Is heard each passing sound.

And in my heart what visions rise,
Of love, of hope, of thee;
In the brightness of the beaming skies,
My destiny I see!

PART II.

Few hours have fled; but oh, how changed
All nature seems, alas, to be;
The brilliance of the moon's sweet rays
Will never shine so sweet for me.

Cloud, ye skies, retreat, ye stars,
Why mock me with your light?
Why murmur thus, thou voiceful stream?
Why shines the moon so bright?

Yet wherefore bid their brightness pass,
When clouds flit o'er our way?
Must nature change, when friends deceive,
Or brightest visions fade away?

Oh, heed me not, ye twinkling stars;
Flow on, ye rippling streams;
Shine on, thou moon, and brightly shine,
Though not for me your beams.

In heaven's blue arch ye move along,
To-morrow as constant as to-day;
Oh, could we be as constant too,
How sweet our lives would pass away.

October 3, 1846.

The Press, Spain, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago.

BY ARCHIBALD SPENSER.

There are few, and those only whose business it is to mark and attentively consider passing events, that are at all aware of the importance of the influence which the events occurring at the present moment may probably exercise upon the fate of nations. So many misrepresentations are always current, that it is absolutely necessary there should exist some channel through which correct information may be imparted to the public. And how are they to obtain it?—where must they seek for the requisite knowledge? These questions may thus be answered—BY MEANS OF THE PRESS. If, therefore, the country look to it for instruction, its power must be enormous. Of this we feel persuaded. We know that it is the general custom for people to consult their paper, before they will pronounce an opinion on any important political subject.

We are, there can be no doubt, a rich and powerful people; we are always looked upon as the capitalists of the world. In every country the English invest their money. Are there railways wanted—they will supply the funds; are mines to be worked, the English must assist in the undertaking. From the most northern parts of the world to the most southern, we find British enterprise extending its influence. In Lapland, a railway is to be constructed; an English company have undertaken to do it. In the Straits of Magellan, a coal depôt was required; there our countrymen are at work. Thus we perceive that the wealth and the energy of Britain pervade everything. Nor has she been behindhand in furnishing the capital requisite to support the expensive machinery of a morning paper.

What country can compete with us, as regards the press? By its riches it is enabled to secure the finest literary talent that can possibly be procured. Many of the articles that appear in the columns of our daily journals are the productions of statesmen. For eloquence, foresight, and deep research, they are not to be equalled. The old proverb that money makes money holds good everywhere, and particularly so with the contributors to papers. If men are ill paid, they are compelled to undergo so much fatigue in order to obtain a living, that their articles show evidence of the overworking of the mind; but, on the contrary, allow them sufficient to support themselves in comfort by moderate labour, and you will find that the articles will breathe so great a vigour and freshness, that their perusal will be regarded as an intellectual treat, rather than as a means only by which we may form a correct opinion on any given subject.

The press is much (though not enough) looked up to in England; each political section has its particular organ, and in them we seek for information regarding the movements of parties. The government generally selects a paper through which it gives currency to its views. For that reason we often find them cautious in expressing an opinion. Abroad, their articles are considered almost as important as official dispatches; and in some instances, more so. Thus, during the excitement at Madrid previous to the consummation of the Montpensier marriage, the arrival of the English papers was looked for with the greatest anxiety. It was confidently as-

serted that had the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle* recommended a rising of the Spanish people, a rebellion would have been produced, because it would then most certainly have been considered as the wish of the British cabinet. It is not our intention at the present moment to discuss the all-important question of the Montpensier marriage. Crafty deceit seldom, if ever, succeeds; and we have no doubt that the storm raised by the French court will burst, at some future day, with irresistible force, and overthrow these workers of mischief. Whenever Louis Philippe or his descendants may lose the crown of France, it will be through the treacherous and base conduct displayed in the whole of the late transactions. The great effects which the French confidently believe likely to result from the Spanish marriage, have been ably expounded by the *Times*, and treated in a manner which reflects the highest credit on the ability and judgment of the writer. The *Morning Chronicle* has not been behindhand, but has exposed the fallacies of the French press with surprising tact, and overwhelms its adversaries by powerful arguments, founded on facts. But to particularise papers is invidious—for where the press have been nearly all unanimous, it might be considered unjust to mention none other than the government papers.

We are not by any means anxious to enter, in the present article, into questions of great historical importance; our object is rather to show how powerful are the effects produced, at home and on the continent, by the British press. Every one must be aware of the controversy at the present moment carrying on respecting the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston; how the French press hurl their envenomed shafts at our foreign minister, which are received and returned by the British press, headed by the *Times* and *Chronicle*. But we would turn to another subject, which we now consider of greater importance.

For many years past the affairs of the further East had been almost totally neglected by the public and the press. Few would dare to venture into the unknown field; the news from that quarter was but slightly noticed, or dismissed without a word. However, we are happy to perceive that such is not the case at present. About six months ago, the *Morning Chronicle* commenced a series of very able articles on the affairs of the Indian archipelago, and by degrees extended its line of operations to the distant and comparatively little known empire of Japan. Everything connected with that country had been hitherto veiled in obscurity. The late restriction of the trade has prevented the proper attention due to the importance of the subject from being paid to it. In a former article we endeavoured to show how little intercourse has ever existed between this empire and that far-distant country. The *Morning Chronicle* was the first journal, we believe, which mooted the question of sending a commercial mission to Japan. No time for carrying the design into execution could be more favourable than the present. We have proved by the late transactions in China, that we are not influenced merely by the desire of territorial aggrandisement, since, after a long and severe war, we were content to renew our trade, reserving only a small island as a commercial emporium and naval station. Should a commercial mission to Japan be determined on, our ambassador could point to the strictly honourable adherence to treaties invariably displayed by us. For instance, when we might have retained possession of the healthy and fertile island of Chusan, we preferred sustaining its loss, rather than even *appear* to break the treaty. We say, appear, for it was agreed that we were to keep Chusan until the terms of the arrangement were wholly fulfilled. Had we been so disposed, we might have taken advantage of the disturbances at Canton and Fouchfoo, and have alleged with reason that the strict observance of the treaty had been broken by the riots, which disturbed the operations of trade.

The new project of sending a mission to Japan at first appeared to startle our politicians; however, they soon recovered from the shock, and the *Times* brought to bear its weighty power to assist in the attainment of a great national benefit. In an article of unusual vigour, they advocated the policy of the mission. The *Morning Herald* and the *Standard* have given their assistance, although they have not as yet devoted much space to the advancement of their views. We trust that the *Morning Post*, which possesses so much influence in the higher circles, will enter upon the subject with vigour, as its voice will be of the greatest value in promoting an object of paramount importance to the

nation. The *Morning Advertiser*, whose extensive circulation would of itself render its assistance valuable, even if the editors had not attended greatly to foreign subjects, will, we trust, soon commence; and the *Daily News*, which has ever been distinguished by its firm advocacy of measures likely to promote the welfare of the people, will, we hope, view this question as one likely to assist greatly in ameliorating the condition of all classes. The *Sun*, which has already expressed an opinion highly favourable to the extension of our commerce in the further East, will, no doubt, soon come forward and advocate the commercial mission to Japan. We can assure the editors that they can apply their great talents to no better subject, or one more likely to cause the rapid consumption of our manufactures. It is of the highest importance that all the influential papers should be unanimous, in order that the government, which is supposed to be favourable to the project, may be convinced that it is the unequivocal expression of public opinion. Although we are, in general, slow to act, when we do so it is to the purpose; we trust, therefore, that the present favourable opportunity will not be suffered to pass, but that, by a judicious movement, we may obtain the command of that valuable market, which has for so many years been closed against the mercantile world, with the exception of the occasional visits of British and American whalers, whose conduct, however, has not on all occasions been such as to merit the confidence of the exclusives.

The weekly press have joined to aid in the accomplishment of the good work. The *Sunday Times* has poured forth its spirit in the eloquent and vigorous language of Greville Brooke, who, by dint of reasoning and argument, has done much towards spreading around a just appreciation of the value of that commerce, whose attainment can only be effected by means of a splendid mission. We should experience great pleasure in observing the whole press busily engaged in the performance of this national duty. The *Spectator*, whose able articles have been extensively reprinted abroad, and particularly in the *Singapore Free Press*, has considered the question with a great deal of candour, unswayed by prejudice. The *Observateur Français*, a journal published in London, has also taken up the question, in an article which has attracted attention on the continent, as we shall presently have occasion to notice.

Among the questions discussed respecting the further East, our occupation of the island of Labuan has caused the greatest sensation throughout Europe. The agitation commenced early in the present year by the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Times* produced an immediate effect. No one was found at home who could in any way oppose the project of opening up to us the vast commerce of those innumerable islands —and some deserving the name of continents—denominated the Indian Archipelago. The *Daily News*, in one of their articles, endeavoured to prove that our occupation of Labuan was politic, but that we should reject Sir Stamford Raffles' theory concerning territorial possession. This notion may, of course, be correct; but we confess we have somewhat greater faith in the opinions of that enlightened statesman, whose projects have always been found to work well, and whose views are now about to be adopted in our intercourse with the Indian islands. The *Standard* and *Morning Herald* have also expressed their convictions on the subject; but it seems to us that they mistake one of the fundamental rules of political economy. They tell us to look nearer home, before we clothe savages; but by what means can we better administer to the comforts of our suffering poor, than by giving them work?—which can only be done effectually by increasing our commerce. In Siam alone, we perceive from the letter of the *Morning Chronicle's* correspondent at Bankok, no less than 135,000 piculs of sugar were ready to be exported, if means were taken to enter into a commercial treaty with the king of Siam. The *Examiner* has taken up the same views as the *Daily News*, but these have, we think, been completely refuted in the well-written articles of the *Sunday Times*, which for many years has paid the greatest attention to Eastern subjects. The *Spectator* has a very favourable idea of the opinions supported by the *Times*, *Chronicle*, and *Sunday Times*. We are at a loss to account for the apathy displayed by many of the weekly press, whose vigorous writings on other subjects gave hopes of having their powerful aid in this important measure. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*

Reviews have brought their great influence to bear on the subject, but as yet have not entered deeply into the question. The article written in the *Quarterly* by Lord Ellesmere displayed, however, considerable acquaintance with the subject, to which the writer will no doubt return. In the October number of *Frazer's Magazine* there appeared one of the most masterly articles on the question that we ever remember to have read. It explained with the greatest clearness and precision the value and extent of the commerce that might be carried on in those seas. In *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine* there was likewise an article on the same topic, and we have hopes that through the extensive circulation which that periodical enjoys, it will produce its proper effect on a great mass of the public. We ourselves lent our aid sometime since, which we trust had some slight effect on the public mind. The extensive publication of Admiral Cochrane's despatches has tended greatly to increase the interest felt on the subject; and through the instrumentality of Captain Keppel's work, a more thorough knowledge is beginning to be diffused concerning the Archipelago.

We have now considered, in rather a sketchy manner, we confess, the great interest now felt in what relates to the further East. Let us contemplate their effects abroad. Without entering at all into the Spanish question, we shall now turn immediately to the subject of Japan and Labuan, situated off the north-west coast of Kalamantan.* In France, *Galignani's Messenger* has greatly assisted the cause, by the republication of the best article that has appeared at home. We are so accustomed to have our views mistaken, our actions maligned, and our words perverted, on the other side of the channel, that we were agreeably surprised by the tone assumed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In an article remarkable for its soundness and moderation, the writer comments at great length on the results likely to ensue from our occupation of Labuan, the extension of our commerce, and the suppression of piracy. We quote his own words. "We wish England to succeed; the destruction of Malay piracy concerns civilisation; it will offer an unknown arena to commerce. Since the people whose interests are more immediately engaged in the Asiatic Archipelago want the necessary forces, or resign themselves to a fatal torpor, we will not reproach Great Britain for carrying there her power and her will. Nevertheless, while the looks of Europe attentively follow the exercise of the discretionary power of which she takes the responsibility, while the Dutch and Spaniards occupy themselves in the conversation of their rights, the policy commands in a double point of view the general interest of the civilised world, and the particular interest of each nation." But with all this, and much more, in our favour, it was impossible entirely to forget the feelings of a Frenchman; he observes: "All the political and commercial advantages of the new possession are perfectly included at the other side of the Strait. One beholds there a very near approach to the exclusive rule of Oceanie. Seated at the extremities of Asia, at Singapore and Hong Kong, England already occupies a part of the coasts of Australia; towards the East, she has Sydney and Port Philip; to the south, Adelaide; to the west, her establishment on Swan River; to the north, the new Port Essington. She is installed in Van Dieman's Land. She has sent forth Methodist missionaries upon the numerous islands which strew the Great Ocean; she is taking measures to repair in New Zealand the mistakes of the former governor; she is established in Borneo, seeking with an audacious perseverance to seize all the points placed upon the routes of the commerce of the world, which can offer new outlets to her indefatigable industry." Audacious perseverance is rather a mild turn to be employed by a disappointed commercial rival; but this was not sufficient. The writer speaks of our wishing to be false to our word in China. Public opinion restrained but yesterday, he says, the desire of the English to retain Chusan; "they dare not violate, in the face

* Several journals having objected to the use of the word "Kalamantan," we think it right to explain the matter to our readers. For some time the common appellation of the island here at home was Borneo. The mistake arose from confounding the sultanate of Bruni, which lies on the north-west coast, with the whole island. When this portion of the country was first visited by Europeans, they were informed that its name was Bruni, which they afterwards erroneously applied to the whole island, whereas the name of Kalamantan has been given to it by the natives from time immemorial.

of the world, the faith of treaties; recourse is obliged to be had to subterfuges, which, we hope for England itself, for its own honour, will not issue in an unworthy spoliation."

But we must not quarrel with the flaws of an excellent article; there is too much good sense displayed for us to criticise very minutely a national feeling, however we may regret its introduction. In Germany, the press, led on by the *Augsburg Gazette* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, have made the whole country ring with the ambition of England; Labuan and Japan are the handles seized on to pour forth their intense envy at our prosperity. They tell us that the Dutch will oppose our mission; that they are justified in using every means, fair and unfair, we presume, to thwart us in the attainment of an object which would be beneficial to the whole world. For we can assure our worthy neighbours, that England will never seek to enjoy exclusive commercial privileges; if we open up a trade with Japan, it will be for the benefit of all maritime communities. The Germans accuse us of endeavouring to extend our commerce by *every means*. Can they blame us for it?—are we not justified in using *every fair means*? We have in a great measure thrown aside the antiquated notions of monopoly. We can afford to compete with the world in any market. Our "audacious perseverance" has raised us above the wish to overreach our rivals by petty, dishonourable actions. This is proved by the estimation in which we are held in every country. Our merchants are looked up to. They are in many places the councillors of the native kings; and so much confidence is put in them, that they have on many occasions been placed in the position of guardians to a minor prince. In Lombok, one of our English merchants is considered in the light of the king's chief minister. So take another instance, more widely known. When the Dutch, in their late expedition against Bali, had driven the rajah of Bleling into the hills, he refused for some time to come to any terms, until Mr. King, an *English* merchant, volunteered to act as a mediator. The rajah could trust a Briton; and when the latter had passed his word for his safety, the native prince came down from his place of security. Could anything be more conclusive?—an Englishman's word is trusted on nearly every occasion.

In Belgium, a comment on the article published in the *Observateur Français* has appeared in *L'Independance*, in which the writer seems entirely to mistake the objects of England. It is not our intention to carry out this mission to Japan by "la force brutale." Our contemporary is greatly in favour of the project, if he could be assured that there was no intention on our part to bombard the Japanese into a commercial treaty; then he would willingly lend his assistance.

The Dutch journals are filled with the most bitter invectives against England, for daring to take possession of the island of Labuan. But this is the height of absurdity. Mr. Baud, their own minister for the colonies, expressly declares that the English may take possession of Labuan, without infringing in the slightest degree the treaty of 1824. In a magnificent article published in the *Chronicle* of November 13th, the writer completely refutes the doctrines advanced by the colonial minister, that the Dutch have a right to the whole Archipelago. When the treaty of 1824 had been drawn up and concluded, the English plenipotentiaries, well acquainted with the Dutch character, and for that reason apprehensive of future encroachments and misrepresentations, addressed a note to the Netherlands plenipotentiaries, containing additional explanations, and intended to make assurance doubly sure. In this note they say: "The British plenipotentiaries record with sincere pleasure the solemn disavowal, on the part of the Netherlands government, of any design to aim either at political supremacy or at commercial monopoly in the Eastern Archipelago." This then was their intrepretation of the spirit of the treaty; and did the Dutch plenipotentiaries at the time offer any other? On the contrary, they acknowledge it, in their reply, to be a faithful representation of the whole state of the case. Can anything be more conclusive than this? We are ourselves convinced that the extreme moderation and imperturbable good-sense of the British government will enable it, in the Eastern Archipelago as elsewhere, amicably and pleasantly to clear up those misunderstandings which are just now found to exist. If the aims of Holland be legitimate,

she is alarmed without cause. We certainly shall not presume upon her weakness to put forward pretensions which we should not urge with equal pertinacity, were she the first power in the world. But neither shall we be restrained by any fastidious delicacy from protecting our political and commercial interests in that part of Asia, by the consciousness that we have to deal with a government which can offer no effectual resistance to our will.

The Dutch are more alive to the importance of spreading information concerning the further East, than we are. They have brought out an expensive periodical, the *Moniteur*, which is entirely occupied with subjects relating to that quarter of the world. Such a publication is much required in England. Our good neighbours of Holland, however they may be affrighted about Labuan, are still more so with the prospect of our sending a commercial mission to Japan. There are so short-sighted as to believe that their present restricted and petty trade (for we cannot dignify it with the name of commerce) is of greater advantage than if it were free. But we feel convinced that the British government know their duty too well to be influenced by such senseless clamour. The proceedings of the Dutch remind us strongly of the fable of the dog and the bundle of hay. They cannot enjoy an unshackled commerce by their own endeavours, and they would prevent all other nations from possessing what they never can, unassisted by some more powerful nation. We would throw open the trade to the world; and yet the despicable jealousy of the Dutch is aroused. We had hoped that they would have seen their true interests; but as they do not, they must come to their senses as they please. We do not require their assistance; we can carry on our projects without craving their sanction.

We have now considered briefly the effects produced abroad by means of the English press. The Spaniards regard us as their protectors. France has been awakened into an attentive consideration of our proceedings in the Eastern Archipelago. Germany has also used the present occasion to let her true feelings be known towards one who might be regarded as a near relative, had not freedom placed her so far beyond her. Germany forgets, it would seem, that by our former wealth acquired by commerce we were enabled to free her from a *foreign* slavery. Belgium is also ready to lend us its assistance, as far as it can influence public opinion, if we will not employ "la force brutale," of which we can assure them we have no intention. Holland, cautious, but persevering Holland, as slow to remember public pledges as she is forgetful of the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, is endeavouring by every means to spread a false opinion of our views. But her interested cry will pass unnoticed; yet she may rely on this, that England is too magnanimous to use any unfair advantage over a comparatively helpless rival. Let her be persuaded that that powerful press which has produced so great effects, will be ever ready to protect the rights of any foreign power; but at the same time, no amount of falsehood, no cunning intrigue, no perversion of facts, will ever induce that powerful body to overlook the true interests of Great Britain. And no interests are true, but such as are founded on strict integrity and impartial justice.

CANZONET.

Lady of the ebon tresses
Cease to spend thy fond caresses
On that nurstling of thy care;
Trust me, the wee thing with pleasure
Would escape the lavished treasure,
I would give my life to share.

Dost not see each drooping feather
Would upbraid thy silken tether?
Let the little bondman fly,
Compact of melody and motion,
It would roam o'er land and ocean,
Basking in the summer sky.

Thou hast nothing he would barter
For sweet Nature's bounteous charter;
Lady, turn thy thoughts on me—
Turn on me thy gentle glances—
How my frozen life-blood dances,
Thawed by one kind look from thee.

See the bird to heaven soaring,
His rich melody is pouring
In the trackless courts above;
Dearest, list what he is saying,
To the great one he is praying
To look kindly on our love.

Who can paint my spirit's rapture?
I have made a glorious capture—
Thou art mine, for ever mine:
On thy generous love reposing,
'Till life round me shall be closing,
I will live and perish thine.

ACLETOS.

Notes of a Tour in Belgium and Germany.*

BY E. M.

PART II.

DRACHENFELS—NONNENWERTH—ROLANDSECK—NEUWIED—MONUMENTS OF HOCHE AND MARCEAU—COBLENTZ—THE MOSELLE—CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS—EMS—NASSAU—MAYENCE—FRANKFURT—HESSE-HOMBURG—WIESBADEN—DUSSELDORF—ARNHEIM—ROTTERDAM—BLACKWALL.

May 29.—Rose at six, donkeys being in waiting to assist us in ascending the Drachenfels. After many a good thump bestowed on these ill-used animals by their attendants, who reminded me of Highland gillies, we arrived at a little *auberge* at the top; and wandered about, delighted with the view, till nature gently reminded us we had not breakfasted. And then what pleasure for a lover of romance to devour, at the summit of the Drachenfels, real bread, butter, and eggs!

The Rhine below us, bearing on its bosom vessels that looked like children's boats—people busied in the vineyards, that reached half up the mountain's sides, appearing like pigmies—in the distance, Godesberg, rearing its head apparently on a mound; on the other hand, Rolandseck, and the small island of Nonnenwerth—villages, full of life and industry, at our feet;—all these, seen by the shifting lights produced by a morning when occasional gleams of sunshine were saddened by clouds, produced an effect worthy an artist's pencil. Ere our descent, the sun had gained the ascendancy, and all before us rejoiced in its cheering rays. But even the fairest scene must be left; and the donkeys, by their braying, began to show impatience; so, remounting our "gallant steeds," a merry half-hour's gallop brought us to the hotel. We then took a small boat, and were rowed up to Nonnenwerth. The tide being too rapid to admit making head by oars, a poor fellow, with a rope across his shoulders, drags the boat onward, with "weary step and slow." We first landed at Rolandseck, and walked to the top of the hill, where, if the legend speaks true, Roland, when on his return he found his fair one for ever lost to him, looked down on the convent gardens, to catch a glimpse of her when walking there. As I leant on the portion of the castle left, my thoughts involuntarily reverted to the olden time, when Roland so oft had gazed from the same spot, and there with heavy heart mourned his untoward fate, to be so near the loved one, and yet separated by a religious gulf.

Rolandseck, being at a bend in the river, commands a fine view of the Rhine, both up and down: from it the Drachenfels mountain is seen to great advantage. It was with reluctance we descended and crossed to Nonnenwerth, a small island with a convent on it, now turned into an hotel: it being the dinner hour, we did not venture in, but contented ourselves with walking about the gardens, which are studded with flowers. Again our vulgar appetites interfered, and we had to reach our hotel at two o'clock. The current carried us back to Königswinter, where dining and packing occupied us till half-past four, at which hour we went on board the steamboat.

It was with real feelings of regret I lost sight of Rolandseck; but, although less interesting, the after scenes were not devoid of beauty. As we travelled on, we came upon some sweet spot sheltered by hills, where the humble village church reared its head, or castle, as it were dropped down, not built on the summit of craggy hill, whilst half-way up the sides the vineyards reached, giving one the unromantic idea of a field of peas. These vineyards are by no means so beautiful as their name to our ears would denote. They, however, clothe the sides of mountains which would otherwise have a bare appearance; and by man's industry terraces are formed, so that some portion of earth is preserved even in the most precipitous places.

We arrived at Neuwied in the dusk of the evening. Nothing about it looked prepossessing. A few coal slopes at the pier gave a hard, business look to the place; and our walk through the formal streets did not give us more favourable impressions. Rising, however, early in the morning of the 30th, and, as usual, taking a ramble, we found the palace gardens, although small, remarkably well laid out, forming a pleasing contrast to the town, which, in broad daylight, looked worse than under the softening influences of evening. The houses are all built in a regular style, not unlike the old-fashioned ones children used to work on samplers. The streets are broad; but having neither shrubs nor trees to shade them, they are hot and uncomfortable. After breakfast, we went to the really excellent educational Moravian establishment. From being acquainted with one of the pupils, I had an opportunity of knowing the real solidity of the system of education pursued in it. Dancing is the only accomplishment forbidden. In everything else, the greatest pains are taken by the teachers to promote the advancement of those placed under their care; and the very moderate sum of forty pounds covers the annual expenditure of each pupil. The fancy-work done by the Moravian sisters, as they are called, is very beautiful, and sold at a reasonable rate.

* Concluded from page 298.

At twelve o'clock, we left Neuwied for Coblentz. The first object of interest is the White Tower. An obelisk marks the spot where General Hoche, who commanded the French in 1797, threw a bridge across to the small island near, and, in spite of the opposition of the Austrians, crossed the Rhine. Approaching near Coblentz the monument of General Marceau is also seen. Nothing in the surrounding scenery of this part of the Rhine is worthy of particular notice, until you nearly touch the point of land on which stands Coblentz, and where it is joined by the Moselle. It rather astonished me to find that the latter river was really, as well as poetically, blue; a distinct azure line being evident to the eye—the Rhine being of a dull yellow, while the Moselle is of heaven's own tint.

Coblentz is singularly fortunate as regards situation. No stranger can step on shore and enter one of the many gaily decorated hotels, which are principally situated on the quay, without watching with interest the varied scene ever going on. The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein opposite, is connected with the town by a bridge of boats, which every half-hour opens to allow steamboats, or those enormous rafts of timber common to the Rhine, to pass. These rafts are interesting both from their intrinsic value, and also from the appearance of busy life that is going on in the various tents erected on them. Cooking, washing, and all domestic occupations, are carried on the same as on shore, by a little community, amounting to nearly a hundred persons.

Our hotel gave us every opportunity of watching the river, a balcony from our room enabling us to sit outside. Nothing could be more elegant than this apartment: the curtains of light muslin were festooned with blue draperies, supported at the head of the bed by a gilt arrow; while the famous down coverlets were placed on beds that looked too fairy-like for tired mortals. A ceiling painted with Cupids—fruits and flowers, footstools, sofa; and what was still more uncommon in a German hotel, a carpet, completed the *tout ensemble*.

We walked through the town, but saw nothing remarkable beyond the usual number of gay shops, and a square where the military exercised. Our after-dinner ramble was prevented by a violent thunderstorm.

31st.—The morning rather damp. At eleven, however, the sun breaking forth, we drove to the Carthusian Point, where we had a charming view of the Moselle. The Germans say, "father Rhine," and "mother Moselle"—a good distinction, the different characters of the two rivers being as clearly marked as those of man and woman. The Rhine, with its quick impetuous current, rushes along with an air of triumph. The Moselle, on the other hand, glides past in quiet beauty, the fertile and cultivated appearance of its banks imparting to it a peculiar charm of grace and sweetness. After enjoying the prospect for some time, we proceeded to the Castle of Stolzenfels, which stands on an eminence overlooking the Rhine. Having left the carriage at a little hamlet, we ascended a rather steep hill, artificially arranged as a glen, with water dashing over the stones; but the artificiality was too apparent. Nature, let her handiwork be ever so rough, is ever to me preferable to art. The castle was presented to the king of Prussia by the townsfolk of Coblentz; but some great person being expected, we did not succeed in gaining admittance. It is, I believe, better worthy of a visit than the continental palaces usually are; for, with all their gilt and velvet, there is a great want of what we would call comfort in such places. Indeed, the Germans, from prince to peasant, are an easy set of people. Give the man his pipe, the woman her knitting, and give them both their music, and a bottle of light wine, in a cool seat, on a summer evening, and they ask for none of what an Englishman would call necessaries. At first, even I, who have but few wants, missed many things. Now I see what sensible people they are; for what do we get by grumbling? Our countrymen seem to think it a privilege to fret and complain, as I have never heard any of them open their lips without their finding fault with something. True, many things appear strange to us, and are totally at variance with our customs; but the happiness of the Germans on small means, their contentment, and love of music, flowers, and fresh air, are to me quite enviable. They certainly smoke; but such a thing as a tipsy man I never saw. I shall therefore not attempt to find fault. Though true to my country, I should just like to hint, that the people whom I have thus lauded for what is good in them, are rather boorish and stupid—the lower class I mean, as I had no opportunity of judging of the upper. The French are much more agreeable, whether as shopkeepers disposing of their goods, or casual acquaintances discoursing of the weather. After dinner, we walked across the bridge, and ascended a hill to the right of Ehrenbreitstein. A number of youngsters were playing at hide-and-seek in the gardens on its summit. We sat down delighted with the prospect at our feet, and, in true country fashion, had a jug of milk and brown bread. In a short time, there appeared every symptom of a storm. Black clouds

chased each other athwart the sky—the whole country lying in shade. Coblentz, the Moselle, the Rhine, with the busy scene ever enacted on its bosom, were spread out before us, and at one side the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, with Stolzenfels in the distance. Soon a few drops of rain fell; a rainbow cast its vivid colouring over the landscape; whilst the sun, bursting forth before sinking behind the western hills, threw a rich gleam over all nature. The silence which precedes a storm passed away, birds again sang, and the merry voice of children, from the hamlet below, came sweetly on the ear, mellowed by distance. The rich radiant lines left by the setting sun, threw such a magnificent aspect over the whole country, as to tempt us to linger on the heights till the grey clouds of evening warned us to return.

JUNE 4.—About twelve we left Coblentz, per omnibus, for Ems; the road to which, being diversified by hills, villages, and one or two peeps of Stolzenfels, and the pretty, romantic-looking Castle of Lahnstein, formed a most agreeable ride. Ems is a small town, composed entirely of hotels and lodging-houses, and in one of the latter we were very quickly domiciled. A small but pretty river, the Lahn, flows through the town, on the banks of which we walked in the evening, and to our great delight saw, for the first time, fire-flies like wandering stars flitting everywhere.

As we remained some time in Ems, and as one day was so like its brother, I shall speak in general terms of our walks and excursions. Whether the water is better for rich folks than poor, I cannot say; but the place is very aristocratic. The said waters are far from unpleasant to the taste, the cold spring rather refreshing than otherwise. About the centre of the town stands the "Coursaal," a large handsome building, of course principally devoted to play, though it is also occupied as a café. In a line from it is a row of shops, sheltered by a piazza, supported by pillars, round which all sorts of climbing plants creep. In front are the gardens, reaching to the river. A rotunda, in which the band plays in fine weather, is situated rather to one side of the gardens—a disadvantage, as you cannot catch all the sweet sounds, if walking up and down. There are, however, plenty of seats. The sweetest flowers and finest shrubs are here congregated, and nothing can surpass the feeling of pleasure their scent gives when washed by the morning dew; for in the morning at seven you are roused to enjoy the promenade, by the band commencing a peculiar choral or praise to God. Few are indolent enough to require such pleasant awakening; and long ere the music is heard, crowds of well-dressed people throng the gardens with their glasses in their hands, from which they sip the mineral waters in the leisurely way recommended by the physicians. The band are paid by subscriptions from strangers. They play an hour in the morning, and generally two in the evening, and are really very superior, the selections being from the finest operas, waltzes, &c., by the best Italian and German composers. The great disadvantage of Ems is its excessive heat. Did not the whole country abound in shady walks, it would be scarcely endurable, as it is so shut in by hills, and from the hot springs has so close a feeling, that you long intensely for cool breezes, which you can only obtain by ascending some of the neighbouring heights, either on foot or by the aid of donkeys. Of the assenine tribe they make a grand and most amusing parade. Although only mounted by ragged urchins, they look, in their trappings of scarlet cloth, somewhat like a regiment, when ranged opposite the gardens, and going through ridiculous evolutions. I never thought donkeys had so much spirit as I found in those at Ems. We had many pleasant excursions on them; one in particular to Nassau. A short ride of six miles on the banks of the river Lahn, brought us to this pretty little town. After crossing an iron bridge, our donkeys gallantly ascended a steep hill to the castle. A magnificent prospect awaited us, the whole country being spread out as on a map. The castle has but one turret remaining, and is, of course, more for ornament than use. The hill on which it stands is thickly planted with trees; wild flowers and strawberries are plentifully strewed around. On our return to the village inn, we had the small wild strawberries and cream. It is rather singular that no other are seen offering for sale. We had many delightful rambles at Ems in the cool of the evening, as the moon seemed to have put on her best garb. One night as we climbed the Moorshüt (a hill near Ems), she peeped like a young coquette between the thicket; then, as we emerged, shone down on hill and dale, village and river, with so much dignity, that one could never have supposed her guilty of such childish tricks. The excessive heat through the day caused us to hail her cool beams with pleasure.

20th.—We bade farewell with much regret to Ems, and remained an hour or two at Coblentz, which looked to us like the face of an old friend. At twelve, we went on board the steamboat, and passed all the far-famed scenery of the Rhine. Only one place, Lurlei Felsen, realized my idea of romantic beauty. Near this place is the celebrated echo; and a man,

being stationed for the purpose, blows a horn, and shouts as each boat passes. The sound is said to be repeated fifteen times. There is a most picturesque town on the opposite side, Oberwesel; and, soon after, Bingen, which somewhat resembles Coblentz, attracts your notice. On the other side are the famous vineyards which supply the world with Johannisberg and other Rhenish wines. The country now assumed a most uninteresting appearance; and though we touched at Biberich, the palace was anything but a pleasing building. The setting sun, however, was lighting up Mayence, at which place we arrived in time to catch the last train to Frankfurt. In the train, we passed through a very fine country, with vineyards and fields on either side, and, every ten minutes, villages or handsome villas attracting our attention. Too tired, however, to care much for fine scenery, we hailed with pleasure our entrance into Frankfurt; and having with difficulty found an hotel that had room for us, most thankfully supped, and withdrew to rest.

21st.—After breakfast, walked through the very handsome town of Frankfurt, which delighted us by its appearance of wealth and mercantile prosperity, to the garden of Mr. Bethman, where Dannecker's statue of Ariadne is daily shown to hundreds of admiring strangers. We were much pleased with the ease and beauty of the figure, which, when a rose-coloured light was thrown on it, looked like life. We then spent a short time in the Stœdel Museum of pictures, returning by one of the principal squares, where the fine bronze statue of Göethe, by Schwanthaler, stands. There is a massive grandeur about this figure which gives you an idea of the mind of the man.

At two o'clock, we took our seats in the omnibus to Hesse-Homburg—a ride of twelve miles. The drive was pleasant, and very like England, the fields on both sides being fresh and green, while miles of fruit-trees gave a charming appearance to the otherwise dusty road. On reaching our destination, we felt disappointed with the unfinished appearance of the place, houses in a state unfit for habitation being observable in every direction. With difficulty we procured lodgings; and, finding that it was out of the question to expect anything to eat, we went to the Coursaal hard by, and, sitting on the balcony, satisfied our hunger, while our ears, at the same time, were regaled with the sounds of a splendid band of music.

We found Homburg a very pleasant place to reside in, as in the evening of even the warmest summer day, as soon as the sun sinks behind the Taunus mountains, a cool and refreshing breeze springs up. The country around abounds in beautiful walks and rides. The accommodation is rather deficient, owing to the immense influx of strangers; but this will soon be remedied, as new houses are springing up like mushrooms. The place has every chance of retaining its popularity, as the waters are highly medicinal, and as there is a *decided* difference in the qualities of the various springs, adapted to different complaints. To the mere lover of pleasure, moreover, the proprietors offer every inducement. A reading-room, in which most of the European journals are daily received, is open to all; while every week the saloon is cleared, and hundreds whirl about in the rapid waltz, as every respectable person has a ticket for the ball gratis. The walks in the very beautiful grounds you are "invited" to enter are also very attractive, and in the mornings are enlivened, for an hour and a-half, by one of the finest bands I heard during my whole tour. At two o'clock, the musicians again commence in the gardens of the Coursaal—ending their sweet sounds at half-past three, only to be renewed at five. Nothing can exceed the pleasure of listening to such superior music, when seated, half hid by the shade of some odoriferous shrub—the well-dressed people passing to and fro, more intent on show than listening—the mound at a short distance, whereon stands the rotunda which shelters the musicians—the Coursaal, with its balcony, filled with groups taking tea, wine, or listlessly smoking—and the rich gleams of the evening sun glancing on the distant trees, or throwing its radiance over the gay groups in the gardens—all adding to the picture. This dreamy state of happiness might well be termed a return to Arcadian life; but, alas! the serpent lurks amid the flowers. Gambling from morn to night is ever transforming not only men, but even women, into something like fallen angels. I could never look without a shudder at the cold passionless faces of the "croupiers," or dealers, who reminded me of spiders watching the poor unfortunate flies as they fluttered about the tables—at first scarcely noticing, then attracted, and finally entangled in the meshes, from which it is a miracle if they escape without loss.

On the 4th of July we visited Wiesbaden, which is a much finer and more attractive place. The houses are regular, and built of white stone; but the intolerable heat caused me to feel little pleasure in remaining. The principal spring is in a continual state of boiling, and burns the mouth when incautiously tasted. The Coursaal is thought a very superior building, and, as usual, is filled by gamblers. People abroad, however, seem to think no-

thing of this vice; and it is not uncommon to see a mother giving a florin to her child, that has to stand on tiptoe to place it with its own tiny hand on the table. Where such practices exist, it cannot be wondered at that the horror which exists in our country for this species of excitement should be unfelt there. The gardens of the Coursaal are very beautiful; and a pond of *quarrelling* fish form a continual source of amusement. You throw in a loaf of bread, and then what pulling, chasing, even leaping, is practised by the finny tribes, that look as tame as barn-door fowls! Everywhere, at these watering-places, are crowds of English; and there is always an English clergyman, supported by voluntary contribution, thereby enabling them to attend their own form of worship.

On leaving Wiesbaden per railway to Mayence, we had an opportunity of seeing a little more of that town, whose hotels, walks, and lively-looking military, impressed me favourably. After spending the night there, we embarked on board one of the many steamboats at the early hour of half-past five. The *descent* of the Rhine was much more pleasing to me than the *ascent* had been, each castle, village, or picturesque ruin being more concentrated, and passing much more rapidly before the eye, giving no time to weary for the next fair view; but actually as in a panorama, presenting a continual succession of scenes of varied beauty. Four hours brought us to Coblentz, where we remained, as we had not visited the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, a place that may well be renowned through Europe for its strength, both natural and artificial. At twelve o'clock the next day, we stepped on board the steamboat that was to convey us from these pleasant scenes. I must confess I felt almost unable to enjoy the fine peeps of the various places we had spent happy hours at. After passing Bonn, the scenery had a miserably flat appearance; and Cologne being the only town of importance, I shall pass over the intervening hours till seven, when we went ashore at Dusseldorf, a village with its bridge of boats across the Rhine. I would certainly not recommend this route, unless the intention was to remain all night at Dusseldorf, and resume the journey in the morning; for at twelve, when half dead with sleep, you must hasten on board a wretched little steamboat, and if you are *lucky* enough, as I was, to get possession of a hard sofa, and a still harder pillow, you may think yourself in Elysium, compared with those around you! A sound sleep of a couple of hours refreshed me, and, as many poor souls were sitting bolt upright looking anything but comfortable, I thought I would vacate my bed, no *great* sacrifice as it was miserably hard. On coming upon deck, I felt lonely, cold, and dispirited. The moon was waning,

> "And, like a dying lady, lean and pale,"

appeared to my sickly fancy very different to the evenings when she so excited my admiration at Ems. Weary at last of pacing the deck, which was strewed with uneasy sleepers, I sat down in a corner, rolled my plaid about me, and hummed snatches of song, that brought back the memories of old. To me it is ever thus with an old familiar air. The place I once heard it, or the loved one by whom it was sung, comes back in all the freshness of bygone days; for a time I can imagine myself again a part of the happy circle, and though reality will come, I am not the more unhappy by having for a brief half hour indulged in the ideal. The grey dawn at last announced the morning, and soon after having entered the Dutch territories, the custom-house officers came on board; as usual we had not the slightest trouble. The morning sun gradually cleared the mists, and we had an opportunity of judging of the scenery; but after seeing the magnificent views but the day before, we were but little disposed to gaze on the low grassy banks, which the river lazily washed as our boat disturbed its slumbers, or the formal villages, the pale blue smoke of which began to curl round the quaintly-cut trees. At Arnheim, where we remained nearly an hour, and where almost all the passengers landed, everything appeared neat and constrained. The voyage now began to be most monotonous —scarcely any one on board; and even the dinner, which might have served to wile away an hour, having been so bad the day before, that we feared to venture, and preferred rather to take our chance, trusting to find something better at Rotterdam. The longest day comes at last to an end; ours did at four o'clock, when we reached Rotterdam in time for an excellent dinner at the *table d'hote*. We afterwards walked through the town, finding at every step something new—the splendid quays, with the mass of shipping—the canals running through the town, causing you to cross drawbridges in every direction—or the market-place, where flowers and fruits are exposed for sale by women, whose fresh complexions look blooming as their own merchandise. Fortunately the grand organ —which some assert is finer than that at Haarlem—was to be heard in the Cathedral, to which place we made our way, and listened with delight to its thundering tones. We rose betimes the next morning, and once more trusted ourselves to the winds and waves. As if to reward our confidence the sea was one calm immoveable mirror.

The company were agreeable, many of them having travelled the same route as ourselves. The day, therefore, passed away very pleasantly in reading and talking. The calmness and beauty of the night made us half-unwilling to retire to our berths. We did so, however, at ten, and on rising the next morning found ourselves at the mouth of the Thames! The morning (a sad change from the day before) was what is called a "Scotch mist." About nine we arrived at Blackwall—without difficulty were cleared of the Custom House—took one of the small river steam-boats, and at once walked into our friend's house in London, astonishing them not a little, as we had fixed no positive time for our return. Everybody looked in good health, and thus happily ended our short tour in Germany.

The Christmas Pudding.

A Tale for Young People.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

[This tale, we with pleasure insert, as mammas and papas may like to read it to their children. The exquisite moral it contains, a merit which is justly due to everything of Miss Lacy's, recommends it strongly. —Editor.]

"Cheep! cheep!" sounded from a little bird-cage, in one corner of the poorly furnished apartment of a very humble tenement, situated in a small village a few miles from London. It was a feeble note, and somewhat sad; which appeared to excite affectionate concern in the owner of the said tenement; or more properly speaking, the poor woman who made it her home; for though it was but a lowly place with a latched door, and small leaded-paned window, Nanny Cloves only lodged there: that is—she, a peaking, pining bull-finch, and a very aged tabby cat, blind of one eye, and tame, it would appear, from having once been a drawing-room pet. Indeed, that both of them had seen their best days was but too evident. Poor Bully's vocal powers had long been extinct; and the old tom-cat dozed and blinked with his one eye, a mere skeleton as it were of his furry, gambolling former self. Yet Nanny did not appear the less solicitous for the comforts of both these living reliques of by-gone days. She had brought them, she would often say, from her last service, where she had lived many years as nurse-maid; and then she would try to make the superannuated bird pipe the merry tune to which, she said, she used to dance baby: but it was of no use—Bully couldn't understand her now; and as for the old tom-cat, he still was allowed the basket and soft cushion of more prosperous days; Nanny always managed to afford his usual allotment of meat and portion of milk, and he would sit over the scanty cinder-fire, washing his queer one-eyed face, as grave and orderly enjoying himself—ay, as much as old tipsy Peter Podge, at the public-house over the way. Not but it was frequently the wonderment of the ever observant little village, how so poor a woman like Nanny Cloves, working so hard for the little she earned, could afford to keep two such useless old creatures at all. Such and similar were the ideas of the Mesdames Tattle and Prattle, when, on fine summer evenings, they held friendly converse at their respective cottage doors; occasionally confirmed by Mrs. Clackit and Mrs. Fussikin, over the hedges of their adjacent gardens, as they hung out their "small things"—the result of "a dab wash." Sometimes winding up the flow of their superabundant eloquence with the rather undefined conclusion, that "rayly Mrs. Cloves was a monsers queer ooman in many respects." Now the individual who rejoiced in the presence of Nanny Cloves as a lodger was one Mrs. Chuffy; a "lone ooman," as she designated herself; or, as a proof that she had not always been such, she would sometimes speak of herself as a "poor widder," glad to let her front parlour to any lady "as would do for herself, and not be no trouble to nobody whatsumnever;" and, to be sure, her front parlour was just fit for any lady, though she said it herself. In the first place there was a beautiful press-bedstead, of painted wood; the particularly red hue of which seemed to blush for the deceit it was compelled to practise during the day, in order to conceal its somniferous intentions, to which a little tidy chest of drawers near it might, by its similar rubicond complexion, be presumed to hold affinity, as to material. Then there was a pretty kick-up trip-you-up Scotch carpet, manifesting a shyness to approach too near the aforesaid press-bedstead, and so a slip of stair carpet was employed to fill up the vacancy; while, if the two chairs did not exactly correspond as to pattern and make, they were amply compensated for in the most literal sense, by a very corpulent arm-chair, with a lofty back, that was entirely covered with red and white striped cotton, matching the window-curtain; and in which the occupant of would sit for hours, her foot resting upon a little wooden stool, with her work pinned to her knee, quite comfortable like.

The table, modestly concealed its pretensions under a piece of baize that had once been green. It must be confessed that this table was somewhat dubious as to its position. To speak more plainly, it was very ricketty; but then it possessed a

drawer, that if in opening and shutting required a great deal of persuasion, was, as Nanny often said, all so handy! As for the recess on each side of the fire-place, they were both quite pictures. There was your set out of cups and saucers, of all sorts and sizes! There were your gay patterned basins, and bowls of jolly dimensions; with jugs and mugs, and little indescribable cups, all dangling from their respective hooks, in a saucy, quite-at-home sort of way. And what shall we say of the ponderous metal tea-pot in the midst! with all this "bright array," backed by a large japan tea-board—such a tea-board! glowing in all the pride of a bright blue sky and a green sea, with a ship lying at anchor, and a jolly tar, with *such* white trousers, greeting a fine young lady in *such* a yellow petticoat and long pink sash, and a straw hat, all on one side, with blue streamers! The other recess boasted a similar display of long-hoarded crockery; but no other tea-pot and tea-board; for, indeed, where could two such be found! Besides, the former was quite large enough to accommodate ever such a party of ladies as might happen to "pop in promiscuous like;" and the latter—we mean the tea-board—even indulging the fond dream, that in the world there *might* be such another: could it be expected that "*two* Alexanders!" &c. &c. We hasten to dismiss the presumptuous idea. And can we pass the chimney-piece without its due meed of praise? Impossible! At one corner stands a vastly pleasant little gentleman in a most decidedly perpendicular three-cornered hat and stiff-skirted coat. He is playing upon the fiddle, and doubtless for the accommodation of the young lady at the opposite corner, to judge by her pointed toe and flowered apron, held up with such a jaunty air, while her little flat hat bends so coquettishly forward, as if soliciting a more particular acquaintance with her pretty snub nose. In the centre, sits an obese, jolly-looking gentleman, evidently no teetotaller, boldly evidenced by the foaming tankard in his stalwart grasp! He is flanked on either side by a bright pink shell, and above his head wave two peacock's feathers, placed cross-wise.

And do you suppose there were no pictures too? Ah! I believe you! On one side of the said mantel-piece, in a small round black frame, was a gentleman in a military uniform; his hair powdered, and ending in what some people call a pig-tail. On the other side, in a similar frame, was a lady, also with her hair powdered, and drawn quite off her forehead over a cushion on the very top of her head. She had a large fan in her hand, and a long slim waist, with a very fine stomacher. And this lady and gentleman were staring at each other across the fire-place, as if they were saying, "Good gracious! who'd a thought of seeing *you* here!" In the centre—ah! there was the triumph of art, the very "jewel of the state," in a framed sampler, the neat handiwork of Mrs. Chuffy, in her innocent school-days of going to *Marm's* at sixpence a week. Be sure that was a real picture! Of course there were the four-and-twenty letters in smalls and capitals; then there was "Forgot me not," all done in so many fine colours, and in a manner impossible to be forgotten; while the objects on either side possessed the singular advantage of passing for two flower-pots, griffin's heads, or likenesses of any two of her particular friends that fond memory might awaken.

It must be acknowledged that the articles of *vertu* that graced the chimney-piece were sometimes a little deranged by the occasional introduction of a flat-iron, may be a ball of worsted, or a fork wherewith to "try the taters;" though the "taters," alas! have been trials in themselves, and more particularly in the humble domiciles into which we are now prying.

Our last glance naturally rests upon the small modicum of ink in a broken tea-cup, upon the window ledge, with the ready pen stuck therein—a vast accommodation without doubt—only that the ink usually reminded the writer of hydropathic establishments, and the pen was very apt to be shy of expressing its responsibility with regard to the subject dictated. The little back parlour being exclusively appropriated to Mrs. Chuffy herself, we feel delicate upon intruding. We only know, that nearly all the morning very portentous sounds had proceeded from thence of determined thumpings, bumpings, bouncings, rubbings, scrubbings, with every now and then a prodigious rush of the pure element, accompanied by the clatter of pattens in industrious collision with brick floorings; the whole at last winding up, with the introduction of Mrs. Chuffy herself into the genteel front parlour just described, with the horrifying and most extraordinary intelligence, that "Rayley, she was just ready to drop off her legs!" Such an event being as astounding, as it is, we opine, without precedent, might certainly have frightened the legs themselves into taking to their heels; a result quite as consistent with possibility as the other remarkable predicament.

Nanny Cloves, however, received this extraordinary piece of intelligence only by requesting her visitor to sit down.

"Lauk! mum," began she of the precarious legs, "I'm afeard you must find yourself very lonesome at times. To be sure you've got your bird and your old cat for company, like: else, lauk! Mrs. Cloves, I

do wonder you should keep them old, useless critturs."

"Dear me!" replied Nanny, "why I thought I had told you all about them, Mrs. Chuffy; but I'd forgot. Ah! I shan't soon forget the happy days I spent with their owner, Mrs. Fairday, when she lived just outside the village here, with her little nephew, who was sent to her quite a baby, because his mother died and his papa was obliged to go away into foreign parts. I lived nurse-maid there, you see Mrs. Chuffy; ah, many years! It was my last place."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Mrs. Chuffy, "but what's that to do with the old bird and this here very old cat?"

"That's just what I was going to tell you," continued Nanny. "You see the bird was mistress's pet, and Pop, the old cat here, I remember a tiny, sprawling kitten, sent to please Master Leonard the day he was seven years old, and this is now just fourteen years ago. Two years after, my little darling was put to a grand boarding school somewhere, my dear mistress died, and you know, of course, all was broke up. Mistress left me a little, just by way of a help, bless her." And here Nanny, who had got up for something, dropped a tributary curtsey to the object of her grateful reminiscence; adding, as she resumed her seat, "Poor Bully! poor Pop! they have seen better days, like myself, and they shall never go without a bit while I can give it them."

"Lauk! mum," observed Mrs Chuffy, "you talk of them dumb things as if they were christins."

"Nay, Mrs. Chuffy," replied Nanny, "I only wish to treat them as being one myself. Ah! my little Linny!" she continued, as if apostrophising to herself; "he must now be just one-and-twenty, and a fine tall young gentleman, I warrant me, the little darling! Well, I always did my best to teach the child what was good and proper; though, of course, I couldn't talk like mistress; because, you know, I hadn't the learning. But I remember I used to teach him my favourite saying, 'Help those first that cannot help themselves;' and, la! its a simple, silly thing to tell, perhaps, but I remember the day I scalded my hand, and couldn't cut the child's dinner, the little thing said, 'I must cut dinner for *you* now, Nanny: I must "Help those first that cannot help themselves!"' Little sensible thing! And then he'd say, 'If you'll make me a plum-pudding when I'm a man, I'll always eat my christmas dinner with with you and—Pop.' Ha, ha, ha! I think I see him dining with the likes of me! Ah! he's among finer folks than his old nurse Nanny Cloves now, I reckon; for his papa was a grand wealthy gentleman. I do sometimes think what has become of my little dear—though, of course, I shouldn't know him if I was to see him; and he wouldn't care to remember a poor old body like me—would he, Pop?—my old Poppy—that reminds me so often of pleasant days."

Pop seemed to think it worth while to acknowledge the appeal by rubbing his old head against the brown withered hand extended towards him with kindness and affectionate recollection.

Mrs. Chuffy being somewhat rested, and having also heard as much as her inquiring spirit desired, now rose from her seat, and, if not with an air of much dignity, at least with that of decision, as she hazarded that very profound and novel observation peculiar to her class, that, "Rayly it wouldn't do; for she had tried it long enough."

"Cheep, cheep;" at the same moment again piped the poor little tenant of the cage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Nanny, "I mustn't forget you, Bully; and I must make haste too. Mr. Jumps is always so busy Saturday nights, and the shops will be so full. I remember I used to buy bird-seed there for Bully in mistress's time; and I must make haste."

"Ah! that you must," said Mrs. Chuffy; "and, lauk! he got sich beautiful plums, Mrs. Cloves!"

"Plums!" echoed Nanny, "I don't want any plums."

"Lauk! mum," exclaimed her companion. "What, not for to-morrow's pudding? Don't you know that this is Christmas-eve, Mrs. Cloves?"

"Oh, dearee me!" cried Nanny, "that's very true; and I declare I had quite forgot it."

"Ay, and in course, mum, you'll ha' summut of a pudding Christmas day?" exclaimed Mrs. Chuffy. "For me, I spend the day with my married daughter here in the village. Lauk! and you'll be all alone Mrs. Cloves; but you'll have a pudding Christmas-day, sure-*ly*, mum?"

"I should *like* to have one, certainly," replied Nanny, with a little sigh, as Mrs. Chuffy went out; "and I should like somebody to enjoy the blessed day with me, like the merry Christmas my dear mistress used to make for all about her. Ah! there was some pleasure in having them! Yet I should enjoy a slice of Christmas pudding now; but it's not for such as I to afford such things." Here Nanny gingled a few shillings as she continued her musings. "Let's see: eggs, butter—ah! a real, downright Christmas pudding does take so many, *many*, things, and they all cost *so* much; and I *must* buy seed for the bird, and meat for the cat, and a *leetle* drop of milk for the

old crittur, 'tant much, and they're welcome both on 'em from me. Well, and then there's coals and tea—I do enjoy a good cup o' tea. Um—well, tea, and snuff—ah, lauk, I *can't* do without my snuff. It's a bad habit, I know it is; but I'm an old woman now, and when I used to sit up so late, people used to say to me, 'Don't, Nanny, don't; you're making expense for your old age.' I'm sure I wish I had minded what people said to me about that and many other things. Um—ah, why I may as well see those plums Mrs. Chuffy talked about."

Such were the rambling thoughts of Nanny Cloves, when she all at once found herself before the smart shop-window of Mr. Jumps, "grocer, cheesemonger, and general dealer." And to be sure his window was quite a picture, with its bunches of holly, and crimson berries; its rich citron and lemon-peel, so nicely disposed among the long sticks of brown cinnamon; and beautiful snow-white almonds, scattered among the fine dark bloomy large raisins, such as ladies and gentlemen eat after dinner, and that little ladies and gentlemen, at home for the holidays, are helped to *à discretion*, when they are sitting by, prim and upright; yet with smiling, happy faces (clean, of course), new frocks, and coral necklaces, new jackets, and bright buttons, in each of which the wearer may see his own little fat, smiling face, looking more fat and smiling still. Well, and—dear me! where was I? Oh, at the gay window of Mr. Jumps, where a crowd of little laughing rogues were trying to spell PLUM PUDDING—all done in the snow-white almonds just mentioned, upon the large dark raisins also described. Oh, what a wonderful clever thought of Mr. Jumps! And there too stood dear old Nanny Cloves, in her real good shawl, that had been worn years and years, and still looked as good as ever, and her tidy black bonnet; not spelling plum pudding to be sure, but still jingling and counting her few shillings, and thinking about bird-seed, and snuff, and tea, and sugar, and—heigho! cheap plums for a Christmas pudding.

"When I've bought all the other little things," thought Nanny, "I shall see better what I can afford." So in she went.

Now it was one of those real Christmas times that used to be long ago (for the seasons appear to be altered now, but a wise Providence orders all for the best, and will bring all right at last for those who trust and wait patiently). Well, and it was that sort of weather when people look good humouredly at each other, with chattering teeth and blue noses; and men step on briskly, with their hands in their pockets, and walk in the middle of the white dry road, that sounds hollow to their footsteps, saying cheerfully as they pass along, "Sharp weather, sir," or, "Bitter cold, but quite seasonable," and then look at each other, as if there was summer in their hearts, notwithstanding; though perhaps we ought to particularise those who know that there is plenty, with a good fire, ready for them at home. When Nanny entered the shop, she found it much crowded (as, indeed, she had expected); and there was such clanking of scales, and clinking of money! such joyful bustle, and so many joyful faces! such a glow of light and warmth, after coming in out of the keen frosty air! There was the tall young man, who was so slow, and who, when he reached for anything, was sure to bump his head against something or other; and there was the little sharp lad who always laughed at him, and did up the tea and sugar so quick and smart, and snapped off the string, and slapped them on the counter, with a little bodding bow, and a "much *obleeged* to you," and all with such an air! Oh, he'll be as great a man as Mr. Jumps himself some day, I should not wonder. Ahem! I hope he's not a little conceited though. And there too was Mr. Jumps himself; short, fat, with a good-natured red face, a little brown wig, clean white apron, and his two hands, or rather his two thumbs, resting on the counter, with his outspread fingers, as he leaned forward, repeating his thanks to a quiet elderly gentleman, whose pockets stuck out with large parcels of good things, and who was looking so pleased and so cunning, as every now and then he tapped the said pockets, and buttoned his old-fashioned great coat up to the very top, and drew his comforter closer round his neck, as replying to Mr. Jumps' anxious question of sending the articles, "No, no, never mind, thank'ee; *I'll* carry them." Ay, ay, *he's* expected at home, I warrant, by young merry hearts; *he* has plenty of money too, I suspect, and has lived long enough to dispense with the ceremonials of outside show. Oh dear! and there was *Mrs.* Jumps too; just stepped out of the little parlour behind the shop, in her nice white cap, with such a high-standing caul; and such a stiff apron over her dark cotton gown, showing the three different sorts of lump sugar to Mrs. Spruce, the squire's housekeeper—that is, the tenpenny, ninepenny, and that at eightpence half-penny, *ray*ther brownish, to be sure; but then—think of the price! Tenpenny, positively like diamonds; but the medium is ever the best and safest to choose of all the sweets in life. I suppose Mrs. Spruce was of the same opinion; for Mr. Jumps soon began

tying up some pounds of the ninepenny for her. Then there was the tidy maid-servant from the parsonage, with the key of the house-door in one hand, and leading Master Freddy with the other, who had begged hard that he might go with Sally to buy the things for Christmas-day, and thinks when he's a man he'll be a grocer like Mr. Jumps, that he will, that he may have as many plums as he has; it is to be hoped that *then* he will have learned the true importance of Christmas-day, and eat his pudding with thankfulness, whether there should be plums in it or not. There was the poor man too, in his hob-nailed shoes, fustian jacket, and round hairy cap, sent by his *missus*, because she *rayly* was so busy cleaning up and "doing about," and getting the baby off to sleep, and one thing or another. Ah, poor fellow, he hadn't much to lay out; but he had just received his week's wages, and he thought a little "summit *hextry*" for keeping o' Christmas, wan't *nothin* much out o' the way, just to please his "old ooman" and the children. So there he stood, quite behind, waiting his turn; while by his side stood poor Nanny Cloves. Mr. Jumps, who had for a minute or so been busy writing, now handed a small paper to the squire's housekeeper, saying, as he rubbed his hands, "Five pounds eleven shillings and twopence halfpenny, mum, *ex—act;*" and Mr. Jumps slapped the knuckles of one hand sharply in the palm of the other, and stood bolt upright, in all the glory of his own integrity.

"A farden's worth o' hardbake," said a small shrill voice, as a tiny hand, with the humble coin between a proportionate thumb and finger, appeared at the edge of the counter. Whereupon Mr. Jumps looked very grave and solemn.

"We don't make no fardensworths, my dear," said he. "There," he added, putting some plums gratuitously into the small hand, "that'll do quite as well; now run along, that's my little man." The little man seemed to be quite of the same opinion, as, with his hand crammed into his mouth, he obeyed; the smiling crowd simultaneously making way for the imperative but easily satisfied customer.

Nanny had by this time approached so near the counter, as to attract the attention of the good-natured grocer; he had known her when living in service at the great house just out of the village; he had besides a respect for the poor honest woman, whom he no sooner discovered than he exclaimed, "Well, to be sure! lauk-a day! only think now! why, Mrs. Cloves, *how—do—you—do*, mum? Why, I ha'n't seen you for——what do you please to want, mum?"

Poor Nanny, feeling ashamed of her trifling order before so many persons, replied in a sort of hurried whisper across the counter, "La! Mr. Jumps, I want only just a little bird-seed—and—a—a little snuff, sir."

"A little bird-seed, and snuff; very well," said Mr. Jumps; the merry twinkle of his sharp eye denoting his inward amusement, as, turning to another customer, he proceeded: "Never mind the farden, if you ha'n't got one. Butter? T'other side, if you please."

Nanny, having by this time gained rather more courage, continued: "I also want just two ounces of three-and-tenpenny tea, and *half* a pound of soft sugar; that at fourpence-halfpenny will be quite good enough for such as me, I'm sure."

"La bless you!" replied Mr. Jumps, good-naturedly, "and thank'ee as much as though you laid out pounds, Mrs. Cloves."

Nanny was quite revived by this kindness, and added, quite boldly, "You appear to have pudding-plums at almost all prices, Mr. Jumps; leastways, I thought I saw some in your window, ticketted reasonable like."

Mr. Jumps looked important, as, leaning over the counter, he replied, in a confidential tone, "My dear woman, depend on't I wouldn't try to deceive *you;* and as you say, I rayly have 'em at all prices—eightpence, sixpence; he! he! he! here's some at fourpence halfpenny, I'll show you," he added, turning with a sort of sharp jerk.

"Oh dear, now, pray don't be troubling yourself, Mr. Jumps," exclaimed Nanny; "for really I'm afraid I can't exactly afford——"

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Mr. Jumps; "you arn't obleeged to buy if it's anyways *hilconvenunt*, you know. Gently, Joe, gently with that burner now," added he, in an anxious parenthesis to the tall young man, who, in a sort of nervous paroxysm, was trying to show that he knew all about it; fortunately, he was successful, and the flash of brilliancy that suddenly lighted up all the good things, and the smiling faces, showed Christmas-eve, as its commemoration should ever be—that of light and blessing, joy, and grateful hearts. Mr. Jumps continued on the subject of plums: "These, mum, are your prime 'uns, and cheap at the price; but *these*, what are more reasonabler, I should recommend for you; and I do assure you, Mrs. Cloves—"

"No, no," interrupted Nanny, hastily; "I—I'll think about it; and perhaps I may look in again by and bye, but I'm rather in a hurry now, so please Mr. Jumps do up these little trifles, the bird-seed especially."

"Ay, ay," replied the good-natured Mr. Jumps. "What, and so little Dick's alive still, eh? Well, to be sure, how time *does* run on, Mrs. Cloves; why it seems but yesterday when you used to come into this very shop, just like that young ooman that's going out with Master Freddy; and Master Leonard was just such another. Lauk, Mrs. Cloves, how fond he used to be of you, and what a nice lady was his aunt, Mrs. Fairday. Ah, she *was* a lady, and never minded *what* price she gave for thorough good tea, never; but you wears well, Mrs. Cloves; you wears well. And so the little bird's alive still; well, to be sure! and what's become of the big Tom cat, Master Lenny's favourite? *he's* not alive, sure-*ly?*"

"Why, lauk, yes, and I must make haste to get something for him, whether I buy plums or no; and perhaps I may look in again for some after all, Mr. Jumps; only you remember my old saying, 'Help those first that cannot help themselves,' you know."

"Ah, bless your kind heart, Nanny Cloves," exclaimed Mr. Jumps; "you're a thorough good creetur; I always thought so; and I always was your friend, and—and——*them's* the sort of plums you want; they goes sich a way in a pudding."

But Nanny bustled out of the shop, saying she must make haste with some work she had to carry home; and it being some little distance out of the village, she was anxious to get back again, before it should be quite late. Glad enough was the poor woman, when in sight of her own humble door; but was much surprised to find Mr. Jumps' smart shopboy, with another about his own age, racing and snow-balling just before it; having, while thus merrily engaged, put down a large basket full of packages which they had brought with them.

"Oh, Mrs. Cloves," said the little sharp fellow, as she approached, "why, where *have* you been? Here's Ned and I been standing waiting for you in the snow, and haven't got warm yet, have we, Ned?" an appeal assented to by Ned with a sort of haw-buckish chuckle.

"Ay, ay," replied Nanny, good-humouredly, and feeling for her door-key, "*I* saw you, my little sharp-shooters; *I* saw you both *standing*, sly-boots. But what do you want with me? Eh? and what—what in the world's all this? There, bring in the basket out of the snow."

"Why, in course Mrs. Cloves I shall bring it in, cos the things are all yourn," replied little sharp-wit.

"Lauk, child," replied Nanny, "do leave your Christmas gambolling for a minute, will you?"

"I arn't at no gambolling, Mrs. Cloves," said the little lad.

"Well, well then," continued Nanny, "let's ha' none o' your larks now."

"I isn't at no larks, upon my word and honour, mum," replied the boy, with earnestness; "the things are for you, Mrs. Cloves, and I brought 'em by master's orders, haven't I, Ned?"

"Mine!' exclaimed the astonished woman, as she saw him take out of the basket eggs and butter, and tea and sugar, and plums and currants, without end. "Why, goodness me, child," exclaimed Nanny, "here's some grand mistake! all these fine things can't be for me no how. Your master knows well enough I can't afford to pay for anything like it."

"Now don't worrit yourself about that ere, Mrs. Cloves," replied the little lad; "the're all paid for, I can tell you; cos the gentleman——"

"The gentleman!" repeated Nanny; then after a pause she added, "Oh, I think I understand it now. The gentleman, as you call him, was Mrs. Chuffy's son-in-law. Ay, *he* can afford it; and so they're all coming to spend the day here to-morrow, and he stands treat; ay, ay."

"No," persisted the little grocer; "no, I tell you; why, I knows he well enough, and 'twa'n't he at all."

"They're for Mrs. Chuffy, my dear," said Nanny, quietly.

"No, they ain't for Mrs. Chuffy neither," persisted the boy; "they're for you, Mrs. Cloves; master told me so pertickler, mum. And then he told the gentleman where you lived; and then the gentleman said summit, and burst out a larfin; and master rubbed his hands like, as he always does when he's pleased, and then *he* burst out a larfin, and then they talked a great deal to one another, but I couldn't mind just what they said, master keep on sending me about so; and then I helped him pack up these things, and the gentleman paid for 'em, and then master larfed more than ever, and then Ned comed into the shop, and then master sent me off, and made Ned help carry 'em, did'nt he, Ned?"

"Why, dearee me," exclaimed Nanny, "what *can* it all it mean?"

"The gentleman said as he should be soon arter 'em, so p'rhaps he'll tell you all about it. I know I ha' done according to orders, and it's all right. So come along, Ned. Wish you good night, mum; merry Christmas to you, and a happy new year."

So tossing the empty basket over his head like a huge bonnet, away scampered little Sharp-wit, followed by Ned, hallooing, and snow-balling away at the big basket, leaving poor Nanny Cloves in a perfect tremor of amazement.

"Well," mused she, "if this isn't one of the most curious things that ever happened to me! Perhaps, Mr. Jumps has been recommending me as cook somewhere; and so the gentlefolks think to make trial of me first, in the way of a plum pudding; but lauk! I shan't go to service again, at my time of life. Let the butter alone, Pop. Lauk, I hope I'm content with the bit of money dear Mrs. Fairday left me; and what with one little job or other, just to make out, I'm sure I do vastly well."

Nanny was here interrupted in her cogitations by a *lump! lump!* at the cottage door, followed by the cry of "But—cher." She hastened to open it, and there, to her additional surprise, beheld Bob Pluck, Mr. Cleaver's boy, with a fine piece of roasting beef upon his tray.

"Can't stop, missus," said Bob; "the gennelmun as paid for it bid me leave it here for Nanny Cloves."

"For Mrs. Chuffy, you mean, child," said Nanny.

"No, no, mum; for Nanny Cloves; and he told me to be sure and look sharp too. He! he! he! he said folks couldn't help looking so this weather. Please take it off the tray, mum; I'm feared to let it down, it's so full."

"I may as well take in Mrs. Chuffy's meat," thought Nanny, "for I'm sure it's for her."

She had but just set down the dish, when there came one very loud thump indeed at the door, at the same moment that a very deep voice sung out "Coals!"

"Well, if ever," thought the flurried woman, as she ran to open the door, and let in a very rough, dingy-looking individual, staggering beneath the weight of a well-filled sack, and whose appearance had the effect of sending old Pop off the table, at the very moment that he was commencing a very close and particular investigation of the merits of the beef—an inquisitive old fellow.

"Put 'em down," said Nanny, quite bewildered, "anywhere you please; there, through the washhouse yonder. I do wish," she added, as the man returned, "I wish Mrs. Chuffy was here, to see after her own affairs."

Shouldering the empty sack, he stood before her, staring somewhat vacantly.

"Mrs. Chuffy will see them, when she comes home," said Nanny.

He put his huge fingers through his matted hair. "Och, thin," he exclaimed, in a rich Hibernian accent, "and you'll tell me, may be, if Mrs. Chuffy's name is Mrs. Cloves."

"I should rather think not," replied Nanny, laughing in spite of all. "*I* am Nanny Cloves."

"Och! thin, honey," he replied, "it strikes me ye needn't be looking far beyond yer own nose for the owner o' them coals now; for, says the jontlemin whin he paid for thim, says he to the masther, you sind thim coals for whun Nanny Cloves, says he; and thin says he to your humble servarnt, says he, are ye a taytotaller? I don't know, sir, says I; I an't quite made up my mind upon the pint. Why thin, says he, here's somethin' to drhink Christmas; so don't you be taking nothin' o' the ooman, says he. In coorse not, yer honour, says I; but thin it's jist as ye plases, my jewel; and luck and long life to you, to the end o' yer days, and many years afther it; and shure but ye shall ha' the good word o' the Irish boy, whither or no."

Paddy's eloquence was here interrupted by a little shrill voice crying, "Bee—er;" so he went on his way, and a little boy appeared, with two foaming pots of the teetotaller's prohibited.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nanny; "Mrs. Chuffy's going to bring them all here to spend Christmas-eve, I shouldn't wonder."

"I don't know, I'm sure, missus," said the boy; "but this here beer is for you, mum; the gennelmun as paid for it told me to be sure and say it was for Nanny Cloves. Yonder he comes. Good night, missus."

Be sure Nanny looked out, bewildered as she was, anxious enough to gain sight of her unknown friend; and there beheld, a very few yards off, a fine tall young naval officer, just as he was turning to beckon to a man at a little distance, carrying a basket, filled with what appeared to be a number of bottles.

"Come, I say, bear a hand, my hearty. This is the house; I knew I was right," shouted the youth. "Here," he continued, as he approached, "bring 'em in, and put 'em down anywhere. There," tossing him money; "now be off with you."

The young man entered the parlour. "How d'ye do, Nanny?" said he.

"Very well, I humbly thank your honour," replied Nanny, with a very low curtsey to the fine young gentleman. "Please your honour, I believe all the folks ha' been making grand mistakes, and Mrs. Chuffy ain't at home, sir."

"I don't want Mrs. Chuffy, my dear woman," replied the young officer, smiling. "I say, Nanny, I am come to sup with you."

"Sir!" exclaimed Nanny, more amazed than ever.

"Yes, Nanny," he continued, "and dine with you to-morrow, Christmas-day, you know. I'm come to dine with you, and—Pop! how d'ye do, Pop? alive still, old boy? and Bully too, eh? tweet, tweet!

poor fellow, he's asleep on his perch, and you've tossed your apron over his cage just as you used to do, Nanny. Why, I do think it's a bit of that gown that you used to brag so would wash and wear, and wear and wash. Why, nurse, nurse, dear old Nanny Cloves, take a sup of wine, and sit down now. You're not angry with your boy for keeping his promise, Nanny. I'm come to eat my Christmas pudding with you and old Pop, as I used to say I would, when I should be grown a man; and ain't I grown old, nurse? though *little* Leonard no longer, grateful Leonard always."

Poor Nanny, who had sunk into a chair, and was now sobbing with joy and surprise, sipped a little of the wine that young Fairday had poured from one of the bottles.

"Well, good gracious!" she exclaimed at last, "to think that my little Leonard ——oh dear, I beg your honour's pardon though."

"Nonsense!" replied the young man, "I won't grant it, unless you call me so again. It's very hard if a man may not sometimes look back upon the innocent follies of his childhood, amid the many childish follies of his riper years. What do you think, Nanny? Been to sea,—been fighting in her majesty's service, God bless her! Got promoted; and poor dear father, who died years ago, left me such lots of cash. Glad of it for your sake, old Nanny, for you must come and look after me again; got nobody else now, no relative, and don't know a soul in England: but I'll tell you all about it presently; while you're mixing the pudding for to-morrow will do. See, Nanny, here's the little sixpenny watch you gave me while I was blubbering, and you lacing up my half-boots to go to the first real boy's school I was ever at; the big boys laughed at me, so I was ashamed to wear it; but I have since learnt to value the humble token of sincere affection to my childhood before all the tinselled baubles of the world's interested motives in my after years. I remember in that last pretty skirmish when we fought——"

"Fought, my dear?" interrupted the old nurse, anxiously, "bless me, child, you didn't get any hurt sure?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the gallant youth. "Oh! 'twas capital fun! Got this bit of a scratch here—side of my forehead."

"Lauk a me!" exclaimed poor, simple nurse, "what did they put to it, my dear? I remember when you fell on the nursery fender, I put a little——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" again hallooed young Fairday; "why, 'twas a vast pity you were not there to doctor me, Nanny. I was engaged hand to hand with a great black whiskered fellow."

"Lauk! you don't say so!" said Nanny. "Well, to be sure, if I ain't all of a twitter like."

"I peppered him though," added the young tar.

There, *peppered! he*, the tiny morsel she used to hold by the ends of his frock for fear he should fall, and he had been—*peppering* people! That such things should ever come to pass.

However, the first bursts of pleasurable surprise having subsided, matters were talked over a little more calmly, though by no means less joyously. Captain Fairday having, it should seem, stepped into the shop of Mr. Jumps, to inquire respecting a conveyance to London, had been civilly invited into the little curtained parlour behind the counter, in order to wait for the expected omnibus, just before Nanny's arrival there. He could not, of course, avoid hearing her name mentioned by the friendly Mr. Jumps, as well as the ensuing conversation, her humble purchases, the anxious inquiry about the price of pudding plums, and all about bird seed, the old cat, and general reminiscence of past times. Struck by the voice, one peep through the curtain assured him of the presence of his former kind nurse, not so much altered by years as might have been expected, and he thought if, instead of astonishing all the people by jumping over the counter and hugging the little old woman, how much more droll and pleasant it would be to wait till she had left the shop, and then send all the nice things after her, as a surprise, before coming himself; but as Nanny herself said, the pleasantest surprise of all was seeing her own little boy again, not a little boy at all; but grown up into such a fine, noble, generous-hearted gentleman. And then to think of his spending Christmas day with the likes of her! so rich as he was, when so many grand gentlefolks would have been proud of his company. Oh, what a bonny fire she did make for her dear young master! and how soon the kettle boiled! while she tripped like a girl across the way to return loaded with muffins and crumpets; and, lauk-a-day, how Master Leonard did "go on, sure-ly!" all so full of his fun, as to make her laugh till she cried; and then she looked at him awhile, and cried till she laughed. And then how she bustled about, every now and then treading upon Pop's tail, who did not laugh at all, but kept sniffing at the muffins, and peeping, and prying, and purring about, blinking his one eye like an audacious old cat as he was; and then Master Leonard tried to make him jump over a stick as he

used to do, but the old fellow seemed to think that was all nonsense now, and that he had much better keep his one eye upon the goings on of tea and supper. And, oh! how nice Nanny Cloves was dressed next morning, Christmas-day, in the well preserved silk gown, given her by Mrs. Fairday so many years before; and how grand and handsome looked Captain Fairday, in his officer's uniform, going to church with his old nurse; not a bit ashamed of her, but looking the gentleman and brave man he was, glorying in spending that blessed day with the poor and needy, and in rejoicing the humble heart that truly loved him. 'Twas thus that he recalled the years of his childhood, as lessons for years to come, and when, in the course of time, he became united to an amiable girl of his choice, how pleased was she in taking Nanny as her housekeeper, who did not object to go again to service *then*. She had known what it was to be poor and without help, and never repented of the gratitude and self-denial that had taught her, in the instance of the deserted pets, to "help those first that cannot help themselves."

THE POET'S REMEMBRANCE.

Oh! do not call the off'ring vain
To poesy I bring,
Or say within my humble strain
No magic numbers ring:
Though be the gift of little worth,
I cannot feel regret,
For warm the spark that call'd it forth
Glows in my bosom yet.

The lark's blithe note of melody,
Echoing through the sky,
The ceaseless murm'ring of each tree,
The plashing water nigh—
Floats on the air the sweet perfume
Of half screen'd violet;
Bright is the harebell's modest bloom,
With dewy spangles wet.

Shall I be mute when nature good
Such bounty spreads around,
And not one throb of gratitude
Within my heart be found?
The meanest object of her care
Gives praise with humble voice,
Then how can I, a man, forbear
To bid my heart rejoice?

Then do not call the off'ring vain
To poesy I bring,
Or say within my humble strain
No magic numbers ring;
Though be the gift of little worth,
I cannot feel regret,
For warm the spark that call'd it forth
Glows in my bosom yet.

W. B. A.

Wine and Olives.

A SKETCH OF THE FRENCH HIGHWAY.

There is a class of men who are everlastingly meeting with marvellous adventures; who never travel by a coach or a diligence, that some extraordinary accident does not happen; who are always within an ace of being dashed to pieces, or drowned, or robbed, or murdered; who never turn up a stone without finding a scorpion beneath; who, in fact, are constantly placed in circumstances of difficulty and danger; and who, of course, continue to extricate themselves invariably in the most clever manner possible. I do not belong to this class. My imagination seems to be too cold, my fancy too sober. Things which some would know how to magnify into the wonderful, pass sometimes unnoticed beside me; and I have not unfrequently appeared as the hero of a tale, without knowing that I had encountered anything out of the way; and not long ago, in the course of conversation, I unconsciously brought myself forward as the principal figure in an interesting incident, as some people maintain it to have been.

The story is a plain one, and shall be plainly told. I was on my way to Chalon by the diligence, and having dined at Rouvry, got out at close of day to walk up a long côte not many leagues from Beaune. As drinking promotes drinking, it may have been because I had already indulged in one bottle that I began to fell desirous for another; and accordingly I asked the conductor, who was quietly stroking his long red beard as he chatted with some of the travellers, where some wine could be procured.

"About two leagues ahead," was the reply; "in a solitary house, in the centre of the forest, you will find some excellent vin de Beaune. But I recommend you to walk fast, otherwise we shall overtake you long before you reach it."

Having some confidence in my own legs, I looked about for a companion, whom the temptation of a bottle of excellent wine would induce to face the necessary fatigue. I pitched upon a man who was standing by the road-side, and whom I believed to be a fellow-traveller, though I did not know his face; and proposed that he should accompany me in the expedition.

"Most willingly," was the reply; and off we set at a brisk pace, very soon leaving the slow-moving vehicle behind us, and getting out of reach of the sound of the cracking of the whips and the jingling of the bells. It was a dark night; there was no moon, and clouds occasionally intercepted the dim light of the stars. A deep woody valley sank to the right of the road, whilst all around high forested hills

rose against the sky. We soon passed the steeper part of the road, and reached a long undulating rise, hemmed in by a dense forest, from which the only sound that arose was the song of a few nightingales, and the occasional hooting of an owl. Brisk walking soon put us both into a heat, and we were obliged slightly to relax our pace. Hitherto the conversation had been broken, and turned solely on the anticipated delights of the wine, and on the cause of the excessive thirst which we both experienced. This we partly attributed to the wine we had already drank, partly to a somewhat greedy indulgence in olives. At any rate, such a subject was soon exhausted; and as we walked fast, a brief time of complete silence ensued. Just as we slackened our speed, however, a shrill whistle rose in the wood to our left, so shrill and piercing that we both came for a moment to a stand-still, and listened intently. But there was no repetition of the sound; everything seemed to have returned to its original repose, except that the faint notes of the nightingale or a distant bough softly thrilled through the air.

"What can that have been?" inquired my companion, in a low, husky voice, and laying his muscular hand upon my shoulder.

There was sufficient light for me to distinguish the searching and inquisitive look that accompanied this question. I did not, however, understand its meaning at that time, being naturally little suspicious myself, and simply replied, "It was the note of some bird, or, may be, through a *garde champêtre* calling back his dog."

"That was no bird," he replied, in a solemn tone; "and there are no honest people abroad in the forest at this hour."

The idea crossed my mind that the man must be afraid; and I cried in a cheerful voice, "Never mind; we are two of us; and look at this cudgel — it would do some service."

"Yes," was the answer; "I see you are well armed."

For ten minutes more we stepped on in silence, my companion keeping a little in the rear and fixing his eye, I felt certain, intently upon me. At length he came up and said, "It is a long walk. I wish we had not undertaken it. There is no sign of a house. We may have passed the place; or perhaps have taken the wrong turning."

"Depend upon it," quoth I, positively, "we are in the right way."

"Then—you—know this country?" he inquired, dropping off a little, and giving me another searching glance. "Ha, there it is again."

Another whistle, long, loud, shrill, rose on the night air, and died away at length in the same manner as before.

I am no ornithologist, and boast marvellously little knowledge of the language of birds; but I now felt persuaded that my first surmise was the right one, and I told him so.

"That was no bird," he again replied, as solemnly as before. "I *know* it."

"Then what is it?" I asked in my turn, looking full in his face.

"Oh!—nothing—what matter it? Let us push on. We shall soon reach the house. "Besides," he added, "there is no fear; you know your—your weapon—there is probably a sword in that stick?"

"Not at all," said I.

"A bayonet, then?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"Indeed!" cried he, seeming to breathe more freely. "At any rate it is a good defence. You do right to carry an arm. Let me see it. Ha," continued he, when I placed it in his hands; "this is really formidable; but I doubt whether you are so well armed as I am."

Saying this he drew forth a long dagger from under his coat, and presented the point to my breast.

I felt at once that I had done a very foolish thing in putting myself thus, in a lonely place, at the mercy of a perfect stranger, especially one of such equivocal manner as my companion. We were at least half a league from the diligence, and full a league from the lonely house. Had the man stabbed me that moment, and threw me into a ditch, he might have escaped through the forest with the utmost ease. By placing my stick in his hands I had left myself entirely defenceless; and I confess that in seeing the gleaming blade flash before my eyes I for a moment felt alarmed. After a short silence, during which no change of position took place, he said, "Feel the point; it is ribbed; what do you say to that?"

I did feel the point and the edge, and slipping my hand down gently extracted it from his grasp, as if extracted by mere curiosity. In an instant I discovered that the man was in a state of the most extreme terror. The whole story was told at a glance. He had actually suspected me to be a robber in disguise, and had manœuvred to disarm me before I called up my accomplices; but not knowing how to carry on his scheme had suffered me to deprive him of his own weapon in turn. I instantly relieved his mind by restoring his dagger and taking back my stick. This was done with so much nonchalance that even he could not misunderstand me; and he began instantly to open his heart, enlarged on the dangers of travelling, on the necessity of pressing on, on the bad character of this

part of the country, and the desperate defence we could make in case of an attack, and so on. A string of carts now met us, and from the drivers we learned that we were still a long way from our destination. On we went accordingly, until, on rounding a turn in the road, we came to a cross erected purposely to mark the spot where some frightful murder had been committed. We both paused, and my companion said with a shudder, "I do not like to meet these crosses at night; it gives an idea; let us make haste and pass it. But stay—look—down in the hollow. There! What is moving?"

I looked; and, sure enough, about two hundred yards in advance of us I saw a human figure come out from among the trees, look in our direction, and then retreat into the shade; from the other side another figure also emerged, and in like manner disappeared. Both apparently carried long sticks in their hands, but what they were doing there we were at a loss to conjecture. It was necessary, however, to push on; and we accordingly descended into the hollow. The figures again came out, and seemed to wait our approach; and we could now distinctly perceive several more in a group near the trees. Assuming my companion's description of the country to be correct, there seemed every probability that they might be robbers, and we prepared for the worst. At least, I hugged my stick, and my friend displayed his dagger. But a few steps forward revealed a number of cows browsing by the wayside, and told us that the two men were merely herdsmen slowly driving their cattle home. Thinking entirely to reassure my companion, I now said: "Good night, gentlemen; you are herdsmen, are you not?"

The question implied that we had entertained some doubt of their respectability; their pride bristled up, and they replied: "Herdsmen? herdsmen? What do you mean by asking that?"

"It was a simple question," quoth my companion, in a deprecating tone; and on we passed.

The form of the house now became distinctly visible on the summit of the hill, and we soon arrived. It is not necessary to add, that after all these perilous adventures the wine was relished exceedingly. We drank at least a bottle a-piece; and when at length we departed, enjoyed a sound sleep as far as Chalons.

If my reader think this little incident worth reading, I assure them that they are indebted for its narration to the advice of a friend, to whom I was endeavouring to prove the necessary connexion of WINE AND OLIVES.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

BY C. E. V.

The pictured memories of a noble race,
For valour, beauty, and misfortune, famed!

From ev'ry panel of the carved oak
Gazed forth a son or daughter of the line;
And, on the darkly-polished frames, were wrought
Devices fanciful, or blazoned arms.
Sadd'ning and soft, the oriel-window gave
The golden glory of an autumn-sun,
Pouring its bands of mellowed radiance in
The far-off leaping of the bright cascade.
Mild breezes sighing through the cedar-grove,

Or song of passing bird, were all the sounds
That broke upon my quiet solitude,
As in that ancient gallery I sat,
Amidst the records of departed life;
And, in a massive volume on my knee,
With page illumed, in antique character,
Was traced the history of all The House.
A pleasing tissue of romances wild,
Rather than cold reality, it seemed;
And wonder woke within me as I read.
Yet from the legend, ever and anon,
Mine eyes would wander, all unconsciously,
To rest on one—the sweetest picture there!
A simple thing—but yet, simplicity
Hath charms that finished art alone may win.

Within the shadow of a verdant dell,
Bright in its vari-coloured summer dress
Of native flowers and leafy coronal,
Wrapped in the depth and stillness of repose,
A fair girl calmly lay! Her slender form,
Of outline exquisitely delicate,
Betrayed her *childhood past*, but breathed not, yet,
In full development of *womanhood*.
Upon one arm her drooping head reclined,
The other by her side fell gracefully;
A wreath half-woven, in the clasping hand,
Of "Heart's-ease" twined with blue "Forget-me-not;"
And some lay loosely scattered o'er her robe—
It seemed as sleep, with stealthy foot, had come
And kissed her eyelids 'midst her pretty task!

Her face wore all that dreamy loveliness
That lies upon the marble, hallowing
The sculptured beauty with the spirit's light!
One gleaming sun-beam fell across her brow,
Lending a brightness to its calm serene,
And shedding o'er the waving silky hair
A golden hue! Upon the cheek and lips
Consumption cast its beautiful deceit!
E'en as the Limner's hand had traced her here,
Her maidens found her—in the sleep of death!

The loved of heaven are claimed in life's young spring,
Ere sin hath breathed upon the spotless soul,
And tainted it with sorrow, born of earth;
Before the eyes are intimate with tears;
Ere falsehood of the one, perchance loved best,
Hath taught distrust of all! Like to a flower,
With dew upon its bosom, and its leaves,
The glad Sun shining, she sank down to rest!
And, to her mother's heart, that broken wreath
Came with a voice of soothing melody—
A gentle message from her angel-child—
"Peace to thy bosom—but, forget me not!"

My Uncle's Diary.*

BY ION.

Oct. ——. I often question myself as to whether I ought not to alter my will a little in favour of my nephew.

[Oh, how I wish you had.—Ion.]

After all, his errors have been those of youth and inexperience. Can *I* blame him if he really loved the girl with whom he eloped, for marrying her? Yet he should have consulted *me*, and asked the advice of her friends. No one can justify his conduct there—no one—no, not even our good rector. I will think the matter over, and the next time I see my lawyer I'll consult him.

[The evil of procrastination was never more strongly exemplified than in this case. Had my uncle called on the spur of the moment and altered his will, I should have had a much greater respect for his memory!—Ion.]

Oct. ——. Very frequently, on looking back at the past, I feel inclined to sit down and write a brief sketch of my story, in order that, after my death, Alice may see that I was not the fickle being she supposes me to have been. I should die happier far, if I could make her acquainted with the past. To me the revelation will be fraught with pain. I must open and let loose the floodgates of my heart, hitherto so strongly barred. All these wild impulses, remembrances, and passionate recollections, now heaving and billowing and whirling in my heart, must be suffered to escape and roll forth over the dark future, and I shall then be more at ease. I will, at all events, think upon it. I went round the village this evening, and as I paced along every eye seemed fixed upon me. At first, I felt annoyed and provoked at the scrutiny to which I was subjected, and wondered what it could mean, until at last I recollected that I was a stranger among them, and that they could view me only as the proud, rich man, living in affluence, in splendour—but alone, while they were suffering from poverty. This recollection struck home to me, and smote my conscience with a severe pang.

Nov. 1st.—It was a bright, tempting winter morning, and I therefore determined upon a long, bracing walk. W—— was just five miles distant, and thither I directed my steps. The morning service in the chapel had just commenced as I entered.

Whatever may be the troubles that oppress me, I cease to feel their bitterness when in the house of God, and where religion is exercising its calm influence upon me. The outward world is then nothing to me; its turmoil, its busy, active spirit, its passions, its sorrows and its happiness, are all shut out when the church door closes behind me—I leave them in the background; I feel peace within my breast; I seem to commune continually with that Divine Being which so mysteriously encircles us whithersoever we move. I open my heart; I reveal secrets hidden from the gaze of anything mortal—yet do I not reveal them, since God knows all that is there, but I go and think, and ponder on his wisdom; and, as his all-searching power enters into my soul, it seems cleansed, and I go forth again a happier, and, I would fain hope, a better man.

Just as I entered the chapel, the anthem pealed forth melodiously; the richest voices ascended, blended with the notes of a powerful organ, up through the arched and sculptured roof towards heaven—now bursting forth into a strain of infinite grandeur, now sinking into a low, musical harmony, which swelled gently through the aisles, until it seemed to pervade the very air with a sound so soft, so gentle, that, as it gradually melted into silence, it seemed to summon our spirits into another world far away, where such music ever reigns. I felt overcome by strange sensations. All that is grand in the great fabric of religious economy seemed assembled round me: the sculptured roof arching itself over head, the moulding formed of the images of cherubim, the tall pillars, the painted window, the mellowed light, the gradual deepening of that light into a sort of twilight as it approached the altar, the dark oak carving, the deep music, finding an echo in every corner, all combined to charm my spirit. * * * * I remained until the service was over, and then returned home.

Nov. 2nd.—I stayed at home all day, looking over my papers, and reading letters, preparatory to writing the sketch of my life. In the evening, strolled out. The foggy air was chill and cold. An impenetrable black mass seemed to keep in the horizon, save where through a chink the red sun, sinking to rest, might be seen falling gradually down towards the earth. I was thinking, that were any one to attempt each night to describe that great luminary under the varied aspects it every day presents when setting, how beautiful a series of pictures might be thereby suggested. I have among my papers several descriptions of sunsets, and I think I shall collect them together some day, and contrast them.

Nov. 3rd.—I sat down to-night and took

* Continued from page 292.

up my pen, with the intention of beginning my history; but such is the weakness of my nature, I laid it aside again, and could not write one word.—I will to-morrow.

Nov. 4th.—Walked about the whole day, for the purpose of collecting my thoughts, and actually commenced my story; which I shall briefly sketch from the commencement, that those persons into whose hands this MS. falls may perfectly understand the events which caused me to be separated from the being I loved most of all that moved upon the earth.

Of my childhood I have but an imperfect recollection. It is distanced from me by many long years. I know that certain things did occur, but no continuous string of events presents itself. Scenes flit before me. Episodes in my life stand prominently forward from the dark background of the past. Incidents which, when they occurred, seemed of little importance, flash distinctly before my mind's eye, as though they were links connected with my subsequent history. I know that I was a wild, impetuous boy; that my father tried the effect both of kindness and severity in curbing my passionate impulses; and that my mother, with gentle firmness, steadily pursued one uniform course of discipline, which she hoped might have the effect of drawing me into the right course. But my perverse spirit refused to bend. I was the eldest of the family, I was heir to the estate, and my only brother and gentle sister often suffered from the effects of my violent temper. * * * Sister! what melancholy recollections are associated with her name. As often as I think upon the tender affection she bore towards *me*, and how I pained her unheeding, how I neglected her, until when summoned to her death-bed, I suddenly became awakened to all her past love—too late—too late. I feel as full a tide of grief sweeping over my heart as though I saw her bed yesterday, and * * *

Nov. 8th.—I have done nothing to my journal for the last few days. I heard a very excellent sermon this morning. In coming out of the church, I was extremely struck by the beauty of a little girl belonging to the charity school. She was about nine years of age, small and delicately formed, with a face of a pensive loveliness, more resembling that of the Madonna, as we imagine her to have been, than anything I ever saw. The mild yet full, blue eye, the delicate eyebrow, and long straight nose, the mouth of perfect symmetry, and the forehead shaded slightly by the snow-white cap, all combined to fix the gaze upon her. As I looked, I was also struck by the peculiar paleness of the whole countenance, and could not help thinking that she was not destined to be long upon earth. Not that her beauty made me think so, but there was, if I may so speak, such a heavenly expression in her eyes, such innocence seemed stamped upon her brow, that amongst the many different faces from which hers beamed forth, she appeared wholly out of place. I will inquire whose child she is, and notice her career—at least, as long as I am spared.

Nov. 9th.—I have been oppressed to-night with strange fancies. I do not think I have long to live. Such an eager desire is aroused in my heart to do everything at once, as it were—to set my affairs in order—to prepare my mind to quit this world.—Quit this world! Leave behind and see no more those treasures which I have so neglected. Yes, quit the earth, and behold no more the glad sun pouring forth its golden beams upon all nature, the green grass, the tall, waving trees, the woodland slopes, the murmuring streams, the deep flowing rivers, the glassy lakes, the autumn-tinted forests, the treasures of the spring, the dark hills, the spangled sky, the cheerful day, the sound of voices, and the society of men which I have shunned. Yes, I have shunned all these things while within my grasp, and now vain regrets oppress me when a warning voice tells me I must depart, and begone from scenes in which I have chosen to stand alone. An ever billowing sea of happiness has been rolling around me in the distance, I have heard its echoes in my solitude, I have listened to the merry laugh of childhood, and the singing of the glad birds has broken on my ear from afar, like the breaking of the murmuring waves on the pebbly shore in the solitude of night; but I have not gone forth to mingle in the joy, I have chosen to be unhappy, and have only discovered my error when too late. And who shall say I have not deserved my fate? No one could or ought to sympathise with me. Man's happiness or unhappiness in this world, in a great measure, depends upon himself. Circumstances may give a colouring to his life, may render him less happy—less happy, that is, in a worldly sense—but they cannot influence that inward joy which springs from the consciousness of having performed our duty,—not only that daily routine of duties which every man is required to perform, but our duty to God, to man, to ourselves. Had I my life to live over again, I should be much more capable of making myself happy. But regrets are useless; the past is now as nothing. I must and will exert myself in the future.

The National *v.* The Mirror.

"Une revue étrangère qui à bien voulu s'occuper des opinions politiques, litteraires, et scientifiques au *National*, avec une bien veillance dont nous devoirs la remercier. S'étonne grandement de l'attitude que nous avons prise dans la question du libre échange."
Le National.

The *National* is welcome to sneer at the surprise excited on this side of the channel, by its conduct in reference to the question of free trade, and to impute our interest in the progress, and our anxiety for the success of the doctrines of commercial liberty to sinister and selfish motives. Such accusations have been so constantly made from the same quarter, that now they fall unheeded on our ears, provoking—if anything—contempt instead of anger. "Perfide Albion, l'assassine de l'Inde et empoisonneuse de la Chine," is a stock joke with a facetious cotemporary, and an epithet too often and indiscriminately applied to have any point or sting for Englishmen. But, to venture to assert, as the *National* does assert, that it is at a loss to know on what article in its columns the charge of hostility to the principles of free trade was based (in THE MIRROR of last month), is a strange inconsistency, and positive insult to the memory and understanding of its readers. It is scarcely credible that a journal of such pretensions can be so lamely and carelessly conducted, as to be to-day in a state of unconscious ignorance of the opinions it promulgated and formularised yesterday; and doubts of the integrity of the paper are materially strengthened by the conciliatory language employed when speaking of free trade *per se*, for those who were ever crying

"Timeo Danaus et dona ferentes,"

have in turn taught us to suspect and to seek for the hidden motives which dictates conduct certainly very vacillating, and to all appearances, alike unmanly and dishonest.

Had the *National* openly and boldly averred that the translation was erroneous on which the charge referred to was founded, or was in fact a misinterpretation of its sentiments calculated to mislead the readers, it would have been the duty of the writer to have proved the truth of his translation, and correctness of the deductions, by placing the original before them. Such proof is, however, unnecessary; the *National* does not impugn his loyalty, only cannot understand from whence his inferences are drawn; which remarkable instance of dulness of comprehension on the part of a paper hitherto the most acute in penetrating even the secrets of cabinets, and in unveiling the intentions of diplomacy, coupled with the assumption of a character so foreign to its general one, argues the existence of an "arriére pénsée," deemed prudent to conceal. Those possessing an accurate knowledge of the character of the French press, and its subserviency to party—how each section of the Chamber has its organ—and how the individuals are compromised by the published opinions therein—will not be long in discovering the why and the wherefore of these proceedings. But for those not having such a knowledge, or accustomed to judge of foreign journals by "the only free press in Europe," it may be well to attempt an explanation, or at least to suggest a reason for the apparently inexplicable obtuseness of the cleverest edited paper in Paris.

The *National*—independent of the talent with which it is conducted—rests its claim to public attention on being the mouthpiece of the radical party, consequently is fully alive to the incompatibility of the professions of advocacy for liberty in all things "toujours et partout," with its furious and material opposition to "liberté des échanges." The "Gauche," and "extrème Gauche," can see at last, how ill and graceless will come from them, at the ensuing election, an appeal for support in furtherance of the liberal (?) policy to their different constituencies after this wanton betrayal of the truest and surest interest of the down-trod masses of France; and that this support and confidence of trust will be difficult to obtain from the people; who remember that their tongues have wagged the loudest in fierce denunciation of taxes which operated as restrictions on trade, and had the effect of withholding from any of God's creatures any of God's gifts; also, because such iniquitous impositions were forcibly levied, they repudiated the present organisation of society, wishing to substitute some Utopia of their own, and unhesitatingly proclaimed war, "even to the knife," against capitalists and large manufacturers, who were the staunchest defenders of the established order of things, and whom they accused of tyrannical oppression towards their dependents, and heartless cruelty for the sufferings of the working classes. The columns of the *National* re echoed these diatribes, while, at the same time, propounding the wildest schemes for freedom; which, if realised, would soon degenerate liberty into license. No theory of government, however impracticable, provided it was opposed to those of the present day, found disfavour in their sight. The most extravagant masquerading and exaggeration of democracy, in which the western world sometimes indulges, met with sympathy, nay even praise, from them and theirs; yet, when called on to practise what they preach, and assuage the sufferings of the poor, by taking this first step

towards equalising men and things, they refuse, because, forsooth, the doctrine was taught and the example set by a rival nation! Which reason was quoted in a former article on free trade in France, and originated the charge to which the *National* has now thought fit to reply, devoting two columns thereto, in exposition of its sentiments, and in vindication of its bearing towards free trade.

The radical party may, and will most probably, state that they have not betrayed the popular interests of the nation, since a large portion of the working-class, engaged in manufactures, is inimical to commercial liberty, and therefore the allegation is false and calumnious. That a number of workmen whose trade is especially protected, do dread the approach of any change which will bring them into more direct competition with the perseverance, skill, and energy of Englishmen, is correct, but not honourable to them, although complimentary to the Anglo Saxon race, who only ask for a "fair field, and no favour." These protected workmen are nothing more nor less than paupers, living on the tax wrung from the hard earned gains of the rest of the nation, and create much loss and more misery among their brethren by forcing them to purchase the worst articles, whereby they earn their sustenance, in the dearest market.

Aware, then, of the anomaly of its position, how puerile and baseless will appear the former cited arguments against free trade, even to the most rabid anti-Anglican citizen of France (if they be not directly interested in the maintenance of prohibitory tariffs), the *National* is anxious to assume a show of consistency; to reconcile, if possible, the former protestations with the present course of action, and to explain to subscribers why it is leagued with ancient foes; wherefore banded with those hitherto denounced in most unmeasured terms, as the greatest enemies of the nation and of humanity—the monopolists of trade and commerce. But to do this, it was quite unnecessary to strive to forget the honour of a former article, or to impute misrepresentation to those who believed its professions of sympathy with the people to be hollow, and the attack on free traders unprincipled and insidious.

In order to give the *National* a fair hearing, as well as to prevent further insinuations of misstatement or misconception of its opinions and behaviour in this question, the writer—also, that his readers may judge for themselves as to the truth of the charge of hostility to the principles of free trade—lays before them an almost literal translation of that portion of the reply which is more particularly intended to be a vindication of its opposition to the naturalisation of free trade in France, and of its strictures on those who really wish well to France, and sincerely desire to see her take, if not the initiative, or lead, in the van and front of civilisation, at least to occupy a respectable position therein, one befitting her political, commercial, and intellectual rank among the nations of the earth.

"Let no one accuse us, then, of an inconsequence of which we are not guilty. Our political ideal—it is the map of Europe remade according to the wishes of the families of nations; it is the ultimate union of these families composing the united states of the old continent; a strong and sainted union, which the communion of ideas and of principles will cement, and of which free trade is the natural result and sanction. Thrice in France, since Henry IV, have the free exchange and circulation of agricultural and "industriel" productions been attempted—not in Europe, but in the territory of the kingdom. These attempts failed. The barriers which edicts sought to overthrow, fell not. The provinces struggled for their privileges, and all the force of the central power was wrecked by the local resistance. But why, if it was not because the French union was not yet constituted, neither by laws, manners, nor ideas? Interests are not sufficient to create a perfect union. Far from it; they are by their nature even, diverse, opposed, often hostile. But when the powerful hand of the revolution had remade the map of the interior (of France), effaced provinces, assimilated opinions; when the law was one, and equality appeared to be guaranteed against the abuse of liberty; then, there was no need to break down the barriers; they fell by themselves. Exchange was complete, circulation met with no obstacles, and the community of principle brought about the conciliation of interests.

"This example explains both our opinion on commercial liberty, and our distrust in those who have proclaimed rather obstinately, according to us, the impracticable application of a theory based alone on material interests."

The reader will perceive the *National* commences the defence by stating its political ideal to be "the map of Europe remade," or, in other words, a complete revolution; and those who know the true animus of the paper, how hyperbolically is concealed beneath the cloak of universal love of man, and anxious wishes for his advancement, as violent a desire of conquest and propagande as ever excited a Louis Quatorze or a Napoleon to the desolation of the Palatinate, or to wholesale sacrifice of human life amidst the steeps of Russia, which even now finds apologists or panegyrists among the quasi-liberals—will give such weight to this grandiloquent fustian as

it deserves. They will recognise the same captious spirit of self-conceit ever ready to interfere, and to take offence without pretext, that won for them, from their witty and penetrating countryman, the unenviable title of "Monkeys and Tigers."

Europe, for the nonce, has had enough of Gallic map-making, and the weaker ones of the family of nations have learnt to their bitter cost, the experience and nationalisation tendencies of French protection—the utter selfishness of their sympathy. "The map of Europe remade according to the wishes of the family of nations" (that is, after the ideal of the *National*), would be to give France the Mediterranean for a lake, the Rhine as a boundary on one side, while the ocean, and the ocean only, should bathe its other confines. "The strong and sainted union" would be the empire dreamed of by Napoleon, in which all roads should lead to Paris, and all interests become identified with those of France; and is what the *National* means, if truth were spoken; for it calls loudly for the free exchange and free circulation of all things within the *territory of France*, so that to clothe its real aspiration with so flimsey a garment, is an insult to the understanding and recollection of Europe.

But enough of this "idéal politique." The arguments of the *National*, adduced in defence of its factious opposition to free-trade, are not more logical than is its cosmopolitan love, genuine, and altogether unworthy the school-boy student of history, or merest tyro in political economy. What indeed to the men of the present age are the failures of their fathers who lived and died centuries ago beyond being a matter of historical regret? Because the central power then was unable to effect the reform of contemporary abuses, and too weak to contend with distant and almost independent provinces, or to check an evil which cut both ways, are we not to seek to overcome the difficulties our ancestors could not surmount? Strange doctrine of morality indeed to be held forth in this age—when man by his genius and energy hath annihilated time and space—and that too by a journal which advocates progressive improvement and the re-modelling of the map of Europe. Or, because the French are unable to correct faults of their government which may or may not be vicious and injurious to themselves, is it dignified or honest for the friends of liberty to recommend to the people not only a stationary attitude of non-interference but positive opposition to the abandoning of a system of domestic and foreign policy, fraught with evil and danger to all classes, and above all things pregnant with fearful misery to the poorer and consequently the weaker members of society.

Again the *National* is singularly unhappy and mistakes the means for the end. "Free trade is *not*" the natural result and sanction of that strong and sainted union which the communion of ideas and of principles will cement, "but *vice versâ*;"* and it is preposterous to imagine the latter can exist in reality among the family of nations for one instant if each member thereof seeks independence from the rest, and as near an isolation of interests as is possible to be achieved. So long as nations choose to erect artificial barriers between themselves for the sole profit of a class without regard for the ill consequences which necessarily ensue to the majority, both at home and abroad—and refuse to accept the surplus fruits of foreign labour, or to allow the free exchange between all the children of the earth of the different productions wherewith their common mother hath rewarded days of toil in bounteous plenty, according to the peculiar clime and nature of their fatherland—so long as those who should be the leaders of the people and first to correct erroneous ideas of self-government and waywardness of inclination do on the contrary encourage and foster the monstrous fallacy of "national protection for national labour,"—so long will rancourous feelings, envy, hatred, and malice animate the victims of this delusion, and instigate the committal of acts of cruelty and inhumanity.

Until human nature is changed, or rather until men become superhuman, they will not live together in community of principles and assimilation of opinions, "if their interests are averse, opposed, and often hostile." The latter are the effects of which protection is the cause, and if the *National* really desiderates a better state of society than the actual one, it must lend a willing hand to the universal adoption of free trade which will for ever extinguish those hothouse and jarring interests the veritable source of evil to the world—by assigning to each race or class its natural part for the cultivation of the talent given. But the *National* would appear to have no such wish, for it says further on with all the bombast and ignorance imaginable of the tendencies of commercial liberty—

"Suppose that free trade produced to

* In this opinion the writer is strengthened and amply borne out by an article which appeared in the *Times* of the 21st ult., subsequent to the writing of this paper, and which he quotes with pleasure, as being an authority as impartial as it is powerful: "The restrictions universally deemed indispensable to the growth and productiveness of infant commerce, coupled with the distracting effects of religious schisms, considerably checked that general intercourse of nations which anciently existed to a greater extent than is generally conceived."

the French consumer a yearly saving of thirty, forty, or fifty millions; to obtain this advantage it will be necessary to paralyse the general action of the state, to constrain the liberty of her political preferences, injure her greatness, compromise one day her means of defence, unite with the strong and sacrifice the weak, strike some blow at the expansion of her ideas, at her particular alliances, in short at the mission of our people in the bosom of Europe, men with the slightest instincts either of power or democracy would never consent to it. Material interests should be subordinate to politics, they do not command them. Policy is more comprehensive, and embraces all the forces of a country; it has a past, a future, a territory to preserve, a propagande to exercise, suffering nations to emancipate. It does not unite with "grands producteurs" so far as to wipe away an affront sooner than appeal to arms, nor create such intimate relations with Austria as to be unable to offer one day a hand to Italy, neither associate its commerce so closely with that of England as not to have the power of quarrelling with her without causing a frightful perturbation in the organic existence of the country. Yes, commercial liberty may be big with all the benefits you (free-traders) ascribe to it, which, however, must be sacrificed to those supreme interests which constitute the wealth of a great nation."

Who, after reading the above quotation, can disbelieve in the hostility of the *National* to the principles of free trade, in spite of the pompous declaration that commercial liberty "est fille des ces idées," or can imagine it has the slightest conception of the tendencies of free trade, which certes will not cause the abasement of one nation to the exaltation of another, for it is the means whereby these mischiefs will be prevented and the forerunner of freedom, the voice crying in the wilderness of human passions, make straight the path and prepare the way for the gospel of peace and good will to all men.

In conclusion, a word of friendly and well-meant advice to the *National*, who in this discussion has not evinced the loyalty and sound sense its conduct on the Spanish marriage led us to expect. If the paper be anxious to maintain its former standing among Frenchmen, and to redeem its character in the eyes of Europe, let it honestly and openly avow the notable error of enmity to free trade, let its conductors make instant reparation (the only one within their power) by lending the full force of their powerful and acknowledged genius to the furtherance of the doctrines of commercial liberty.

L. S.

Prevalence of Wars in Former Times.

BY W. A. MACKINNON, ESQ., M.P.*

In our inquiries as to the extent of civilisation in several parts of the world, it may not be irrelevant to take a concise survey of the destruction of the human species by each other, not only in the benighted and barbarous times of old, but in the middle ages, and even in later days; to consider not alone the terrific waste of man's life by the sword, but by the hardships of war, and by the other fearful results, famine and pestilence.

This fearful agency has been in operation almost from the creation of the world to the present time, amongst all nations, and in all varieties of climate; wherever, in short, the elements of civilisation have been unknown. To this continued warfare may be attributed, in some degree, the non-appearance of civilisation for so many centuries. How degrading is the reflection that, in a state of barbarism, men should have destroyed each other with greater ferocity and thirst of blood than any other animal in the creation!

"How far nature would have carried us," says Burke, speaking of war, "we may judge from the example of those animals that still follow her laws, and even of those to whom she has given dispositions more fierce, and arms more terrible, than ever she intended we should use. It is a fact, that more havoc is made by men of men in one year, than has been made by lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, and all other beasts of prey upon the several species since the beginning of the world, though these agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater proportion of rage and fury in their composition than we have. But with respect to you, ye arbitrary and ambitious potentates, with respect to you be it spoken, you have done more mischief in cold blood, than all the rage of the fiercest animals, in their greatest terrors or furies, have ever done or ever could do to each other" (Burke's "View of Society," vol. i).

Two tribes of savages, ignorant of tillage, in a barren island or confined space, may find it impossible to subsist together. The weakest, consequently, is destroyed. Where populations have increased, we learn that in ancient days they poured down in resistless numbers on less powerful tribes, and destroyed, plundered, and laid waste all that was within their reach. Such were the Asiatic wars, those of Rome against Carthage, and various conquests, in which the entire wealth of the conquered populations was seized, and their

* From "History of Civilisation," vol. ii.

persons reduced to slavery. Looking over the annals of Europe for the last ten centuries, what a system of spoliation, warfare, and horror do they exhibit! the fierce and ignorant masses that poured from the West into the East, led by superstition and desire of conquest, must, in the various Crusades, have caused much misery to friends and foes; but the Crusaders themselves probably suffered equal if not greater hardships and privations than those whom they attacked. Audaciously carrying the banner of Him who came to announce "Peace on earth and good will towards men," half a million of human beings, without order or discipline, supply of food, or means of purchasing provisions, traversed the greater part of Europe, and descended like a swarm of locusts, on regions where they found enemies rendered wild by fear of conquest and mad by superstition. This, assuredly, was not the way to spread the glad tidings of redemption among nations.

As remarked in the early pages of this work, nearly the last territorial conquests, in western Europe, was that of this island by William of Normandy. Eight centuries have passed over the world since that event; and what a destruction of human life has taken place in the continental wars of Europe!—what a neglect of industry, of commerce!—in short, what a check to the growth of civilisation has occurred without the least concomitant advantage arising to the parties by whom it was carried on!—what a picture does this present of morality—what a tardy advance in civilisation! How gloomy the retrospect, how degrading to the wisdom, foresight, and prudence of mankind! Well and truly has one of our writers (Dr. Samuel Johnson) observed, "Man, like the beast of prey, will destroy his fellow man for his own purpose." The most singular result, however, is that, except in those contests which have taken place between nations for some commercial advantage, much greater loss and expense has been incurred by each belligerent party, than could possibly be counterbalanced by any advantage gained over their opponents.

Can any one reflect, without regret, on the wretchedness occasioned by the contests between France and England within the last six hundred years, and not perceive the check thereby given to improvement and civilisation? Even one of the main promoters of hostilities which were unavoidable, thus expresses himself on the subject:—

"France and Britain," said Mr. Pitt, "by their past conduct, acted as if they were intended for the destruction of each other; but I hope the time is now come when they shall justify the order of the universe, and show themselves better calculated for the more amicable purposes of friendly intercourse and mutual benevolence." (Speech on French Treaty.)

"I will own," says Burke, "there is a haughtiness and fierceness in human nature which will cause innumerable broils; but I still insist on charging it to bad political regulations that these broils are so frequent, so cruel, and attended with consequences so deplorable.

"It is no less worthy of remark, that the separation of mankind into distinct communities has been a perpetual source of hatred and dissension. Examine history, consult present and past experiences, and you find that far the greater part of the quarrels between several nations, though excited by their rulers, had scarcely any cause than that each nation had different combinations of people, and spake another language. All empires have been cemented in blood, and in those early periods when the race of mankind first began to separate and form themselves, the first effect of their combination, and the end they had in view, was mutual destruction."

Exhibiting the state of society since the commencement of the world, the same writer adds, "For the sake of a general view, I shall lay together all those actually slain in battles, or who have perished in a no less miserable manner by the other destructive consequences of war in the four quarters of the world, from its beginning to this day. I have not particularised and need not mention how much of these butcheries are only expressed in generals, what part of time history has never reached, and what vast spaces of the habitable globe it has not embraced. I need not enlarge on those torrents of blood which have glutted the thirsty sands of Africa, or discoloured the polar snow, or fed the forests of America, for so many ages of continual warfare; nor shall I inflame the account by those general massacres which have devoured whole cities and nations, those wasting pestilences, those consuming famines, and all those furies that follow in the train of war. I have no need to exaggerate. I have purposely avoided a parade of eloquence on the occasion: I should despise it on such a topic; else, in mentioning these slaughters, it is obvious how much the whole might be heightened by an affecting description of the horrors that attend the wasting of kingdoms, and sacking of cities. I do not write to the vulgar, nor to that which only governs the vulgar—their passions. I go to a naked and moderate calculation just enough, without a pedantic exactness, to give some feeling of the effects of political society, want of civilisation, and bad government.

"The numbers I particularise are about

thirty-six millions in a century, including those killed in battle and by the consequences of war. I have said something, not half what the subject justified, concerning these consequences of war, even more dreadful than the monstrous carnage itself, which shocks our humanity and almost staggers our belief. Now, taking the destruction of mankind by each other to this time to have existed for fifty centuries; the calculation made for the first period, which I think is not unreasonable in making up for the deficiencies, will be two thousand millions. I think the number of men now upon the earth are computed at five hundred millions at the most. Here the slaughter of mankind by each other, on what you may call a small calculation, amounts to upwards of four times the number of souls this day on the globe, a point which may furnish matter of reflection to those even little inclined to draw consequences from facts. I insist on charging it to [false] political regulations that these wars have been so frequent, so cruel, and attended with consequences so deplorable."

We here see what mankind has suffered from bad institutions or want of civilisation. In lamenting the destruction of human life, a hint only is given of the other, perhaps worse consequence of these wars—the millions that have thereby been in barbarous ages reduced to a merciless slavery. But these were only the ceremonies performed in the porch of the political temple; much more horrid rites were seen as you enter it. The several governments, in ages let us hope, far gone by, vied with each other in the absurdity of their laws and in the oppression which they made their subjects endure.

In the days of the ancients the prosecution of war was far more advantageous than in more modern times. The Greek republic attacked their neighbours, spoiled them of their property, and reduced the conquered population to a state of slavery. The Romans, in their flourishing days, followed a similar system. The northern tribes, which desolated the beautiful plains of Italy, did much the same. William the Norman, when, at the head of his troops, he became master of England, imitated these examples, though in a more insidious manner. With less violence, but greater cunning, his followers and himself divided the land, and his code of laws reduced the natives to a state nearly bordering on slavery.

During the course of the middle ages, however, and at later periods, the system of warfare in Europe, particularly since the use of gunpowder, has been carried on at a greater expense and less profit when waged by one European nation against another.

In our history, if we look at the several attempts made by our monarchs on France even when they acquired considerable possessions in that country, we find greater expense incurred than advantage gained by the people of England from this occupation. The absurd attack of Henry VIII on Boulogne impoverished the English people without leading to any advantage whatever. The unprincipled invasion of Holland by Louis XIV, brought on a series of wars that drove that monarch and his people to great difficulties, and at length forced him and his courtiers to part even with their plate and various articles of luxury without any single concomitant benefit. The usurpation of the Spanish crown by Napoleon, and his subsequent invasion of Russia, drained France not only of men and treasure to a vast amount, but brought in return the attack of the allies on Paris.

It will appear, on reflection, that since the great change and vast improvement that has taken place, in the art of war, by which warfare is more expensive than formerly, the chance of success is turned in favour of that nation possessed of most wealth. There is scarcely a single instance of a war undertaken by two nations in Europe, either by land or sea, in which the expenses incurred by each party have not far exceeded the worth of the proposed object. In former times wars might be flagitious, but were attended with advantages to the conquerors; in modern times, wars are both flagitious and silly, as we repeat, that both the belligerents, if European nations, are nearly certain of incurring greater loss and inconvenience than they can by any possibility make good from their opponents.

But let us dwell no longer on this distressing theme. Such is and has been the result in those countries where natural religion without the aid of revelation has been followed, or where the precepts of revelation, though apparent, have been disregarded.

Piquillo Alliaga;*

OR, THE

MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SCRIBE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONCLUSION.

The next event of importance in the history of Piquillo Alliaga was the sudden decease of his mother, who on her death-bed

* We have often had occasion to reprobate French novels, as diffusing immorality, we now do so because, in the present instance, the romance of Piquillo

declared Delascar d'Alberic his father, and Yezid therefore his brother. In search of the wealthy Moor he left Madrid, and entered Valentia, meeting Juan Baptista on his way disguised as an alguazil. Arrived at Delascar's palace, and after meeting Pedralvi, he is received hospitably by the Moor, who at once, on producing his papers, recognises him as his son.

This great event thus satisfactorily settled, he returns towards Madrid, falls into the hands of the bandit Balseiro, then into those of the bishop Ribeira, who treats him as a heretic, and sends him to the prison of Aigador, a fortified convent.

Meanwhile, for the purposes of the countess d'Altamira and the duke d'Uzeda, it was thought desirable to provide the king with a mistress, who should be a pliable tool; and a Jesuit, Father Escobar, is employed to teach the weak-minded king that such a sin is venial. The choice falls on Carmen, and this innocent girl is made the devoted victim. But the difficulty is to induce the king to make a selection. Carmen and Ferdinand, ignorant of the infamous plot, meet as an affianced couple, though the love of Ferdinand is plainly given to Aixa, whom he believes to love Piquillo; while, in reality, her heart is given to the young noble, during whose absence the king is taken incognito to visit the pavilion occupied by Carmen and Aixa, with the latter of whom he falls in love, she believing him to be Don Augustin, a cousin of Carmen's. Aixa not being of rank suitable to appear at court, and the duke de Lerma seeing the necessity of providing the king with a mistress, in order to preserve his position, induces a rebel, the Duke de Santarem, to offer her his hand, when, as duchess, she would be entitled to appear at court.

Piquillo, meanwhile, is taken to Aigador, where, in a cell, he is taken care of, and great efforts made to induce him to conform to the holy Catholic faith. Fair means are at first used, and then at the end of thirty days he is threatened with flogging by a gigantic priest, Acalpuco, whom, however, he bribes with his bottle of wine and three reals a-day to abstain. This lasted some time, when, on a visit paid by the archbishop to the convent, Pedralvi gets in in disguise, and assists Piquillo to escape.

He rejoins Aixa, nominally duchess of Santarem, and his (Piquillo's) sister—the two being the children of Delascar; the marriage ceremony is all but over, when Don Ferdinand arrives at the chateau, and challenges the duke, who agrees to meet him; but, in the meantime, is killed by Yezid. A particularly-involved imbroglio follows. Yezid is taken and escapes. Juan Baptista passes himself off for the duke; is discovered, taken, and escapes; Piquillo is also captured and also flies.

On his way to Madrid our unfortunate hero, pursued without mercy by the Inquisition, is forced to take refuge in the convent of which Escobar is chief. Here, by a series of infernal acts, forgery and falsehood being unsparingly used, he is induced —as he supposes to save the life of Aixa and Yezid—to become a monk. At the very moment of his having taken the vows, the king's order for his release comes. It is too late. Piquillo is a monk and remains by force in the convent. During his residence here he becomes aware of an infernal plot to poison Aixa, and then escapes in disguise, to fall only into the hands of the Inquisition, Liberated, he flies to court, informs the king that a plot is aimed at Aixa's life; and Lerma, that his son is conspiring his overthrow; in reward of which, he becomes queen's almoner. He then informs the countess d'Altamira that her terrible designs are known; but the poison intended for Aixa is taken by the queen, who dies, after owning her love for Yezid, to himself, in her chapel. The conspirators, aware of the mistake, accuse the duke de Lerma of the assassination, and thus redoubled efforts are made to induce the king to issue an edict against the Moors He resists, being persuaded thereto by his love for Aixa, with whom he wishes to contract a left-handed marriage. She refuses and escapes by sea; the edict is issued: the Moors rise in arms; the duke de Lerma is overthrown, and the story thus returns to Aixa, on board the ship which is bearing her from Spain, and which is attacked by pirates.

Juanita was ascending the cabin stairs when the uproar was created amongst the sailor. She hurried down again, calling loudly for Pedralvi. The Moorish maidens clung round their mistress on hearing the horrible yells of the banditti, who were rummaging every box and trunk upon deck. The few unarmed Moors in the cabin endeavoured to barricade the entrance, but such a precaution was vain, for Juan Baptista soon forced his way through with an axe, and the bandits rushed down, yelling out their leader's name as a war-cry.

Aixa, when she heard it, shuddered, and felt a mortal chill run through her veins.

"God of our fathers!" exclaimed d'Alberic, "take my life, but save my daughter, at least, from dishonour."

"Compose yourself," said Aixa, firmly,

Alliaga is very much in the way of our arrangements for the new year, and is also, as it goes on, intolerably dull. We have therefore solved the Gordian knot by cutting it, and present our readers with the substance of the last French novel which will ever fill our pages.

"I shall not fall into their hands alive. There are still means of defending my honour," and she pressed convulsively a small crystal flask in her hand.

Fearful shouts and groans were then heard as the bandits were murdering the Moorish servants on board, who attempted to resist. The troop ransacked the hold first, and were greatly disappointed at discovering no treasure on board. They, however, on removing the cargo, pereeived that the vessel was leaking in many places, and proceeded to throw the useless baggage overboard. Baptista, in the meantime, had forced his way into the cabin, and stood with an infernal smile on his countenance, gazing at Aixa.

"Ah! ah!" said he. "We are not now in the chateau de Santarem. Old man, you can, however, offer us a ransom worthy of yourself and us."

D'Alberic made no answer, but pressed his daughter convulsively to his heart.

"Ah! so you are silent. Well, comrade, let us seize the only treasures they could not conceal from us. I give them up to you, and will only reserve one to myself.," He sprang forward as he spoke, but Delascar placed himself before his daughter, and covered her with his person. The bandit raised his terrible axe. Aixa cast herself at his feet, but the glittering weapon was buried in the old man's brain, and his blood spouted over his daughter's person. At that moment a tremendous shock was felt all over the vessel as if she had struck upon a bank or a rock. Every one stood motionless in terror, and a dead silence succeeded the frighful tumult which had been reigning. The boom of a cannon was then distinctly heard. The first shot went through the mainmast, and brought it down by the board.

A fast-sailing vessel had been long watching the San Lucar, and having signalled in vain, for a very sufficient reason, she fired into her just as she had struck on a bank. Juan Baptista, on rushing upon deck, at once perceived the strange sail to be a man-of-war, and finding that there was not much to be gained by fighting, he summoned his crew on deck, and, pointing to the rapidly approaching boats, he shouted out, "Every man save himself!" and sprang into the sea. The crew followed his example, and being only a short distance from the coast they got safely ashore near to Estepona, and passing by Malaga, Grenada, and New Castile, they took up their position in Arragon, prepared for any new enterprise. The strange sail proved to be the Vera Cruz, commanded by Don Lopez de Sylva, who hastened to render the duchess and her companions all the assistance in his power. They were not long on board the king's ship before a violent storm arose and drove them off the coast of Spain. After being tossed about at sea for a considerable period, the wind changed, and the captain was enabled to land Aixa at Valencia. But how much was the place altered since she was there last! Her father was no more; and her brother in arms in the mountains; Don Ferdinand, her betrothed, even fighting against her brother.

Aixa soon discovered that no refuge remained for her in Valencia, her father's house having been burned to the ground. She decided upon joining Carmen at Pampeluna, to which place she very readily received a safe conduct. The viceroy wrote to the king a full account of what had occurred, and that letter was the one which discomposed him so much in council. He suddenly interrupted the duke d'Uzeda, and announced his intention of proceeding to Pampeluna on a visit. Yezid, in the meantime, found his troops without provisions, and surrounded on all sides. He determined to descend the mountain on that side defended by Don Ferdinand. When he reached the enemy's lines a parley was sounded, and a general capitulation offered and granted on the following terms, viz., the lives of the insurgents to be spared, and the whole of them to be shipped for France, from the port of Alfaques. Two-thirds of the Moors were immediately marched to that sea-port, whilst the feeble, maimed, and infirm were left in the Spanish camp, as well as their general, Yezid.

On the arrival of the new inquisitor, Ribeira, with Don Mexia's division of the army, he ordered Yezid and Don Ferdinand to be arrested and sent to the Inquisition, while the Moors were forwarded to Valencia, to form a spectacle in church ceremonies. Pedralvi made his escape, and communicated the above intelligence to Piquillo, who hastened to the king to make an appeal in favour of his brethren. The consequence was, that a courier was despatched with a royal order to Ribeira, to send Don Ferdinand and Yezid to Pampeluna, to be at the disposal of government. Ribeira hastened to Pampeluna himself, where, under the instigation of the countess d'Altamira, he opened a furious denunciation against the abbess of the convent of Annonciades, for harbouring infidels. The murmurs of the people were excited, and the countess fanned the flame of fanaticism, through the medium of Latone, the valet, and Juan Baptista, whom her servant had bribed.

On the king's arrival in Pampeluna, it was with great difficulty that Piquillo could prevent him from immediately visiting Aixa. Philip at length consented that Piquillo should go to the convent and break the subject of marriage to her. As

he was about to set out on that mission, a broad glare of light was observable from an elevated portion of the town; and shouts, screams, and menaces rolled nearer and louder upon the breeze. Then a bell was rung, and immediately answered by all the steeples in the city, whilst the drums beat the alarm. The king anxiously inquired, what was the matter? and was informed, to his horror, that the convent of the Annonciades had been set on fire. He uttered a cry of agony, and fell back into his chair in nervous trepidation. He looked in vain for his confessor, for Piquillo had rushed out at the first alarm. An attack had been made upon the convent by a mob, headed by Juan Baptista, who demanded the heretic Moors to be delivered up to them. Carmen, attended by all the nuns, came fearlessly to the gate, and boldly refused to sacrifice those whom she was bound to protect.

"Cursed will he be on earth, and cursed in heaven," said she, "who attempts to violate the sanctity of this convent." The people drew back in alarm, leaving Baptista and his band alone at the gate. The bandit finding himself deserted, swore that if he dare not cross the sacred threshold, he would make the infidels within leave it. Hastening to a neighbouring forge, numerous brands were lighted, and cast burning on the roof and against the walls of the fragile wooden pile of building, which instantly became ignited, the flames spreading in all directions. Alliaga, whose coolness was as remarkable as the alarm of others, ordered all the familiars of the Holy Office to hasten to the scene of conflagration, and commanded the armed citizens to follow them. The nuns were freely permitted to pass through the crowd, but every person recognised as a Mooress was driven back into the flames and consumed by them. Suddenly a young girl rushed from the centre building, which was being invaded by the flames. The crowd instantly shouted, "Back, heretic, back into the flames!" The alarmed creature, with disordered dress and scattered hair, rushed unconsciously into the arms of a man who seemed waiting in the front of the mob to receive her. It was Juan Baptista, who burst into a triumphant laugh, exclaiming: "It is the fair Juanita!" and raised her up for the purpose of hurling her into the flames. At that very instant the captain felt the cold steel penetrate his side, and Juanita escaped from him, only to be seized by another of the bandits; who, however, in turn, fell mortally wounded. A stranger then grasped Juanita in his arm, and fought his way through the furious crowd. It was Pedralvi saving his beloved.

Piquillo at that moment arrived, holding the cross in his hand. At the entrance of the convent he found Baptista, crying for help, whom he instantly caused to be removed to the Inquisition.

Presently the crowd were electrified, on seeing a monk and a gaily dressed officer boldly entering the burning convent, and passing amidst the flames, from room to room, in search of any living object. The monk soon appeared on the hot crumbling wall, bearing Aixa in his arms; whilst Don Fernando, for it was he, rushed forth bearing Carmen safe into the court; where the two friends had no sooner arrived than the whole of the tottering edifice fell, with a thundering crash, to the ground.

Aixa and Yezid were arrested by the Inquisition, and confined for trial and execution; but Piquillo's influence was such, that their liberation was effected, and he himself vested with the functions of Grand Inquisitor, Ribeira having been killed in an *émeute*. Piquillo's first exercise of power was to have the perfidious Countess d'Altamira, the poisoner, the regicide, and incendiary, brought to trial and condemned to death. Juan Baptista, the descendant of the Dukes of Santarem, was, as Gongarello had predicted, first hanged, and his body consumed by the flames.

Aixa and Yezid reached the ruined home of their father, where the latter secured their remaining wealth, and transported it to France; but he was destined to lose a far more valuable treasure in his sister, whose health gradually gave way under so many shocks, and at length she fell into a hopeless consumption. Aixa, finding herself fast sinking, summoned Don Fernando and Carmen to her death-bed, two days previous to that on which it was intended to make the latter abbess. She explained her wishes to both, and announced to these afflicted friends her rapidly approaching end. Piquillo, Yezid, Juanita, and Pedralvi were summoned in haste:

"Make haste, Piquillo, make haste!" said the dying Aixa, "and unite these two, before me as a witness—make haste, for life is fast ebbing away."

Piquillo sobbed aloud, as if his heart would burst; but recovering his courage, when Aixa whispered in his ear, "I shall only, like you, Piquillo, have belonged to Heaven!" he arose with dignity, pronounced the marriage service, and exclaimed: "In the name of Heaven, and of that angel, you two are united!"

A voice was heard muttering, in dying accents:

"Father! Father! bless them. Receive me, Father! I come—I come." And the lovely and high-souled Aixa passed away for ever.

Yezid, Pedralvi, and their companions, exiled themselves from their fatherland

and settled in France, at Pau, where the latter was married to Juanita, and all of them lived in the enjoyment of abundant wealth. Gongarello, the barber, soon joined them, and opened a magnificent shop in the town, which became the resort of all loungers. Don Fernando was presented with a daughter, in due time, whom Carmen named Aixa. On its birthday, a magnificent set of diamonds were mysteriously placed on its couch, labelled "Aixa's diamonds."

Don Fernando played an important part during the succeeding reign, and filled the highest offices of the state.

Alliaga, having performed the last honours to his beloved sister, returned to Madrid, to console the king, whom he found completely prostrated by the loss of Aixa. Piquillo never lost sight of the great aim of his existence, and, to the honour and prosperity of Spain, he succeeded in having the mischievous edict against the Moors repealed. Philip III died the victim of etiquette. He was suffocated by the noxious fumes of an overheated stove, which the gentlemen of the bedchamber dared not extinguish in the absence of the nobleman whose duty it was to attend to it. After the king's death, Alliaga's career at court terminated; not so, however, his sacred mission on behalf of the Moors, which he perseveringly followed out during the succeeding reign. We felt inclined to continue his eventful life; but, no doubt, many of our readers will think that Piquillo Alliaga has existed long enough already.

Life Assurance.

It is our intention, during the progress of the next volume of "THE MIRROR," to enter clearly and succinctly upon various questions connected with life assurance; such as an historical account of tables; mode of effecting life assurances; account of the different systems of life assurance, &c. We now, however, briefly and simply lay before the reader some account of one or two offices which come within the letter A, as to avoid being invidious we have selected the alphabetical as our only safeguard. The first is

THE ALLIANCE.

A Life and Fire Assurance Company, having its offices in Bartholomew Lane, London. Its capital is Five Millions sterling, while amongst its Board of Direction we have Samuel Gurney, Esq., Sir Moses Monteriore, F.R.S., Sir E. N. Buxton, Bart., Sir R. Campbell, Bart., Thomas Masterman, Esq., Lionel N. De Rothschild, Esq., &c. &c. Its bankers are Messrs. Barnet, Hoares, & Co. It is not of very recent formation, having been established in March, 1824. The following inducements are held out in the prospectus:—"Persons effecting Assurances with the Alliance Company, enjoy the following important advantages:

"1. Perfect Security.—The large capital, and nearly one thousand shareholders composing the company, render the security presented to the public undoubted.

"2. Moderate premiums of Assurance.—The rates of the premiums of assurance, for the greater part of life, will be found lower than those in use in many of the older and most respectable offices. The premiums of assurance on fire are the same as those which are demanded by the first class of assurance companies.

"3. Participation of profits by the assured, both in life and fire.—The profits of the life department, appropriated every five years, are applied either to the reduction of the rate of the future premium to be paid on the policy, or to the increase of the sum assured on the life, as is most agreeable to the assured; the party to make his choice at the time the proposition for assurance is made. The profits of the fire department appropriated to the assured are distributed at the close of each successive period of five years, in the form of a per-centage on the premiums which have been paid.

"4. Parties who obtain the settlement of losses from fire are not thereby deprived of their right to participate in the profits of the company.

"5. Losses by Lightning are made good."

Its fire department is divided into three divisions:—1. Common assurances, at one shilling and sixpence per cent. per annum. 2. Hazardous assurances, at two shillings and sixpence per cent. per annum. 3. Doubly hazardous assurances, at four shillings and sixpence per cent. per annum: a detailed account being given of what are included in each separate division.

In the life department, full information is given in the clear and lucid prospectus of the company, of which Mr. Pocock says:

"Mixed company.—A large proprietary capital pledged for the security of the assured.

"Moderate premiums of assurance.

"The profits of the life department appropriated every five years, and applied either to the reduction of the future premium to be paid on the policy, or to the increase of the sum assured on the life; the party to make his choice at the time the proposition for assurance is made.

"Claims payable in three months after proof of death."

The Active and Agricultural not having

as yet sufficient data for, we must postpone until next month, as also the Albion and Anchor. The next, therefore, is

THE ALFRED.

This company, in a pamphlet of forty pages, containing the report of the quinquennial meeting, held on the 19th August, 1846, states, in connexion with its history, the following facts, which are curious and satisfactory:—

"In the life department, the total number of policies issued is 703, the amount assured by them being 606,556*l.* Of these there have lapsed, by decease of the lives assured, the remarkably small number of 13, the claims under which have amounted to no more than 10,250*l.* Of the existing policies, a careful valuation has been made, and a rigorous estimate formed of the society's contingent and reversionary property, and of its various other assets, and after reserving an ample fund to provide for future liabilities, the directors are enabled to declare a dividend or bonus on the proprietors' capital of 12 per cent. on the amount of capital paid up. The proportion of surplus allotted to the assured in this association is large, and the additions to be made to the assurances are consequently very considerable. Thus, the addition to a policy for 2,000*l.*, effected in 1839 on a life then aged 24, will be 238*l.* To a policy for 3,000*l.*, effected in the same year on a life then aged 30, 340*l.*; and to one for 5,000*l.*, on a life then 29, 539*l.* 16s. These additions will be found to approach to nearly 65 per cent. on the premiums paid, and are, the directors believe, as large, if not larger, than any office, *cæteris paribus*, has hitherto been able to afford, a circumstance partly attributable to the very low rate of mortality which has prevailed amongst the assured, and partly to the great economy with which the office has been conducted."

The offices of this company are, 7 Lothbury; and its general title is, "The Alfred Home and Foreign Life Assurance and Mutual Annuity Association." Among its directors and trustees are:—Sir David Scott, Bart., Samuel Bosanquet, Esq., Lieut. Colonel Tulloch, and the Hon. Eliot T. Yorke, M.P. Its surgeon is, Alexander Shaw, Esq., 23 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square; and its secretary, Mr. J. W. Hampton. Its bankers, Messrs. Denison, Heywood, Kennard, and Co., and London Joint Stock Bank. Its general principles may be thus stated:—

"Mixed company.—Four-fifths of all profits appropriated every five years, at the option of the assured, either in reduction of their annual premiums, or in addition to their policies.

"The assured may obtain loans upon a plan peculiar to this society; the directors being empowered to employ its funds in making advances to parties effecting assurances for life with the association, upon security being given for the payment of the future premiums upon their policies, and for the interest payable on such loans.

"Policies made payable at sixty, or other ages, whereby parties may themselves reap the fruits of their savings, and realise a provision for after life.

"Persons assuring the lives of others may, by payment of a small extra premium, be relieved from the risk of the party vitiating the policy by going abroad.

"Policies effected on their own lives by persons who shall die by suicide or duelling, will remain in force to the extent of such *bona fide* interest as any other person shall have acquired therein.

"Annuities granted on a new principle of participation in profits."

Further information, with a list of the company's numerous agents, may be found in the pamphlet published by Messrs. Royston and Brown.

THE AMICABLE,

whose office is in 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, and whose principles may thus be stated:—

"Mutual assurance society.—Members participate equally in the whole of the advantages of the society.

"The respective interests of the members are represented by *shares* in the joint stock of the corporation; each share being guaranteed to produce 200*l.*, at the least, on the death of the assured.

"The amount of the bonus which is paid on every share becoming a claim in any year, is determined partly by the amount of the reserved capital, and partly by the amount of the average profit of the seven preceding years.

"The distinctive feature of this corporation is the equal distribution of profits, share for share, among the representatives or nominees of the deceased members, without reference to the length of time during which the assurance may have continued.

"Assurances for limited periods of time, or on joint lives and survivorships, are effected either for specified sums, without participation in the profits, or for shares with participation, at the option of the parties.

"Claims payable in six months after death, or earlier on allowing the discount."

THE ATLAS.

This company, whose directors, &c., will be found in our advertising columns, has its offices in Cheapside. It also has published a clear and lucid statement, in the shape of a pamphlet (London, H. Baynes, Clement's lane), in which full particulars will be found. It was instituted in 1808, under

the title of the Atlas Assurance Company, Cheapside, London, for the assurance of lives, and on survivorships, and against fire. Its principles generally are: —

"Mixed Company.—Persons assured for the whole term of life for 100*l.* and upwards, entitled at the end of every seventh year, to participate in the surplus premiums, the amount of such surplus premiums applied, at the option of the assured, in either of the three following ways, viz.,

"1st, In adding to the sum assured by the policy.

"2nd, In reducing the future annual premium.

"3rd, In rendering the parties assured free from all payments of premium, after a fixed number of years."

It has committees in Glasgow, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and Londonderry, in addition to its numerous agents.

In the pamphlet before us, above alluded to, in addition to an account, with tables, of its life department, rates of premium, conditions of life assurance (very plainly stated), we have some valuable remarks, which cannot be too extensively disseminated:—

"The practice of life assurance is less general than that of fire, chiefly because its principles are more complex, and the application of its uses not so readily comprehended; but, although the uses of assurance against the pecuniary consequences resulting from deaths, are less manifest to superficial observation, they are scarcely less general in fact; and would, upon investigation (if the circumstances of individuals were in that respect equally known), be found to apply, directly or indirectly, to nearly as numerous a class of society as those of assurances against the consequences of fire.

"In order to establish the truth of this proposition, it may perhaps be only necessary to advert to the two grand leading features of life assurance, which refer to the following situations in society, in one or both of which a little reflection would show that almost every person is placed, viz. that either his own future support, or some portion of his property or pecuniary interest, is dependent on the lives of others —or that he has a wife, children, or friends whose support chiefly depends on his own life.

"That the latter class is extremely numerous, must be readily admitted; for it includes every married man engaged in a trade or profession, who has not as yet acquired property sufficient for the support of his family, in the event of his death.

"There are few persons to whom the foregoing observations are more applicable than to gentlemen in the learned professions, or in public offices, and to officers in the army or navy. Even gentlemen of large landed property, whose estates are entailed on the eldest son, have, in many instances in late years, adopted this mode of making provision for younger children, or of increasing the income they are desirous of leaving to their wives. Where there are no children, or they are otherwise sufficiently provided for, a man may, upon very moderate terms, assure a handsome sum for his wife, in the event of her surviving him; the premium of one life against another being much less than on that life without the contingency.

"The foregoing cases relate solely to assurances by persons on their own lives; the next division of the subject is that which relates to assurances on the lives of others; which being more complicated, and involving a greater variety of cases, will require a more minute examination.

"Persons holding lands by lease on lives, renewable on payment of a fine as the lives drop, are at all times liable to sudden demands, and reduce the terms of their tenure to a fixed annual rent-charge. Some lands are held by lease for a certain term of years, but subject to the life of the lessor, who, having only a life-interest, cannot bind his successors. In this case, if the lessor should die before the expiration of the term, the lessee is compelled to surrender the lands, with all his improvements. Such lands are, on this account, let at a reduced rent, and thereby afford a fund which may be applied to assuring the life of the lessor for such a sum as will compensate the tenant for the inconvenience and loss attending his being deprived of his land; or enable him, without injury to himself, to accede to the increased rent which the new landlord may impose as the terms of his continuance in possession.

"A creditor may assure the life of his debtor for the amount of his debt. Arrangements also in the cases of loans may by such means be made highly convenient to the borrower, and afford security to the lender.

"The line in which estates are to descend, often depends upon survivorships; if the person in expectation does not survive the person in possession, the estate perhaps goes into another family. In such cases it is prudent in those interested to assure a sum on the life of the person through whom they may expect to inherit, to be received provided he should die before the person in possession; and as this is generally the assurance of a young life against an old one, a large sum may be secured for a moderate premium.

"In many cases the succession depends upon the next heir attaining the age of twenty-one; and sometimes property ac-

tually in the possession of young men has, in consequence of their dying before they were of an age at which they could legally bequeath it, been lost to their nearest relations.

"It can only be from a want of information of the principles of assurance that lives on which so much depends should remain unassured by the persons interested in their continuance."

The Asylum, Argus, and Australian, we have left to ourselves no space to notice this month. They will be brought prominently forward in our next.

We have, in the above remarks, entirely abstained from giving any opinions with regard to any office. We shall, in the course of our examination into the mode of doing business in all branches of insurance, be better able to let our readers judge for themselves, than attempt to lead them; and, preparatory to further examination into the plans, &c., of the other offices, shall next month give a complete list of the whole of whose existence we are aware.

Mexican Thompson's Last Cruise.

BY THE EDITOR.

Early in September, 1842, the attention of the good citizens of Galveston, the principal sea-port town of the new republic of Texas, was aroused from its usual apathy by the report of a 9-pounder, followed by that of a 24, which both came rattling across the still waters of the bay, on which the town above-mentioned is situate. The first was the morning gun of the Santa Anna privateer, the second of the Jim Bowie, *alias* the Galveston, *alias* the Archer, an 18-gun brig of the Republic's Navy. At some small distance from the shore—within the harbour—lay at anchor the long, black-hulled schooner, whence the former sound had emanated; in size she was small, her register being but of five-and-forty tons; but no man-of-war was better known or more dreaded on the coast of Mexico, than this clipper, with the outward appearance of which, not a fault could have been found by the most rigid nautical critic. Upon the present occasion, she was as much as possible disguised, in order to deceive the somewhat simple people upon whom she was about to prey. In appearance she was clean as a new pin, and evidently just ready for a cruise; her sails were bent, and at the time we speak of, elevated for the purpose of being dried under the influence of a sun, which in September far exceeds our hottest English summer day. Her huge mainsail and foresail flapped lazily about in the light breeze, her squaresail on the foremast having been screened by a tarpaulin from the wet, which during the night had fallen, was furled; while her jib and flying-jib hung down over the long Yankee booms, as if her crew had been too lazy to stow them; gaff-topsails she had none, though many smaller craft were carrying them in the same harbour. Her tall, lofty, handsome, yellow-pine masts were newly scraped: her low bulwarks were scarcely yet dry from their last coat of paint; and aloft floated the long pennant of the Republic; while from her main-peak hung lazily the national one-starred standard, which has gained for Texas the name of "the lone star of the West." The deck of the schooner was perfectly clean and holy-stoned, her brass-work burnished brightly, while both her shining tarry shrouds, and her running gear, coiled carefully upon the deck, exhibited proof sufficient of her having been newly-rigged. Her Yankee origin was palpably evident from the excessive after-rake of her masts.

At the moment the gun was fired, but one man was to be seen aboard her; and he having performed this duty, also went below, from whence, however, he was soon recalled, as four boats, all full of men, put off from the lower wharf of Sacarap, the eastern extremity of the town, and loudly hailed the namesake of the President of Mexico, whose property she had formerly been. The boats were shortly alongside, and the crews of each, in number twelve, sprang upon the vessel's deck, leaving two hands in each. The body of men which now crowded aboard the privateer appeared, and in reality were a collection of wild adventurers from Europe and various portions of America: their sun-burnt, weather-beaten, and hardy countenances, as well as the general appearance of physical power and muscle exhibited by them, gave evidence of much experience in the ruder scenes of life; while their chiefs, who stood aft, conversing in an under tone, were even remarkable amid those who surrounded them. Both were Englishmen: the one, Capt. Simpton, a native of Bristol, owner of the craft, and now chief pilot of Galveston; the other, Capt. Thompson, better known as Mexican Thompson, he having been formerly in the service of that republic, by whom a reward had been set on his head, as on that of a traitor. The former was, and still is, as perfect a specimen of physical humanity of the ruder order, as it has been my lot to encounter;—short in stature, he has the strength and muscle of a Hercules, though, from the gentle smile which "eternally" plays around his mouth, one would think he scarcely knew his own power; I say, one would think, but those

who like myself had many opportunities of examining into his disposition, know, that, like the European Scourge's *sourire délicieux*, his too was no indication of his real character. Mexican Thompson was slightly-made, with restless eyes, which wandered ever, as if in search of an enemy. The sun of New Spain had so tanned him during a long residence, that one was rather disposed to consider him a native of those parts, than an Englishman. Of his character, it is hardly fair to speak, for reasons which will be, ere long, apparent to my readers.

In the present cruise, Capt. Simpton and Mexican Thompson were associated as chiefs, the former being owner of the craft, but the latter by far better acquainted with the coast, every bay and inlet of which he had visited when in the Mexican service. They both, as well as their motley and fierce band of associates, were armed to the teeth: the greater portion had rifles, in addition to which, a brace of pistols and a cutlass were attached to their belt. One 9-pounder, mounted on a swivel, was fixed amidships. So large was the body of men, in comparison to the vessel's size, that there was scarcely any possibility of stowing water in her hold, she drawing only six feet loaded, and even their supply of provisions being very small. It was therefore necessary, during their progress down the coast, to put in at various places to take in water, and other things, not less useful than agreeable, until the capture of prizes, and the consequent departure of a portion of the crew, should give them more space.

"Up anchor!" exclaimed Capt. Simpton, as soon as the boats had discharged their several loads upon deck, and made for the shore; "cheerily there, my lads, stand by the main and fore-halyards and jib-halyards."

His orders were obeyed with rapidity and alacrity; the anchor was lifted, the sails hoisted to their utmost height, the sheets and halyards belayed, and the craft in motion before the light breeze, aided by a strong ebb, which was actually racing out of the harbour. The gun was once more fired, the crew gave three loud cheers, which were responded to from the shore, and the Santa Anna was fairly under weigh. Rounding the poor apology for a fort at the north-east point of the island, and leaving Bolivar, the nearest mainland, on the larboard hand, our piratical-looking schooner passed over Galveston bar, and was soon fairly at sea, tossing about in the light breeze, amid the constant swell which vexes the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Steering now along the coast, the cruise may have been said fairly to have commenced. That whole day, the wind being light, and their vessel close-hauled, they made little progress. About midnight the sky became somewhat overcast, and gave token of a blow off the land, which caused them to hug the shore as much as possible, in order to keep in smooth water. Observing, a short time afterwards, a light on the beach, the Santa Anna stood in still further, then anchored in three fathoms, and sent the boat to examine into the character of the persons who were thus camped upon the water's edge. The boat's crew was composed of eight well-armed men, commanded by Capt. Simpton himself.

Running into a little bay, they came near enough to distinguish the figures round the fire, whom they knew for certain to be Indians, but of what nation, and in what force, they were not able to determine. After a brief deliberation, they shouted loudly to the strangers, and immediately pulled about ten yards away from where the sound had emanated, acting in this according to the principle explained by an old writer, speaking of the American dogs: "This river (Old Vera Cruz River) and all those of New Spain, but particularly those of Guatemala, being full of crocodiles or alligators, it is worth observing that the dogs, when they cross them, knowing by instinct of nature that the alligators are most fond of their flesh, go first to secure themselves, and bark in one place, that the alligator may come thither, and then run to swim over in another place."

The instant their voices were raised, every figure disappeared from around the fire as if by magic, and the flames cast their glare on the abandoned and solitary beach, the Indians making a cloak of the night, rendered more obscure by the fire which blazed so vividly at a short distance. Capt. Simpton and his crew rested on their oars for about two minutes, when from behind a log, which lay about six yards' distance from them, close to the water's edge, an Indian stood up and exclaimed, "Waugh! you are welcome." The scrutiny of the chief, for such he proved to be, had evidently been favourable; indeed, as it was afterwards discovered, Capt. Simpton had been recognised by Wacontah—so he was named—who knew him personally.

The privateer's crew now found them to be the poor remnant yet left of the Caronquahai Indians, out upon a fishing expedition, and both parties being satisfied with each other, Capt. Simpton and his companions landed, and followed Wacontah up to the Indian camp, where they found six Caronquahais, their wives, and several children. The men, when they reached the fire, were once more gravely seated round it, engaged in smoking, while the women were broiling fish in a somewhat peculiar manner: four forked sticks were

stuck in the ground, and cross ones upon them, so as to form a species of gridiron; under this a constant supply of red-hot coals was kept, and the fish being fixed thereon, were roasted to perfection. Capt. Simpton and his men were received with courtesy by the whole party, pipes handed to them, and a request made to share their meal. This was refused by none, it being at the same time added that they would trade some tobacco for fish.

An hour having been passed with their new friends, and a supply of red-fish and mullet obtained, the privateers regained their vessel, the anchor was weighed, and the voyage continued. About four in the morning, it coming on to blow pretty smartly, the flying-jib was stowed, and double reefs taken both in mainsail and foresail, which, however, were again let out, and the light sail set, at breakfast time. Towards the afternoon of the third day, the Santa Anna was close under the land, near the mouth of the Rio Grande del Norte, standing along under Mexican colours, with a pilot signal at the mast-head, as if about to enter the river. Upon the banks of the Rio Grande, from Camargo, Laredo, &c., to Santa Fé, are numerous populous towns, which carry on a very considerable trade with New Orleans and Havanna, and it was the hope of Capt. Simpton to capture in this place some of the small craft used in this commerce. About three miles up the river, on the left or Mexican bank—this being the boundary of the rival republics—is a small town, where reside the greater number of the pilots, who convey vessels up and down the river. Having passed across in sight of this place, the Santa Anna tacked and stood off, as though she were awaiting a pilot, but none appearing, southered her course, as if about to proceed down the coast; having, however, rounded a small island in the river's mouth, covered with lofty trees, which completely concealed their presence, they again anchored.

Capt. Thompson's duties now commenced; the schooner's boat, which had been towing astern, was brought alongside, and a crew of four men having been put in it, they pulled him ashore, where he went both for the purpose of seeking water, fruit, &c., as well as to confer with a certain pilot, whom he expected to encounter in the woods. The men applying themselves vigorously to the oars, the shore was soon gained, the boat made fast, and left to itself, while Thompson, followed by his crew, quitted the beach, and striking across a narrow prairie, made for the forest.

No spot on the whole coast of Mexico could have been selected, better to exemplify the beauty of tropical nature, than that on which our adventurers had now happened. In part grand and magnificent in the extreme, it was also an elegant display of simple beauty; the eye flitted in its rapid range from the noble, but somewhat gloomy forest, across the far-extending plains, bounded by the horizon, thence to rivers, lakes, and the open sea, the vast surface of whose almost ever-moving waters was now comparatively still; then having viewed the larger features of the scene, the eye, no longer dazzled as under the noon-day sun, could admire the minuter compartments, the sparkling springs, running rivulets, and brawling brooks; landscapes elegantly composed by various blendings of woods and lawns, curiously intersecting each other, and seeming, as the evening cast its gentle veil upon nature, to float over the surface of the soil. Then came the trees loaded with rich autumnal and tropical fruits, some yielding balsam for the wounds of man, while all gave forth refreshing odours to the weary senses. The fantastic and picturesque bee hive, hanging like an oblong gourd from the branches, the air perfumed with a fragrant species of wild jasmine, the sweet roses of China peeping in luxuriant profusion from amid the underwood, everything, in fact, combining to charm the imagination. The woods swarmed, too, with birds of all descriptions, particularly the ordinary Mexican fowl, which is distinguished from ours by the shortened proportions of its body and legs; the colour of the hen is grey, with feathers spotted like a partridge. Various species of turtle-doves, grey, green, and of a dwarfish breed afford delicious eating. The parroquet, cockatoo, and another exquisitely formed and diminutive member of the same genus, not much larger than a linnet, are surprisingly common. Many kinds of monkeys, too, roebuck and deer, wild buffaloes, and other quadrupeds, abound in these thinly-inhabited districts.

Suddenly Capt. Thompson, upon whom the beauties of nature were utterly lost, halted, and motioning to his men to be silent, pointed out to them, in a small open glade of the forest, a Mexican house, surrounded by several acres of cultivated land. Advancing cautiously after their leader, they soon discovered that the inhabitants of the log were absent, and accordingly began to survey the garden in search of whatever was eatable. To their great delight, they found it plentifully stocked with cabbages, garlic, onions, melons, Chinese oranges, lemons, and various vegetables, which were peculiarly pleasant to the crew of the Santa Anna, who, having just arrived from Galveston, where

little of the like nature was to be had, considered it a wonderful slice of good luck.

Thompson himself, leaving his comrades to collect whatever was useful to their fellows, both from within and around the house,—Texans being, even in their own country, not over particular as to the rights of property, it cannot be expected they were in an enemy's—took his way alone through a narrow path, which appeared familiar to him, and which shortly afterwards brought him in view of a low hut, situate on the banks of the Rio Grande, here more like a huge arm of the sea than a river, which, considering it runs a course of about fifteen hundred miles, is not to be wondered at. Grasping his sword in one hand, and his pistol in the other, the privateer came within a short distance of the house, when he gave a low, long, and peculiar whistle, which was similarly answered from within, and the door of the hut opened by a tall, gaunt old man, with a poncho thrown over his shoulders.

"What cheer, John?" exclaimed Mexican Thompson, advancing from amid the dark shadow of the trees under which he stood. "Are you alone?"

"Wheugh!" replied the other, raising a lantern which was in his hand, "Santa Maria and Gin'ral Jackson, Mexicano, is that you? But I reckoned as much, when I saw your schooner a poking off and on at the mouth of the Rio some hours since. Faith, she's dressed up neatly, but I knew her. It takes me, Thompson, to smell a rat."

"It seems so," continued the privateer, entering the house, and seeing that the door was duly fastened. "I think you're smart."

"Well, I believe I'm about the oldest 'coon ever you tasted, Mexicano," said the other, shutting one eye, and elevating the opposite eyebrow into a regular Yankee stare; "but here is some Kentuck wine, over which, I guess, we'll discuss business."

The last speaker was the head pilot on the river, and the hut he inhabited one of their look-out stations. He himself was a New-Yorker, and an old friend of Thompson's. Seating himself very quietly alongside the pilot's whisky-bottle, the privateer mixed a stiff jorum, drank therefrom, nodded his approval of the switchel-flip, as he denominated it, and then relapsed into speculations on certain points of interest to his own proceedings. John the pilot no sooner heard the intentions of his friend, than he rose from the stool on which he was seated, advanced nearer to the whisky bottle, took a considerable smart pull thereat, sat down again, viewed Thompson with an air of reverential consciousness of superiority, and then exclaimed.—

"You don't mean it."

"I certainly do, old skin and bones; and so no nonsense; but let's hear what craft are up the river."

"Here's a handsom' fix I'm in, ain't I? catawampously chawed up, I guess. I, pilot of the river, o'nation, tell you pirates of my employers. S'pose they find me out, what then?"

"Ah, John, what then?"

"Why Santa Anna himself 'ed eat me up like a streak o' lightning 'afore breakfast, and never hurt his digestion. But I s'pose I must, though; howsomever, it goes considerable against the grain, I asseverate."

Having thus by his hesitation satisfied in his own opinion the whisperings of conscience, John proceeded to say that up the river were four craft which intended sailing on the morrow; two for New Orleans and the same number for Havanna—one for the first place loaded with oranges, the second in ballast, with money to purchase flour, the other two both in ballast, with cash to obtain tobacco. This being satisfactorily ascertained, and every particular carefully noted down by Thompson, John produced a bag of some four hundred Spanish dollars, which he offered for twenty-four bales of "rale Virginy;" which also being duly agreed upon, Captain Thompson broke up the conference, he returning to his men, and the other remaining behind to arrange the preliminaries of his smuggling expedition.

Thompson and his boat-load of vegetables were not less welcome than was the intelligence of the expected capture of prizes on the succeeding day; and when, a little after midnight, a small sloop was descried clipping through the waves, her larboard gunwale just under water, and John at the helm, their felicity was complete. Having laden the sloop with the tobacco bales, John left his boat, which he had navigated across the waters alone, and descended into the cabin, where a mysterious conference was held, the result of which did not transpire. Some even ventured to insinuate that John remained there; but his boat being gone in the morning, this was considered a stretch of imaginativeness, even too strong for Yankee stomachs.

The sun's morning's beams were just trembling on the troubled surface of the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and pouring a rich flood of crimson upon the eastern sky, which in its contrast with the more quiet portions of the heavenly vault, resembled the soft blush upon the delicious peach so common in these regions, when

two schooners were to be seen steering towards the river's mouth, as if about to gain the open sea. One, the larger and more elegant of the two, was about two miles in advance of its comrade, than which it appeared a better sailer, and at the moment we speak of was skirting at some short distance the southern extremity of the island, behind which lay the privateers, awaiting with eagerness the moment when to pounce upon their prey. The schooner was stretching along, with her larboard tacks aboard, close upon a wind, steering east and by south; and could she have kept on this course would have passed the island half a mile to the southward; but, suddenly, to avoid broken water, on which she appeared about to rush, she went about, and stood upon the starboard tack, directly heading for the little promontory behind which lay concealed her hurtful enemy. This happened most opportunely for the Santa Anna, which, if it had had to give chase, would have been seen by the other craft, and thus but one prize taken. With the wind in the quarter in which it now blew somewhat freshly, it was matter of considerable doubt whether the Obispo, so the schooner was named, could round the point, without another tack to the eastward, and the privateers, therefore, watched her motions with intense interest, as it was particularly desirous they should secure this prize ere the smaller came in sight. The Obispo, however, lay up well, her helmsman sometimes giving her a shake up in the wind, when the current got hold of her, and drove her to the eastward, so that, despite many opinions to the contrary, and though she had to shave the point pretty closely, she gave no signs of altering her course.

Round the point of the promontory a contrary current ran, which impeded their progress considerably; but presently her jib-boom was seen slowly peering from behind the trees which ere this had concealed the prize from those on board the Santa Anna; though Mexican Thompson and two others had been watching every movement from the shore. The required signal being given, the privateer's boat dashed out, and was in an instant alongside the Obispo. Her steersman put her tiller hard-a-port, in the vain hope of going about, and thus escaping the rapacity of the enemy, but his vessel was boarded by eight men, double his own number, and in five minutes more lay at anchor in the bay, alongside the Santa Anna, on which they, with considerable dismay, observed a black flag floating. The Obispo proved to be laden with oranges, and had but a few dollars on board. The vessel and its contents were, however, adjudged to be a most excellent beginning.

Before night the four craft above alluded to were safely in the hands of the Philistines, the captains and men set ashore on the island, with a small boat, while a crew of four Texans was put aboard each prize, with orders to proceed to Galveston, and deliver their boats into the hands of their agent there. They then took in a sufficient supply of water and provisions, and started upon their onward journey. Being now, as it were, within the enemy's range, and the Guadaloupe steam frigate having been seen a short time previous prowling about these parts, the Santa Anna progressed only by night, towards morning letting go the anchor in some quiet bay, and snugly stowing the sails, to escape all fear of attracting observation; her modesty being so excessive as only to allow her to shine by night,—in this following the example of Luna, the goddess of all that is thievish and mysterious.

They continued thus cruising up and down for five or six days, landing at intervals, in out-of-the-way holes and corners, for fresh supplies of water, and whatever else could be laid hands on, but succeeded in capturing no other prizes. At length, one night which was more than ordinarily dark, they agreed to run into the first bay that offered itself, preparatory to an attempt on a town which they calculated to be a few miles to the southward, in the bottom of a lonely and secure harbour, formed by two promontories, behind the more northern of which they expected to conceal themselves. Steering, therefore, west, about one in the morning the look out, a boy at the mast-head, gave notice of certain objects right ahead, and in a few moments afterwards on each bow, which plainly showed themselves to be land.

"Let go the halyards, clear away the anchor, over with it there," were the orders given and obeyed with equal rapidity, and in a few minutes the Santa Anna swung to the tide, her sails all taken in and stowed. A brief consultation was now held, at the conclusion of which the boat was lowered, and Mexican Thompson, with four men, entered therein, and proceeded to reconnoitre. The night was so intensely dark, neither moon nor stars being perceivable, and thick and threatening clouds filling the sky, that objects could only be seen at a very short distance. The boat's crew, therefore, were directed by Thompson to pull for a spot in the dim outline of the shore which appeared lower than the other portions, and therefore more proper for a descent. About ten minutes of smart rowing elapsed, when a sudden concussion of the bows against the beach denoted that they had reached the land.

They accordingly stepped out, and one remained by the boat, the others followed close upon Thompson's heels, who made for a dim light, which, twinkling at a short distance, put his geographical knowledge somewhat to the stand-still. The light appeared to proceed from amid a dark and heavy mass, the outlines of which as they approached, became more defined, and presently, after assuming various fantastic shapes, settled down into houses. The privateers instantly made a dead halt, and proceeded to consult. The measured tread of a sentinel, and the jarring clink of his musket, now fell upon their ears, and Thompson began to fancy himself labouring under some strange delusion, both optical and mental. It was, however, determined to advance, and stepping forward therefore, they rounded the house from behind which the dim light alluded to proceeded, and found themselves at the extremity of a long and regular street of Mexican houses, the light being a street lamp, under which a soldier was pacing, thinking of anything save the vicinity of the dreaded Texans. Thompson, who now found what a fatal error had been committed, turned round, in order to effect a retreat to the schooner, which lay, of course in a most dangerous position. But his escape was not to be so easily effected; for, with the coolness of an allgiator, when devouring an innocent sucking-pig, one of his men raised his rifle—crack—and the Mexican was dead upon the place.

We return to the Santa Anna. The great diminution in their numbers, in consequence of the departure of the sixteen men in the prizes, and the temporary absence of Thompson and his party, had rendered the hold somewhat tenable, and, accordingly, the whole of the crew, save the anchor-watch, preferred the luxury of laziness and the smoke below, to the pure air of the deck. The two men whose duty it was to look out, consoled themselves for the peculiar hardship of their situation by speculating upon the probable amount of plunder, which would accrue to them in case of a successful attempt upon the small but rich town they expected to sack the following day. They remained thus agreeably occupied for about half an hour, when one of them, who was an Irishman, suddenly exclaimed—

"Now in the name of the ould jintlieman with *the* tail and *the* hoof, to spake perlitely who is that skulking by hisself there on the larboard bow for in'll the intire world like a Mixican jaukass, who, saving a Mixican, is the solitarist brute in all creation, not to mind Texas and Mixico."

No answer.

"The way I'll make you spake, docther," said Pat, rubbing his eyes, and endeavouring to regain his senses, which were taking a nap, "e'll be a caution. Now, by my sowl ——" what the intelligent watchman might have uttered was never known, which is certainly to be regretted, since, by the serious tone in which he commenced his discourse, something "smart" might have been "reckoned upon." But angry fortune had otherwise decreed, for ere he could utter another word, a rush of a considerable body of men was made from both bow and stern to the centre, where the drowsy watchmen were, who were immediately knocked down, the grating thrown across the forecastle hatch, and fastened, the cabin entrance guarded, and the ship in the hands of some person or persons unknown. The surprise had been so well contrived, that the bewildered and astonished crew offered no resistance, which seeing their somewhat awkward position, and the considerable amount of whisky they had imbibed, was the less surprising. Accordingly, in obedience to the orders of their captors, who spoke the Mexican lingo, dignified by the name of Spanish, though, we opine, to the ears of Cervantes or Lope de Vega, it would have sounded somewhat strangely, they came on deck in pairs, and were instantly put in irons. While this was in operation, the rapid fire of musketry, and the sharp crack of rifles, was heard on shore, and presently the heavy plash of oars fell upon their ears. The Mexicans stood ready, and Thompson and his men, utterly unprepared for the reception met with, were no less easily taken possession off than their comrades.

"And now here is a pretty partickler fix, I dont think," muttered Patrick to his next neighbour in misfortune, "captivated body and sowl by the murthering Mixicans."

"Silence!" said Captain Simpton, who heard him; "behave yourself, Mike, and I calculate you'll not get hanged right away. Don't forget you're a Catholecto to the very backbone, and that goes a long chalk with a Mexican."

Day-light broke, and both parties received an almost equal surprise on discovering their relative positions. The privateers plainly saw they had made a mistake, under cover of the obscurity, having ran right beneath the guns of a very heavy battery, erected to protect the town on which their attempt was to have been made. The Mexicans were far otherwise and more agreeably surprised on finding, that in addition to capturing the Santa Anna, they had in their possession the person of Mexican Thompson, who was well known to them. The privateers being now ordered below, and a strong guard set over them, the principal men went on shore to inform the authorities of the state of affairs, and to take council as to what should be

done. It will easily be believed that the Santa Anna's crew were somewhat desponding, particularly Thompson, who saw nothing before him but a cruel and ignominious death, and he did not hesitate to express this opinion to Captain Simpton, who, however, did all in his power to persuade him out of his notion. But Thompson became gloomy and downcast, sitting alone in a corner, bemoaning his hard fate, and as most men in similar circumstances would have done, he refused all consolation.

About noon a state barge came off from the shore, with several gaily dressed officers in it, who boarded the Santa Anna, and ordered the whole of the crew upon deck. From them they selected Thompson and the four who had accompanied him on shore the previous night, and therefore all concerned in the death of the soldier, whose unlucky station at the entrance of the town had cost him thus dear. These they ordered in the barge; then turning to Simpton, they informed him that if he thought proper he might consider himself a prisoner on parole until further orders, and might go ashore the next day, but not before. As Simpton had friends in the town, who, on many occasions had exchanged, *sub rosa*, their silver dollars for his tobacco, he did not in any way feel surprised at this, but he determined to avail himself of the permission to discover, if possible, the fate of Thompson. Eight well-armed men where left in charge of the craft, with strict orders to shoot any one who made the slightest attempt to escape; and also to alarm the battery. They were further required to allow only of the presence of four hands upon deck at a time.

Next morning Simpton rose early, and having obtained permission from his guards, took a small flat which was alongside the Santa Anna, and sculled himself ashore. His first impulse was to enter a grog-shop, where he might obtain a "morning," as well as pick up the news, which through various secret and unexplainable channels, finds its way to these common centres, where men are even more talkative and communicative than usual, which is saying a great deal. Men, when women are not present, might, in my opinion, be often taken for the sex in disguise; but when the fair are around you, why necessity, if not politeness, demands that you be silent, and hence women are led to believe in the superior prudence of their lord and master. Poor things! Simpton, however (who did not make these reflections, since thinking in Texas is considered a vast waste of time), was disappointed as to the main point, for though Thompson's capture formed the chief topic of conversation, his fate had not yet transpired, the authorities having at a late hour not promulgated their decision. About an hour afterwards, our privateer found himself in the central square of the town, in which a crowd was gradually collecting. A Mexican crowd is not an ordinary crowd; no rushing, no tearing, no haste, all is a combination of Spanish and Indian gravity. Serious-looking men in every variety of costume, —but all alike in the use of the *cigaretta*, —some with ponchos and broad slouched felt hats; some in short various coloured jackets, breeches, tied with gay ribbons, and picturesque leggings, pretty women in blue, red, yellow, and every variety of coloured petticoats, dark hair, and eyes sparkling like gems from beneath their hoods, walk leisurely through the streets, enter the square, and disperse themselves in groups about the public place. At first the space is but slightly scattered over, while ample room is left to walk around; but presently the groups thicken, swell, and gradually amalgamate into one dense, crowded, but orderly mass. Soldiers now appear, not such soldiers as my readers see every day, in regular uniform, and drilled by Corporal Martinet; but dark, swarthy, bandit-looking fellows, in costumes to meet their fancy, and with guns to suit that of the authorities. Their dress, as taste is about as various as colour, was, it may well be supposed, most un-uniform, and their arms, some purchased by one Alcalde, and some by another, were of all sizes, shapes, and denominations. But why are the people collecting; why are the soldiery clearing an open space in the centre? Is it one of those days, when freed from toil and labour, the people come forth, happy only because it is a holiday, and by a natural instinct congregate in masses, and find delight in mutual discourse, in seeing, but not less in being seen? We have, however, no laughter, the women are not smiling, but all, both men and boys, are conversing in under tones, in whispers. Is it a meeting of conspirators, or are they talking low lest the tumult should reach the ears of some dying person? But, perhaps, 'tis a day of religious celebration; there are many such days in Mexico, the last refuge of monks and nuns; but we see no procession with glittering crosses and ever-moving censers of perfume; no long line of priests singing psalms. A gate, however, opens, and a body of persons leave it in slow and solemn array; perhaps this may explain the secret. Preceded by a party of soldiers, with their muskets reversed and muffled, drums which gave forth its gloomy and funeral sound, finding an echo in every heart, now raised to an intense pitch of excitement, and having on each side of him a bare-headed priest — walked Thompson,

his hands tied behind his back, and his dress a long robe of black. A night of awful mental agony, during the sleepless hours of which the veil of eternity had been, as it were, slightly raised, only to render his conception of the beyond more strange and doubtful, had left its seal upon his face. But he cowed not before the thousand eyes bent eagerly upon him, until suddenly his gaze fell upon the pale, anxious, horror-struck countenance of Simpton, who stood in his path with hands clenched and teeth set. He appeared about to speak; but both were more prudent.

The people were now cleared from one side of the square, which was taken up by the prison walls, and Thompson was led thither. After the priest had in vain endeavoured to persuade him to accept the Catholic faith, his eyes were bandaged, and a party of twelve soldiers advanced. The authorities were standing on the steps of the Town hall, and from amongst them the Alcade stood forward and briefly informed the people that Thompson was a traitor, his death ordered, whenever caught, by the Central Government, to which was added the murder of the Mexican on the former night, for which reason they the authorities, had resolved to treat him both as a rebel, a pirate, and a murderer, that his example might deter others from the like wickedness. The people replied not; he was condemned in the first instance by Santa Anna, and the victim of their oppressor found sympathy in their bosoms. An officer now stood out from amid the press of soldiery and asked Thompson if he had anything to say ere he gave the fatal signal. Thompson shook his head, folded his arms, but made no answer. Twelve musket balls in another instant pierced his body, and all was over. The people dispersed to their homes, the magistrates went to their breakfasts, the soldiers took the body within the prison, the sun shone lightly on all existence—as lightly on the body of the victim as upon his judges, and an observant mind might have taken this as an emblem that man's power of harm ends in this life; nature smiled equally upon the living and the dead. An age will, perhaps, come when judicial assassinations will be looked upon in their true light, and murder committed with a rope by constituted authorities in the face of heaven, be no less scouted than the secret poisoning or the bravo's knife.

Simpton, who turned away pale and horrified, asked of a soldier what had become of Thompson's four companions? The Mexican replied that they had been shot the day before, and buried on the beach, in a spot which he pointed out to Simpton, who determined to wait until evening, and then endeavour to ascertain the truth of this statement, which many of the people of the town declared to be untrue. The sailors, they affirmed, had been secretly removed, with the intention of being transported into the mines of the interior. Having, accordingly, provided himself with a mattock, which he hid beneath a *poncho*, as soon as night was drawn in, Simpton, accompanied by a Mexican youth, son of a strong anti-centralist, took his way for the beach. The graves were soon pointed out, but a few strokes of the mattock satisfactorily proved that the earth had not recently been moved beneath the little hillocks which Mexican invention had converted into graves. Returning, therefore, with the lad, Simpton felt quiet satisfied that his men had not been put to death.

At early dawn Capt. Simpton was aboard his vessel, and after some conversation with the guard descended into the hold, where he informed his manacled crew of what had passed. Our friend Patrick listened to the narrative in silence, but no sooner had Simpton finished his story than he was loud in his asseverations that the Mexicans had cooked and eaten their unfortunate comrades. The captain smiled at this, but took advantage of the horror and disgust of his companions in misfortune and propose a plan of escape, which, without hesitation, was agreed to; and lest their enemies should take it into their heads still further to lessen their numbers, it was concluded to commence operations "right away." Simpton, accordingly, who was not a man to allow any matter of this sort to lie on hand, went on deck, having first given minute directions to his men. The Mexican guards received him politely, entering cheerfully into conversation, and their good understanding was completely gained, when he distributed a supply of cigars most readily amongst them. Presently, four of his crew being at the time upon deck, their hands manacled before, Simpton leaned carelessly over the bow, where he was sitting, and suddenly, as if losing his balance, fell overboard. The tide was running rapidly, and he appeared incapable of stemming it, calling loudly to his Mexican friends to assist him. They, in the impulse of the moment, with one accord, leaped into their boat, throwing down their arms upon deck, which were instantly seized by the privateers. Simpton no sooner saw his stratagem thus far successful that he dashed out for the schooner, caught a rope which hung overboard, and in two minutes was upon deck, with a musket to his shoulder, keeping the unarmed Mexicans off.

"Let slip the anchor chain, up there, my lads, hoist away. Never mind the darbies, we'll soon fix them; they don't

hinder your hoist, another smart pull at the peak; up with the flying jib; give it to her. Hurra! and Mexico go hang!"

The quiet deck of the captured privateer was changed to a scene of anxious but orderly confusion. The men rushed to their stations, the sails flew up as if by magic, the chain cable whizzed through the hawsehole, and, to complete their audacity, the national ensign of Texas flew to the mast-head.

"Get ready the squaresail and bonnet, we'll have to keep her away directly. Ah! there they go," exclaimed Simpton, as the report of a gun from the battery came upon his ears, and the ball went through his mainsail, making a huge rent and lessening the rapidity of his progress. "Ah! there they go, and not badly done either. Lie down, every man of you," added he, seizing the tiller, "here come their broadside. Ah; what hell-cat is this?"

The attention of the privateers had been so taken up with the movements on shore as to have never once thrown an eye towards the open sea; but now their eyesight was crossed by a vision, which was by no means pleasant. About half a mile ahead of them, and bearing right across their bows, was a schooner with Mexican ensign and pennant flying, of twice the privateer's burden, the deck of which was crowded with soldiers; thus verifying a piece of information picked up by Simpton ashore, that orders had been sent round to Matamoros to dispatch a vessel to take charge of the capture. The men had, by this time, by dint of great exertion, succeeded, though not without inflicting severe wounds upon their wrists, in freeing them from the handcuffs.

"Stand by, my bullies, the battery won't fire now, don't think it; I guess if she does she'll skin a coon. She'll hit her own if she does, and that won't fit, I conclude."

The enemy neared them—the privateers stood ready with rifle and musket, crowding round and concealing the swivel amidships. The Santa Anna was stretching out with her starboard tacks aboard, while the enemy was lying up to them on the opposite "board," and, as appearances now denoted, would pass them to leeward, in which the deck of both crafts lay open one to the other. Up came the *Invincador*, as she was found to be called, everything ready for an engagement, and in a few minutes was not more than sixty yards distant.

"Give it to her," cried Simpton, putting his helm hard-a-port to stop his vessel's way; and the swivel, followed by the musketry and rifles of the whole party, was poured into the Mexicans.

"Hard-a-starboard!" cried Simpton, resigning the helm, and away flew the privateer under the stern of the enemy, who were too much occupied at that instant in catching ropes, &c., and giving aid to their killed and wounded, to pay any attention to the movements of the Santa Anna. In another minute, however, the Invincador was about, and after her little enemy, into whom she poured a volley of small arms, fortunately without any effect upon the crew, who were fortunately engaged in repairing the mainsail, and in fixing the 9-pounder as a stern chaser. Their course being now before the wind, the foresail was boomed out upon the starboard side, the squaresail set upon the larboard, and also boomed out, while four hands toiled hard repairing the damage done to the mainsail, which was absolutely required to work their craft. A quarter of an hour passed, and the Santa Anna appeared about to rush headlong on a reef of rocks, making several miles out to sea, and over which the waves broke furiously, when in came her squaresail and bonnet, up went the mainsail, the helm was put a-port, and she was once more closehauled on the starboard tack. A few minutes elapsed, and it became evident that they had longer legs than the Invincador, and were walking away from her. But this not suiting Simpton's views, and he being now quite out of the reach of the battery, went about suddenly, and ere his enemy could avoid him, had poured in another volley of small and great arms, receiving also several shots, one of which killed the man at the helm, while some others were wounded. Rage generally adds fuel to the impulses of valour, and in two minutes the crews were fighting hand to hand on the deck of the Invincador. A close contest, however, never yet ended favourably to the Mexicans, and this was not to be an exception to the general rule, so that presently the soldiers on the battery had the mortification of seeing the Texan ensign floating gaily over both vessels. Simpton, now satisfied, put the head of both to the north-east, and on the morning of the fourth day reached, after a successful run, a safe anchorage off Galveston harbour, where, from his own mouth, I received the above history of his cruise, capture, and escape.

While on the subject of Texas, we cannot forbear entering upon a question of vast import at the present moment. We do so because certain prospectuses have been forwarded to us, in connection with a company, which has certainly the advantage of respectable names being connected with it, and called,

THE BRITISH MUTUAL TEXAS COLONIZATION COMPANY,

having its offices at 141, Leadenhall Street.

We had hoped that the attempts which from time to time have been made to induce British subjects to emigrate to Texas had been given over. We find, however, that again are the people of this country to be deluded into ruin and misery; which we have no hesitation in saying will be the fate of all who take the advice of the above company, and emigrate to Texas in its present anomalous, unsettled, and almost ruined state. Texas was bankrupt, impoverished, beggared, when it joined the Union; and can it yet have recovered sufficiently to be a fit place for an English emigrant to venture to?

WE HAVE BEEN THERE. WE KNOW THE COUNTRY, and we repeat, as we have done in our lectures throughout the provinces, that however bad a man's position may be in this country, he will make it worse by proceeding, at present, to Texas. We shall next month, giving Mr. Rowed full credit for his good intentions, endeavour to shew him that his is a mistaken philanthropy. Nothing but the late hour at which the matter comes before us, prevents us entering fully on an exposition. Meanwhile, we say, if you emigrate, go to Canada; your difficulties will be great enough there, we know. But if you go to Texas, you will bring ruin on yourself.

Yes, Canada, the Cape, Australia, are all better and more available positions for the emigrant than Texas; which, though much favoured by nature, is not in a state which could possibly answer the purposes of any man wishing to lay the foundations of ultimate success and good fortune.

Cotton, tobacco, maize, sugar, these are the staple commodities of the new state of the Union—of all such parts as are not overrun by the Indians.

Besides, Texas is yet doomed to be the battle-field between the people of the United States and the republic of Mexico.

War, yellow fever, ague, are, therefore, the sole inducements at present for the Texan emigrant, unless he venture into the uplands.

But far be it from us to say that the present company is actuated by other than proper motives. We have no doubt they think Texas a proper locality for the emigrant. So it will be at some future time.

Our first fresh opinion relative to the republic may be found in "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" for October, 1843, and from this opinion we have not yet seen any reason to depart.

ODES OF HAFIZ.

No. III.

BY E. B. COWELL.

Oh evening! depart from my sight;
Dawn, morning, dawn quickly, I pray;
I am tired of the darkness of night,
Oh heaven! let my darkness be day.

Dear maiden! I languish—I die—
For the sorrow of absence from thee;
Yet disdain not to turn thy sweet eye—
Disdain not to turn it on me!

Oh my heart! if thou seekest her smile,
Uprise; bid reflection depart;
But take heed of her tresses' dark toils,
And beware of her eye-lashes' dart.

Or, since she is faithless—forsworn—
Fly rather the spell she throws o'er thee;
And while thou art wandering forlorn,
Keep silence and finish thy story.

THE SOUL OF POETRY IS LOVE.

Oh wouldst thou dive into his inmost soul,
And question well the poet whence is caught
That hallowed inspiration which illumes
His spirit with a charmful light, and gives
A golden lustre to his burning thoughts—
That teaches him with artless skill to trace
The varied forms of nature, and to weave
In soft harmonious numbers the bright scenes
That playful fancy crowds into his brain—
That tempts his soul, with curious ardour fired,
To revel with the secrets of the earth,
And from its darkest caverns to extract
Matter to bless and benefit mankind?—
Oh wouldst thou learn what spirit lends him wings
To travel through the boundless realms of space
Where starry planets in their courses turn
And fiery comets blaze along their path—
To dart his penetrating glance beneath
The flood of ocean where in coral caves
A thousand forms of varied monsters creep
In kingdoms all their own? 'Tis not for us
To pierce the mysteries of nature, or
To trace the viewless passions of the heart
Back to their source. 'Tis as we feel, we speak—
There is a voice heard in the silent hour
Of viewless shape, that prompts the poet's theme
The Genius, that directs his bosom's throb—
Where'er his home, whate'er his form may be
'Tis left amid the unfathomable things
Of time,—hid in the mystery of thought,
Of passion, feeling, sensibility,
That tune the soul to sacred harmony.—
Tho' rocks arise and mountains swell the scene,
Tho' streamlets purl and crystal fountains play,
Tho' valleys smile and woodlands charm the eye,
Tho' all be wrapt in beauty's softest garb,
And melt the heart with witching symmetry,
Yet is there wanting that without whose light
All were but dead—all senseless—rapture less—
The soul—the power of poetry is LOVE!

Reviews.

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States. By the Rev. E. Waylen. London, W. Stacher.

In these days there are comparatively few writers who, regardless of the subject upon which they treat, exhibit any considerable desire to launch into panygerical statements, or utter many complimentary sentences upon our Trans-Atlantic brethren. Scarcely is any one found sufficiently bold and adventurous to undertake their defence, or suggest that to them can be attributed an inheritance of most of the good, or a freedom from most of the bad qualities, surrounding a people in general. This is the rule: the author of this work forms the exception, about whose sentiments, be it remarked, there is no disguise; candidly and honestly he praises them, not "to make his work sell," but that, from a long and intimate acquaintance with that nation, he is prepared to enter into some certainly apparently unaccountable relations; making very creditable allusions to that somewhat dissatisfied and over-reaching section of the world's population. He who unhesitatingly subscribes to these views, is a bold man; and at last in the eleventh hour, may the Americans be congratulated on having a champion ready booted and spurred to enter their lists, willing to vaunt over all comers in defence of the purity and immaculateness of the inhabitants of New England. In noticing this book, it is far from our mind to enter into any argument bearing, in the remotest degree, as to the precise amount of credit due to Brother Jonathan; nor are we disposed to analyse his merit, or descant upon his faults. Few would benefit from the controversy. But at the same time we cannot refrain from passing some slight remarks upon the author's preparatory allusions. It is surprising to hear him affirm, from his own experience and intimate knowledge, that those who form the mind of the nation, and who, it is hoped, will yet recover their legitimate control over the action of the country, are ready and desirous to join with us in securing a lasting allianee, and in all the schemes for more prolonged benevolence to which that alliance must naturally lead. The only method or standard, by which it is possible to judge of a nation's desire to increase the bonds of amity to others, is by their actions. It is the fairest and the less erring way of judging. Can there be a more honest test than the conduct of America towards Great Britain in late years? Upon this ground we are willing to maintain our position, and totally dissent from Mr. Waylen's observations, with reference to the Americans' desire to promote peace and friendship towards England. Was not all the eloquence of the Senate hurled against us for disputing the possession of the Oregon? Did it not meet with an echo in the House of Representatives? and, we would ask, did it not again reverberate throughout the whole of the States? Who,then, or which portion may be said to constitute the "mind of the people," so pointedly alluded to? Those, itmay safely and unhesitatingly be replied, who are the strongest and most virulent in their denunciations against us. Differing as we do from the author's views, with respect to America, we have another subject with which we have no desire to assimilate ourselves; for, in reviewing his book on the church in the United States, it does not appear that it is incumbent on us to enter the political arena, and wage war against all (and possibly they might not be few) with whom we should be at variance; and it cannot but be looked upon as displaying an immensity of imprudence and bad taste, to introduce politics into works of this nature. Were it the intention of the writer to have his book criticised by those biassed by party and sectarian notions, no plan would have more successfully answered than the one now adopted. But as such is not our desire, all that we have to do is to deprecate the feeling which prompted so unwarrantable an intrusion; for, professing to give the reminiscences of an ecclesiastical character, Mr. Waylen has indulged in these political remarks without the slightest necessity, there being not the remotest connection between them and the subject upon which he has written. Thus he maintains, that "the vulgar brawlers" of a presidential electioneering body in the Lower House of Congress, are no more the exponents of the substantial class of citizens in one country, than all the ultra-radical factionists in the House of Commons representatives of the intelligence and virtue of the middle and higher ranks in Britain. Far be it from us, willingly, to assert to the contrary. Our critique is on the book itself, not to attempt to elevate any one or other political sect, though we would remark that it is not a particularly difficult or arduous task to prove the error and instability of his assertion. Constitutionally the governments of the two countries are different, and while prepared to allow that the ultra-radical party in the House of Commons do not represent the intelligence of Britain, we are by no means desirous to affirm, that the Lower House of American Congress is not a true representative of the people. But little argument need be brought to bear to prove the utter fidelity of the assertion. However, granting that substantially it is a truism, which any reviewer of an ecclesias-

work for the time being cares not to dispute, and assuming that the author speaks from information positively gained by intimate observation, to all who in an unprejudiced and impartial light view the subject matter, it must be apparent that such an assertion, without bringing into question its truth, or falsity, is unlikely to be productive of benefit to the author from men who would read his work, and with whose political opinions it is either his blessing or misfortune to differ. Having thus disposed of the objectionable part of this work, we proceed to a more pleasing task, that of being able to bear testimony to the vast amount of information in this volume which is calculated to be of service to any one placed in a similar situation to the writer, while engaged in the service of the church. Nor will they, from the comparatively minor details on which it dwells, form any other than a well-digested summary of observation upon the present state of religion in the United States, by one who spent, in that country, eleven years of his time; working most assiduously, and, it need scarcely be said, advantageously. It, of course, will not surprise any one, that difficulties should present themselves on all sides before those who enter into the more immediate service of the church, and those who engage in it are doubtless prepared to meet those difficulties. But it appears strange, that unnecessary obstacles should be allowed to impede the translation of any member of the American church having received full orders into our own. The case of Mr. Waylen may be cited as an instance: he, it seems, was a candidate at the ordination of the present bishop of London, and held letters dimissory from bishop Griswold. The application was refused; Dr. Lushington having, on a former occasion, recorded a protest against ordination to the priesthood of American clergymen, and it was with no slight degree of gratification, we heard of the contemplation to obtain the enactment of a new statute, which would place fully ordained clergymen of America on a different footing in England than they at present assume. At this moment we cannot call to our recollection any work to which we can compare the present. No other, at least, from our own knowledge has been published bearing any similarity, and as such will be fully appreciated; for not only does it embrace reminiscences of an ecclesiastical nature, but embodies an account from each State through which the writer in his wanderings has passed—New York, Boston, Rhode Island, Philadelphia, form some instances which may be mentioned as being more closely and particularly alluded to; but with even the great veneration which the author has for America, there is a passage in his work which tells greatly how much he considers England entitled to priority; for his own sensations, he says, on taking his seat in one of their churches were, that the English aspect, which marks everything in Boston, is nowhere seen more strikingly than in the churches, whose sombre walls and oaken wood-work, with the dark rich shade of drapery, and the curtained or stained medium subduing the effect of a trans-atlantic sky, communicate that "dim religious" light, which in an instant carries the English worshipper back to the glorious fanes of his native land. There will scarcely be found any, who entertain the slightest regard for America or her church, who will refuse, upon reading this work, to give that share of credit and tribute of praise to one of the most indefatigable of men; who, regardless of party or sect, for eleven years, in another land, had but one desire working in his mind—the benefit which might accrue from his labours to his fellow creatures; and we are in so small degree placed to be able honestly, and without guile, to thank Mr. Waylen, not only for the production of his book, but for his unceasing, and, we hope, successful endeavours to reform that which is glaringly bad and pernicious in the ecclesiastical section of affairs in the United States of America.

Josephus. A Translation. London, Houlston and Stoneman.

The prospectus of a new translation, copiously illustrated, of this author's works has reached us, and from what we can judge by the specimen sheet, it is certainly issued in a very praiseworthy manner. Clear type and wel-lexecuted engravings, upon good paper, considerably add to its value. When the first number appears we shall be able to express a more decided opinion, though, from the respectability of the publishers, nothing else will be expected than will be worthy of support.

The Greatest Reform. By J. S. Buckingham. London, J. Ridgway.

The late member for Sheffield has published an appeal to the nation, on the "Greatest Reform" yet remaining to be accomplished. Some curiosity will naturally be excited with regard to the opinion of the people as to what is comprised in the greatest reform. Different men will suggest different ideas. Some may urge the immediate abolition of capital punishment; others the repeal of the law of primogeniture; a third the reduction of the newspaper duty; each in their particular application being the defect requiring more remedy than any other. Important as these are, and strongly urged, and powerfully advocated by their respective partisans, in Mr.

Silk Buckingham's opinion neither of these are of such great importance as the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, in alluding to which he says,

"There is one great evil yet to be reformed, in which its example is more pernicious than beneficial, and in which its national influence has created so vast an amount of injury that all its energies should be put forth at once, and without an hour's delay, to remove the blot from its otherwise bright escutcheon."

Doubtless many will be disappointed at the assertion, that reform in this is more necessary than in any other vice. For ourselves we are not such staunch advocates for the entire abstinence plan as Mr. Buckingham; for surely every man should possess a sufficient degree of moral courage to enable him to repel temptation whenever it assails. Extremes are in themselves dangerous, and would, if applied in this case, prove equally as injurious as in matters regarded with greater weight and more importance. Still those who believe they are not justified in pleading the entire abstinence cause will never be authorised in opposing its movement. Much has been done, and much remains to be done by its promoters, who for the most part are men who zealously work practically to prove that which in theory they profess. That their efforts have already been attended with much good, and have rescued multitudes from infamy of all shapes, is allowed. They have but to persevere, pursue an honest course, and they may yet attain the end for which they have so eagerly and untiringly sought. We intended to have appended to this notice some statistical information extracted from the work; want of space however precludes so doing; which would have shewn more clearly the soundness of the statements, than all the reasoning and argument that could in any shape be brought to bear upon the subject. The book, from its coincidence with the views of a class whose great fault is intemperance of language, will be much read; and ably advocating a good policy, will tend not a little to increase its circulation.

Reformation in Switzerland. An Abridgment of vols. 1 to 4 of M. Kalliemin's French edition. By J. Collinson, A.M. London, W. E. Painter.

All who possess the slightest knowledge of the French language must have read Ruchat's "History of the Reformation in Switzerland," edited by M. Kuilliemin; and although it is no easy matter to wade through the seven volumes, the difficulty is amply repaid by the historical information it contains, in connection with this most glorious event. Ruchat has always been upheld as having written an accurate description of the religious rebellion in the Swiss cantons; it is looked upon as a book possessing sufficient literary and historical merit to have been classed amongst the prohibited works of Rome four years after its publication, and at the time it was written, was acknowledged to be an incomparable specimen of erudition, which fame it has to this day retained. It would be superfluous to enter into details of this reformation; it would be a work of supererogation to travel through the varied phases of an event occupying half a century; and unnecessary to trace with minuteness the progress of Zuinglé, of Calvin, or Melancthon, in their unparalleled and partially successful endeavours for the attainment of religious freedom. It is not unfair to suppose that most of our readers are acquainted historically with the chief and important events which, at the end of the fifteenth century, began to receive nourishment from the hands of an energetic few, and which, for some years after, roused Switzerland from her dormant and lethargic state, to activity and discernment. Neither of the original work nor the French edition do we propose entering into any particulars, but would draw attention to the abridgment of the first four volumes by Mr. Collinson, embracing a period of upwards of forty years; comprising the most stirring scenes characteristic of the agitation in Switzerland. It commences at the time the Papal power was apparently strongly and firmly fixed, at the beginning of the sixteenth century; touches upon each minor point, until the time that the clergy of Berne struggled to oppose the reformation; and with marvellous exactness for an abridgment, recounts the obstacles and impediments encountered by its promoters, until we arrive at that period rendered remarkable by the expulsion, by Queen Mary, of so many English families, and their ultimate restoration on the accession of her sister. Generally in works that are abridged there is much to condemn, and but little to applaud. Translators deem themselves suddenly transformed into historians, having but one idea revolving in their "mind's eye," that with them rests the addition of any matter necessary to supply a vacuum, or the expulsion of, in their opinion, any extraneous records; a method of proceeding, which is, we regret to say, at this present time, very freely and unlimitedly indulged in. To those whose powers of reading are unequal to the accomplishment of the somewhat laborious task of wading through Ruchat's seven volumes, or whose deficiency of the knowledge of the French language precludes them scanning over M. Kulliemin's edition, the present abridgment will prove of infinite service; it, though unexpectedly in a brief manner, enters with truth and

accuracy into every circumstance of note in connection with the reformation, and is a most valuable acquisition to any historical library. In any shape or form the matters upon which the original and voluminous work treats, is neither dry nor uninteresting, nor even the times over which it passes destitute of matter that could, by the least experienced hands, be made to convey instruction while detailing facts. These advantages are doubly apparent where the original matter is abridged, and even more so when judiciously curtailed. At present the author has but touched upon the first four volumes, comprising events down to the year 1559. We trust that the abridgment of the remaining three volumes will shortly be published, as it cannot fail to be of mutual advantage both to author and reader.

Manual of Practical Draining. By H. Stephens, F.R.S.E. Blackwood & Sons.

When the various circumstances and subjects, of all hues and shades, upon which books are written are considered, it is somewhat surprising to find that scarcely any have been penned upon matters connected with that important section—the cultivation of the land. Hitherto productions of this kind have been very scanty, but at length Mr. Henry Stephens, the author of the "Book of the Farm" (a very useful and instructive book), who is so well known to all scientific agriculturists, has published a volume on thorough draining, the appearance of which at the present time is most opportune; for the most ardent admirers of free trade must admit, that to enable the English agriculturist successfully to compete with the continental farmer, it is requisite he should bring to his aid all the scientific and mechanical improvements applicable to the cultivation of the soil. But without the assistance of a well and completely carried out system of thorough draining, every other means of increasing the permanent fertility of the land is comparatively useless; and the labour of the husbandman on soil which has not been properly prepared by the drain is comparatively thrown away. The proper application of chemistry, the use of artificial manures, subsoil ploughing,—all must be preceded by a system of thorough draining, before permanently successful results can be shown. The farmer must first get his land sound at heart, before he can successfully carry out any continuous and well-digested system of improvement. The book of Mr. Stephens is a complete manual of draining, clearly and concisely written; the various systems in use are fairly discussed, their peculiar advantages pointed out, and their applicability to the different descriptions of soils shown. The mode of construction of different drains is described, their relative cost, and plain and simple directions are given to the farmer to guide him in the choice of the system of draining he should adopt, and the mode in which it should be done. The merest tyro in agriculture will be able, after making himself master of the principles laid down in this book, and the manner in which these principles are brought to bear in increasing the permanent fertility of the soil, to put into practice that system of draining most applicable to the nature and character of the land to which it is to be applied. We trust that landlords will put this book into the hands of their tenants, that agricultural societies will bring it before their members at the periodical meetings, and let its contents be fully discussed and made known in every possible way to the English farmer; and if the landlord will help him with his advice and capital, as well as give him a fixity of tenure, we have no fear, while there are to direct the agricultural mind such men as Pusey, Smith of Deanston and Stephens, and while we have English energy, industry, and prudence as the main feature and leading characteristic of the British farmer—that he will be able to maintain the competition to which he is exposed, triumph over every obstacle, and continue to hold that dignified position to which he is so justly and eminently entitled.

Eucharistica. London: James Burns.

There are but few volumes of a sacred character more likely to be appreciated than this companion to the Communion. Generally in works of this nature there is but little to which public attention can be called. Either the matter they contain is wholly inappropriate to the subject upon which they treat, sometimes carelessly edited, and more frequently slovenly published. We are happily able candidly to remark that neither of these faults are contained in this work. We have always thought this publisher entitled to credit for the manner generally in which his books are issued, and more especially is praise due for the production of the present work. This little volume is most particularly adapted for young persons after confirmation. Its original value is considerably enhanced by the sterling and eloquent prefatory remarks of Bishop Wilberforce; added to which it is embellished in an elegantly illuminated style, that will not only draw attention for the extreme novelty of the design, but speak most favourably for the taste of the publisher.

Tales of Female Heroism.—Stories of the Crusaders. Vols. 1 and 2 of the Select Library. London: James Burns.

These relations of the heroism of the female mind, and historical recollections of the crusaders, form the two first volumes of a series of works to be continued at short intervals, under the superintendance of Mr. Burns. In the introductory remarks we are told, that it is proposed to publish a series of volumes upon such a plan that will remove all difficulties on the part of parents and tutors, as to what books of an instructive and entertaining character they may without hesitation place in the hands of those in whose moral as well as intellectual training they are most deeply interested. Such an announcement immediately, if properly carried out, engages the attention; more particularly when we reflect, that many passages in a great portion of our standard works, though elegant in style and stirring in incident, contain much that to a young mind is totally incomprehensible, and, with regret be it added, highly objectionable: thereby occasioning the withholding of many literary productions which probably might in some slight degree contribute to the mental improvement, but it would be at the expense of their feelings of morality. The main object of the issue of this Select Library is to send forth editions of some of our best writers thus corrected, which in all cases might be effected without in the slightest degree injuring their real value. The first volume of the series comprises female acts of heroism—scenes upon which the mind gladdens to dwell—that have been made the passing sketch or theme in historical records, but are here copiously and elaborately dwelt upon. Who, for instance, fails to remember the earnest fidelity with which Mrs. Lane assisted in the preservation of the Second Charles, subsequent to the unfortunate issue of the battle of Worcester? Or the deeply interesting part acted in the escape of the Pretender by Flora Macdonald, after the defeat at Culloden? Is not the admiration justly excited at the unexampled fortitude displayed by Gertrude Von der Wart? rendered familiar by Mrs. Heman's beautiful poem. These, with many other subjects of a like character, form the contents of the first volume. The second recounts with spirit stories connected with the Crusades, circumstanees known to all (no matter how juvenile) readers of history—those times rendered famous by the zealous perseverance, martial bravery, and enthusiastic devotedness of Richard I, by the wild fanaticism of Peter the Hermit, by the unparalleled devotional feeling and religious enterprise of the pilgrims who journeyed to the east. Upon these subjects the two first volumes are written; which will we understand be shortly followed by the history of the French revolution, and many other events equally well selected. The inducement that has prompted Mr. Burns to so tastefully publish this work is in the highest degree creditable, and really deserves liberal encouragement. We have so long been accustomed to witness books issued from the press most disgracefully and inattentively got up, with no regard for artistic beauty, totally careless whether they pleased or otherwise, as long as they were shelved upon the public, in addition to which, the exorbitant price demanded rendered them doubly worthless; but a change, and that a beneficial one, ere long is likely to be effected, by the spirited efforts of this publisher, whose entire study appears to be in striving to excel in the issuing of books the other publishers of the day. There are many whom we could name that are at this moment printing works considerably inferior in point of literary selection, as well as in their decorations, at a much advanced price and comparatively unattractive, but whom we hope will soon be made sensible of their position, for it is a strange anomaly to find that one publisher can issue works in a much superior manner, and infinitely more reasonable than others whose advantages are equally as great, but their inclinations less generous. The reform that must speedily ensue in this branch will date its origin from the efforts of this publisher, whose careful and judicious selections of standard works deserve much praise.

Master Timothy's Bookcase. By G. W. M. Reynolds. London: J. Gilbert.

Mr. Reynolds, the author of "Pickwick Abroad," has written the first three numbers of a very amusing tale, which promises to be interesting; and as the author observes that its objects are varied and numerous, it will we trust be very successful, one of which is to illustrate the truth of the ancient aphorism, "that we should never trust to appearances," and it is calculated also to teach several known morals of great utility. It demonstrates the impolicy of attaching too much importance to circumstantial evidence, either in public tribunals, or in matters of domestic occurrence; it shows that the most important actions of men frequently spring from the most trivial motives, and that the most abortive attempts frequently frustrate the grandest designs. It proves the doctrine, that man is generally the creature of circumstances, and with the rapidity of the change of the magic lantern, presents all the phases of human life to the comprehension of the reader. The author having

thus addressed himself to his readers, has but to act up to his introductory remarks, and he may be well sure that his well written and entertaining tale will succeed.

Luther. By R. Montgomery, A.M. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Fifth Edition.

We feel no apology is needed for introducing at so late a period this poem amongst our reviews. It is not with the most distant idea of calling public attention to the work that we have done so. Most every one who is poetically inclined has read if he has not studied "Luther;" neither do we indulge in so vain an anticipation as to hope that at this comparatively late day, we could place the subject in any new light, or treat differently than before, this truly magnificent work, which, viewed only as a poem, will be noted for its reflective suggestiveness and loftiness of imagination, as well as for its mightily powerful argumentative style when regarded theologically. The main consideration that has induced us to notice it is this, that having reached the fifth edition of a cheap form for the people, is a good and faithful augury of the improvement of the national taste. Too much cannot be said upon the absolute imperativeness of issuing reprints of really good works for the masses; not those productions which alone find an entrée into the higher and wealthier circles,—not the loose and immoral emanations from the fertile and fruitful brain of the fashionable novelists and romance writers of the day: those are unsuited to the present condition of the people, who must have works that can be attentively read and thoughtfully studied, —that will not pander to an already vitiated or depraved taste, but tend to make them wiser and better men. Believing that "Luther" is of this class, we experience no slight pleasure in bestowing a few moments upon Mr. Montgomery's greatest effort, which is undoubtedly a most incomparable and eloquent piece of language, blended with loftiness of imagination and vigorous power of description; and thundering out from the unpretending pages of a poem, some of the mightiest and most incontrovertible arguments against the errors of a church, in which hotbed of corruption was for a time generated that solitary Monk whose

> "Thunder-claps of theologic truth"

shook the flimsy and insecure foundation upon which a vast and potent superstructure of evil had been raised. Upon this work, probably more venomously than any other, did the British press, with but some few honest exceptions, vent its spiteful anger; men high and low appeared to have listed into a conferating band, herding intentionally to silence with their inky weapons, "*per fas et nefas*," this gifted yet somewhat indiscreetly expressive author; who was, we unhesitatingly believe and unequivocally assert, unjustly and maliciously assailed by petty scribblers and superficial oracles, who failed not to declaim against that which they were unable either to surpass or rival. Schlegel thus speaks of the qualifications necessary for a critic: "No man can be a true critic or connoisseur who possesses not a universality of mind, nor the flexibility which, throwing aside all personal predelictions and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them, as it were, from their proper central point, and what ennobles human nature; and to recognise and respect whatever is beautiful and grand, under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes even seem to disguise them." And Tacitus too, in his allusion to oratory, which may be rendered synonomous with criticism, says, "*Nemo orator nisi bonus.*" The truth of these positions will, we presume, not be denied, and the authors from whom the premises are derived will be allowed to have some slight pretensions to a knowledge of the subject upon which they speak. This being granted, how can those malignant aspersions which invariably, on the appearance of *any* work of *any* author of talent or celebrity, graced the pages of a quarterly review, be reconciled in the mind of any thinking man as emanating from the pen of an honest or learned critic? We make reference to this periodical more particularly, from the glaring fact that, sheltered behind the powerful covering of anonymous editorship, was concealed an organised system of attack on all young authors whose temerity had induced them to rush into the troubled and agitated waters of authorship; which rashness was immediately rewarded, not by a criticism on the works themselves, that being for obvious reasons carefully and studiously avoided, but by columns of personal allusions, atrociously untrue as well as slanderously abusive. Time has, however, in some measure tended to dispel the misty clouds which shelter from public gaze the editorial "we," and penetrated into the apparently secure arcana of the prison house, revealing in 3 vols. 8vo. the collected historical essays and criticisms of a privy counsellor and member of the government, who resplendently shines in the refulgent rays of a dishonest reviewer, and unblushingly with unparalleled audacity ushers, as it were, in second-birth the su-

perfluous effervescence of rivalry and envy, coupled with an evident consciousness of mental inferiority. This reveals a state of things deeply to be regretted, and exposes a system that cannot too severely be deprecated; it shows the responsible power vested in men, who frequently from inability are incapable of judging soundly, and in others who, soured by their own ill success or bad fortune, regardless of their honour—lost to their high position, are content to revel in the unenviable trade of dealers in wholesale of paltry invectives and personal abuse. Though we ourselves should be unwilling to affirm that every line and sentence even in "Luther" met with our entire approval, we hope that there is yet left in us some consciousness of the trust imposed upon us, which we earnestly desire to fulfil honestly and faithfully. In the preface to the third edition of "Luther," we find Mr. Montgomery maintaining that it is but common justice to himself to state, that in consequence of his poem having been prematurely announced, the proof sheets were pushed through the press with imprudent rapidity, in many cases no revises were obtained; and hence many errors, misprints, and *maculæ* went forth in the former editions, which more time in conducting proofs through the press would have prevented. With all due deference to the assertion of Mr. Montgomery, it does not appear to us that he can claim any allowance from this statement, it being solely the duty of a writer either to correct his proof-sheets, or hold himself responsible for the results; and in proceeding to make some comment upon the poem, we do not believe ourselves warranted in withholding any censure which we believe to be just, from the circumstance that the poem was prematurely announced and hurriedly corrected. If, however, there are some passages with which we might feel inclined to dissent or discountenance, their insertion must be attributed more to the author's zeal for the support of his religion,—more for his unappeasable indignation at the errors of antichrist, than for any deficiency of judgment or inaptitude of expression, defects which, without a careful and minute survey of the poem, will not uncover themselves, and therefore will be more eagerly clutched by the sceptic and infidel. The reader is aware that this work embraces, not only a history of Luther, but embodies the spirit of the Reformation; it, in various sections, poetically discusses and refutes unsound and heterodox views. The first *tableau*, if it may be allowed the phrase, is descriptive of the great truth, that Christ is all in all, which is vigorously told and eloquently written. The beauty of this expression is worth remarking (p. 5):—

"Lo! the broad earth a solemn area seems,
And the arch'd sky a bended ceiling grows,
Whose lamps are planets in their burning shrines:
Wonder is priestess, and the mingled choir,
The organ music, roll'd from waves and winds;
While the deep worship is th' unconscious swell
Of nature, when his blent hosannas rise
To bless the Architect and Source of all."

After passing over some sections illustrating the consideration of the mystical body of the Church; then traversing through another portion, picturing with equal earnestness of fidelity, and happiness of description, the discovery of America,—then onwards through a glowing eulogy on printing, we pass to a chapter headed 'Childhood,' unexceptionably written with greater purity of feeling diction than any other in the volume. Childhood! who could not spend hours in unalloyed delight at the recollections of early days, and feel entranced in the happiness of the past? when with tiny steps we joyously skipped over green fields and pastures, untinged with care, and unoppressed with sorrow, believing that all was good and beautiful, and made for our enjoyment. The infantine days of Luther are described with an air of simplicity which, for Mr. Montgomery, is really startling: it being short, we annex it (p. 15):—

"Such the boy, Luther; simple, rough, and rude,
A thinking earnestness his brow enthrones,
Beyond all shrinking. His the cloudless heart;
And men may read it with a ready glance:
Like glass transparent, do his actions show
The hidden wheel-work which the heart involves.
Genius was thine, thou heaven-commissioned boy!
But surely sorrow was thy guerdon too,
For ne'er doth greatness in a bosom lodge,
But sadness thither like a shade attends,
Its true companion."

We have said that in this chapter may be found lines written with greater purity of expression than in others; and after most interesting reading of the poem, we are enabled to reiterate the expression. What is more eloquent, what conveys more expressively and with greater force, yet at the same time picturing filial love and duty, than the following? (p. 15)—

"But in the powers auxiliar, which expand
The young Reformer, feeling played its part;
And that perchance, beyond all others, pure.
His was a mother, from whose heart of love
Sacred and deep, with fine devotion full,
As from a shrine, his lisping boyhood took
Counsels of grace, oracularly fond.
And who can say how much that Luther show'd
In that high work of majesty and mind,
That grateful Europe now with homage crowns,
Sprang from a look, a warning, or a word,
The mother wielded, when she taught him God?
And ever thus from mother's love we draw
Feelings and powers, which o'er progressive life

Reign with a subtile, secret, holy spell; [world,
And deeds and darings which have moved the
Haply was cradled in maternal smiles,
Or drew their glory from a mother's lip!"

Those who are forward in accusing this author of irreverent expressions, of highly colouring passages in order to suit more covertly his own imagination, may be referred to the foregoing extract. Sometimes it is said Mr. Montgomery excites in the *power* of his language, more than in his correct portraiture of things. Probably he may be too imaginative, although we feel disposed strenuously to deny it; perhaps in his writings he delineates things which should be, rather than as they are. This may be undoubtedly correct, but who can refuse offering the tribute of praise to the author of the passage we have just quoted; the man who retains (and alas there are but few!) his filial love to the age at which the writer was when this poem was written, is one whose opinions are not idly to be passed over. It is a noble theme that of affection for a mother, and well and truthfully does he describe it. This extract may be counted amongst the earliest and most prominent that introduces us to Luther; and it is most pleasing awhile to rest from the discussion upon the errors of a religion, and turn to the contemplation of man's natural career, and follow him through his varied phases of existence—the seven stages of the life's drama. We now proceed to an extract setting forth the man Luther as the creature of circumstances. Apart from all sectarian doctrine, this we, irrespective of party views, believe to be a truism—that all men remain animated evidences of events; which can be asserted without entering into a debate upon predestination. He thus speaks:—

"Yet bleak the lot his boyish prime endured;
And sad indeed, and mercilessly dark,
The shades of circumstance around him fell;
While yet no precious dawn of grace appear'd,
To light him onward through domestic gloom."

Then we come to a passage explanatory of the Romish friar's mind reaching maturity,—Luther the *boy* is transformed into Luther the *man*. Mr. Montgomery thus expresses himself:—

"And here, by want uncheck'd, by care unworn,
Bosomed in calm domestic, Luther builds,
By soft degrees, his mental being up.
Science, and art, and love, that lovely trine!
Around him throng, and with their blended smiles
The budding energies of mind attract
Forth into blossoms of expounding force,
And freshness; e'en as sunshine tempts
The hue of flowers and harmonies of spring
To full expression."

The last extract that we intend annexing, though not in itself remarkable for any of the qualities for which the author has rendered himself remarkable, may be justly designated a useful sentence, for bearing as it does reference to the times of old, and in its application to men far different from those of the present age, yet all would do well to ponder over these few lines. We do not desire to proclaim it as conveying any moral lesson, nor embodying vividness of description; to neither of these does it in any way pretend, yet it is written with undenying simplicity and truth. We subjoin it:—

"'Who prays the most will study best;' so spoke,
In noble answer to official pride,
The young Reformer, when th' unfolding gates
Of Erfurth from his asking eye retired,
As pale he stood, her letter'd walls beside,
Intreating entrance there. And now commenced
The waking myst'ries of the mind within!
Around him more and more dead shadows fell,
That seem'd reflected from Almighty frowns;
While conscience, that pale miniature of God,
In outlines faint, the holiness supreme
Began to enrage. Morning, noon, and night,
With soul intense, and heart of upward gaze,
How oft did Luther, on the wings of hope,
Rise out of earth, heaven's tearless home depict,
And on God's bosom pillow all his cares!
And now, when sensitive at every pore,
His soul lay open to the pregnant beams
Of truth eternal, out of Godhead sent."

Here we break off the extract, to close the present notice, which next month we promise our readers and ourselves the pleasure of resuming. Yet little as we have dived into this poem to form the subject of a review, in our mind the opinion is steadfastly engendered, that it is the greatest work of a great author. Naturally we have been compelled to wade through volumes, pore over pages, and scrutinise characters, not remarkable either for originality of conception or singularity of description. Poetry too, in its turn, has come under our glance; which although carefully studied, has failed to implant those suggestive ideas and reflective thoughts that universally throng Mr. Montgomery's literary lucubations, whom, at the commencement of this review, we alluded to as possessing the habit of "indiscreet expression," but which is attributable more to his earnestness of zeal to excel in descriptive points, than the slightest intention to exaggerate; and while it haunts him with the supposition that he may fail in forcibly denouncing that which he conceives false and erroneous, leads him into the opposite error of travelling too frequently over the same path. Be this, however, as it may, the fault, if it be one, resembles only a small spot on the brow surface, which might, in less experienced hands than our author, grow wider, and more glaring and repulsive. Discrepan-

cies of this nature will expect to be found in all works, and more especially poetical ones, embracing the many events described in Luther and his times, which we honestly affirm to be in every respect the most perfect of the whole of Mr. Montgomery's works. The theme affords a more extensive field for display, upon which most ably and firmly has the author placed his characters. For the present, then, we leave this truly magnificent poem, which has been of infinitely real service to the religious cause it has advocated, as well as establishing the fame of its author.

Ignez de Castro. A Tragedy, by the author of "Rural Sonnets." London, H. Hurst.

We were unable last month to enter into any critical remarks upon this tragedy. From the late hour at which it reached our hands, all that we could do was to subjoin an extract from one of its most excellent passages. The author of this dramatic composition has for many years held a most prominent position amongst literary men, indeed his "Rural Sonnets," published some four or five years since, were specimens of poetry that contained a sweetness and simplicity of expression seldom met with in detached pieces; but perhaps amongst the most celebrated effort made by this author, was the "Cathedral Bell." Some time has elapsed since it has fallen under our notice; we, however, entertain sufficient recollection of the genius displayed, to feel justified in placing it far above the ordinary standard of literary productions. In it there was much originality of composition, the dialogue was well sustained, and, on the whole, might be honestly termed much above the average dramatic piece of writing. The tragedy of "Ignez de Castro" (the present work) deserves much more commendation, and entitles itself to a greater degree of praise than former tragedies by the same author. In the first place, there is a greater power and fuller scope for the natural display of the dramatist's powers. There are points in connexion with the times from which it is drawn, that can without difficulty be magnificently treated—scenes which might be powerfully depicted and well laid out, as well as filled up with much effect and variety of description. The author of this tragedy is not chargeable with neglects of this nature; evidently he has studied the customs of the precise period of history that has been made the subject of the play; and the great beauty that shows itself is, that there are none of those glaring improbabilities and monstrous inconsistencies that too often are the accompaniment to modern writings. The play opens about the middle of the fourteenth century. Don Pedro, the only son of the king of Portugal, has, in antagonism to his royal sire's decision, married the Donna Ignez de Castro, a lady of much beauty and sense; and, at the commencement of the first act, Don Pedro has landed at Lisbon, and encounters a Spanish cavalier entrusted with the secret of his marriage, with whom a sparkling and well written dialogue ensues. In speaking of court intrigues and parasitical machination, the king's son thus eloquently describes those eternal and constant concomitants to royalty—the hangers on of a court:—

"I said not they were dang'rous; but, myself
Cautious—perhaps, overmuch—far better that,
Than not suspicious, to repent, at last,
Oneself hath been self-blinded. At the court,
Abroad upon the streets, I'm safe as you.
At home we're sanctmarie'd! If danger be
(And I believe it not, but still, as shown,
I thwart each *possibility* I can),
Such danger lurks, and creeps, and shuns the light;
Would take the shape of accident—chance-bolt
Of chance-directed bow—and have its friends,
Some season'd, well-paid desperadoes, plac'd
In ambush, not in public, for *my life*,
On which so much might hang. Such ruffian knaves
As spill your blood for greatness, and forget
Greatness, to save itself, may spill their own.
Now, when your road is known to men you hate,
It may be known to those such men sit on.
Once more—I had no fears—suspicions—none—
Self-confident and vigilant at once.
But, when my enemies prescribe my path,
I ne'er adopt it of my own free-will."

There is much to admire in the above extract: quietly written, it pourtrays truthfully that intended to be depicted without rushing into that melo-dramatic state of turbulence now and then found in passages of this description. A scene then follows in which Giraldo (a ruined gamester) delivers a soliloquy, which, though not containing so much that is to be admired as in other places, yet seems to give relief to, and add change in the disposition of the characters; which is succeeded by a declamatory oration from Pedro. We subjoin it, to show the difference of style from the preceding extract; it sufficiently explains its meaning:—

"I am offended! I was summon'd here,
By letters manual, just like those of old,
To celebrate my name-day. Nothing more.
I should enjoy the day far best at home,
But that long usage drags me thus abroad.
I came reluctantly, and lo, I find
A trap is baited for the *needful* heir.
Ambassadors are planted in my path,
To tempt me, on the spot, to match with France,
As if I were the fool for sudden freaks
To vantage any body but myself.
My father measures me, both wits and wit,
As ignorantly as his tools could wish.
My *soul* is wed, at least ev'n he could grant!
My body's faith is mine, not his to guide."

There is a most eloquent and powerfully written passage, concluding the first act: it was the disconnected extract that in our last month's article was annexed (p. 320). The second act brings us to the apartment of Ignez de Castro, in the absence of her husband, Don Pedro, at the court of his father, the king of Portugal. Surrounded by her children, she experiences the maternal feelings, and a happy pride in her heart's treasures. This is most truthfully delineated: and on her husband's return, when questioned, he thus replies:—

"Be tranquillis'd; there's naught to dread;
I am but anger'd, not my Ignez harm'd.
[*Ignez listens intently.*
I went to court, to keep the usual fete;
My summons was none other, as you read.
When I arriv'd, there burst upon my view
(Conceded by my father and his tools)
A rare intrigue, full blown, to take me in,
With suddenness and circumstance, at once;
For there, to cut off my retreat, I found
France, by a stately ambassage, engaged
To wed with Portugal."

In the fourth scene, there is really a beautiful piece of composition; indeed, the second and third acts may be said to contain the finest points in the tragedy, as well as illustrate the main features of the plot. Ignez de Castro thus speaks. Although the extract is somewhat long, we cannot refrain from giving it:—

"'Tis the first time my husband leaves my gates,
That I reap joy instead of gloom, because
He leaves me—but the reason's plain and just.
He leaves me for a space, to disconcert
Manœuvres 'gainst our peace—to guard his truth
Sacred and inaccessible, till those
Who have conspired to shake it, and their means,
Are utterly confounded and dispers'd.
If every wife were cherish'd as myself,
The world would be a paradise, and bliss
The lot of wedded days. My poet's soul
Exaggerates the few charms of mine,
And loves me with a superhuman love.
Hush, hush, my heart—nor harbour other thoughts
Than those of humblest thankfulness and peace.
I have sinned much—this tendency within
To new-found rapture shocks my conscious soul,
And puts the dead Constança in mine eyes.
She died. So I had perish'd, had her lord,
After he stray'd to fascinate my love
(A love that words can never, never paint!)
Had this sole umpire of my earthly fate,
Cast my poor heart away—that cause of grief,
Which, till the meek Constança ceas'd to mourn,
At least was fortified from grosser sin.
Oh, name it not to fancy's merest dream,
A consummation that had driv'n me mad.
Peace, flatterer! peace! on ills that cannot hap,
Expend not anguish and delusive fear. [*Pauses.*
Again this sense of ecstasy! again
My soul, my soul, restrain me, and correct;
Arm me for trials, if, one risk escap'd,
Come after *that* what may, deserve the name:
Rouse me to duties, and to him whose truth
Hath wrought salvation for me here below,
Made me a fount for happiness for age.
Pedro, my bliss, the father of our babes,
Would we were with you."

With this extract we close our present notice of the tragedy of Ignez de Castro. Next month we shall proceed in a fuller and more minute consideration of the work. In the meantime, it is due to the writer to state, that this is the most eloquent and carefully written of the whole of his compositions, and will much add to his fame as a dramatic writer. There is throughout the tragedy much to admire, and but little, if any, to condemn.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1847. London: Longman and Co.; F. Pawsey, Ipswich.

We recommend this very nice little pocket book to the attention of our fair friends, as combining the useful with the ornamental, it being very prettily illustrated with steel engravings of no common order, and besides, contains poetical contributions by Miss Strickland, Mrs. Crawford, and other writers of merit. The lovers of charades may also enjoy a treat in the solution of some of the most ingenious of the kind that we have seen.

Christmas in the Olden Time. By John Mills. London, H. Hurst.

Mr. Mills is well known as an author, his works, the "Old English Gentleman," &c., being chiefly descriptive of rural life. The present little volume is one of the many which, at this season of year, are sent forth for the amusement of the multitude, and will, no doubt, command its fair amount of patronage. It is illustrated by Duncan, in a very neat manner; the title page is prettily engraved in colours. The story is one told at the hospitable table of the village squire, by one of the rural guests, and contains an excellent moral. The engravings are by Linton.

The Moor, the Mine, and the Forest. London, I. Banks.

We have seen but one number of this publication, but, from the specimen before us, cannot say much for those that are to follow, nor can we see as yet what the title has to do with the contents, the latter being chiefly composed of the silly gossip of some women on the merits of a young schoolmistress, who has lately been installed among them.

Illustrations of Eating; displaying the Omniverous Character of Man. By a Beef-eater. London, J. R. Smith.

We believe it was Dr. Kitchener who described man as a "cooking animal," and

it would seem by the store of facts industriously collected by the beefeating concoctor of this pamphlet, that the description was correct; for in most parts of the world man prefers such meat as has been subjected to the action of fire; the native Australian to be sure will dig out insects from the roots of rotten trees, and sweeping them together with pieces of tow, take as many of them as the tow will well hold, and carefully putting them into his mouth, chew them very composedly; but this may be only as a *bonne-bouche*, like that of some epicures, who finish their meals with a piece of cheese suffused with living insects. A recent traveller, we are told, "saw a native cutting away with his tomahawk into the bark of a tree, from which he extracted about seven or eight grubs, thick, fat, yellow insects, which he put into his mouth—heads, legs, and all—one after another, and pronounced them—tapping his chest—"capital!" Very much like our own native epicure who is enthusiastic in the matter of mity cheese, and deposits whole families at once in his capacious stomach. The wandering Calmuc Tartars, who eat the flesh of horses and wild asses, cook their food by placing it under their saddles, the heat of their bodies doing the work of a fire, in some degree. The Chinese, who have a *penchant* for grubs and common earthworms, improve the flavour of those delicacies by cooking them with castor oil: thus sagaciously correcting any digestive qualities which the food may possess. The poorer class of Chinese consider cats and dogs capital eating, "and they can make a tolerable dinner of a drowned rat;" but as the ingenious author of this little book observes, "in the eating of dogs and cats the Chinese are not peculiar; hundreds of dogs and cats are annually consumed by the French capital." And does not the same remark apply to our own capital? Are not the mysteries of savoury mutton pies notorious? And who can tell what enters into the composition of sausages? "The American Indians are very fond of rattle snakes boiled or stewed." Do not happy Londoners make pilgrimages in the sunny summer time to famed Blackwall, where banquets of stewed eels invite luxurious appetites, to say nothing of "Eel Pie Island?" To be sure the rattle-snake may be a stronger tasted fish; but the American Indians prefer it on that account; as some people give a preferance to grouse and partridges teeming with life, and mutton that has been "well hung." The flesh of monkeys is used for food in Mexico and West Indies. "To prepare this dish, the body is scalded to remove the hair, and after this operation has been neatly performed, the creature has the exact appearance of a dead child." The author charitably adds, "It is not at all improbable that many savage nations may have been accused of cannibalism merely from the circumstance of their indulging in this sort of food;" but, unfortunately for the character of "savage nations," he gives some startling "illustrations" of cannibalism in all other parts of his little volume. The Abysinian epicures are remarkable for their selfishness, and hard treatment of their domestics. At their banquets, the slaying of the beasts and the repast takes place without interruption. "All the flesh of the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces; and the prodigious noise the animal makes is a signal for the company to sit down to table." Every guest has before him three or four cakes of bread which serve for plates as well as food, and beneath them are four or five other cakes of ordinary bread of a blackish kind, upon which the masters wipe their fingers, and give them afterwards to the servants for their dinner. All these historical points, and a host of others of a similar kind, are dwelt upon in the little book before us with much liveliness. There is an introduction, too, about the digestive organs, that diners out as well as diners at home, will peruse with satisfaction, and some domestic hints about the cooking department that may be serviceable to housekeepers. Our readers shall have a taste of the repast.

GREENLAND DELICACIES.

"The native inhabitants of Greenland live exclusively on animal substances. Sometimes, indeed, they find a few berries, which, for a treat, they preserve in blubber, and sometimes they make a meal of the sea weed which they pick up from the shore; but these are merely exceptions to the general rule. They have advanced so far in the arts of civilised life as to receive parties and provide entertainments. These usually consists of three or four dishes, and it is considered polite in a stranger to require great pressing before he partakes of anything. When we consider what these dishes are composed of, we would be apt to imagine that great pressing would be absolutely necessary. The greatest delicacy, in many cases, is part of a whale's tail, rendered soft and easy of digestion by being half putrid, or, perhaps, a seal's carcase in the delicious state. By way of dainties, they sometimes present the flesh of bears, belugas, sharks, dogs, gulls, and bull-heads. When they wish to treat an European with extraordinary politeness, before offering him a piece of meat, they lick off the blood and dirt with their tongues; and, moreover, it is considered a gross insult to decline the gift. The seal, being generally abundant and easily

caught, constitutes nearly the whole of their food; the most important additions being fish and sea-fowl. Train oil is used for preserving their food, and blubber is principally eaten to the dried smelt. Their great time for feasting is when they happen to kill a whale, or find one dead on the shore, in which case every one runs to the prize, cutting off and carrying away as much blubber as he can obtain. Their cooking is performed in vessels of pot-stone, suspended over lamps, or in metal cauldrons in the open air, and corresponds with the disgusting dirtiness of their other habits. The vessels in which they cook are never cleaned, except in being licked by the dogs; and the meat, when taken out is simply laid on the ground, or perhaps on an old skin, not much cleaner. In the interior of Greenland there exists a horde of savages, who are, perhaps, the most indiscriminate feeders of all. Every animal which falls into their clutches is made food of. In times of scarcity they wander to the coast, and subsist upon sea weed."

The Utility of Agricultural Societies. By T. H. Steel, A.M. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Within the limits of a letter to Lord Dacre, Mr. Steel has entered with much perspicuity into a dissertation upon the means of extending the use of agricultural societies; and although perhaps there are some few portions upon which we entertain different opinions, still it is due to the author to state that the subject is skilfully and ably treated. Whenever matters of this nature call our attention, we most willingly lend our aid in carrying out any measures that might in any way be conducive to bettering the condition of the working classes. We have undisguised pleasure in leaving for a time the noisy and turbulent contests of the political arena, separate ourselves from party and sectarian projects, and approach the consideration of a subject in which all shades of religious sects and divers classes of politicians join issue, with the firm, unshrinking determination resolutely to carry out the matter they have taken in hand. The tenor of this letter was delivered in a *post prandium* speech in Hertfordshire; but, as the author tells us, the subject was unpremeditated and hurried. We propose passing on to the calmer but not less forcible expressions addressed to Lord Dacre, relative to the present extension of agricultural societies, as well as on the means proposed for extending their utility; but previously to so doing, we would dwell for a moment upon a sentence with which we cordially agree. Mr. Steel says: "It is no use telling you, that your assembling here together in social intercourse is doing much towards bettering the poorer classes. You are not doing much, but you may do much." Plain and unpretending as is the language of these few words, how great a truth do they convey; and yet, impress or attempt to enforce their import upon the chairman of any agricultural society—we speak collectively—and you will be rewarded with a vacant gaze, accompanied by an expressive hint, that so violent an intimation can do none other than tend to effect the ruin of the association, and that to nourish views of so revolutionary a tendency, will entirely annihilate that snug and comfortable corporation established amongst bodies of this description, as well as destroy the amicability of the social meetings of its members. Any one who is sufficiently daring to hasard the expression, must be prepared to receive a rejoinder similar to that we have alluded to; for it is a notorious fact, that more attention is paid to secure the comfort of the guests at an annual dinner, than there are efforts made to promote the success of the institution. We must now proceed to make some hasty remarks upon the letter itself, which may in every respect be termed a decree hurling its iron shafts against the errors now in existence amongst these societies. Of the most important additions or changes that the author would introduce may, in the first place, be mentioned, that encouragement should be awarded to the labouring poor to avail themselves of the opportunities which are in their power of obtaining the means of education, or at least instruction for their children. To this proposition no objection can reasonably be raised; that it is a method of proceeding that should long since have been introduced, is incontestably clear, as it is evident that some measures should have been adopted by those in whom the power lies to secure a better and more universal system of education than the one now in use. By mentioning the term universal, we desire not to have it politically interpreted, neither do we in these pages cherish the remotest idea of discussing the subject of national education—the remark will bear application with respect to a more perfect system of teaching being adopted; and yet at the same time it may strike some who but cursorily read the matter, that an agricultural society is but a curious instrument for carrying the proposition into effect. It must, however, be remarked, that these suggestions are thrown out more particularly with reference to the labouring agricultural population—to those who, from the scanty remuneration they receive from their employers, are unable to provide for their children a creditable education. Now, if the scale of

wages was to be universally increased in those districts, there would be no necessity for Mr. Steel's proposition; but as there appears no reasonable ground for premising that so beneficial a change will take place, it renders it compulsory to adopt this suggestion, which, under the present cheerless aspect, seems the wisest and most efficacious course that can be pursued. An objection is likely to be started, and indeed has been offered, that by so acting it is undertaking the task of government, and that the faults of the labourer are the faults of the law, in not providing the means of a sufficient education for this great community. Allowing the premises to be sound, which for the time being we care not to dispute, supposing that it is the duty of the state to provide an amount as well as a system of education, that shall be sufficient and compatible with the wants of the labourer, and that the state, by the non-performance of the contract, neglects its duty, does it afford sufficient evidence to show that no remedial measures are to be taken, with the view of lessening the threatening consequences probable to ensue from the inactiveness and supineness of that power, whose especial duty it has become to promulgate a measure? Are men to remain idle and careless witnesses of a pernicious and ineffective system, without moving a muscle or uttering a sentence? Can they be expected calmly to view the working of an evil, and yet be fearful of suggesting an improvement, and are they to be told that it is undertaking the task of government? If this, then, be the case, why have not those on whom the trust has devolved faithfully performed their part of the service? The labourer has, in his particular vocation, rendered an amount of service to the state, which it is now acknowledged has been inadequately remunerated; and when attempts, feeble or strong, are made, immediate allusion is made to its being within the province of a certain body, and that to tread within its precincts is to commit an audacity, the perpetration of which nothing can possibly justify. Far be it from our desire for an instant to depreciate the respect that is due to a governing power; far be it from our intention to deteriorate from the magnitude of their designs or the vastness of their undertakings, this we readily acknowledge; at the same time, we cannot refrain from making allusion to the present system of education, and venturing to express a hope that attention will speedily and earnestly be paid to the subject. Much remains to be done by the wealthier portion of society, towards bettering the condition of the lower classes. In their hands lies the leverage that can successfully be applied to effect this amelioration, which has hitherto been so much neglected, that it has become at last a matter of discussion at an agricultural society's dinner, whether effectual measures shall not be taken to perfect as far as possible the evil complained of. To the suggestor of this proposition, the heartfelt thanks of all who feel an interest in the welfare of the poorer and, as regards worldly revenues, less fortunate brethren, will cheerfully and unhesitatingly be given; believing that his was a willing and spontaneous effort made to render happier and less rigorous the ruffled state to which in a great measure, as far as regards educational interests, a vast population has been reduced. We repeat, that without wishing to detract from the share of merit due to the more prosperous section of society, there is ample room for them to commence this good movement, but for its introduction into the heart of agricultural societies to the author of this little but honestly written work.

Death of the Greek General, Londos. Scandalous behaviour of the Sacred Synod and the Coletti Administration. A letter to Lord Viscount Palmerston. By Pericles. Effingham Wilson, 11, Royal Exchange.

The title of this pamphlet (which may be purchased for a shilling) sufficiently explains its purpose. It only adds to our preconceived opinion, that misery and unhappiness will ever be the fate of the Greek people as long as the Coletti administration remains in power. It is an illiberal, unpatriotic, selfish congregation of men, looking only to the carrying out of their own private purposes. The writer of this pamphlet is a true friend to Greece, and to use his own expressive and idiomatic language, "Rest assured that our philopatry—the love of our country—gave vent to our feelings; and, finally, we solicit your forgiveness for our manifold imperfections." Every lover of Greece—of freedom—of humanity, should purchase this pamphlet, and make themselves fully acquainted with its contents. What are the London Greeks about, that they do not rouse themselves? Are they afraid of Coletti? Englishmen will think so, if they do not publicly declare, by a meeting, their abhorrence of his conduct.

The Topic. Vol. II. from July to November. London: Mitchell.

Some such periodical as the present series has been for some time wanting. The quarterlies are issued at such distant periods, that a subject almost becomes stale before they appear; and if not, they are too dear for the general mass of readers. Twenty-four shillings a year is very diffe-

rent from three-pence a fortnight. The second volume contains thirteen articles, all of them distinguished either by the popular subject or the cleverness with which they are treated. Where so many are good, it is difficult to choose which to notice. Some are topics, on account of the widely spread political importance of the subjects treated; others, from the interest they excite in a very different, though widely spread, class of readers. Among the former we may mention, Naval and Military Discipline, Egypt and the Transit, the Famine, and Public Education. Of the latter, the London Season, Modern French Literature, the Course of German Philosophy, the Advancement of Science, Art Unions, and we may add, Flowers and Flower Shows, and Continental Travel. The political articles we will notice first. Naval and Military Discipline occupied much of the public attention some time back, when this paper first appeared; and we would hope that the interest has not died away; for if we have any regard for the future spread of our influence, we should be jealously alive to everything that tends to ameliorate the condition of those powerful instruments through which we possess our empire. Egypt and the Overland Journey to India is one of the best articles in the volume, and describes in a lucid and vigorous style the present condition of that country, which has ever been regarded with the deepest interest by the inhabitants of all civilised nations. We perfectly agree with the views put forward by this able writer respecting the Transit; it behoves the people of this country to look well to it, for it is of the utmost importance. This paper treats with great vigour on the administration of the country; we extract one anecdote, to illustrate the *justice* of the Egyptians:

"Not long ago a poor Caireen was seized, charged with committing the offence of hospitality, and hanged before the palace gates. The Marquis de Lavalette, the French consul, takes great credit, went to the palace, and made an energetic remonstrance, though unfortunately too late to produce any effect. Shortly afterwards it was discovered that the wrong man had been punished, the real culprit, the individual who had, in truth, committed the felonious act of receiving a naked and hungry stranger beneath his roof, was seized and dragged along to the gallows tree, torn, no doubt, by the stings of remorse for the heinous offence he had committed. But he was spared; one life for one offence was considered enough, especially as the representative of an European power had mixed himself up in the transaction."

It would far exceed our space to enter at length into the subject; we can only add, that it is well worthy the attention of those who not only feel an interest in this subject, but also of those who admire an able article. The Famine is not what we expected; we read with the view of finding an account of the present state of Great Britain, if not of all those countries who are affected by this dreadful visitation. Public Education is an article of considerable merit, and treats of a subject which is just now awakening the greatest interest throughout the community. The writer considers with great ability the present condition of education abroad, and concludes with reviewing the state of it at home; although we by no means agree with all the principles to be found in this paper, we were much pleased with the general tone. We take an extract from the concluding paragraph:

"It is a great and good sight to behold a country that has but newly trodden through the gloom of past ill government, ancient among surrounding notions, prominent in the horizon of the world, high in the circle of humanity, enlightening the earth with free institutions, snapping the chain of slavery, and conferring the boon of knowledge upon her poorest citizens, addressing the words of the wisest of monarchs, 'Get wisdom, get understanding.' Already for loftiness of station and honest reason, this country has reason to be proud. Amid the shackles of imperfect legislation, unjust wars, man's degrading prejudices, religion, national and political, with a vast access of uncultivated mind, the glorious energy and perseverance of English study, directed by a few choice spirits—some from the ranks of the most unnoticed of their countrymen, who have arisen, blossomed and born fruit, unpropped by statesmen, unpatronised by the government, unsupported by the people, this glorious energy and perseverance of our countrymen, has achieved glories of which Athens and Rome offer an example, we do not mean in the wasteful wars of her statesmen and aristocracy, but in her peaceful triumphs. To England, other nations are indebted for the inventions that really elevate human nature. They are forced to become her copyists, or lag behind in the race of intellect and strength. From her loins, while yet comparatively weak to what she is at present, has sprung a mighty and free nation, destined to populate a fourth of the globe, and in another hemisphere there is a similar work fast progressing. Her language is become that of whole nations, and is already spoken by a greater number of mankind than any other. Thus when the parent is become, in the

certain course of sublunary vicissitude, no more than a wreck among perished nations, England will flourish in her offspring, immortal amidst the surrounding mortality of the most potent empires. Not the least wonderful thing is it, that all this marvel has been wrought in times of unsettled popular questions, with a population largely pauperised, under grievous taxation, with a monopolising and selfish aristocracy, with a third of the empire in a continual ferment, under restricted trade, feudal abuses, a great amount of vulgar prejudice, and the poorer classes a positive clog upon the machine through lack of education. If then the proud position of England, attained under such circumstances, be a wonder among the nations, how justifiable is the hope that, under an earnest, wise, well-established system of education for every individual in the land, however ill placed by circumstances, our country may obtain additional energy to soar higher still, to become a more envied marvel, and form a prouder attitude yet to maintain 'her precedence of teaching nations how to live!'"

Modern French Literature treats in a very able manner of the present condition of literature in that country. We are no admirers of the productions of our neighbours across the Channel, we cannot, therefore, appreciate to its full extent the opinion of the writer, who has a high admiration for the books issued from the French press. It is, nevertheless, well worthy the attention of all those who would have a rapid view of the subject. The Course of German Philosophy is an excellent article, and points out with clearness the leading principles of the four of the greatest of German philosophers, namely: Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hezel. When we use the words "greatest" and "philosophers," we mean in the opinion of the author, and also of a portion of the reading public; for our own part, we think there is very little true philosophy in any one of them. We have dwelt so much on the political and literary articles, that we can cast but a brief glance at some of the remaining. The London Season displays an intimate knowledge of the subject, which is rendered very interesting. Continental Travelling is amusing, and so are Art Unions and Flower Shows. The editor has displayed a considerable degree of taste in the selection of his articles, and although some, at first sight, do not appear to be Topics, yet, on consideration, we think it will be found that all interest a great portion of the community.

Notes of the Month.

Whittington Club and Metropolitan Athenæum.

Many of our readers have doubtless become familiar with the name, if not the features of this new institution, for it has excited a degree of interest in the public mind that has not for some years fallen to the share of any similar project. Already, before it has a roof over its own head, similar institutions have been set on foot in all parts of the country—in Birmingham, Ashton-under-Lyne, Birkenhead, Paisley, and, we believe, other places; and the phrase, "Whittington Clubs," has become a generic name, before the first institution of the species can be said to be in absolute practical existence.

How is it that this project has met with such general acclamation and adoption? It does not, as did Mechanics' Institutions, contain any new principle of co-operation for the attainment of intellectual culture, nor does it, like savings' banks, friendly, or building societies, hold out any direct means for the accumulation of property; and, lastly, the club department is in imitation of those establishments at the west end, with this difference, that it is not intended to foster luxurious habits, and the advantages will be equally available to both sexes, differences which, we believe, will meet the objections of many thinking and high-minded people.

If, then, the principle be not new, what is the quality that has earned for this project such signal success?—for that the voice of large numbers so unequivocally given forth, must be sufficiently powerful to ensure the attainment of all that its members think desirable, no one, we think, who has watched the accelerated progress of the power of co-operation in this country will doubt. This success we conceive to be attributable to the fact, that a twofold object is embraced in the scheme, namely, *economy* and *improvement*; that it takes as its basis and means a general physical, pressing *want*, certain and easy of immediate attainment, and has for its principal object and end, social and intellectual improvement, as certain, if not so easy of attainment.

Here, then, the philanthropist sees for others, and every one for himself, an opportunity for the improvement and gratification of the highest senses and feelings, to be attained by means which are in themselves desirable objects, both in an economic and social point of view. The Whittington Club can give its members breakfast, dinner, and all other refreshments, at a cheaper rate, and with greater comfort and elegance, than they can ob-

tain without such co-operation. The existing clubs prove this, if further proof is required than the fact, that a large family can live together at an infinitely cheaper rate, than they possibly can, in the same style, separately.

The luxury of the west end clubs will here be replaced by a high degree of neatness and unostentatious elegance. No inducement will exist towards excess, for no one's interest will be forwarded by extravagance; so there will be an absence of those limits and importunities on the one hand, and of those nameless little slights on the other, that pique the vanity of the young especially, produce habits of extravagance and ostentation, and cheat the mind of its self-control.

How many parents will rejoice that their sons whom business obliges to dine from home have the advantage of such an institution, where they will not be open to the risk of promiscuous company, and where good conduct will be ensured by the knowledge that the name and occupation of every member is known, or may be readily ascertained; and that, besides all these advantages, they are at the same time effecting an absolute saving of money—for as no profit is to be realised for any one's benefit, and the scale of charges, therefore, will be so arranged as to little more than cover the outlay and expenses, the saving which will accrue to the members of the institution by thus living, as we may say, *at home*, will be considerably more than the amount of the subscription to the institution. The supply of newspapers and periodicals also will be on a very liberal scale; while the selection by the council will shut out those trashy and mischievous publications, so much and deservedly dreaded by the guardians of youth, thrown into the vortex of this great city with ardour and curiosity far outstripping their judgment and experience. While on the subject of youth, we may add, that it is contemplated to admit them at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to render some member personally responsible for their good conduct, and at eighteen years of age, to give them all the advantages of the institution.

There is no doubt that the economy, comfort, and attention, which will be ensured to all; the feeling of every member that he is a part proprietor, and that he may thus spend the short time he has to spare in the company of those with whom he is on terms of intimacy or acquaintance, will induce unusually large numbers to join the institution; and for this, among other reasons, the subscription has been fixed at the low rate of a guinea a year for gentlemen, and half a guinea for ladies; but as many of the requisites of the club department will be available for the other objects of the institution, so the powers of the institution must not be estimated by the rate of subscription alone, but considered in connexion with the advantages to be derived from the combination of the two features under one management; and when we consider that at the Greenwich institution, one of the most successful and flourishing in or near the metropolis, the subscription is only half that of the Whittington Club, and that that of the Manchester Athenæum is but a very few shillings more, we need not be surprised that the promoters of this grand scheme promise that the literary department shall be worthy of the city of which "Dick Whittington was three times Lord Mayor."

One departure from the original plan has been rendered necessary by the huge extent of this great city—the having two instead of one establishment; but as the club department is self-supporting, and as the lectures and other great meetings may still be common to both, it is more than probable that what is lost by division will be compensated by increase of numbers. The two localities chosen are the neighbourhoods of Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange.

It is a source of great regret with many that the literary and scientific institutions of the metropolis are not so flourishing as could be wished. There is evidently something more, or something different, required, than they afford. It is no unusual thing to hear an excellent lecture, if not of a very novel or of a highly amusing character, delivered to a miserably thin audience. At the majority of institutions, lectures are delivered weekly, and in some cases twice a week, while the funds are very rarely sufficient to obtain really good lectures so frequently; and the consequence is, that many nights are occupied by lectures which are either in themselves of little value, or of such a nature as to be more appropriate to the class-room than the lecture theatre. Many of the scientific lectures have this objection, that as they are delivered to the members in a body, the progress that is too great for one portion of the audience, is too little for the other. The thorough or even general knowledge of an entire science, cannot be obtained in this matter; it requires a course of short progressive lectures, delivered in classes, in which the members are as nearly as possible upon an equality of information, otherwise the lecturer is constantly reminded that he is leaving part of his auditory behind; and in going over the ground again to fetch up the stragglers, he tires and disappoints those who are more advanced. Besides, there is this further difficulty about purely scientific lectures delivered in the public lecture-room, that

the constant accession of new members requires the first rudiments to be repeated so frequently, that, as regards the institution generally, no progress, or scarcely any, can be made; and we thus have, at longer or shorter periods, a repetition of the wearisome elements of some dry science, highly interesting to a few young inquiring minds, but looked upon by the majority with a degree of contempt which, although frequently thoughtless and undeserved, still seriously affects the welfare of the institution.

These are some of the errors which have been most forcibly pointed out to the promoters of the Whittington Club by those who are well-qualified to judge; and it is proposed to avoid these evils by permitting no lectures to be delivered to the collected body of members but those of a general character, whether scientific, literary, or musical; and that, just as frequently as the funds of the institution will permit of the engagement of the very first lecturers on each particular branch, and *no oftener*. And thus leaving the details of science or art to be taught in classes, where the relation of the lecturer or teacher with his hearers or pupils may be of a more intimate and conversational character.

We feel assured that if the Whittington Club will set the example of some such improved system, other institutions will quickly follow its example, and find that there are plenty of people eager to learn if fitting means and opportunities are offered to them. We feel sure, if once a really sound system of classes be established, that all other class rooms in all the institutions in the country will be inadequate to the demand.

It is the intention of the promoters, and indeed one of the first features of the institution, to offer to the members of other existing literary institutions all the advantages that the interests of the club will admit, and thus establish, as far as possible, a great centre of communication for the numerous educational and social institutions of the country. Young men of rising talent will thus be brought into communication with men of business, and obtain an introduction into the path that their abilities and wishes point out, without which so many are chained for life to uncongenial pursuits, and which, at the same time, is generally the greatest, and often the only obstacle to be overcome.

Concerts of the highest character, conversaziones, and soirées, form part, and a most valuable part, of the plan, and cannot fail, if carried out boldly, to be at once a source of the highest pleasure to the members and of profit to the institution. And the Whittington Club will have facilities for these latter which are not possessed by other institutions—namely, the enrolment of large numbers of ladies as full participators in all the advantages of the institution, and having a seat, voice, and vote in the council and committees. And when we tell our fair countrywomen that Mary Howitt, with many others, is included in those at present on the council; that they are sitting therein, and taking part in committees and sub-committees; and that all questions especially concerning the ladies will be by them specially considered; we think we have said enough to prove that the social and intellectual enjoyments of the Whittington Club will have no drawback, and bring no regret.

We could say much more concerning the library, which it is intended to render as complete as possible in all departments, especially including works of the highest character, beyond the means of the large mass of individuals to purchase; and about other features of this institution; but shall content ourselves with one simple statement, in itself perhaps more valuable as a guarantee than all detailed promises and avowed intentions, which is, that the council have exhibited a clear conception of the highest aims and motives, coupled with a steady, determined, and practical method of working for their attainment. They can neither be called theorists nor mere "practical" men; they have exhibited the comprehensiveness of mind of the one, and the steady habits of the other. Nothing has been denounced as Utopian or impossible; but every proposition has met with due consideration. They have promulgated advanced views, without assuming philanthropy; and they are laying the foundation of a vast social benefit, while they pretend to nothing more than the meeting of their own wants, and the indulgence of their own wishes. In such hands, many of which are well known, as having long laboured for the benefit of all, there can be no more doubt of the accomplishment than of the desirableness of the work upon which they are engaged.

The draft of the rules will be laid before the next general meeting of members, on Monday, the 7th instant, when it is probable that other matters of consequence will also be brought before the meeting.

Hellenic Festival.

When the tidings of the spotless and pure revolution which took place in Athens on September 3, 1843, and which contributed to the Greeks obtaining a constitutional charter, reached England, a splendid banquet was given at the London Tavern, to celebrate that auspicious event. On that occasion, amongst the numerous company assembled were to be seen Mr.

B. Cochrane, M.P., Dr. Bowring, M.P., the Hon. Col. L. Stanhope, Col. Thompson, Mr. James A. St. John, &c.; and all these Philhellenes congratulated the Greeks present upon the success of the late glorious movement, which was characterised as the most peaceful that had ever been accomplished. Ever since that splendid entertainment, the Greeks in London resolved upon presenting a sword to General Kalerges, the hero of the above revolution, as a token of their gratitude and esteem for the manner in which he carried it into effect. Circumstances, however, prevented the execution of their wish. On General Kalerges' arrival in this country upon a visit, they thought that his presence amongst them was the most appropriate season for the accomplishment of their plan. Accordingly they convened a meeting, and appointed a committee, having resolved to give him a public dinner in honour of his exertions in the cause of Greek independence, which had resulted in the establishment of the Greek constitution, and upon that auspicious occasion to present him with a magnificent sword. But as the present circumstances of Greece were not such as met their wishes, they thought proper to confine the dinner solely to the Greeks, and exclude every thing of a political nature from the speeches that would be made on that occasion, as will be subsequently seen in the Chairman's preliminary observations when proposing king Otho's health. It was for this very reason that Philhellenes were not asked to this banquet, that they might not have occasion to deplore the shocking state of affairs in Greece, under its present administration—an administration which no true son of Hellas can approve of. They did not wish to place British Philhellenes in such a predicament, as to express sentiments altogether opposed to those on a former occasion; and in this wise precaution every one will perfectly concur with them. Accordingly, General Kalerges was made acquainted with the resolutions of the meeting; and on being asked on which day he could conveniently honour them with his presence at the London Tavern, he appointed the 9th (21st) of November, being the anniversary of the convocation of the National Assembly in Athens to frame the constitutional charter. The day having arrived, on Saturday the Greeks resident in London assembled at the London Tavern. The company consisted of upwards of fifty gentlemen. The event, naturally interesting in itself, was rendered still more so by the announcement that the General was to be presented upon this occasion with the proposed sword. From some delay, however, on the part of the artificers this latter part of their design could not be accomplished; but, to make amends for this disappointment, a drawing of the sword was exhibited, and this excited considerable interest. The scabbard is to be of exquisite workmanship, richly studded with gems. Towards the upper part of it, on one side, will appear the national medallion in diamonds, and on the other that of the 3d of September, having the form of a star, with the inscription—

3 ΣΕΠΤΕΜΒΡΙΟΥ, 1843,

in brilliants. Below these medallions, and about the middle of the scabbard, on one side will be the inscription

ΤΩΙ ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΩΙ ΚΑΛΕΡΓΗΙ, ΟΙ ΕΝ ΛΟΝΔΙΝΩΙ ΕΛΛΗΝΕΣ,

(To General Kalerges—the Greeks in London). And opposite to this, on the other side—

ΘΡΗΣΚΕΙΑ, ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, ΣΥΝΤΑΓΜΑ,

(Religion, Country, Constitution.) The hilt of the sword will be surmounted by a finely modelled head of Minerva, and the scabbard will terminate with the head of a dragon, From the design, it was evident that the sword and scabbard, when completed, will be of a magnificent and elegant description. The room in which the entertainment was given was tastefully and appropriately decorated. Behind the Chairman's seat were arranged in union the national flags of England and Greece; between which was placed the portrait of king Otho, with a Greek inscription, describing him as "Constitutional King of Greece." A small banner above the portrait, bore the significant words: "3 September, 1843." Along each side of the room were tablets, bearing the names of the existing heroes and statesmen of Greece, of the places where assemblies have been held, where the rights of the people have been gained and confirmed; of the battles and naval actions by which her independence was won. Portraits of Otho, Queen Amalia, Rigas, Marco Botzares, Ypsilantes, and others, were placed in other parts of the room, and at the bottom, over the Coldstream band, was a splendid banner, with the inscription, "25th of March, 1821." On the right was a chaste design, in black marble, for a funeral arch, which it is proposed to erect to the memory of the Hellenes and Philhellenes who fell in the struggle for independence; on the left was a painting representing General Kalerges at the head of the troops, and the concourse of the people in front of the palace at Athens, on the 3rd of September, demanding from the king the constitution; but it is worthy of remark, that there was a careful avoidance of every thing French in all the banners, ornaments, and devices, with which the walls were decorated.

About five o'clock, P.M., the arrival of General Kalerges was proclaimed by the band playing "See the conquering hero comes," and the chair having been taken by Mr. Ionides, grace was said by the Rev. D. Xenakes, minister of the Greek chapel in London, and the company sat down to dinner. On the right of the Chairman sat General Kalerges, dressed in the military uniform of the Hulahs (something like our hussar costume), and wearing no other decoration than the medallion of the 3rd of September, 1843. The General appeared to be about forty-three or forty-four years of age, and of the middle stature, and his countenance was marked by an animated expression. At the conclusion of the dinner, which deserves praise for the excellent quality of the viands,

The CHAIRMAN rose and proposed the health of King Otho. He said it was naturally impossible for Greeks, far from their country, and meeting on such an occasion as the present, not to turn their mental eyes towards their fatherland, and reflect with joy or grief on many circumstances connected with it, both past, present, and future. It was natural, therefore, that a national duty should have brought them together on that occasion, and paying their gratitude to the gallant General who honoured them with his presence, to express themselves in terms of disapprobation as regards the present political condition of Greece, which was far from justifying their long-cherished hopes and wishes. But as it was known to them all that at the meeting which unanimously resolved that day's festival, it was concluded, with one accord, that, casting into oblivion all unpleasant affairs, and recalling to their memories days of joy and gladness to express their heartfelt wishes in behalf of the future welfare of their beloved country. After these observations, he called upon them to drink the heath of Otho I, their Constitutional King, who had entered into a mutual compact, and who set his seal, as it were, on Hellenic liberties by the constitutional charter, that powerful tie, which bound up strongly the throne with the nation. The worthy Chairman expressed his wish that the king might live long, and might be ever successful in every undertaking tending to advance the welfare and prosperity of their beloved land. (Cheers.)

Drank with all honours.

The CHAIRMAN next gave the health of Queen Victoria, which was responded to with great enthusiasm.

Mr. FRANGHIADI, the vice-president, proposed the health of Queen Amalia, observingwith great energy that they were greatly indebted to her majesty for the success of the Greeks in obtaining the constitutional charter.

This toast was received with great applause.

"Prince Albert and the Royal Family" followed, and

The CHAIRMAN then rose to propose the health of General Kalerges in the following terms:—Gentlemen, I labour under many disadvantages in rising to propose the toast of the evening, for I must confess my inadequacy in doing justice to the subject; and I rely solely upon your indulgence, and upon the enthusiasm depicted on the faces of all present, which expresses more than my feeble tongue can relate. The palpitations of joy which were felt by every Hellenic and philanthropic heart at the glorious result of the 3rd of September, inspired many of the Greeks in London with the wish to purchase a sword, by voluntary contributions, in order to present it to the illustrious chief, to whose wisdom and perseverance they were indebted for the happy result of that movement. But although the proposition was unanimously agreed upon, yet, after some deliberation, it was then resolved to celebrate previously, together with the British Philhellenes, that glorious change, which was carried into effect on the 21st Oct. 1843, in this very hall; and to-day we have the inexpressible pleasure of fulfilling our next wish. Our gallant guest becomes an eyewitness of our sentiments towards him. A valuable sword, bearing appropriate inscriptions, is presented to him as a memorial of the love, veneration, and gratitude of the Greeks in London, who, being independent, and uninfluenced by all political dissensions, which unfortunately exist in Greece at the present time, are capable of appreciating, with an impartial and patriotic spirit, the great services he has rendered to the land of their birth, and more especially the wisdom which he evinced in carrying into effect that national and salutary movement by which Hellenic liberties were sealed without a drop of blood being shed. It is altogether unnecessary, gentlemen, that I should occupy your time in relating the heroic acts and achievements of our glorious citizen. The history of regenerated Hellas is Kalerges' biography. A scion of an illustrious and wealthy family, having had the advantages of a high education, and enjoying in the bosom of numerous relations all the comforts and charms of social life, at the early age of sixteen, scarcely had he heard of the commencement of the sacred struggle, than he relinquished all; and girding himself with a soldier's sword, he hastened to offer at his country's altar his fortune and his life, most willingly partaking of the Grecian soldiers' historical privations,—heedless of hunger and of thirst, of heat and of cold. At the age of eighteen, being appointed to

the command of an army, he stormed and took the fort of Gravousa, in Crete, as if to give the first trophy of his triumph in the very island of his nativity. Subsequently he distinguished himself in many a field of battle, giving strong proof of his undaunted courage, of which he bears many honourable tokens on his very body. But, as if his enthusiasm for his country increased with his years — having seen after the restoration of our independence, that the aim of the Hellenic struggle had not yet been accomplished, and that the liberties of the nation were doubtful in the hands of foreigners, he took upon himself the great undertaking of the political change of the 3rd of September, which event adorned Greece with the double crown of liberty and moderation. Having hastily arrived at this splendid page of his life, I look upon any further addition as perfectly useless. As long as the sun's radiant beams shed forth their lustre on liberated Hellas—as long as the fair stars of the Hellenic sky glisten on the "Plateia of the Constitution" in Athens, so long will the name of Kalerges be memorialised as the name of one of the greatest patriots and heroes, and the twilight of the 3rd of September will never lighten the Greek horizon, without numberless supplications being sent up to heaven in behalf of him who has immortalised that day, and has brought to a completion the work of the 25th of March, 1821. I therefore propose, gentlemen, that we drink one and all of us to the health of the citizen of all Greece, General Kalerges. May the Almighty, the defender of Greece, defend and prolong his days, for the good of Greece. And thou, oh gallant general, on returning to our beloved country, forget not that in this foreign but free land, countrymen of thine are to be found whose love and esteem towards thee are as unlimited and great as are thy services to our country (loud and continued cheering).

The health of General Kalerges having been drunk by the company with the greatest enthusiasm, and followed by a Greek song, executed with taste by an amateur, Mr. Cartwright, a native of Corfu, General KALERGES rose and said:—

I am at a loss, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, to find adequate words to express the deep gratitude of my heart for the honour you have this day rendered me, which will never be erased from my memory as long as I live. It is an honour, sir, of which I am totally unworthy, for in the services I rendered my country, I have done nothing else than my duty. The present moment, sir, is, I assure you, one of the happiest of my life. You, gentlemen, who belong to the commercial world, must undoubtedly be aware that the honours you are now rendering me are bestowed upon the son of a merchant. The same education you are now giving to your children, the very same was given to me by my parents; and patriotism being a predominant trait in their character, as well as in that of yours, they endeavoured early to impress upon me the love of our country and respect for public opinion; and following their counsels, I have endeavoured through life to fulfil to the utmost of my power the duties of a faithful citizen of Greece. It is my sincere wish, gentlemen, that your sons, being benefited by your good counsels, may some future day prove themselves worthy of Greece, and receive from her the same marks of esteem you are this day lavishing upon me. In conclusion, gentlemen, I beg to thank you with all my heart for the manifold honours you have this day conferred upon me; and I most willingly accept the handsome and splendid gift you have presented me, which I shall retain in my family as a sacred relic, and transmit to my posterity as the most valuable inheritance they could ever receive: and I sincerely wish health and prosperity to my fellow-countrymen in England (loud cheers).

The CHAIRMAN next gave, "The Allied Powers: may their councils ever have in view the prosperity and greatness of Greece" (cheers).

Mr. C. T. RALLI (of the firm of Rodocanachi, Sons, and Co.) gave the next toast: "The Grecian Constitution; honour and glory to all those that have contributed and still contribute to its stability and efficiency." It was not to be expected that the Grecian constitution should yet be a perfect institution. If they looked around, they would see many nations much older not so far advanced as themselves. They must not, therefore, be disappointed that Greece had not brought to greater perfection a constitution which she had only enjoyed three years, but they should rejoice that she had so far advanced as she had in the right direction (cheers).

Mr. GERALOPULO proposed, "The Greek Clergy." He showed how much the clergy had contributed, before the revolution, to the preservation of Hellenic nationality, and during the revolution, to the success of independence (cheers).

The Rev. D. XENAKES briefly responded to the toast; remarking upon the advantages of unanimity and concord, to which they were indebted for the glorious results of the 3rd of September.

Mr. CASSAVETTI gave, "The Greek Army and Navy." To their persevering exertions they were indebted for the

liberty they now enjoyed, and for their being numbered amongst the civilised nations of Europe (continued cheers).

A national song by Mr. CARTWRIGHT, after which, General KALERGES said:—

As one of the Greek army, I beg to return my sincere thanks in its behalf. The Greek army, sir, has the misfortune to be small, but is fortunate enough to be great in courage and patriotism, and the men composing it have never forgotten that they were citizens as well as soldiers. With such an army as this, our beloved country will be protected against all domestic or foreign attempts subversive of the constitution. After which he called upon the company to drink to the health of the chairman. All knew the personal sacrifices of Mr. Alexander Ionides to their country. During his late visit there, he devoted immense sums to the establishment of schools and the training of youth in Greece. He begged to be allowed to use a homely adage, "May he live to be as old as Mount Olympus," and to preside on many occasions like the present (cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN briefly acknowleged the honour.

Mr. LASCARIDES gave, "The diffusion of knowledge and education in Greece." He rejoiced to see the zeal of the Greeks, belonging to whatever class they may, as regarded the education of their children; he delighted to see the progress the Greek youths were making in the language of their ancestors, and in everything tending to make them good citizens. He expressed hopes that from the rising generation Greece might derive its true welfare and progress in the arts and sciences (cheers).

Mr. P.T. RALLI (of the firm of Ralli and Mavrojanni) gave, "The independence of the courts of justice, and the liberty of the press." The speaker eloquently enlarged upon the subjects entrusted to him, and maintained that the freedom of a country was never safe, until the independence of its courts of justice and the liberty of its press were irrevocably secured (cheers).

Mr. MAVROJANNI proposed the next toast: "To the memory of the Hellenes and Philhellines who fell in the struggle for Grecian independence." He made some judicious observations as to how much they were indebted to them, for the part they took in the national cause, and made an allusion to the immortal Byron, who died in their country, and who had devoted himself to their independence. It was the part of history to describe impartially their heroic actions as examples to posterity.

Drank in solemn silence.

Mr. P. T. RALLI proposed, "The agriculture, commerce, industry, and mercantile marine of Greece," and endeavoured to prove that nations then advanced when all these were united. He was glad to see the progress they were making in Greece, and that Greek vessels were now carrying the produce of their soil to remote parts of the world, which proved that they enjoyed the confidence of the commercial world.

The health of the ladies, of the vice-president, and the committee, followed, and were drunk with all the honours.

After this, the gentlemen retired for a brief space, whilst the tables were removed, and the room was converted into a spacious *salon de danse*. Ladies then joined the party; and terpsichorean enjoyments, aided by the excellent music of the band of the Coldstream guards, were maintained till a late hour.

DE FOLLY'S GEOMETRICAL PIANO FORTE.

This invention has been known to us for some time, but it was not until a few evenings since, that we had its peculiarities fully explained through the kindness of the inventor himself, and the advantages it possesses over the piano fortes now in use are manifest and distinct. The invention consists exclusively in the key-board, and one of its best points is its exceeding simplicity. The holes are alternately long and short, the entonations being in exact proportion with the distance of the keys. The result of this management is, that only two scales of fingering are required, viz., the one commencing on a long note, and the other on a short note. These scales are exceedingly simple and easy, the result being, that a person who is enabled to play a piece of music or an accompaniment in these two keys, can instantly and without difficulty play them in any other key on the instrument; the fingering being precisely the same. For instance, a performer playing a piece in the natural key C may, without study, play the same piece in 1 flat, 4 flats, 6 sharps, 4 sharps, and 2 sharps, and if the same piece is acquired in G, it can as easily be played in any of the other keys. Again, if a difficult passage is studied in C and G, its acquirement in these two keys enables the performer to play it without further study on every other key. All these with many other advantages were shown us. The great difficulty of transposition which now exists is entirely done away with; for if the accompaniment to a song is learned in the original key, and that key should be too high or too low for the voice of the singer, it can instantly be transposed one, two, or three notes lower or higher; the fingering in each being precisely the same. The advantages resulting from the invention will prove of infinite service to those commencing to learn the piano forte, not only as regards

saving of time, but it requires less practice than under the old system; indeed, we heard M. de Folly execute, with marked ability and precision, Thalberg's celebrated Andante, after having studied the instrument for about six months, and the piece for little more than one month: and this is not a solitary instance. We can assure our readers, and more particularly those musically inclined, that it is an invention which reflects the highest credit on M. de Folly, and confers a great benefit on all learners of the piano forte. It can be seen in the Lowther Arcade.

SELF-SUPPORTING VILLAGES.

Mr. J. M. Morgan, author of the "Christian Commonwealth," has been spending some time in Switzerland, in order to obtain countenance and support for the "Self-Supporting Villages" which an association in London has undertaken to institute. It may be remembered that the plan is to found communities of the labouring classes, of congenial religious principles, who shall combine their labour, receiving, in the first instance, aid and direction from the richer classes, but ultimately acquiring a proprietary share in the institution. The plan has excited the greatest interest among the clergy in all parts of Switzerland, with the notable exception of Lucerne, torn by religious dissensions. Mr. Morgan has since proceeded to Italy.

THE LONDON SEASON.

Among those periodical manifestations conventionally termed, in the trading world, the *London Season*, we cannot help noticing the London General Mourning Warehouse. The utility of these establishments seems at first sight questionable, but when overtaken by some sudden bereavement—by the removal of some endeared relation, a parent, brother, sister, or child mayhap, the annoyance of being compelled to travel about to make some trifling purchase is keenly felt by the distressed survivors; it is therefore a matter of some moment to us to know that this custom-imposed cruelty may be avoided, by a visit to the extensive and superb establishment at Mr. Jay's, where even the most trifling as well as the largest and most costly article may be obtained.

MARYLEBONE DISCUSSION CLASS,
(17, Edward Street, Portman Square.)

This class opened its debates by a discussion on the character of Napoleon. We think highly of the advantage to be derived from such institutions, but are quite sure, that unless the rules be strictly adhered to, this class will not succeed. One gentleman favoured the audience with an oration of an hour and a-quarters' duration, another of three-quarters of an hour. Now the object of a debating society is to give all the members an opportunity of practising, which can never be done under this system. Wishing well to the institution, we make these remarks in a candid and friendly spirit.

The discussion was opened by Mr. Farrowes, who brought to bear a powerful array of facts, to prove that the character of Napoleon was worthy of the most unmitigated detestation. This speaker would really carry his audience with him, if he relied more upon himself and less upon his notes and reading. Mr. Potter most ingeniously and ably defended the name of Napoleon, while Mr. Norton assailed his military, moral, and political character, in which view he was strongly supported by Mr. Percy B. St. John as a visitor. The debate was then adjourned.

BIRMINGHAM PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY.

This institution is progressing admirably. George Dawson, M.A., the eloquent writer and lecturer, has accepted the office of president, while Messrs. Dale and Percy St. John fill the office of vice-presidents.

THE ROCK BUILDING SOCIETY,
(26, New Broad Street, London.)

The late hour at which the prospectus, rules, &c., of this excellent institution were placed before us, precludes the possibility of our more than cursorily alluding to it. The respectability, known and undoubted, of the parties concerned, is a guarantee to us of its being deserving of support. We shall at length explain its principles and mode of action next month; and, in the meantime, call the reader's attention to the advertisement which will be found elsewhere in our columns.

Our Tattler.

DRURY LANE.

At this house a new opera has been produced, entitled "Loretta, a Tale of Seville;" the music is by Mr. Lavenu, the libretto by Mr. Bunn. The plot, of which the following is an outline, is exceedingly well arranged.

The first scene is the interior of an inn situated in the suburbs of Seville, where peasants, travellers, and soldiers, are discovered carousing. Ivanito, (Mr. Weiss) an old peasant, with his son Phillippo, (Mr. Borrani) and his daughter Loretta, (Mme. Bishop) join the party. Phillippo is a young soldier about to depart for his regiment, a trio is sung—"Before thine heart, my father," and the youth sets out on his journey, attended by the good wishes of his relations. Don Carlos, a Spanish nobleman, (Mr. Harrison) and his companions Ferdinand, (Mr. D. W. King) Viraez, (Mr.

Morgan) and Cordova, (Mr. Hodge) present themselves on the scene, and after ordering punch, request the landlady of the Golden Lion and her daughters to dance with them, while the waiter Peblo plays the guitar; Don Carlos has been unable to secure a partner; at this moment Loretta, with her father, pass the inn-door, and Carlos runs out and seizes on her to join the party. In the scuffle that ensues, consequent upon her father's attempt to secure her from the violence of Don Carlos, the officers of justice are called, but the noblemen escape, carrying with them Juanita his daughter. We are now introduced to the apartment of Don Carlos, in the palace of Henriquez, (Mr. J. Jones) his intended father-in-law, when we are acquainted that Loretta has fallen a victim to his arts; a pleasing duet between Mme. Bishop and Harrison, "Some hearts there are," is given, and Carlos promising to take Loretta to her father, quits her for the purpose of ascertaining if they can leave without being observed. She, however, takes advantage of his absence to escape by a secret door. The scene changes to the saloon of Don Henriquez, where Carlos makes his appearance in the midst of a number of guests, and laments his incapability to marry Florinda (Miss Poole), in consequence of the King having appointed him to the colonelcy of a regiment which he is ordered immediately to join; a pleasing quartette is sung, while the company are dancing, and the act concludes by Loretta being seen letting herself down from a balcony.

Four or five years are supposed to have elapsed from the period of the first act. A grand fête is given in a hamlet adjacent to Seville, to celebrate the return of Don Carlos, Loretta with her child is living here, and Henriquez resolves that the marriage of his daughter shall take place directly, but Carlos having seen Loretta without being aware of her identity, falls in love with her, while Ferdinand declares his love to Florinda. A detachment of soldiers arrive with Phillippo as their captain, Loretta recognises her long absent brother, and rushes into his arms. This is seen by Carlos, who becomes jealous, and inquires the relation of the parties and their station in life; he offers her his hand, which she declines. At this instant her child is brought to her, the sight of which enrages Philippo, who threatens to kill the infant to destroy its mother's shame, Carlos endeavours to appease him, and the act ends with a tableau of villagers and soldiers and a chorus. The last portion of the opera takes us again to the palace of Don Henriquez, where preparations for the wedding of his daughter are making, but Florinda is unhappy, she loves another. Philippo, who has been reconciled to Loretta, arrives with her to resign his commission to his commanding officer, Don Carlos. Loretta remembers the apartment as the scene of her ruin, and recognises Don Carlos, on entering, as her betrayer, Philippo is indignant at her wrongs, strikes her seducer, for which he is tried and condemned to death. The closing scene is the military execution by torch light. The soldiers amidst solemn music prepare for their task, when Loretta rushes in, and with her child pleads with Don Carlos for her brother's life, he in return offers her his hand, is himself forgiven by Henriquez, who consents to the union of Florinda and Ferdinand, which terminates the opera.

The singers may be said to have done their part. Madame Bishop in one short week, and from constantly forcing her voice, has no longer any control over it; nor can she sing *sotto voce*; it must be either forced out or it becomes inaudible. Miss Poole's voice told most agreeably in contrast, the tones came out clear and flowing; and in her ballad, "Happy heart, oh, happy heart!" she quite took the audience, and was rewarded by being called upon to repeat it twice. Mr. Harrison did not sing so well as we have sometimes heard him; his great fault is that he appears to strangle his upper notes. A more open and free tone would be desirable. Mr. King sang with great effect and is certainly the best tenor. Mr. Borrani is always the same; he shows he has a fine voice. Of the scenic representations of this theatre, there can be but one opinion—they are really exceedingly well done. Some of the effects produced were applauded as they deserved to be.

Jullien's Concerts.

This series of entertainments commenced on the 30th ult., the day on which our last number went to press. On the opening night the house was most densely crowded in every part, by an audience who, to judge from the spontaneous and hearty applause with which they greeted the famous leader on his appearance at the head of his band, seemed thoroughly to appreciate the many claims on public patronage which this enterprising *maestro* possesses, for having provided one of the cheapest, most refined, and intellectual amusements of the present day. In his nightly programme was to be found the most varied attractions of the muse, including selections from the classic lore of Haydn, Meyerbeer, Weber, and Beethoven, mingled, or rather enlivened, with a host of polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, &c., judiciously arranged, so as to gratify the tastes of all. The most peculiar feature of the present season was, however, M. Jullien's quadrille, "The British

Army," "intended," says the programme, "as a companion to the British Navy Quadrille" of last season. In order to give effect to this composition, he engaged, in addition to his own extensive orchestra, four complete military bands. The din created by this immense concourse of sounds, aided by a monster drum, which itself sent forth a volume of sound equal to a hundred Chinese gongs, was truly deafening, and produced in us sensations anything but agreeable; it is, however, uniformly encored. It is, we think, better suited to a monster concert in the open air, than any confined building, be its dimensions ever so capacious. The American Polka (another of M. Jullien's compositions) was deservedly a great favourite. It is founded on the new melodies sung by Henry Russell and the Ethiopian Serenaders, which are arranged with great skill to the time of this popular dance. It had a very pleasing effect, as played by the band at these concerts, and will last as long as the melodies themselves endure. The limited space at our disposal prevents us from doing justice to the vocal abilities of Miss Birch, who has been engaged throughout the series. She sang Roch Albert's maritime melodies, and a number of popular songs, in her usual chaste and beautiful style, generally receiving the compliment of an encore.

By the time we are at press, these Concerts will have closed, the theatre having been taken by the "Covent Garden New Alliance" (such being the *sobriquet* by which the party under Costa are ironically described). When, therefore, we are to meet M. Jullien again we know not, as there are but two courses open to him—the one to wait until the ex-director of Her Majesty's Theatre shall have exhausted his resources in his idle scheme, or to raise a building for himself, for we know of no vacant place in London capable of holding one-fourth of a Covent Garden audience. We trust, however, that he will adopt the latter alternative, and that we shall ere long have the satisfaction of again beholding him wielding his magic baton in his own permanent home, without the danger of molestation or interference.

PRINCESS'S.

Another American tragedian has appeared on the boards of this house—a Mr. J. R. Scott, in the characters of Sir Giles Overreach and Rob Roy. His acting, though disfigured by the mannerisms of many of the nation to which he belongs, nevertheless displays ability of no common order. We should like to see Mr. Scott in one of Shakspeare's tragedies. An opera has also been produced here by Mr. Edward Loder, founded upon the ballet of "La Giselle." The title of the opera, the libretto of which is from the pen of Mr. G. Soane, is "The Night Dancers." It has been very successful, and the performances of Mme. Albertazzi and Mr. Allen in particular have given great satisfaction.

ALLCROFT'S CONCERTS (LYCEUM THEATRE.)

In the interval between the close and reopening with the Christmas novelties, this elegant theatre has been taken by Mr. Allcroft for a series of Promenade Concerts, somewhat on the plan of Jullien's, and notwithstanding the powerful rivalry in the neighbourhood, has been eminently successful. The band, conducted by Mr. Negri, consists of eighty performers, and is very efficiently organised, including the Distin family, whose clever performances on the Sax Horns defy description. Richard Blagrove and Master Thirlwall also played several solos on the concertina and violin, which elicited much applause; but the chief attraction was Mr. Henry Russell, who sang several of his old favourite songs, in addition to some new ones not yet published, and who is rewarded every night with the prolonged plaudits of the whole house.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Success in its full measure continues to reward the able management of this theatre. Since the retirement of Mrs. Warner, her place has been filled by a young lady of great natural ability and highly cultivated elocutionary powers—Miss Laura Addison. Of this lady's connexions and private history we know nothing, and it little boots us to know anything; but it will be evident to any one upon witnessing her representation of Isabella in the play of "Measure for Measure," that no care or cost has been spared in preparing her for a successful debut. Not that we would wish to be understood to say that the delineation of the character so ably done by Miss Addison was entirely the result of education or training—far from it; there is a freshness and originality in her every gesture and intonation of voice, that are the indications of genius, but genius schooled and developed by a master-mind. We have generalised thus far, leaving ourselves no space for details, and are compelled to pass over with one short word of praise the very masterly acting of Mr. Phelps and the other members of the company, all of whom acquitted themselves with great credit. We, however, plead as our apology the anxiety we feel to make our readers aware of the merits of a young and worthy aspirant for fame. Mr. Phelps' reputation was long since made.

F. A. B.

INDEX.

Abolition of Capital Punishment, on the, 234
Adelaide Gallery, 256
Adelphi, 255
Advantages of Life and other Assurances, the, 280
Advantages of a Classical Education to Merchants, 317
Agricultural Societies, the Utility of, 404
Alchymy of Every-day Life, the, 218
Allcroft's Concerts (Lyceum Theatre) 416
Algeria in 1845, 87
Alps and the Rhine, the, 93
Affectionate Appeal, an, 173
Angel Visits, 92
Anti-Slavery League, 252
Aristocracy of England, the, 322
Attorney's Daughter, the, 155

Ballad Romances, 245
Belford Regis, 167
Beranger and his Poems, by D. M. M., 79
Birmingham Parliamentary Society, 414
Blind Musician of the Côte, the, 77
Blue Beard, the true history of the celebrated, 217
Boar Hunt, the—
  Part 1. The Departure, 202
  „ 2. The Return, 271
  „ 3. Conclusion, 273
Bohn's Standard Library:
  Works and Remains of the Rev. R. Hall, 91, 171
  Memoirs of the Court of Charles II, 96
Bordeaux and its Wines, and the Claret Country, 171
British Intercourse with Japan, 208
Burford's Panorama, 96
Burns, Robert, 189

Canzonet, 352
Capital Punishment, on the Abolition of, 234
Caravan and other Tales, the, 247
Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, 173
Chitimachas, the Last of the, by the Editor, 68
Christian Witness, the, 320
Christmas Pudding, the, 358
Christmas in the Olden Time, 402
Circulating Library, the People's, 330
Civilisation, by Mackinnon, 66, 106, 245
Civilisation in France, 312
College of Preceptors, 328
Convict's Dream, the, 108
Corday, Charlotte, 167
Court of Court II, Memoirs of the, 91
Crusader, the Dying, by C. T. B., 242

Debater, the, 326
De Folly's Geometrical Piano-forte, 418
Domestic Medicine Directory, 252
Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, 328
Draining, Manual of Practical, 396
Dream of the Opium Eater, 118
Drury Lane, 176, 254, 414
Dying Crusader, the, 242

Eagle's Nest (The) or The Lone Star of the West. By the Editor
Chap. 1. In which our hero appears under very extraordinary auspices, 1
  „ 2. Blake meets with a celebrated character, 5
  „ 3. Edward Blake begins to smell powder, 10
  „ 4. A Surprise, 97
  „ 5. Pietro, 100
  „ 6. The Attack, 103

Chap. 7. The Live Oak Crest, 177
„ 8. A Night with Death, 181
„ 9. After Supper, 184
„ 10. The Conference, 186
„ 11. Edward Margaretta, 257
„ 12. The Escape, 260
„ 13. A Night Attack, 266
„ 14. How Big Griddle visited the Nest, 337
„ 15. The Prisoner, 341
„ 16. Big Griddle, the Pedlar, 343
Early Closing of Shops, 333
Eastern Romances, 92
Easy Introduction to Chemistry, an, 319
Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States, 393
Essay Writers and Style, 142
Elocution, the Art of, 326
Emigrants' Wives, the, by D. M. M., 203
Eucharistica, 396
Evenings with the Old Story Tellers, 252

Father Darcy, 168
Fawn of Sertorius, 251
Fee-Fo-Fum, 142
Flora Calpensis, 172
Florist's Journal, the, 173
Frank's First Visit to the Continent, 252
Fraser's Magazine, 327
Free Trade in France, 269

Gastronomic Regenerator, the, 169
Gleanings from Pious Authors, 326
Gun Cotton, 332

Hall, the Rev. R., Works and Remains of, 91, 171
Handbook for Bathers, 173
Hatifi, some Remarks on, 197
Haymarket, 255
Hellenic Festival, 409
Hill's Printing Press, 174
Hippodrome, 256
Hour with Old Rabelais, an, 121

Ignez de Castro, 320, 401
Illustrations of Eating, 402
Indian Corn, 320
Indian Meal Book, the, 321
Innkeeper's Ward, the, by the Editor:
Chap. 1. The Croix Blanche, 211
„ 2. The Death Bed, 213
„ 3. Explanations, 214
„ 4. A New Discovery, 216
Italian Opera, the, 95, 176

James, G. P. R., the Works of, 89, 166, 243, 248, 315
Josephus, 394
Jullien's Concerts, 334, 415

Landor, Walter Savage, 17
Last of the Chitimachas, by the Editor, 68
Law Student's Breakfast, the, 81
Leys and Ballads from English History, 91
Learned Societies of the Metropolis, 331
Lectures, Mr. Herard's, 333
Legends and Records, chiefly Historical, by C. B. Taylor, 91
Le Verrier's Planet, 333
Life Insurance, the Advantages of, 280, 380
Lines, 268, 346
Lines to a Lady, by the author of Darneton, 16
Lionel Deerhurst, 316
Lives of the Queens of England, 168
London Season, 414
Londos, Death of, 405
London Pennyworths, 175
Lost or Won, or the Love Test, 168
Lyceum Theatre, 256

Man in Green, the, 20
Manual of Practical Draining, 396
Marylebone Discussion Class, 414
Memoirs of the Reign of George II, 246
Merchant and his Parrot, the, 150
Mexican Thompson's Last Cruise, 383
Miss Hawk, or Married at Last, 274
Moor, the Mine, and the Forest, the, 402
Musings of a Musician, 162
Music:
May'st thou love, 173
The Orphan Boy to his Mother, 173
Lilian, 173
Juvenile Songs, 173
My Razor and Shaving Tackle, 252

"National," the, *v.* "The Mirror," 371
New Zealand, 151
Notes of a Tour in Belgium and Germany, by E. M., 292, 353
Notes of the Month, 328, 407
Not One Lash, 327

Observations on the Advantages of General Education, 317
Ode, by W. B. A., 23
Odes from Hafiz, 116, 243, 392

Piquillo Alliaga; or, The Moors in the Time of Philip III. From the French of M. Scribe:
Chap. 1. The Fueros, 24
„ 2. The Triumph, 28
„ 3. Inconveniencies of Patriotism, 32
„ 4. The Captain, 35
„ 5. The Hotel of Good Rest, 38
„ 6. The Bandit's Inn, 42
„ 7. The Carrefour, 46
„ 8. The Flames, 48
„ 9. Deliverance, 51
„ 10. The Consulta, 53
„ 11. The Moor's Dwelling, 60
„ 12. The Queen, 62
„ 13. The Queen's Visit, 125
„ 14. The Queen's Chamber, 129
„ 15. The Two Young Girls, 130
„ 16. St. Carmen, 136
„ 17. The Day after the Festival, 224
„ 18. The Garret, 227
„ 19. The Garret (continued), 230
„ 20. The Family, 232
„ 21. Piquillo in search of a Father, 299
„ 22. Madrid, 302
„ 23. The Court at Valladolid, 303
„ 24. The Interview, 304
„ 25. The Return to Madrid, 306
„ 26. Containing some Information about Gongarello the Barber, 307
„ 27. Conclusion, 376
Patagonians, the, 221
Parliamentary Societies of London and Birmingham, the, 328
Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository for 1847, 402
Peasantry of England, 324
Peel, Sir Robert, on his Resignation of the Premiership of the Government of England, 165
People's Circulating Library, the, 330
Phenomena of the Electric Telegraph, 174
Philip Musgrave, 251
Picture Gallery, the, 368
Pilgrim in the shadow of the Jungfran Alps, the, 93
Poems by Camilla Toulmin, 91
Poems, partly of Rural Life, 93
Poets of the People, the, by D. M. M.
1. Allan Ramsay, 109
2. Robert Burns, 189
Poet, to a, 242
Poet's Bazaar, 317
Poet's Remembrancer, the, 366
Polytechnic Institution, 96, 256, 336
Practical Draining, Manual of, 396
Preacher's Arrest, the, 190
Poor Artist, the, by the Editor:
Chap. 1. A Family Difference, 143
„ 2. A Night Adventure, 145
„ 3. A Discovery, 148
Preceptors, College of, 328
Press, the, Spain, Japan, and the Indian Archipelago, 347
Prevalence of Wars in Former Times, 374
Princess's, 255, 416
Prison Discipline, 163
Prose from the South, by J. E. Reade, 73
Pulo Kalamantan, 117
Punishment, Capital, on the Abolition of, 234
Puss in Boots, 283

Queen, the, in Jersey, 253
Quentin Matsys, 252

Rabelais, an Hour with Old, 121
Ramsay, Allan, 109
Raven, the, and other Poems, 93
Reform, the Greatest, 394
Reformation in Switzerland, 395
Reigate Mechanics' Institute, 334
Remarks on Hatifi, some, 197
Revelations of Austria, 171
Rhapsody, a, by C. T. B., 154
Robinson Crusoe in the Neo-Hellenic, 174
Rock Building Society, 414

Sadler's Wells, 256, 416
Second Childhood, 211
Self-supporting Villages, 414
Sertorius, Fawn of, 251
Shakespeare's Dramatic Art, 248
Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon, 170
Six Sermons on Intemperance, 173
St. James's Theatre, 176
Strand Theatre, 176
Studies of Public Men, 250

Tales from the Phantasms of Ludwick Tieck, 92
Tea, on the Chemical and Dietetic Relations of, 94
Theatres, the, 336
Thodolf, the Icelander, 90
Too Beautiful to Live, 111
Topic, the, 168, 252, 405
Toulmin, Camilla, Poems by, 91
Tudor Sisters, the, 167
Tussaud's, Madame, 176, 256, 336
Two Tragic Muses of the Nineteenth Century, 309

Victoria Club, the, 334
Virgin Martyr, the, 92
Visitation of Woe, the, by C. T. Browne, 72

Uncle's Diary, My, by Ion, 291, 369
Undine, 251
United Service Magazine, 247, 328
Utility of Agricultural Societies, 404

White Stone Canoe, or, The Better Land, 316
Whittington Club and the Metropolitan Athenæum, 331, 407
Wigwam and the Cabin, the, 91
Wild Irish Girl, the, 168
Will, the, by the Editor:
Chap. 1. The Priestly Guardian, 284
„ 2. The Division of the Spoil, 287
„ 3. The Miniature, 288
„ 4. The Decision, 289
Wine and Olives, 366
Wit and Humour, 317
Woe, the Visitation of, 72
Works of G. P. R. James:
Philip Augustus, 89
Darnley, 166
Heidelberg, 243
Brigand, 315